

On one of King Edward's recent visits to Biarritz, he witnessed the finish of a cross-country race at the Villa Machelon. This villa, it happens, belongs to a worthy Biarritz butcher, who had been requested by the committee to place it at the King's disposal. To this request, the owner, of course, acceded. But this butcher had certain bosom friends, and, in their opinion, it was absolutely indispensable that the master in person should do the honors of his villa to the King of England, his guest.

The butcher fetched out his Sunday suit, arranged his braces outside his knitted waistcoat, which he invariably wears, stuck his hat over his ears, and, freely perspiring under the blazing sun, awaited his august visitor.

King Edward arrived and got down from his motor-car. With fine scorn for the conventions, the butcher boldly walked up to His Majesty, tapped him on the shoulder, and said, in a drawling voice, "Come in; don't stop in the sun—go up to the salon!"

A friendly shove accompanied these words. The King grasped the situation at a glance, smiled, and obeyed, leaving the butcher to chew proudly his penny Havana on the doorstep. He had done the honors of his home, had seen and spoken to his guest, the King.

Hope's Quiet Hour. Servant of All.

Whoever would become great among you, shall be your minister: and whosoever would be first among you, shall be servant of all.—S. Mark x: 43, 44. (R. V.)

It is the weight of self that overpowers. Take up another's load, it carries ours.—Frederick Langbridge.

The text given above is a strong statement of the foundation of Christianity. The marginal rendering is even stronger: "Whoever would become great among you, shall be your servant; and whosoever would be first among you shall be bondservant (slave) of all." I say it states the foundation of Christianity, for our Lord and Master proved Himself to be Greatest of all, by serving all. More and more we are learning the strange truth, that to achieve real greatness is not to be served by many, but to pour out life generously and gloriously in service.

This does not mean that we should copy the famous "old man with the ass," and waste precious time in trying to please everybody. He did not succeed in pleasing anyone—you may remember—and the people who make "popularity" their aim are certainly not "great," though they may try to achieve greatness by being servant of all. The motive which inspires any action makes it great or petty, and if the motive be only to win pleasure or profit for one's self, the action is selfish and mean.

Now, I am not trying to please everybody, but still I shall take the advice showered on me lately by many of our readers, who object to having our Corner changed into a correspondence column. Thinking that you might be growing tired of my weekly chats, I have lately given more room to correspondents. But there appears to be a general dissatisfaction, so I shall resume my old habits and keep the floor myself—for the most part—thankings those who have written so many letters on various subjects. It is impossible to answer all of these by personal letters, so silence concerning them is no proof that they have failed to reach me.

But all this is straying from our main point—greatness won through service.

In the general upset of housecleaning, the other day, an old number of "Everybody's Magazine" came to light—not very old, December, 1909, to be exact. An article, called "Heroes of the Telegraph Key," attracted my attention, and it is a striking commentary on our text from a modern standpoint.

The telegraph operators described in it were "great," because their faithfulness as servants of the public was magnificent. First is given a description of 800

men sitting shoulder to shoulder, high up in a New York "skyscraper." They worked their telegraph instruments steadily, though a fire was raging overhead, and water was pouring in streams through the ceiling, flooding the floor six inches deep. If water got on the dynamo in a corner of the room, the men would have been instantly electrocuted. "But not for an instant did the jingling keys cease; for to quit at this, the busiest hour of the night, would have snarled the company into a tangle which it would require days to unravel. For an hour the men sat in mackintoshes, or under umbrellas, knowing that between them and sudden death was the thickness of a tarpaulin. Their faces showed the almost superhuman strain of concentrating their minds on the work in hand; but not a man deserted his key. On bared nerves they worked, for the honor of the service wherein it is admitted that man born of woman may blunder, but wherein, too, is an unwritten law that in time of peril no man may desert his post, any more than a captain may desert his ship or an engineer leap from his locomotive before it is needless suicide to remain."

