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Bishop mounted the pulpit stairs, and in due time gave the ascription. Then there was an embarrassing pause. The Bishop left the pulpit and retired to the vestry; he was followed by the Vicar, and a local medical man also hurried to the vestry to offer his services, but they were not required! The Bishop reappeared, and once more got into the pulpit. He then calmly explained that it was his habit to use a manuscript while preaching, and that he had just discovered that he had left his sermon at home! "But," he added, "I ask your prayers that I may be given a message for you." There was an impressive pause for silent prayer, and the Bishop announced as his text, "God is Love" and preached an uplifting and comforting extempore sermon, which was greatly appreciated by many of the congregation whose menfolk had answered to their country's call.

The Chaplain-General has caused it to be known that he has already more offers from the clergy for service as Army Chaplains abroad than he can possibly use. The clergy have, indeed, shown their patriotism and loyalty by offering in such large numbers for positions of danger and difficulty, but what will equally impress the average man is the readiness with which they have cheerfully undertaken any work

that could possibly assist the nation. Many have enrolled themselves as special constables, and some have been willing to offer themselves as privates in the fighting line. It will be felt, however, that in this respect the Archbishop of Canterbury has done well to restrain excess of zeal, for it has never been permitted to Church of England clergy to serve as combatants. "We have a calling of our own," says the Archbishop, "of a quite specific kind, and throughout the whole history of the Church authoritative expression has been given to the paramount obligation of that calling." His Grace's words, it may be remarked, have a wider application than to the present war; they express the general view of the Church's ministry, and explain the self-sacrificing devotion with which the Church of England clergy, renouncing all secular pursuits and political partisanship, apply themselves to the work of their office. The present crisis has, of course, enormously added to their labours. In all parishes where men who have been called to or have volunteered for the Colours, it is the clergy who have been indefatigable in their efforts to console women and children left behind and to minister, as far as possible, to their temporal as well as their spiritual needs.



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Boys and Girls

A BRICK BIRD'S NEST

They Build It of Adobe Soil, Mixing in a Little Horsehair.

Visitors to Argentina or Uruguay are surprised to see big wads of sun-baked mud perched upon trees, rocks, the cross-arms of telegraph poles, or fence-posts, and still more amazed to learn that these curious masses are the nests of birds not unlike our robins. The people call the little architects caseras (housekeepers), or horneros (oven-birds), for their buildings resemble the dome-shaped ovens of clay that stand in every farmer's dooryard.

When the autumn rains soften the parched earth, pairs of these fore-handed birds gather beakfuls of the sticky adobe soil, and mould it into a roughly globular form. They mix in, very cleverly, a little horsehair, or some fine grass and rootlets, which prevent the walls from cracking as they bake into sun-dried brick. When they have finished the outside they build a partition of mud inside, near the rounded entrance. The inner chamber thus formed is accessible only by a small aperture at the top; and in it they prepare a comfortable bed of grass, or sometimes of feathers. The finished affair is as big as a peck measure, and may weigh eight or nine pounds. It does not crumble away for two or three years, but the birds build a new home each season. The mother bird lays five white eggs in the early spring.

The country people like to have the oven-birds about their houses, and the birds usually turn the doorway of their nest toward a neighbouring house or road. One observer says that a pair lived on the end of the protruding roof-beam of a ranchhouse, where all the family enjoyed their lively ways and shrill song. One day one of the birds was caught in a rat-trap, and when released, it flew with crushed and dangling legs into the inner room of its house, where it soon died. Its mate stayed about, calling incessantly for two or three days, and then disappeared. Soon it returned with a new partner. Together they plastered up the entrance of the old nest with fresh mud, and built a new home upon its roof.

The advantages of the oven-like nest, especially when it has two rooms, are many. It completely conceals the brooding mother and young, it shades both parents from the hot sun and the heavy showers, and the outer chamber furnishes a sheltered lodging at midday or during the night for the father of the family. It can be easily defended, too.

The caseras suffer, however, from one bold and persistent enemy—the martins. These big swallows refuse to breed anywhere except in an oven bird's nest. If they cannot find an untenanted one, they will oust the first pair of caseras they find from their snug quarters. Strangely enough, the poor owners seem unable to prevent the outrage, although they angrily drive away all other birds that come near their castle.

FUNNY SPELLING

There is a farmer who is YY
Enough to take his EE,
And study nature with his II,
And think of what he CC.

He hears the chatter of the JJ
As they each other TT,
And sees that when a tree DKK
It makes a home for BB.

A yoke of horses he will UU
With many haws and GG,
And their mistakes he will XQQ
When ploughing for his PP.

He little buys, but much he sells,
And, therefore, little OO;
And when he hoes his soil by spells,
He also soils his hose.

—The Messenger.

SOME HOME-MADE TOYS

By Mabel R. Goodlander.

Often on a stormy day, when only indoor play is possible, you grow tired of books and games and welcome any change of amusement. For such dull hours, nothing is better to make the time pass quickly than the construction of games and toys from such simple home materials as boxes, pasteboard, spools, corks, old magazine pictures, and so on.

From hat-boxes beautiful toy houses and shops may be constructed; the furniture made of smaller boxes, or of corks and pins, with cord woven in and out for the backs of chairs. Small, round hair-pin or pill-boxes will furnish the kitchen with all conveniences. They provide pans and pails (with hair-pin handles), or a churn, with dasher formed of a meat-skewer and round pieces of pasteboard.

The boxes used for safety matches are easily changed into many things. Six boxes in their covers, fastened two wide and three high to a cardboard back, make a bureau. The handles of the drawers are brass paper fasteners, or buttons, and the mirror is tin-foil pasted on the cardboard back, which extends up above the bureau top.

A cradle is made from a match-box, or a small candy-box by fastening on it cardboard rockers; by using the same sort of box, with meat-skewers or matches for axles and wooden button moulds for wheels, a cart or baby's carriage is provided.

Instead of houses and furniture made of boxes, you can make "picture-houses" as I call them. Use an oblong paper, seven by ten or twelve inches, for the foundation. On this paste wallpaper half way down and cover the rest with a plain color, or pictures of rugs or carpet. Now your room is ready to furnish with pictures cut from magazines. Paste the furniture on, so that it will look as though standing on the floor, and add pictures of doors, windows and framed pictures in their proper places on the wall.