



Little Miss Craig.
Cyrrville, Ont.



Margaret P. Hillhouse.
Bondville, Que.



Florence Lenore Forman.
Alvinston, Ont.

God. It is exactly the same with other gifts of our Father. We must not love the gift more than the Giver; we must be always prepared to give it up at His demand, if we would prove ourselves worthy of His friendship. The Master still says to us: "He that loveth father or mother more than Me is not worthy of Me: and he that loveth son or daughter more than Me is not worthy of Me. And he that taketh not his cross, and followeth after Me, is not worthy of Me."

No wonder that the disciples were "exceedingly amazed" when they were told of the difficulty a rich man must find in entering the kingdom of God. No wonder they exclaimed: "Who, then, can be saved?"

We, who—like the rich young ruler—eagerly desire to climb to a higher level than we have yet reached, may have good reason to fear that, like him, we might fail to make the right choice if severely tested. Let us prayerfully try to cultivate our higher desires, and keep earthly desires under strictest control, lest we also should sadden our own souls and grieve our best Friend by making a great refusal—refusing to do the best that we can see.

I read in the paper a short time ago that a rich American girl was receiving a nurse's training, in order to join Doctor Grenfell's Labrador mission. I have no doubt that her life of self-sacrificing service will be far more interesting, far more joyful than the wearisome round of "society" would have been. Our Captain knows his soldiers, and calls them to the work which will really give them deepest satisfaction and lasting happiness.

And even those who sorrowfully refuse to take the step which He is demanding of them, are not shut out from His love. "Jesus, beholding him, loved him," and yet He must have known that the young man kneeling at His feet, in apparently wholehearted earnestness, would not be able to stand the searching test. So also He loves each eager soul that hungers and thirsts after righteousness, and though His treatment may sometimes seem to be severe, it is always a proof of His special love. The stern call, the stunning shock of overwhelming trouble, the weary round of tedious duty, show that He is offering His own wonderful Friendship to one He loves. He is saying very tenderly: "Come, follow ME."

"In the gloom and darkness
Clasp His loving hand,
He will guide and cheer thee
Through the desert land."

DORA FARNCOMB.

The Beaver Circle.

OUR SENIOR BEAVERS.

[For all pupils from Senior Third to Continuation Classes, inclusive.]

Senior Beavers' Letter Box.

[Gordon Baynton made a mistake and entered the "Junior Beavers" Competition. His letter, however, was very good, so we are letting it appear here.]

Dear Puck and Beavers,—As your new competition is on, I thought I would like to try in it. The subject was to be on "Going to School in Winter."

Regarding the cold, it is sometimes very trying, but after you get toughened it isn't so bad after all, is it? Another thing the boys have to put up with is a long walk. Of course, some of us live quite close to school, and that makes some difference. Next comes the time-and-chore question. In the morning when one gets up he has to go to the barn to do chores. Probably some of our Beavers do not. After chores are done, of course, we get our breakfast of hot buckwheat cakes. Nearly all people around here have these. Next comes the going to school. Some of us might say, "Oh, dear! I don't want to go to school to-day; it's too cold." It may be cold, but all I say is to "dress up warmly" and keep your legs a-going. The lesson-books are not to be forgotten,

because they are the main part of the day. Some pupils at our school think books are merely to read out of, such as history, arithmetic, etc., but books are to learn out of.

The pleasures are next to be thought of. As to getting up and doing chores, I think it gives one a good appetite.

Walking to school is a rather refreshing task, especially if it happens to be between warm and cold, and more if you happen to see a curious bird or animal. When you get to school, the next pleasure, I must say, is study (not play). Education nowadays is very useful. It is an absolute necessity. Would a man with no education do to go into a post-office and do check work, etc.? No. No man would be of any use at all. So it will be with us if we do not study. Study, study, study, all day long, and nothing but study. That is what makes us great men and women. Some day some of us shall be doing good works for someone. Have a motto to go by; that motto for school is "Study." For home is "Work."

Taking going to school in winter all through, I think it is a pleasure—and a necessity. Wishing the Beavers and Puck every success.

GORDON BAYNTON
(Age 12, Book IV.).

Cairo P. O., Ont., R. R. No. 3.

You are right about education being very necessary nowadays, Gordon, but it is just as necessary for the farmer as for the man who works in an office. You will find that out by-and-by.—P.

Dear Puck and Beavers,—This is my first letter to the Circle. I would like to join very much. Will you please let me? I enjoy reading the letters. I am going to write about my home. I live in the country, and it is a very pretty place. I live three miles from a village. We have quite a walk to school; it is nearly a mile. We had a very nice teacher this year. We all liked her very much. My sister goes to school with me in the autumn, but in the winter she goes away to school. I have a fine time in the winter sleighing, and lots of other things besides. I will now close, hoping this will escape the w.-p. b., and wishing the Beavers every success.

AGNES RICHARDSON
(Age 13, Jr. IV. Book).

Belmore, Georgeville, Que.

Dear Puck and Beavers,—This is my first letter to the Beaver Circle, so I hope it will escape the w.-p. b. My father has taken "The Farmer's Advocate" for a short time, and now he says he would not be without it. I enjoy reading the letters from the different Beavers. I go to the Pine Grove school. It is about a mile from our place. There



Marjorie Grey Lyon.
Londesboro, Ont.