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Hope's Quiet Hour.

Love Seeketh Not Her Own.

Look not every man on his own things, but every man also on the things of others.-Phil. ii.: 4.

The other day I was one of the people who crowded into a church for the midday service in a great American city. These daily services at noon are well attended always, I was told-at least, in mayed at the accumulated wrongs which that particular church. The congregation looked prosperous and contented, healthy in body and well supplied with spiritual nourishment of the best quality. Perhaps they were getting more than they were able to use-for the soul, like the body, is harmed by food that is not digested and assimilated.

That afternoon a friend told me about some of the people living in the mountains of Tennessee-English-speaking people, of good stock-who are living in the If He could take His apparently fruitless lowest depths of poverty and ignorance. She said that whole settlements were without a single person who could read, that many of them had never heard the name of God, that sometimes they dressed heir children in sacking fastened to-gether with thorns. Their houses had only holes for windows-glass was unknown. A man from one of these settlements walked eighteen miles to a place where there was a school teacher, in order to ask whether a teacher could not be sent to his district. He had to walk back disappointed. There was no one

Something must be wrong when there is such a vital demand in one place and a superabundant supply in another. St. Paul said: "I mean not that other men be eased, and yet burdened: but by an equality, that now at this time your abundance may be a supply for their want, that their abundance also may be a supply for your want: that there may be equality."

C. E. Russell says that in a Christian country children are made to work in mills at five or six years old. They are untaught, careworn, and sickly; and women are driven by poverty into a life more sad than country people can well imagine. He describes a visit he once paid, on a newspaper errand, to a London Square. He found there crowds of forlorn, hopeless, gaunt human beings. One of these dropped to the ground from absolute starvation. Just then a woman's laugh rang out. She was sitting in a beautiful carriage, looking happy and care-free, in her handsome clothes and diamonds. She had not laughed at the starving man. Why should his condition attract her attention? He was nothing

to her! I am not going to fill this paper with There are harrowing stories of misery. plenty of records for those who choose to study them. I have only hinted at the condition of some of our brothers and sisters, to rouse in us all something of the love that "seeketh not her own, something of the resolve to care about the lives of others instead of settling own comfortably in our own easy prosperity. We are apt to look so entirely on our own things, that we think all is well if we and our particular friends are well. We are apt to "seek our own" so selfishly that we feel a day is only satisfactory if we have gained some advantage in it for ourselves. The greatest day in the life of the Good Samaritan was the day he had a chance of helping a needy Yellow-creature. Our days of selfish prosperity are not our best What would have become of the days. world if God had been content to remain in the bliss of heaven, satisfied with His own joy, and forgetful of sin and its The sin and misery of the world drew LOVE into our midst, to share the sorrow and the awful weight of guilt.

But the people who call themselves by the glorious name of Christ-we Chris-Hans-are we following our Master and ning about doing good, or are we enthusiastically seeking good things for

rselves? Now, we must not be dismayed at the ancy that because we cannot right the human power of free action, and turns Mathetic indifference of Christians to in- pupil's work for him. It is one of the pupils work to man. Thuesed, if you train to instrict pupils work to mankind to see that every him long enough by giving a peculiar great duties of mankind to see that every him long enough by giving a peculiar

loving men into practical infidelity. Lecturers exhort applauding crowds about the selfishness of Christians and the failure of Christianity; and, at the same time, they hold up admiringly the picture of the Man Christ JESUS. They

reverence His beautiful character, but refuse to join themselves with Christians. Why? Because Christ cared for His fellows-claiming all men as His brethren and spending His whole life in their service — while we, His followers in name, seem only anxious to secure all the best places for ourselves.

