

water, which was being turned into brine so to speak. The brine is obtained by filling up these rocky basins with fresh water. After five or six weeks the water becomes highly saturated with salt, and is then drawn off and evaporated.

After this last glimpse of the underworld we straddled the cars again, and came whirling out of the mine on a down grade, and rejoiced was I to see the green hills and the bright sunshine once more.

No more gloomy mines for me. A sunny spot on the outside of the mountain will quite satisfy me.

The People of the Whirlpool.

"The People of the Whirlpool," our new serial is for the most part, notwithstanding its name, a story of quiet charm, that will appeal, perhaps, most of all to the mothers. In it "Barbara" tells us, not of gardens this time, but of people,—the society clique from New York who invade the quiet New England neighborhood bringing with them "the strain and the hubbub of the Bluffs"; the delightful twins who are the joy of Barbara's life; the charming old folk, Lavinia Dorman and Martin Cortright, and the not less charming young folk, Sylvia Latham and Horace Bradford, about whom the meshes of a pretty romance entwine. Our next story will be, if possible, one of action and adventure; this one gives a few glances at life as seen through the eyes of one whose writings have already been recognized as among the best among the writers of this continent to-day.—Mrs. Mabel Osgood Wright.

Hope's Quiet Hour.

The Might of Persistence.

Let us not be weary in well doing: for in due season we shall reap, if we faint not.—Gal. vi, 9.

If anyone doubts the conquering might of persistence, he had better study Casson's "Romance of the Reaper." It begins in this way: "The Story of the Reaper is a story of modern magic. The magicians are plain, unmythical American farmers. Their wand, their enchanted lamp, is a great, noisy, brightly-painted, mechanical monster. And the magic that has been wrought is the miracle of modern civilization, and the alleviation of the world's hunger." The author describes the old way of gathering harvests, "anip, snip, with hand-sickles." Then he contrasts with it the leviathan which bites a twelve-foot roadway through the grain with its teeth, and ties the sheaves with its steel fingers. We are shown the hogs and cattle feeding in the wheat-fields of Illinois, about 70 years ago, when "tons of grain lay rotting under the hoofs of cattle," though men, women and children toiled day and night to garner the precious food. There was grain in plenty, and many were suffering for want of it in the crowded cities of Europe, but the difficulty was to gather in the harvest quickly enough.

You probably know a great deal more than I do about the McCormick reaper, but perhaps you have not heard that it was the invention of a lad of twenty-two, a country youth who had "never seen a college, a city, or a railroad." It had been the ambition of his father to invent a reaper, but—like David's ambition to build the Temple—it was fulfilled through his son. Cyrus McCormick played as a child with his father's reaper—which wouldn't reap—and, as he grew older, he entered with all his heart into his father's nightly experimenting, until the making of reapers "became to him more than a business. It was a

creed—a religion—an eleventh commandment." In 1831 he succeeded in reaping six acres of wheat in half a day, with his rough, unwieldy machine. Then he discovered that it was not enough to invent a reaper, he must teach the farmers their need of it. In 1839 the McCormick family lost everything—everything but the reaper, which nobody wanted. In ten years not a single machine had been sold. In 1841 the patient inventor sold two. "By 1851 he was making a thousand reapers a year . . . by the time his Chicago factory was ten years old, he had sold 30,000 reapers."

The McCormick factory was destroyed in the Big Fire of 1871, and the workmen began to rebuild before the cinders were cold. Now the reapers are counted by millions.

The secret of McCormick's wonderful success was persistence. He said himself: "I have one purpose in life, and only one—the success and widespread use of my machines. All other matters are to me too insignificant to be considered." He was pleased when people believed in him, but opposition did not discourage him—"he never argued, he just went on working," when anyone opposed his plans and showed that they were impossible. Largely through the tenacity of purpose and lifelong energy of one man, the reaper "is fighting back famine in fifty countries. Its click has become the music of an international anthem. The nations are feeding one another. In spite of their tariffs and armies. The whole world takes dinner at one long table; the fear of hunger is dying out of the hearts of men; and the prayer of the Christian

season their determination wins the success it deserves.

How about your Christianity? There are some men who say sadly: "I should like to believe in Christ, but I don't feel sure of the truth of the Bible records." Then they go on with their daily business as if the matter were settled, for time and for eternity. Some years slip peacefully away, and suddenly Death is seen barring the way. Death! No riches, no wisdom, no physical strength avail to keep a man in this life when he is called out into the mysterious Beyond. What utter folly it is to make the pursuit of earthly success his great business, when this very night his soul may be required of him, and then whose shall those things be which he has so laboriously piled up? It is folly to dismiss the question of religion as if it were unimportant, when it is really the vital question for each of us. We all must die. That is a solemn fact. We all must live—on the other side of death—that is a far more tremendous truth. St. Augustine argues that death is not. We are either living on this side of the change which we call Death, or we are living on the other side of it. We are never really dead at all.

