

me out, this side of the river or the other."

It is faith that can uphold anxious hearts at home, so that they are not afraid of any evil tidings. Our Lord told His disciples to "fear not," as He pointed to the sparrows and declared that not one of them could fall to the ground without the Father's presence and care: "Fear ye not therefore, ye are of more value than many sparrows."

The cheerful counsel, "Fear not!" which rings out like a trumpet call through the Bible pages, from the Book Genesis to the Revelation of St. John, is founded on good and sufficient reason. "I am with thee," is the great reason for courage. God says to each trusting soul, as to Joshua, "I will not fail thee, nor forsake thee. Be strong and of a good courage."

The great message of the Bible and the Church is EMMANUEL—God with us. The future is veiled in darkness—but God knows what is coming and His hand controls the future as well as the present. We are passing through a time of stern testing—shall we be cowards when others are showing such marvellous courage? Let us try to face each day's duties and trials bravely, knowing that all things work together for the good of those who love God.

How ashamed we feel after we have made a fuss about some paltry pain—a headache, a toothache, a passing heartache—when we think of the unconquered souls in broken bodies across the sea! How ashamed we feel of our comfortable beds and luxurious meals, when we think of those cheery boys in the trenches and hospitals?

We are ashamed of the fact that we are so comfortable. Then, let us not grumble when God sees fit to shake us out of our selfish comforts. It we can't be inspired by the glorious courage of other men and women, at least we may be ashamed by it into keeping quiet about our own troubles. Self-pity is degrading. A real hero is too busy caring for others to have time to think of himself. He accepts danger and hardships as "opportunities" and "privileges." As one of those gallant American ambulance men wrote: "It has been good to be here in the presence of high courage and to have learned a little in our youth of the values of life and death."

We are pupils in the Master's school. Shall we argue with Him when He sets us our daily lesson?

DORA FARNCOMB.

A Gift From Alberta.

A friend in Alberta (Mrs. M.) has just dropped a dollar into the Quiet Hour purse, for someone in need. This will help a poor widow, who is finding it far from easy to make both ends meet. Thank you, my friend!—your gift will not be wasted. The verses which follow are from another friend.

HOPE.

Knowing and Doing.

It isn't the things we approve, dear heart,
As we're facing the battles of life,
That cheer the souls of our fellowmen,
Or strengthen our own for the strife.
We may give to the best our hearty assent,
Yet never the best pursue;
For it isn't the things we approve that count,
But only the things that we do.

Our souls may respond to some other soul
By a noble purpose fired;
As we listen to burning words of truth,
That are uttered by lips inspired.
But unless, by faith we make them ours,
We are still to the best untrue;
For it isn't the things we believe that count,
But the things that we really do.

We may ponder well the power of prayer,
And clothe each glowing thought
In strongest words, as we seek to tell
Of the wonders prayer hath wrought.
But the blessings that come to the prayer-ful soul
Along life's strenuous way
It will never be ours to know, dear heart,
Unless we humbly pray.

There are loads to lift, there are burdens
to bear,
There are wrongs to be redressed;
There is much to achieve in the realm
of good
That demands our very best.

There are heights and depths in the love
of God,
Awaiting the seeker true,
Who is not content God's will to know,
But seeks God's will to do.

Oh, the victor's way is a blood-marked
way,
Of toil, and pain, and loss
And many who fain would wear the crown,
Shrink back at the sight of the Cross.
Oh, sad it would be at the end of the race,
To fail with the goal in view;
Not because the way we did not know,
But, knowing, failed to do!
Corinth, Ont. M. CARRIE HAYWARD.

The Beaver Circle

The Pedlar's Caravan.

This is a charming example of the poems written by William Brighty Rands for children:—

I wish I lived in a caravan,
With a horse to drive, like a pedlar-man!
Where he comes from nobody knows,
Or where he goes to, but on he goes!

His caravan has windows two,
And a chimney of tin that the smoke
comes through.
He has a wife, and a baby brown,
And they go riding from town to town.

Chairs to mend, and delf to sell;
He clashes the basin like a bell;
Tea-trays, baskets, ranged in order,
Plates, with the alphabet round the
border.



A New Competition.

Write a story about this picture. All stories must be received at this office not later than July 10th.

The roads are brown, and the sea is
green,
But his house is just like a bathing-
machine.
The world is round, and he can ride,
Rumble and splash, to the other side.

With the pedlar-man I should like to
roam,
And write a book when I come home;
All the people would read my book,
Just like the travels of Captain Cook!

Dandelions.

Golden disks and silvery spheres
Through the green fields growing,
Where bright dandelions spread
Silken seed is blowing.
One o'clock, two o'clock,
What's the time of day?
Three o'clock, four o'clock,
Time to come and play.

Glinting heads of children gay
Bending o'er the flowers—
Seek your fortune, lady fair?
Swiftly speed the hours.
Puff it once, puff it twice,
Is your lover true?
Puff it thrice and four times,
He's forgotten you.

In the sunlit meadow-land
Sweet-tuned voices ringing
Send adown the misted years

Wakened memory winging.
Two o'clock, three o'clock,
What's the time now, pray?
Four o'clock, five o'clock,
Time to run away.
—FLORENCE E. WESTCOTT, in the Globe.