Why do I say that we need not be disneed to be righted? Because our Leader, although He lived a life of perfect unselfishness-never once trying to raise Himself at the expense of others-died without seeing any apparent effect on the world resulting from His beautiful serv-Even the few disciples who had gathered around Him, forsook Him and fled, only some women and one man, whose love made them forget to be afraid, stood by Him in the last agony. work and lay it with triumphant confidence in His Father's hand, saying: "It is finished," then no one need be discouraged by apparent failure. The results of His Life have been increasing during 2,000 years. A life of unselfish service can never be a failure. It is O, quite unbeautiful is he,seed sown, and God will see to the har-

Then there is another consideration which is apt to make one feel the hope lessness of trying to help the world. The misery is so vast and so widespread, and most of us have our hands full with home duties-God-given duties, which it would He might to some repulsive seem, be a sin to neglect. There, again, our Lord's example cheers us. He came on the great mission of saving the whole human race, and yet He spent all but the last three or four years of that wonderful earthly life working hard for common wages in a little village shop, as soon as He was old enough to work, probably supporting His mother, and apparently doing nothing for the outside world so desperately in need of help. Then, when He was free to leave home He devoted all His attention to a little country not more than 140 miles long by 70 broad. His mission was to His own people, and if that rule was broken once, it was the exception that proved the rule, according to His own emphatic declaration .- S. Matt. xv.: 24. Even the Apostles were at first sent only to Israelites .- S. Matt. x .: 5, 6. It was only after the Resurrection that they were sent to help all nations.

So, if God has told you to work in a small field, there is no need to feel disappointed or to imagine that your life is not accomplishing anything. The important thing is to make it the chief The imconcern of your life to save others rather than yourself, to seek the prosperity and advantage of other people rather than your own success. That sounds so grand and easy, doesn't it? but we all know how constantly we have to fight against selfishness. Even when we want the misery of the world to be helped, we are disappointed if other people do it, while we have no chance. "Love seeketh not her own," is even willing to give the higher places in philanthropic work to others, and work on-if need be-unnoticed and unappreciated. If you can do nothing else, the vast power of prayer is yours. Prayer is a mystery, but it works marvellously. Our Lord must have earnestly desired to restore the afflicted child of the Syro-Phoenician woman, and yet it is very plain that the woman's persistent, trustful prayer opened the way for Him. God wants to give you farmers a good harvest, but He cannot do it-without breaking His own laws-unless someone puts the seed in the ground. If you don't do your part, have you any right to find fault if He lets you suffer from famine or spiritual weakness?

God could do away with all the poverty in the world, but He cannot do it without breaking His own laws. brings misery not only on the sinner but on his relations and friends. God cannot make a sinner holy without his own co-operation, unless He destroys the congs of millions of people that it is men into machines. This is our schooluse trying to do anything. The time, and no wise master will do a

human being has his rightful chance to call and then feeding him at once, you breathe good air, eat good food, live in may train him to come to you when you a clean house, and develop physically, mentally and spiritually. Don't let the and found Mr. Toad a very interesting taunt be hurled at us Christians that we pet indeed. There used to be a fat old care less about the welfare of our poor brothers than men of the world do. our being about in the least. Often and There is some truth in the taunt, remem-We are often so absorbed in our own spiritual well-being that our brothers are almost forgotten. Let us never forget St. John's warning words: a man say, I love God, and hateth his brother, he is a liar: for he that loveth not his brother whom he hath seen, how can he love God Whom he hath not seen." "Love seeketh not her own," so if we spend our lives selfishly, it is evident that we are not keeping either of he cannot jump so well, and he doesn't the two great commandments.

DORA FARNCOMB.

The Beaver Checle.

OUR SENIOR BEAVERS.

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

The Little Sentinel.

My little friend in mottled coat,-With awkward and ungainly form, Capacious mouth and swollen throat.

Save for his eyes, which Shakespeare called

The "precious jewels in his head," Hopping about the garden bed.

Yet dear to me, who know his worth, Is he who guards my garden well, As daily on patrol he goes, This faithful little sentinel.

When morn first decks the rose with pearls

And spangled veils flings o'er the grass, I find him watchful at his post,-As up and down the walks I pass,-

Quick to despatch the noxious pests That war upon the roses red; 'Tis he helps up the violets, The lily rear her graceful head;

The bluebells ring their fairy chimes To welcome in the blushing June; The poppies light, in carnival, Their fires at the year's high noon

No more would come the hummingbird And butterfly on radiant wing-Were't not for him-to sip the wine Drawn from the garden's blossoming.

And all the luscious fragrances That through my casement subtly float He helped to woo from all sweet things-This shy, wee friend in spotted coat.

