

"Heart to heart have you talked with the flowers?
Have you listened their whispered replies?
Have you seen the sweet smile on their faces,
And the light of the sun in their eyes?"

"Have you seen the Hepaticas folded
In furry green coats, fresh and new,
Awaiting the call of the breezes,
"Come out! We are sighing for you?"

"Have you seen the Spring Beauties,
all rosy,
A-dreaming of butterfly love?
Have you marked how their pale hands
are folded
In prayer when the stars shine
above?"

"Do you know where the trailing
Arbutus
Blooms, pearly and pink as a shell?
Have you learned the romance of its
story,
And the dreams in its sweetness that
dwell?"

"Have you heard the gay Dandelions
laughing?
Do they cheer you to glad-hearted
mirth?
Have you caught the soft sigh of the
Violet,
The sweetest of perfumes on earth?"

"They are calling: then listen, O
listen!
And breathe the rare fragrance they
fling.
For you is the light of their smiling;
For you is the joy of the Spring."
—June Sutherland.

"June, you surely never made that
up all yourself!" cried Robin, almost
incredulous, when he came to the end.
The face of the budding poetess
dimpled all over with a smile as she
silently nodded assent. "Do you like
it?" she asked.

"Like it! I never read anything I
liked so much."
"That's only because I wrote it,"
she asserted with an air of wisdom.

"Of course that makes a lot of difference," Robin admitted. "But I do like it awfully well. I'd like it whoever wrote it."

"I thought you didn't like poetry."
"I didn't use to, but you know I do now. I've missed a lot by not learning to like it sooner. But June, you ought to be awful proud of yourself. Why, you're a poet!"

"Oh no, Robin, I'm not. It takes more than that to make a poet."
"You must be or you couldn't have writ that—written, I mean. Is this the first you ever did?"

"No, I've tried quite a few times before, but I like this better than the others."
"Oh, do show me the others, won't you?"

"Maybe—some day. But Robin, it must be time for you to go for the mail. I won't go to-day, for I must get at that horrid arithmetic, and then practise a little."

"All right, I'll go right away. Will you show me your poems when I come back?"

"Yes, if you bring me a letter."
"Now, that isn't fair. You know I can't bring a letter if there isn't one."
June laughed mirthfully. "It's a bargain, Robin. Hurry and see if there is one."

Robin picked up his book and hastened away, while June tried to fix her mind upon the troublesome problem. Wandering lines of verse would keep flitting through her brain, and they did not mingle very well with mathematics, but at last she obtained the correct solution.

Just then Robin came springing up the path, waving a letter in his hand. "There!" he said as he handed it to June. "I've done my part, and you mustn't think I'll let you off yours. There was a letter for Aunt Hilda too."
"Oh, good! It's from Daddy," she cried, seating herself upon a fragrant cushion of pine needles, and glancing with a touch of oft-recurring pride at the address in her father's clear, distinguished hand-writing, before breaking the seal.

But the dimpling smile quickly faded from her face; tears dropped upon the closely-written sheets, and her breast heaved with a choking sob.

Robin looked up quickly from his book. "What's the matter, June?" he asked in alarm. "Is anything wrong?"

June's answer was a burst of uncontrollable weeping. Several minutes passed before she was able to finish the letter. Then she handed it silently to Robin, and while she struggled with her grief he read as follows:—

"New Westminster, B.C.,
"Apr. 20, 19—

"My darling June,—

"Your dear, sweet letter reached me last night, and has since been read many times. I wonder if you will ever know how much your Daddy prizes your weekly letters, how he gloats over them as a miser gloats over his gold. Your letters with their wealth of detail and profuse little home pictures, your thoughts and ambitions, your hopes and fears and loves, are just the kind I like, dear. They are the chief joy of my life. And your sweet little poems—they are the best of all. Keep on writing and dreaming. A work, a good work, is waiting for your pen some day. But—don't neglect the arithmetic. I know you find it hard to spend much time on this uncongenial subject when there are so many other things that appeal to you so strongly. But don't let the unloved task be a stumbling-block to you, little daughter. You must climb over it patiently or it may debar you from many joys ahead.

"How I should love to see your wild flower garden on Rose Island! The wild flowers, the wild birds, and wild life in every phase have always appealed to me with a particular charm.

"So they want you to be organist when Miss Cameron leaves! This is a great surprise to me. I can scarcely imagine my little-girl filling such a post; but you tell me you are growing very tall; I try to fancy you there at the organ, and the picture is very sweet. Darling, I am so proud of you; but I hope you will persistently fight against all 'pride, vainglory and hypocrisy.' A pure, modest and lowly spirit is a grace which outweighs these more showy accomplishments.

"God does not say, 'Be beautiful, be wise, Be aught that man in man would over-prize.'
Only 'Be good,' the tender Father cries."

"Why is it necessary for you to be confirmed before you can play at church? You did not tell me. You ask my advice about the Confirmation. You are young, but not too young, I think, to realize the seriousness of such a step. It means more than becoming a member of the Church. It means enlisting openly, before the whole world, in the army of Christ. Are you willing to do that? Are you prepared to be true to your colours? Are you trusting not in your own merit but in the might of your Captain for victory in the fight? If your heart can answer 'Yes' to all of these questions there is no need for you to hesitate. It will be a great joy to me to know that my little daughter has made the all-important choice.

