

God took the world in his hand
one day

Ther whirling balls of rock & clay
Bubbling ocean & tumbling stream
And God dreamed the great creators
dreams

He put man, a thing of puny size
On land, on rock on sea in skies
Taught him to work, to delve, to sow,
And gave him wings ~~and words~~
santa him.

Oh I walked with him^{her} ~~there~~ and talked with her^{him} ~~there~~
In that lovely grassy dell

The south wind blew and its music was as itar of
A mighty harp

A spring born stream rustled tumbling by oer
stones for flats and sharps.

And knowledge came to my soul that day that wandered
near or far as I may

By chains was I bound for ever and aye and be it
night or be it day

I'd fight against ~~the~~ works of Hell.

The stones be true all bleached and bare

Like lines on an ill used page

The poplars, yew, the strings that sang
on that great Eolian harp.

Are torn asunder with ruthless hand to crush
the thirsty need for land

Regardless of nature's share.



Trade mark!

CANADA EGG.

Can a new added Dropping Abide?



The Three Dependables

The Friend that counts
is the dependable friend.
Nothing made is more
free from "moods" than
BLUE RIBBON
Tea, Coffee and
Baking Powder

ALL GOOD GROCERS SELL THEM

[Faint, illegible handwriting]

MAIL INSURANCE

Phoenix Assurance Company, Ltd.

LONDON, ENGLAND,

First British Insurance Office established in Canada A.D. 1804

**Call and see our nearest agent for particulars and terms
or write to**

BLACK & ARMSTRONG, Branch Managers

P.O. Box 1304

CALGARY, ALTA.

SASKATOON, SASK.

WINNIPEG, MAN.



III' A deeper meaning, ~~What~~ do you mean
Friend O' mine?

Can it be that things are yet unseen
In this wonderful world so bright and
fair

Can meaning be met any time
any where?

IV There are things we don't understand
Friend O' mine

They crowd around us on every hand
When we are lonely, or sick, or sad
They touch our spirits and
make us glad.

V
Will we ever know of the things you
speak?

Friend O'mine

We who are selfish untried and
weak,

Will we become strong in spirit too
And follow the Christian path all
through

VI
Yes, like the grass in the spring
Friend O'mine

Christ to us his peace will bring
The weary will rest his tired head
The hungry no more will cry for bread.

V What proof have you of its
things you speak
Friend O' mine

Is it vision or knowledge we
should seek
You speak of our various ills
and ills
You talk as a prophet and not as
a child

V¹ Christ when he rose on that
Easter morn
Friend O' mine
Promised the world in which
he was born
That he'd come again in his
own good time.
Releasing forever man's bondage
of crime.

Governor General Vanier
New Years Message
1966.

Quotation from his address
via Radio referring to our
young people in Canada

"Brave young shoots of
nobility and compassion
winter and die on the brown
barren fields of materialism"
" — " "

Tractors are roaring
Great loads are sliding
on steel shoe sleighs with
rumbles & creak

Good by now I must finish
quickly Love & lots of love to you
all & kisses to all also extra ones to
the special people

Your loving Mother

Tell Robbie I ~~have~~ laughed at
Mr. Barnetta

Aunt Maggie Belcher

~~Mr Bell~~

~~22~~

Mr Bell

24 West End Terrace

Winchester

Hants

England

.....Putting Things Straight.....

You are what you think you are
And what I would like you to be.
You are what I think you are
And what you would like you to be.
But you'll never be what you are not
Because you are not what you'll never be.
You are only you when you're you
As I'm only me when I'm me.
When you know you're you and not me
And I know I'm me and not you,
Then life should progress without blunder
Since now we are certain who's who!

Heather Turnbull

(Dec 22, 1961)
— — — — —

MEANING OF CHRISTMAS

Christmas is the season for cookies and cake,
Cards and gifts and greetings and such as we do take.
It is the time when we decorate our tree
Hang up all our Christmas cards, prepare for company.
Everyone is joyous, full of cheer, and happy too
For Christmastime brings pleasures which are known to me and you.

But the true meaning of Christmas is not often thought about
Because of all our bustle, we leave Someone out.
Christmas is the birthday of Christ the Lord so dear
Who came so many years ago to save us people here
So when we think of Christmas and we're hurrying about
Remember the Christchild and don't leave Him out.

*Heather
Turnbull.*



LEGISLATIVE ASSEMBLY
WINNIPEG.

There may be a place a happy place
Where no trouble or worry lie
Here may be a face a happy face
Turned up to sun and sky

But give me the wind a loving wind
That blows with a sweet care
Give me the wind a freshening wind
That comes from a south recess.