The secret of countless deeds of glorious heroism is simple faithfulness to duty. The highest reward anyone can receive is the Master's commendation: "Well done, good and faithful servant."

and eleven out of the fifteen telegraph operators who had been brave enough to remain, were dead. Messages, pleading for help or asking for news, piled up on the four who were left. Would another operator volunteer to go deliberately into that city of death? E. V. Wedin responded to the call for volunteers. When he reached the telegraph office in New Orleans, "he sent more than 500 messages at his first sitting. Food and drink were brought him, and he ate with one hand and worked with the other . . . worked until his arm was as if paralyzed to the elbow, and he fell forward on his key fast asleep." He worked on, day after day, while other volunteers came and died. He says he is most famed only because he escaped unharmful. But not one of the heroes of that terrible time is forgotten by God.

I should like to tell you more about these, and the other "heroes of the telegraph" described at length in the magazine—but space forbids.

The world is full of heroes—men and women who are doing their duty at all costs. Let us be inspired by their example, and work steadily on where God calls us to serve. "Servants of all!" was and is our Master—can we desire a nobler duty than His?

But when we read about heroes, we are impressed with the romance of their doings, and perhaps our own work seems

ing with and for their Master, is a growing joy. Each year is more full of living interest than the last. Each year brings them nearer to Him.

"Oh, happy are His servants! happy they
Who stand continually before His face,
Ready to do His will of wisest grace!
My King! is mine such blessedness to-day?"

DORA FARNCOMB.

Peace.

(Written for "The Farmer's Advocate.")

If all our lives flowed on in even measure,
If clouds ne'er drew their curtain o'er the blue,
We should be satisfied with earthly treasure,
We should not rise to all the good and true.

If all hope's sea was calm, still, and untroubled,
If every wave came rippling to the strand,
We should not seek for refuge in the harbor—
Breakers of trouble toss us to the land.

If we ne'er wearied of the noise of babel,
The din of strife, that must be here, to cease,
We ne'er should gather more than half the meaning
Of God's best promise, "I will give you Peace."

S. N. DODDS.

The Beaver Circle.

[All children in second part and second books, will write for the Junior Beavers' Department. Those in third and fourth books, also those who have left school, or are in High School, between the ages of 11 and 15, inclusive, will write for Senior Beavers. Kindly state book at school, or age, if you have left school, in each letter sent to the Beaver Circle.]

Queer Things.

Dear Girls and Boys,—I know that some of you would like to find out something about the "queer things" you may see in the country, and so I am just going to give you a few talks that may help you to "keep watch."

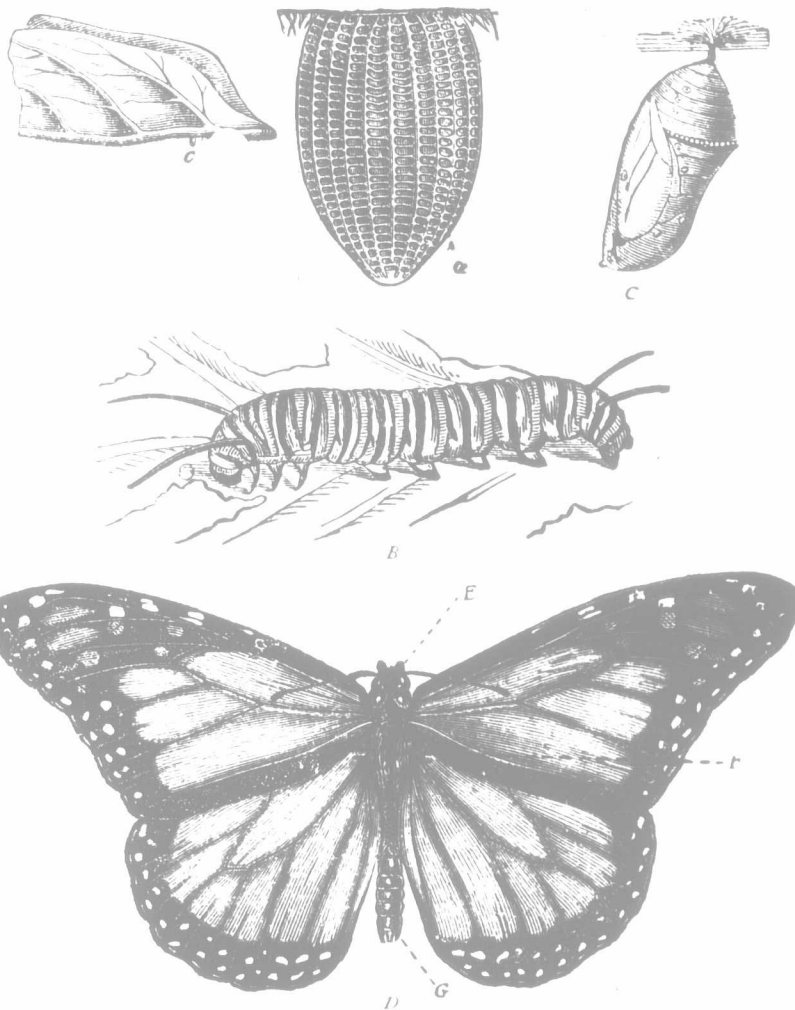
I wonder how many of you have ever paid much attention to worms and caterpillars. Now, girls, please don't jump around and say, "Ugh! Ugly things!" These little crawly creatures are quite interesting, and I want to tell you a little about them.