It is possible to know whether Christ is the Way, the Truth and the Life. He has Himself told us that this knowledge is the result of the determined purpose to do the will of God. He that "willeth to do" shall "know." We must follow the light we have, and then we shall gain more light. We know that love is better than hate, that purity is better than sin, and that a righteousness ex-

from his righteousness, and committeth iniquity, and dieth in them; for his iniquity that he hath done shall he die." One who serves God in his youth, and deserts his Master in later life, has added disloyalty to his other sins. A man may, indeed, find that the implicit faith of his childhood has been shadowed by the bewilderment of doubt. St. Thomas disbelieved in the Resurrection, at first, yet he loved the Holy One and did not desert his believing comrades. So his faithlessness was soon conquered by the Light of Christ's Presence. If you can't see the Vision of God's Face at present, at least you can try to live like Christ—can you imagine a higher ideal than He has held up for mankind to fall in love with?—and in due season, if you unweariedly walk in His steps, you will certainly find Him; though it may possibly be only when death sweeps away the mists which now veil Him from you.

"Thine eyes shall surely see,
No distant hope or dim,
The Lord thy God shall rise for thee,
Wait patiently for Him."

DORA FARNCOMB.

The Beaver Circle

OUR SENIOR BEAVERS.

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

Nutting Song.

Who has no sunshine in his heart
May call the Autumn sober,
But boys with pulses leaping wild
Should love the brown October.
Along the glade and on the hill
The ruddy oaks are glowing,
And merry winds are out by night
Through all the forests blowing.

The yellow moon is clear and bright,
The silent upland lighting,
The meadow grass is crisp and white,
The frosts are keen and biting;
A shining moon, a frosty sky,
A gusty morn to follow,
To drive the withered leaves about,
And keep them in the hollow.

Hurrah! the nuts are dropping ripe
In all the forest bowers;
We'll climb as high as squirrels go,
We'll shake them down in showers.
When heads are gray and eyes are dim,
We'll call the Autumn sober;
But now, with life in every limb,
We love the brown October.

—Selected.

FUNNIES.

During a lesson on the animal kingdom the teacher asked if anyone could give an example of an animal of the order of Edentata—that is, one which is without teeth.

"I can," replied Tommy, his face beaming with eagerness.
"Well, what is it?" asked the teacher.
"Grandpa!" shouted Tommy.

A German cobbler and his wife had two dogs, a St. Bernard, six months old, and a fox terrier, three years old. A friend, calling one day, said to the cobbler: "Those are two fine dogs you have." "Yes," replied the cobbler, "und de funny part of it iss dat de biggest dog is de littlest one." His wife then spoke up and explained: "You must mine husband excuse; he sheaks not very good English. He means de oldest dog is de youngest one."

Senior Beavers' Letter Box.

Dear Puck and Beavers All,—As I am interested in your charming little Circle, I took courage enough to write. First of all I am going to ask Puck one question, and that is, "May I join?" I ask this question because I do not live in Canada, but in Berlin, Germany. My papa is a commercial traveller for a large firm out there. We are now in St. Mary's visiting friends, but intend leaving to-morrow for Port Stanley, and the beginning of October we are going



A trainload of people coming out of the salt mine, ladies in front.

centuries is being answered—"Give us this day our daily bread."

I have quoted freely from Mr. Casson's "Romance of the Reaper," which came out several years ago in "Everybody's Magazine," because I was so interested in it myself that I was sure you would be interested, too.

With this example of the mighty power of persistence before us, let us carry out the injunction of St. Paul as given in our text.

If you study the verses preceding the one I have chosen, you will see that the reward of persistence is not a matter of chance, but is the award of a righteous God. "Whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap." Why? Because "God is not mocked." Persistence is a proof of the earnestness of the worker, therefore God crowns it with success—in "due season." He does not reveal to the worker how near or how far success may be. If McCormick had grown weary, during the early days of discouragement, he and the world would have been the losers.

Why should we be less persistent in working for eternal results than men are in worldly concerns? The men of the world are wiser in their methods than the servants of Christ. They bend all their energies of mind and body and spirit in one direction—if they are men like Cyrus H. McCormick—and in due

season their determination wins the success it deserves. Experience and history alike tell us that sin degrades and holiness uplifts men. Is this accidental, the result of chance? Could chance punish sin and reward virtue, as sin is punished and virtue is rewarded even in this life? I don't mean that virtue always brings worldly success and sin worldly disgrace. If life were like the fairy tales, in the way of dramatic justice, virtue would soon be chosen as good worldly policy, and faith would be crowded out entirely. God is not mocked. The world is not at the mercy of blind chance, but ruled by a just Judge. Whatever a man soweth, that shall he also reap. One who sows wild oats in his youth must reap the harvest in due season. One who is not weary in well doing, spending his life in the service of God and man, cannot possibly miss the joy of harvest.

But there must be persistence in the well doing, we must not grow weary of our Master's service. We are all familiar with the gracious promise of God, spoken through the prophet Ezekiel: "When the wicked man turneth away from his wickedness that he hath committed, and doeth that which is lawful and right, he shall save his soul alive." It is God's delight to restore a prodigal who does not persist in his evil course. But let us not forget the prophet's message to those who grow weary in well doing: "When a righteous man turneth away