Give me a path a winding path
That leads through meadows fair
Give me a path a friendly path.
Near clouds sailing ^{white} ^{high} and fair

Give me the flowers the happy flowers
Nodding their faces to soft spring rain
Give me the flowers rest beds of flowers
And let loose the last of mortal pain.

The years roll on their lesson teach
To those who wish to learn
Or even reach the understanding
Wherein each heart shall strive to spread
Its warmth and beauty o'er each lonely soul.

To those who babbled at the bar of truth
The passing years bring reflective memory
Accepting ruth, experience offers opportunity.
To teach us one and all if we will learn.
That wheeling universe, star enfilled
Encompasses all those things for which we yearn.

To each his weakness and his greatness grant
For each is human and in man's frailty
Each does want, those things for which our
Faster blood and died, nor should we once lose sight
Of freedom dearly bought yet loosely held
Ere we too shall lose all right to think or choose.

WHISPERING GRASS.

A Story of the Prairies.

By Norman Rothes.

The man inside the combine dropped his wrench and muttered unintelligible things under his breath. The manufacturer of these machines never took into consideration repair work. It was all a man could do to wriggle into the rear of one without getting stuck. Withdrawing himself with difficulty John Sigmund stopped in a crouching position under the end of the machine..He had a visitor and from the evidence in view , a female one. From his ^Wantage point he could see two blue shoes ~~upwards~~ from which rose two brown legs with just the hem of a blue dress showing below a very pretty knee. So far so good, the side of the combine hid the rest. Slowly the man crawled clear.~~sixty~~ He was rather annoyed; the day was hot and he had stripped off his shirt to be more comfortable at ~~an~~ awkward job. Anyway he was not particularly interested in young ladies who walked round farm yards with nothing particular to do. He glanced up to meet two blue eyes in a face that was surely pretty but was now twisted in horror, or pity. Seizing his shirt he flung it round his shoulders rising to his feet at the same time. It was then that he noticed that his visitor was carrying a tray on which were two glasses , a pitcher of lemonade with cut lemons floating in it and a plate of cookies .

" I thought you might be hot and tired and would like a drink." Blue eyes looked up at brown and again the girls face clouded .The mans face was sombre and unsmiling, from the chin to the right ear ~~now~~ a livid scar ~~ran~~, although the ~~mans~~ face was flushed from either annoyance or embarrassment the scar held a bluish tinge . It appeared to immobilize all ^{expression} ~~that side of his face.~~

"W-won't you sit down?" The girl's voice was low but had a throaty tone and in it was a note of pleading.

"I am Miriam Ellis from the next farm and I help Mrs Scott in harvest time, we thought you might like a lunch."

So far the girl had done all the talking, ~~but now~~ Sigmund tossed some tools off the end of a packing case and pulled it to the shade of the combine. He motioned to Miriam to sit down moving to take ~~her~~ ^{the} tray at the same time. But with a little negative shake of her head she set ~~the tray~~ ^{it} on the box and in a smooth flowing movement sat on the grass tucking one foot under her, "I like having little picnics outside like this and I'd rather sit on the grass than any other place. In the shade, like this, it always rests me." It was evident that she was trying to make them at ease with one another but ~~she~~ was still suffering from shock at seeing the naked back of the man as it emerged from under the combine. The criss cross of angry welts on it's ~~surface~~ ^{made?} had left her a little ill, ^{she felt.} and feeling that she had ~~stumbled~~ stumbled on another's secret not meant for her to see.

"That was nice of you, Miriam." The pleasant deep voice and the lack of all formality in his use of her christian name made the girl glance involuntarily at Sigmund. Above dark brown eyes set in a tanned face with it's one long scar, she saw a mass of unruly dark hair with a grey tinge at the temples. A brooding face with a stern line to the lips as if the owner had schooled himself to say little. She snatched a quick glance at him once more and mentally decided that his eyes had a charm all their own. Little wrinkles at the corners belied ~~the fact~~ ^{the seriousness of his} that no amusement crossed the face, rather they gave the impression that their owner took a quiet pleasure out of all he saw around him.

In the whispering grass I hear a song
That falls on my heart like the down
Of a bird that sings as it hums along

WHISPERING GRASS.

In the whispering grass with its silken song
I hear once more the murmur of peace
And it may be that that murmur may be long
I shall listen for it and shall never cease.

Shall not cease to wonder or care
For the beauty of mountain and pass
Shall search here and there and everywhere
Till I find the secret of whispering grass.

And when I have found it I'll bring it to you
Will kneel with my gift at your feet
And you can comfort me whatever you will do
My offer is whispering grass to Ellen my sweet.

