

for our friends or for ourselves? It was when our Leader was dying that He rested safely in the Father's hands.

"When fear her chilling mantle flings O'er earth—my soul to Heaven above As to her sanctuary springs,  
For God is Love!"

Read the chapter from which our text is taken, and you will see that the prophet was living in a time of distress and national calamity. He held up the torch of faith in a dark and gloomy hour. God's people were called "Forsaken" and their land "Desolate". Their way was blocked with stones and their enemies stole the harvests they had planted. It was with them as it is with Belgium to-day. But Isaiah was not down-hearted. He was sure that God's love was loyal and tender, as the love of a bridegroom for his bride. The troubled and oppressed nation should yet be called: "The redeemed of the LORD, Sought out, a city not forsaken."

We can't always understand the reason for God's apparent indifference when His children are treated unjustly. It is no new thing to-day. Read Hebrews XI and you will see how noble souls (of whom the world was not worthy) were destitute, afflicted, tormented; seeking comfortless shelter in deserts and mountains, in dens and caves. Read the New Testament, and the History of the Christian Church, and you will see how men and women—for Christ's sake—were tortured, not accepting any deliverance which meant disloyalty to their Master; how some were burned alive, others were crucified or thrown to the lions. Man does not live by this world's goods alone; and we have only to read the story of the unconquerable Belgians to-day to understand that kingly souls can rise superior to any outward appearance of defeat.

A dear friend of mine—Miss Anna Bense, of Boston, Mass.—has given me permission to pass on to you the following verses:

#### O, Gallant King of Belgium!

O, gallant King of Belgium!  
The world is yours to-day;  
Thousands of hearts in nations wide  
For you, both work and pray.

Your dauntless courage faltered not  
To face a countless horde;  
Your hand but laid the sceptre down  
To take Protection's sword.

It was not for your throne alone,  
Nor for your people's good;  
But you and they, another's guard,—  
As brave defenders,—stood.

O, gallant King of Belgium!  
Your country—blood bespread,  
Is greater far than e'er before  
By all its sacred dead.

We cannot see the end of all:  
But this we feel must rise—  
A flaming sword of righteousness  
Athwart the darkened skies.

A day must come for Belgium  
When Victory shall stand;  
And silently the vanquished foe  
Will leave your grave-filled land.

O, gallant King of Belgium!  
Take—as your crown to-day—  
The homage that our hearts contain  
And thrill the prayers we say.  
—ANNA B. BENSEL.

Germany practically said to Belgium: "If you don't stand aside we will crush you! Then where will you be?" and King Albert—with his people backing him—gave Luther's calm and confident answer: "Where I am now, in the hands of Almighty God." I mean, his action said louder than words: "Here I stand I can do no other. God defend the Right!" And God will defend the Right in His own time and way. Those who faced danger, destitution and death, to save the friend who relied on their honor are shining like a crown of jewels in the Hand of God. He holds them there safely, and our hearts yield instinctive homage as we pray for the gallant king of Belgium, for his devoted people and for all who—as my American friend has declared in her impassioned verses—prefer death to dishonor.

We read of splendid deeds of heroism being done by other people—in these days

heroism seems to be as common as selfishness used to be—and we often feel discouraged because we don't seem to be of much use in this time of world-wide need. We feel worthless and contemptible, as if we were of little value to anyone. It is encouraging to remember that each soul is of priceless value in God's sight. It is not only "good" people that He loves. When a sinner turns, in penitence, and says, "I have sinned!" the courts of heaven ring with songs of joy and the Father's arms are eagerly stretched out to embrace the son who was dead and is alive again.

We have strayed like lost sheep—have failed again and again—yet God's love never fails us. He wants to blot out our sins, to clothe us in the shining robe of righteousness, (the "best" robe, which is the righteousness of our loving Elder Brother), and to welcome us into the home life again. As each child of a family is very dear to his father; so each of us is a "peculiar treasure", kept in the Hand of God.—Mal. 3:17. (R. V.). Drawing new strength from Him, we can rise after every fall and begin again. Every day is the beginning of a New Year. Each night we can commit ourselves into our Father's hands, and lie down in peace. We can face day fearlessly, knowing that any cup our Father may offer us will be a gift of love. Medicine may be bitter, yet helpful, and our Father will never offer us poison—though sometimes we willfully read books which poison and defile our souls.

#### For the Needy.

The "lone dollar to help someone in need" has gone to help a poor woman, who is trying to support herself and her three children by sewing, and \$2.25 (sent by the members of a Bible Class) will bring good cheer to several sick people. Thank you all! HOPE.

## The Beaver Circle

Dear Beavers.—Knowing how all boys and girls love a dog, I want to give you two dog stories that I read lately and cut out for you.