Perhaps, when digging in the garden, or turning over a stone or rotting log, you may come on "worms," usually small, and white or yellowish or brownish in color. Now, the "fish-worms," which you all know,—those long, slimy, pinkish things—are really worms, but these others, most of them at least, may not be worms at all. What do you think of that?

The next time you find one, don't go shivery, but pick it up or roll it on to a leaf and examine it. First of all, is it made up of rings (or "segments"), thirteen of them—unlucky number, you see—with a substance between that can stretch a little as the thing moves?

Then you may be pretty sure that it is not a worm that you have found, but a "larva" (plural, larvæ), a creature that will likely, after some very curious changes, turn into a fly or a beetle of some kind.

Some of the larvæ, of course, are not very much like the legless worms. Many of them have legs, and never live "in" the ground at all, but spend all their days on plants. They are usually called "caterpillars," and you must already know some of them—for instance, the green cabbage "worm" (please call it "caterpillar" after this), and the pretty, striped milkweed caterpillar. Some other larvæ, too, look even less like worms, than do the caterpillars. Among these last I may mention the mosquito wriggler that you find in the rain barrel, or the soft, red potato "bugs" that you all know too well. . . . However, these are all larvæ, that will turn into something else after a while. You all know already that the red potato larvæ turn "somehow" into striped beetles. In somewhat the same way—just "how" we



Milk-weed Butterfly.

(a) Egg enlarged 30 diameters; (c) egg, natural size, on leaf; (b) larva; (d) male butterfly; (e) head; (f) thorax; (g) abdomen.

One of the heroes described in the article before me is Frank Shaley. He was a telegraph lineman and was in the baggage car of a train which was wrecked three years ago, out in the West. He crawled out, clutching his satchel of instruments. More than 150 dead or injured people were lying there. The next train would not arrive for five hours—could nothing be done for the sufferers until then? Shaley was dying from his injuries, but he was the only man there who knew how to "cut in on the telegraph." He was hoisted up, made his connections, and sent his message: "Number 17 terribly wrecked forty miles west of Cheyenne. Send hospital train."

Before the train arrived, with doctors and nurses, Shaley had been called to his reward.

Another hero described in this article is Edward V. Wedin. In the South, the awful epidemic called "Yellow Jack" was raging. There was a mad scramble out of the infected district, only the bravest remaining to face almost certain death in nursing the sick and burying the dead. All communication by post was stopped

prosaic in contrast with their exciting battles with danger and death. It is that idea of daily duty being "dull and commonplace" which I have been trying for years to contradict. We are servants, with the high privilege of serving the King of Kings. How can any duty be commonplace which is put into our hand by our loved Master? How can we find life dull when He is beside us? How can we be careless and slothful in our service when He has placed us at our post and is watching to see that we are faithful there?

Perhaps He is even better pleased with the quiet, cheerful faithfulness of many who are unnoticed by the world, than with the deeds of dazzling heroism which attract so much attention. Most of us could live very contentedly without these startling acts of courage, but should miss the quiet faithfulness which makes life glad and sweet every hour. And perhaps character grows more strong and noble in quiet, everyday service, than in any other way. Think of the glory of growing in beauty of spirit in the sight of God! The joy of loyal servants, work-