Screened in the garden's foliage, Amongst the lush green grass he lurks-A skilled detective—all day long; And swiftly, silently he works.

O, humble toad, take thou my thanks, Thy services I truly prize; Unharmed thy lot, may life be long, My garden thy blest paradise! -Louella C. Poole, in Our Dumb Animals.

A Warty Friend.

THE TOAD-COUSIN OF THE FROG.

"Ugh! Don't touch him! He'll make warts come on your hands!" How many of you have ever had this shrieked at you by excited boys or girls ?-the "he" being nothing more terrible than a squat, rough, ugly, harmless, useful little brown toad, hobbling along the garden walk, or sitting like a wise old owl, apparently staring at you, but probably trusting to his likeness to the rough brown earth (his "protective coloring," the scientists call it) to save him from the possible enemy he may consider you.

Poor old toad! He cannot make warts come on your hands, although he may, when alarmed, send out a sort of acrid fluid over his skin which may smart you a little if it gets on a scratch or Look at him all you like, but don't hurt him. Indeed, if you train

want him. People have often done this, fellow in our garden which did not mind often we would go up to him quietly and scratch his back very gently with a bit of stick. He seemed to like the operation, just as pussy likes to be stroked with the hand, and it was very comical to see him puff his sides out and out until he looked like a funny, flat, warty little balloon, with a "capacious mouth," and four queer little feet.

Look at him well as he sits there. Very much like a frog, isn't he? But wear a green coat and white vest, and he doesn't care to stay in and about the water; he likes gardens and dry woods However, he really is a cousin of the frog.

Toads do not lay eggs in great masses as frogs do, but in long ropes, or strings, on the bottom of very shallow water, and attached to water-plants. Their eggs are blacker than those of the frog. The eggs hatch out into tadpoles exactly as frogs' eggs do, but long before they come out the old toads have crawled away from the wet places up on to the land and away to the woods and fields. As soon as the young ones are fully developed, they follow.

Have you ever noticed that you seldom see toads about in the heat of the day, but only in early morning or in the evening? They don't like the bright sunlight and hot air very much, and so during the day, they burrow into the soft soil or lie under leaves or boards; but just as soon as evening comes, out they hop ready for a hearty meal.

What do they eat? Why, cutworms and beetles, and slugs and insects of all kinds that do harm in our gardens, so now you see why it is advisable to keep Mr. Toad in the garden if you can. Indeed, in some places, people procure toads on purpose to put them among the vegetable rows.

The toad moves rather slowly, but his long tongue, which lies folded back in his mouth, flies out like lightning when an insect happens to come near, and snaps it up before you could say "Jack Robinson.

And do you know what he does when winter comes ?-He just burrows down and down in the earth, and lies there asleep, as snug as a bug in a rug, or at least he thinks so, until spring comes again. Most of you know what this long winter sleeping is called,—"hibernat-You have probably heard the word in connection with bear stories.

Now, Beavers, I hope you will be more interested in toads henceforth, and that you will take care not to harm these shy wee friends in spotted coats. PUCK

Beaver Circle Garden Competition.

Some of the Beavers do not yet seem to understand the terms of the garden competition, and have asked questions about it, so here goes once more:

In the first place, you must be a "Beaver," i. e., a boy or girl under seventeen years of age, and a member of a home in which "The Farmer's Advocate" goes regularly, as shown by our mailing list, before you may compete. If your father or guardian "takes" cur paper, you may enter your name as a competitor, not otherwise.

That settled, you must next choose your seeds not less than three kinds of vegetables and six of flowers-whatever kinds you like-and then you must set to work to make your garden. Having worked it up nicely and planted it, you must not stop with that. All through the summer you must cultivate it, take out the weeds, and water it whenever necessary, doing all the work yourself, although you may ask as many questions about it as you choose.

Finally, in the fall, you must get someone to take a photo of your garden and send it to us along with a letter telling all about your garden from start to You must also enclose a little finish. certificate, stating that you did all the work yourself, and this statement must be certified by your parent or guardian.

For the best composition thus sent, we will give a prize of \$5.00. Other prizes