"I am glad Brownie is getting along so nicely in every way. How I long to see my boy once more! In the midst of your many interests, don't forget your little brother, June.

"Darling, it is hard for me to write what I must tell you now. I would spare you if I could. There is no prospect whatever of the little home I had planned to prepare for you and Brownie; you will not be able to come here to me, and I cannot go to you. Some day in the 'Happy Land' I shall clasp my darlings to my heart again, but not this side of the 'narrow sea.'

"The doctor tells me I have not long to live—a few months, perhaps, but no more. Don't let this cast a shadow upon you. I want you always to be my 'Little Sunshine,' as of old. I must leave you to Aunt Hilda's care. I know she will not fail you in your need.

"I have only one legacy to leave you, little daughter; but for my sake I know you will treasure it carefully. It is my book—a book I have started to write and now shall never finish. When your school days are over and you have learned to express your thoughts beautifully, I want you to finish it, filling out the outline that I shall leave for you. I am entrusting this task for you, not because I place a high value on my own work, but because I want it to be an incentive to you to faithfully cultivate your gift—for I believe that you have a gift.

"Now, sweetheart, just one word more: be a faithful little mother to Brownie, and be good to dear Aunt Hilda. To both of you I say, Be good, be pure, be happy.

"This is not good-bye. Though I cannot tell how soon I may be called away, I hope to write a few more letters to you yet. Write to me often.

"Your loving father,
"Barry Sutherland."

June's tears had fallen fast during the reading of the latter half of this letter, and Robin's eyes were brimming over in sympathy when he came to the end. He longed to say some comforting word to his sorrowing schoolmate and friend, but his lips were dumb.

Just as he was wondering how to break the painful silence Hilda came toward them. Her letter had been from her brother, too, and she knew all about the grief that was also her own. She drew the slender shaking form into her arms, and tenderly soothed her convulsive sobs. "Poor child! Don't cry so!" she said. "Perhaps it may not be so bad as they think. Maybe you'll see him again. Anyhow, we'll all do the best we can for him."

Presently June grew quiet, and Hilda spoke of her intention of going over to the mill to see Robin's father. "I'll row myself across," she said. "You stay with June and Brownie, Robin."

As soon as Hilda reached the mill she caught Dave Christie's eye and beckoned him away to a quiet spot where they might talk undisturbed. She then read him her brother's letter, in which he stated that for some time he had been fighting against consumption, and now the doctor had given up hope and gave him only a few months more to live—at the longest, till Christmas. The expense of doctor's bills and medicine had swallowed up almost all he had saved. A few music pupils helped him to eke out a bare living, but he must end his days where he was. His one earnest request was that Hilda would continue to care for his orphan children.

As she folded the sheet Hilda looked pleadingly into her brother-in-law's eyes. He understood her meaning.

"Well, what's to be done about it?" he asked.

"O Dave!" she said wistfully. "There ain't a healthier place anywhere than Rose Island, and—he's the only brother I've got. I'd deny myself of anything if he could only come."

"No need to worry about denyin'," Dave answered, "I'm pilin' up money these days and have a goodish bit in

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the bank. Send for him right off if you think he can stand the trip. I guess he's welcome to all he can make use of, poor chap."

"O Dave, thank you!" said Hilda fervently.

"Tut. Better send a telegram right away. Make it long enough to put in all you want to say.

"Here, Bill" (calling to one of his men who was passing), get ready to take a telegram to the station right off. Here's a note book and pencil, Hilda. Put your telegram on that, and Bill will be ready as soon as you get it writ. Better not say anything to the kids till you know for sure he's comin'."

So the telegram bidding Barry Sutherland come to spend the evening of his life at Rose Island was sent that very night, while June read and re-read her precious letter, and cried herself to sleep.

(To be continued).

Too Nervous To Sleep
Nerves Wrecked by Accident—Was Afraid to Go in a Crowd or to Stay Alone—Tells Of His Cure

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The shock to the nervous system was so great that Mr. Dorsey was in a pitiable condition for a long time. He was like a child in that he required his mother's care nearly all the time. He feared a crowd, could not stay alone and could not sleep because of the weakened and excited condition of his nerves.

Detroit doctors did what they could for him, but he could not get back his strength and vigour until he fortunately heard of Dr. Chase's Nerve Food.

It is no mere accident that Dr. Chase's Nerve Food proves to be exactly what is needed in so many cases of exhausted nerves. It is composed of the ingredients which nature requires to form new blood and create new nerve force. For this reason it cannot fail and for this reason it succeeds when ordinary medicines fail.

Mr. Laurence E. Dorsey, 39 Stanley Street, London, Ont., writes: "About three years ago I got my foot smashed in an elevator in Detroit, which completely wrecked my nerves. I doctored with the doctors there, but they did not seem to be able to help me. My nerves were in such a state that I could not go down town alone or go any place where there was a crowd. Sometimes my mother would have to sit and watch over me at night, and sometimes I could not get any sleep at all. But one day last winter I commenced using Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, and before I had completely used the first box I could see a difference in my condition. I continued using these pills for some time. The result was splendid. I feel so much better, can sleep well at night, can go out on the street and attend gatherings like the rest of the people. I am so pleased to be able to tell you what Dr. Chase's Nerve Food has done for me, and to recommend it to other people."

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