

EDUCATIONAL

**CHURCH OF ENGLAND
DEACONESS AND MISSIONARY TRAINING HOUSE**

179 Gerrard Street East Toronto

Thorough training afforded in all branches of Deaconess and Missionary Work. The Courses of training consist of Lectures in Scripture Knowledge and Church Teaching, Practical Christian Work, Physical and Voice Culture, and Practical, Medical and Surgical Work under the supervision of a Resident Trained Nurse.

Apply to MISS T. A. CONNELL, Principal. Mr. W. D. THOMAS, Treasurer.
Fall Term open September 28th, 1920.

St. Agnes School BELLEVILLE ONTARIO.
A Church School for Girls

Patron—The Lord Bishop of Ontario
Advisory Board—His Honor Judge Wills; H. F. Ketcheson, Esq., Ex-Mayor;
J. Elliott, Esq., Manager Standard Bank.

Junior School and preparation for the Universities, Ernest Wheatley, A.R.C.O.,
Musical Director. Special A.T.C.M. Course. Handsome, well-equipped building,
beautiful grounds, all outdoor sports, swimming pool and rink.

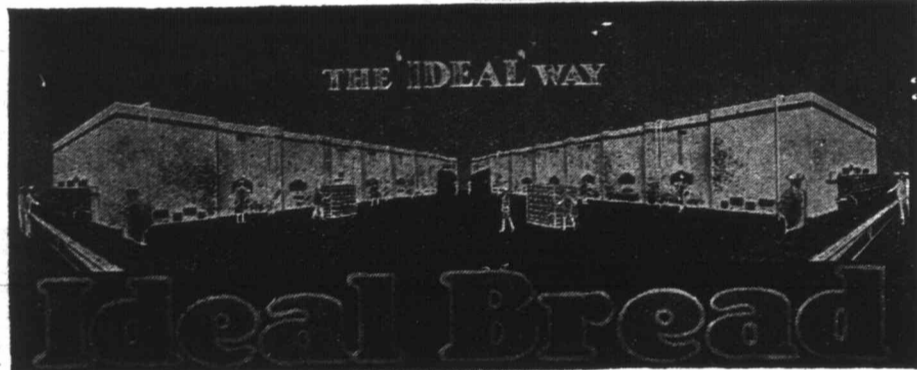
FOR CALENDAR APPLY TO MISS F. E. CARROLL, PRINCIPAL

**WYCLIFFE COLLEGE
TORONTO**

- ¶ Federated with the University of Toronto.
- ¶ College buildings are on the University grounds and adjacent to the newly opened HART HOUSE, the centre of the student activities of the University.
- ¶ Preparation for the Christian Ministry and Foreign Mission Fields in accordance with the principles of the Reformation.
- ¶ Courses leading to L.Th., B.D., and D.D.

Rev. Canon T. R. O'Meara, LL.D.,
Principal.

H. Mortimer,
Registrar.


**REFINEMENT IN
LAUNDRY WORK**

The Domestic finish given Collars and Cuffs—the hand laundering given silk shirts and other fine and delicate materials, the shaping of socks—the repairing, ironing, finishing mean the production of the highest refinement in laundry work. The service is yours at ordinary cost. Why not avail yourself of it? Telephone us to-day.

NEW METHOD LAUNDRY
"The Real White Way" Telephone Main 7486

CHURCH FURNITURE

ALTARS, CHAIRS, PULPITS, LECTERNS.

WE have made a specialty of church furniture for over thirty years and are glad to place the benefit of our experience at your service.

Write us also in reference to seating of any kind

The Valley City Seating Co., Ltd.

Dundas

Ontario

Milnes Coal

Quality and Service of The Very Best

 HEAD OFFICE 88 KING STREET EAST
TELEPHONE MAIN 5596

Boys and Girls
Birds of the Merry Forest

BY LILLIAN LEVERIDGE

(Copyright applied for)

CHAPTER XXVI.—(Continued.)

The Great Grey Bird.

It was just such a night as Shadow loved. Tiny beads of dew sparkled on the blue-eyed grass and the white moon daisies, and the air was sweet with balm of Gilead and hemlock spice. Everything seemed turned to silver in the moonlight.

Shadow's eyes, very clear and strong now, saw a small, dark speck just above the far horizon. It grew larger and larger, and seemed to be coming straight toward him; he could see its shining wings, blue-grey in the shadow, silver in the light. The sound frightened him, but he did not once dream of flying away—he would have died first.

Nearer and nearer, down from the starry heights to the dewy hilltop, swooped the Bird, its unblinking eyes gleaming like fire. Shadow thrilled and quivered most deliciously—the bird of mystery was going to alight!

So close, so very close it came. Was it going to swallow him up, just as Redhead had said—as easily as he would swallow a mosquito? A faintness, partly of excitement, partly of fear, made him close his eyes for a brief space. The buzz suddenly ceased, and he opened them again. There, in an open grassy space, sat the immense Bird, its grey and silver wings—more like a dragon fly's than a bird's after all—still poised as if for flight rather than rest.