Senior Beavers' Letter Box.

Dear Puck and Beavers.—This is my third letter to the Beaver Circle and thought I would try again. I enjoy reading the letters very much. I am in the junior IV class, and expect to try for the Entrance class in June. Our teacher's name is Miss McKenzie, and we like her very much. There are twenty-seven going to our school. We have a mile and a quarter to go.

I have read quite a number of books such as "Darkness and Daylight", "Edith Lyle's Secret", "Daddy Long Legs", "Miss Billy", "Anne of Green Gables" and many others.

I will close with a few riddles:
Higher than a house, higher than a tree, oh, whatever can it be? Ans.—A star.

What was the last of poor dog Tray? Ans.—His bark.

Brick upon brick and a hole in the middle? Ans.—A chimney.

As round as an apple, as flat as a ship, has four little eyes, and can't see a bit. Ans.—A button.

Why does a cow look over a hill? Ans.—Because she cannot see through it.

What month do women talk the least in? Ans.—February; it has only twenty-eight days.

What three great poets would you think of if you saw a house burning down? Ans.—Dickens, Howitt, Burns.

Dear Puck and Beavers.—This is my second letter to your charming circle. I did not see my letter in print, but I saw my name on the honor roll. I go to school every day and I have a good road to go. I am in the senior fourth class and I expect to try my entrance this year. I like going to school and I like every subject but grammar. We have a school fair every year in North Dumfries.

How many of the Beavers have relatives at the war? I had four cousins, but one was killed in action. As my letter is getting long I will close wishing the Beavers every success. I wish Lavina Duffey of Grand Valley would write to me.

BESSIE BROWN,

R. R. No 3, Bright, Ont.

Dear Puck and Beavers.—My father has taken the Farmer's Advocate for a long time, and I have often read the letters in the Beaver Circle but I never wrote before. I passed my entrance last summer, but as I was too young for High School I went back to the public school for another year. I love to read, but I like better to play the piano. I have taken music lessons eight years. I am fond of pets and used to have three cats and a dog, but I have only one cat now and I call him Jerry. I must close now, wishing the Beavers every success. I remain,
MABEL C. MCFARLANE.

Otterville, Ont., Box 1.
(Age 13 years).

Dear Puck and Beavers.—This is my first letter to your charming Circle, but still I have read the letters and certainly enjoy them. I like going to school. The teacher's name is Miss Biggar. I like her fine. There are about 19 pupils in our room. As I notice in the paper that some of the Beavers described themselves so I will do so also. I have fair hair and blue eyes, and I am about 4 feet tall. I am very fond of reading; I have read some of the Elsie Books, all the Bessie Books and some of Alger's and many others. Now as my letter is getting long I must close. I wish some of the Beavers would write to me and I would answer them. I hope the w-p. b. is full. I will close.

MARY EDNA LAPP.

Lorneville, Ont. (Age 11 years).

Dear Puck and Beavers.—This is my first letter to your charming Circle. My father has taken "The Farmer's Advocate" for a number of years, and he likes it best of all the farm papers. Like most of the Beavers I am very fond of reading. I have read Gulliver's Travels, The Cornet of Horse, With Wolfe in Canada, Martin Rattler. I like them all fine. As my letter is getting long I think I will close, with a riddle, hoping Puck's waste-paper basket is full.

What is the difference between a hill and a pill? Ans.—One is hard to go up, and the other is hard to get down.
Mitchell, Ont. JOHN RAWLEY.
(Age 13.)

Dear Puck and Beavers.—This is my second letter to your charming Circle. I was glad to see my other letter in it. So I thought I would write another one. I go to school every day. I like going. I am in the junior fourth class. There are forty on the roll. There were five tried the entrance at Easter. There are thirteen in my class. I took carrots for the school fair this year. I took potatoes last year, but I did not get any prize. We have a clock in our school and a furnace. Well, as my letter is getting long I will close.

WILLIE TRIMBLE.

R. R. No. 1, Laurel, Ont. (Age 11.)

Dear Puck and Beavers.—This is my first letter to your charming Circle. My father has taken the Farmer's Advocate for quite a few years, and we all like it fine. Our teacher's name is Miss Essie Sann. We all like her. I am going to try my entrance in June. We have made about sixty gallons of maple syrup. Isn't this war terrible? Do you think it will last much longer? Hoping the w-p. b. is out for a walk when my letter arrives. I will close with a riddle.

Two in a moment, one in a minute, and none in a thousand years. Ans.—The letter M.

Millgrove, Ont., R. R. No. 1.

ALMA SPARKS.

(Sr. Fourth Class.)

P.S.—I wish some of the Beavers would write to me, and I will answer all letters.

Junior

Dear Puck and Beavers.—I am wanting to never get letters in nearly every winter.

At our Club together Auxiliary socks for was twent I am th and a bal She is just

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Dear Puck and Beavers.—I am wanting to never get letters in nearly every winter. At our Club together Auxiliary socks for was twent I am th and a bal She is just

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