The first one is about a dog that the French troops found when they recaptured Fort Vaux at Verdun. It has been taken from the N. Y. "Sun":

#### The Dog of Vaux.

The only tenant of ruined Fort Vaux when the French troops marched in was a dog. He was not willing to surrender: his bark rang out like a challenge. There was no guardian of the cases of cartridges and boxes of rations the Germans had abandoned but this mongrel with neither food nor water. To him, bristling in the breach, may be adapted the lines:

'Such a meagre troop, such thin chapped starvelings,  
Their barking stomachs hardly could refrain  
From swallowing up the foe ere they had slain him.'



Dogs Decorated for Bravery.

A group of war dogs recently decorated by the French war department for heroic work at the front. These heroes are attached to Red Cross divisions on the western front and have been mentioned for bravery in the dispatches of the French commanders. Many dogs are used on the battlefronts to hunt up the wounded in order that they may be treated and sent to hospitals. The dogs shown in photo are the first to be signalled out for special honors. International Film Service.

He Who guides the stars in their tremendous orbits, in Whose hand is the destiny of the warring nations, yet feeds His flock like a shepherd and carry it in His sheltering arms. He cannot bear to lose one straying sheep, but will go after it until He finds "His own." If you are troubled about someone who has strayed far from the path of righteousness, take heart again! He Who is All-Wise and All-Mighty is seeking His lost sheep and yours. He will not give up the search in discouragement. Do you hear His voice?

—"The weakest of my flock  
The one who grieves the most and loves the least,  
I would not have him lost  
For all the world."

DORA FARNCOMB.

#### A Message to Dorris.

I have been asked to convey to "Dorris" the thanks of my lonely friend, who says: "Thank her for her gift which she sent by the Hand of the Christ-Child, Who perhaps whispered to her soul to send forth a token."

HOPE.

Henceforth this deserted dog will bury his bones in soil never to pass to the Germans again; he will fetch and carry for Verdun's heroes; the wounded whom he succors will be 'poilus'; all his company tricks will be French, and he will be called by a French diminutive; and he will wear a collar with a brass plate inscribed 'The Dog of Fort Vaux.' Of course, he will always march at the head of the battalion as its mascot.

The second story has been taken from that delightful little paper "Our Dumb Animals", and here it is:

#### A Dog That Found the Trenches.

A few days ago those passing along the Boulevard Victor Hugo at Troyes were surprised to see a poor woman, Mme. Petitjean, huddled on a handcart weeping as if her heart would break and caressing in her arms the body of a splendid wolf dog that had been run over by a careless chauffeur, writes W. L. McAlpin in the Daily Mirror, London. Moved by pity, passers-by stopped and tried to console the disconsolate peasant woman, but with tears running down her cheeks she told them it was impossible for them to understand the measure of her loss "Every night", she said, "when I wheeled my vegetables from Cresantignes to the market at Troyes, Medor accompanied me and acted as my vigilant guardian. Last month he disappeared for a few days, and as he'd never left me before I thought he was lost or stolen. But one night I was awakened by well-known barks at the door. I hastened to open the door, and there was Medor, but a Medor I hardly recognized. Dirty and covered with mud, it was easy to see that he had come a long way. While I was caressing him I discovered under his collar a letter placed there by my soldier son on duty at the Bois Lepretre. In it he told me his glad surprise on seeing Medor arrive in the trenches and how he had wept like a child while he embraced him. The dog, feeling lonely at the absence of his master, had gone in search of him and goodness knows how he had found him."

## Senior Beavers' Letter Box.

A letter from Puck to Margaret Darling:

Dear Margaret.—I received your nice little letter and the enclosed story which you wrote. You express yourself very well, and have good imaginative powers; your writing is plain, your spelling above reproach, and your punctuation accurate. Indeed I think you may be able to write very pretty little stories before long. But the one you sent, Margaret (this is just for your ear alone) is just a wee bit too much like a dime novel, too much shooting and burglar business in it. When you write your next story, tell it about things that you know all about. You will find that if you describe faithfully, and with an eye to picturesque points, the things that you see and hear right about you, you can write more interestingly than you know.

So try again, Margaret, and don't be satisfied with "any kind of a scribble." Work and work until you have accomplished something that suits you. Only by hard work is anything worth while ever done. PUCK.

Dear Puck and Beavers.—This is my second letter to your charming Circle As I have not written for some time, I am going to write a letter about the way our teacher rewards us for having no mistakes in spelling.

Our teacher, (Mr. Dyce), has a large piece of white paste-board. On it our names are all placed. He puts the number of mistakes we have on the paper. If we have none all week, he places a little silver star beside our name. It is about a quarter of an inch in size. If in two weeks we have no mistakes we get a gold star the same size.

I have had four silvers and two golds. The total is about four golds and eight silvers. There is one girl in our school that has had but one mistake since summer holidays. I have been ahead of my class for a long time. We expect to try for junior fourth at summer holidays. As my letter is getting long, I will close with a riddle.

What is a good servant but a very bad master.

Ans.—Fire.  
GRACE DUNNILL, aged 10, Sr. III class.  
Walter's Falls, Ont.