H. L. S.
Grand 27/4/8.

Some paint with colors and ^{some} with lute
And some with dagger and sword
Some struggle in mire and some paint in lute
But I paint with the living word.

For I write for the human eye to see
And to touch the human heart
The pen is mightier than the sword to me
Can more proudly do its part



LEGISLATIVE ASSEMBLY
WINNIPEG

The sun had set in the far western sky
Heralding the day to it's close
And faint in the distance the wild bittern's cry
Sounded the approach of repose .

To the east the first star of the evening appeared
With it's glimmering points of pale light
And soft ~~crept~~ as caress the purple ~~appeared~~
it neared
To make the soft curtains of night

To each individual nature speaks to the soul
Insidious her voice and her touch
As she woos man on ~~ward~~ to the uttermost goal
Be his destiny little or much.

Oft in the soft whisper she breathes to his heart
Comes renewal of promise and faith
Like steel tempered under the hammers fine art
His worries flee away like a mist

*Now if I could paint a picture fair
I'd choose you for its model*

Oh I pray for its power to touch our mind
To help spring the locks from their rust
My pen may be hard and may be unkind
Yet its sting is far less than the great cannon roll.

For men are not crushed and broken or dying
On the far flung blood-soaked fields of the world
And women and daughters alone are not sighing
For the soldier whose corse in a flag is now furled

I may drive men to fury who read from my pen
I will be but to honor I shall paint the way
In hopes to drive hate and distrust from their ~~eyes~~
And challenge man's spirit to a far brighter day

*You could take off your clothes, lay down you have
And off to bed you could totter*

REVELATION

No longer old and ill, from earthly sunlight resting
for a while

Problems and perplexities of life all clear; we are
laid down to rest

In soil from whence we came; the blanket of all earth's
great and noble dead.

From this last couch shall spring the brightly nodding
flower, the soft green grass,

Whereon children love to play as on our knees of old

And playing, in wonderment gaze on the sun, whose earthly
light

Is hid from those called to a great peace and Greater
Presence:

Whose sunlight fills all the vasty realms of space

Bounty of life eternal to our immortal soul

Faith, Hope and Promise to those who living, journey
still.

Ode to a Wild Rose.

Dear little Wild Rose,
Along the roadside way,
Why have you been neglected
By Wordsworth, or some lay.
They have sung about the Daffodil
All gayly dressed for Spring,
And of the laughing poppie,
Who frolics in the wind.
They have written of the daisy
And Buttercup so yellow,
And of the modest violet,
That hides within the hollow.

But you little Wild Rose,
In your simple dress of pink,
With your breath upon the breeze,
Sent straight from heaven, me think,
Have never known the bard's pen,
Extol your beauty fair,
But all unconscious of the slight
Have come back year by year
To bloom in your own sweet bower
For those who look for beauty
In your sweet presence there.

Dear little Wild Rose,
I wish I were a poet,
For then I'd laud your virtues
In a long and running sonnet,
And raise you to the peerage,
With other flowers there,
Who could not be more fragrant,
Though extravagantly fair,
But as I'm just a wanderer,
Along a country lane,
My heart leaps up in gratitude
To find you here again.

Grace Willis

The Church and Laymen.

(Some questions the answers to which I would like resolved)

1 { The church is what we make it.
It is through Christ leadership that the church came to be.

2 { Christ's followers drawn together by
their love of their Saviour. - The Father.
God, worship in God's House. - The Church.

3 { Should Christ and through him God,
come first or the Church.

4 { Do we put too much stress on Church
finances as the achievement of the year.

5 { Seek ye First the Kingdom of God & all
else shall be added unto you.

6 { Is this possible in the present day.

7 { Is it too much to ask of our young
people that they sacrifice one day a week
to the worship of God.

8 { Can play and the widening of Sunday
amusements be compatible to the worship
of God.

9 { Should not a man's work have as its chief
end the glorifying of God the Creator.

Does the church offer us moral standards.

How can the fine balance between moral standards and forgiveness and acceptance be maintained.

2

10 { If he carries on his work to that
end will he not regard his relaxations
in the same way. His Amusements?

11 { Are we too reserved in showing our
religious beliefs, or is it because we are
conscious that we seldom practice the
Christian Teaching - in business - at home

Short Address.

Laymen in the Church.

Some of the problems of the church from a layman's point of view.

Some of us find an increasingly recurring question - What does the church offer to young people?

What does the church actually stand for?

What do our elders stand for - in the church - in the community.

Does our church touch the lives of young people sufficiently to involve their allegiance.

What does the church offer me. What have I to give to the church.

How can laymen help the minister in his work.

Have the elders any responsibility other than pastoral relationships.