

April 8, 1920.

les. In the flight means continuously suspended and give itself sixteen hours.

Girls

use you didn't ask. Please, it's all; it was the ask me, he's a. Would you a day and a get from my but that's what This week I'm ailman, and see (Good thing ne, else I might ail might be de-

LOCAL DIOCESAN NEEDS.—The Editor

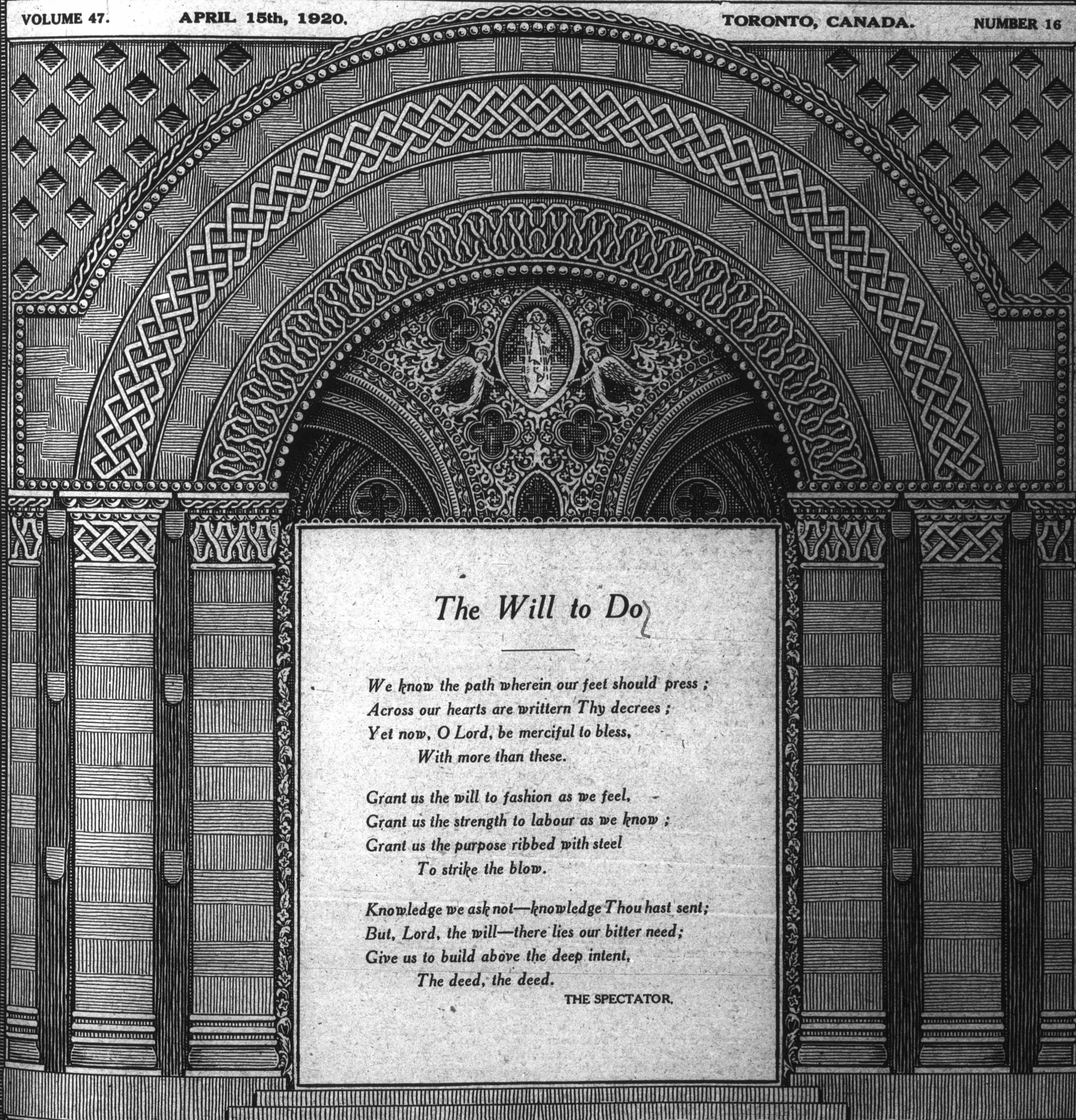
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The Will to Do

*We know the path wherein our feet should press ;
Across our hearts are writtern Thy decrees ;
Yet now, O Lord, be merciful to bless,
With more than these.*

*Grant us the will to fashion as we feel,
Grant us the strength to labour as we know ;
Grant us the purpose ribbed with steel
To strike the blow.*

*Knowledge we ask not—knowledge Thou hast sent ;
But, Lord, the will—there lies our bitter need ;
Give us to build above the deep intent,
The deed, the deed.*

THE SPECTATOR.

A NATIONAL CHURCH OF ENGLAND WEEKLY

this letter it is and lightning runs outside—a day altogether. I should have nter hadn't left forgot his gloves way north and get them. That rather all right, out that special a pet wood of e I went for the ll. There it was a very friendly door was wide or words, part of down and I just crawling under eril of my over-scrambled about got into good, shoe-tops, and and had a beauti- fallen tree, and ning against an- minute or two, a d. Do you know, thing as I leaned lly! It was mov- y, just the way en you breathe? Then I saw for the wind was nted to sweep all e world away, and tree swing and could see the top out only feel the ew then that the trying to tell me nd how I knew; I ou go out into the messages like that ch truer messages laying around the all day, or go into d waste all your afternoons there. to a wood, go and the park; they're meet a friend, and just rub your hand gently on the bark ee! Tree! Listen to rattle its branches es in answer, and ever. Try it some- message, too. Even I found too long, ing out of the dead d when I scraped d lots of little live rough the ground, r the sunshine. I of their leaf-blau- n weather like this- ings still look dead n tell you, they are nderneath, getting rand spring flower- te feel as if I ought nd be tremendously ng or other—What you? uch love, affectionate Cousin Mike.