"Well, Bob, that was pretty neatly done, eh?" said a man's voice between the outspread wings.

"Couldn't be beat," another voice responded; "We were lucky to light on this hill." And then before Shadow's bewildered eyes, two men climbed down from the Bird's back.

For a while Shadow thought he must be dreaming, but as he watched the men moving hither and thither, on and under and around the Bird, which never once peeped nor ruffled a feather—it had no feathers—it gradually dawned on his dazed and hazy brain that the bird of mystery wasn't a bird at all.

"That's it!" he said to himself, "It isn't a bird at all, but only some sort of a machine those wonderful creatures, Men, have made to carry them through the air. And why not? They made that fiery, snorting monster they call a train to carry them all over the world, and this isn't much more wonderful than that. But it is a wonder, all the same."

Pleased with his discovery, and just hugging himself with satisfaction in the thought of what a story he would have to tell his friend Twilight and the other birds, he forgot himself and laughed right out.

"Hello, Bill!" cried Bob, "if that isn't a jolly little Whip-poor-will. Not much afraid of us, is it?"

"Why should a bird be afraid of birdmen?" Bill asked. "We're all night-fliers, and perhaps it wants to make friends."

Shadow liked those voices, they were so hearty and good-natured and honest. While they "tinkered" around their flying machine he sang with all his might, and when they were not looking he even dared to perch on one of those featherless, motionless wings. As soon as their heads bobbed up in sight again he slipped into the shadow, and kept still.

And so it was that when the "tinkering" was finished and the great grey Bird took flight again, Shadow the Whip-poor-will went along, a passenger without a ticket.

As it rose into the cool and fragrant air and soared high above the valley, Shadow clung with trembling

feet to the canvas wing. Higher and higher towards the clouds of silver fleece he rose, while his little heart beat fast and his eyes grew dim with the most delicious fear.

Far, far below, the Winding River gleamed a silver thread, and Lonely Lake was nothing but a crystal goblet in which a Hummingbird might bathe. Twilight the Nighthawk, whom he had so often envied, had never even in dreams risen so high as this. Yet strangely, the stars looked still as far away as ever, and the blue depths of sky grew deeper than he had ever dreamed.

The Bird was not rising now, but floating easily along in and out of flecks of silver fleece. The scene below was now unfamiliar and indistinct, and Shadow began to wonder if he would ever see the Merry Forest and his old friends again.

He began to grow strangely faint and dizzy. What if he should die up there in the summer sky? Somehow it didn't seem to matter. If the joy of a whole life time were to be compressed into a single hour, like the breath of many flowers in one drop of distilled perfume—should he not be glad?

Soon, however, the dizziness passed and he grew calm and strong again. He wasn't going to die—not yet at any rate. When he thought about it he once more forgot himself and laughed right out.

"Jerusalem!" cried Bill to Bob, "That game little bird has come right along with us."

"You scalawag of a bird!" laughed Bob, "where's your ticket? Didn't you know the fee is a dollar a minute on this air-ship?"

Shadow didn't know anything about dollars, but he did think perhaps he owed his kind conductors a song or two, and he sang till he was out of breath.

He was looking up at the moon and the stars while he sang, but when he paused and looked down again he saw what he knew from Redhead's story must be the city. Thousands of starry lights in long, interlacing rows, gleamed among trees and housetops. There was life and movement, and a strange roaring sound.

Then—in telling this part of his story afterwards in the Merry Forest, Shadow always got a little mixed—he supposed that the air-ship must have performed one of those wonderful feats which the Woodpecker would not tell about lest he should not be believed. It suddenly began to dive downward toward those starry, beckoning lights. Then, scarcely more than clearing the housetops, it just as suddenly wheeled and rose. It turned the most reckless somersaults in the air as if it was bewitched.

Shadow gasped and clung, but it was too much for him. In the midst of a somersault he got dizzy and lost his grip. Down, down he fell, too weak and sick to use his wings. The brilliant lights danced in his dazzled eyes, then suddenly went out, and a soft darkness wrapped him like a velvet cloak.

The faintness soon passed, and he found himself in a quiet little walled-in garden, in the midst of a bed of fragrant clove pinks and sweet allysum. At first he thought he must be in heaven, but when he saw the moon laughing at him over the wall he knew he had awakened in the same jolly old world. He was glad, for he wanted to go back to the Merry Forest and tell his adventures to an admiring and envious audience.

He was farther from the Merry Forest than he knew, and it was several nights before he got back. His friends celebrated his safe return with a moonlight party on the banks of the Winding River, where he talked to his heart's content, and was the hero of the hour.

Dimple and Boy Blue were there, and you may be sure they did not miss a word of that wonderful story.

(To be continued.)