

this mighty cataract has plunged its silent and placid masses of water into the raging inferno beneath, before man trod the earth to brook interference.

Whether these falls are seen at early morning, at mid-day, or late at night, when the sky is decked in ten thousand stars, they are at all times terrible in their beauty, overpowering, indescribable, probably the "grandest sight upon earth, where God has made so much that is grand and beautiful."

No words can picture the scene. The great placid river, unconscious of its fate, "comes suddenly to the end of all things," and plunges in one great series of incomparable cataracts into the obscurity of the vast cavern below.

How many ages it has taken to bring this wonderful change in the riverbed of the Zambesi, or whether it was instantaneous, must be left for experts to decide; but whatever the cause, the result is certainly one of the most marvellous works that nature has ever accomplished.

The Victoria Falls are situated on the Zambesi River, near the settlement known as Livingstone, and almost on the borders of Southern and Northwestern Rhodesia—territory controlled by British South Africa Company—and 280 miles northwest of Bulawayo, where Lobengula grew his "mealies" a score of years ago. Rhodesia has an area of 440,000 square miles, or about equal to the Empires of Germany and Austro-Hungary put together. Twenty-one years have wrought wonders in that distant land—for no longer time has elapsed since the charter was granted to the Company which administers it—through which the Cape to Cairo Railway was destined to pass. One may leave the shores of Britain now, on a Saturday afternoon, and in less than twenty-one days, be seated comfortably in one of the splendid hotels at Bulawayo, or, in three weeks, be gazing at that which has, not inaptly, been termed the greatest wonder in the world.

Hope's Quiet Hour.

Man's Count--and God's.

Elijah said: "I have been very jealous for the Lord God of Hosts. . . and I, even I only, am left; and they seek my life, to take it away."

God answered: "I have left the seven thousand in Israel, all the knees which have not bowed unto Baal, and every mouth which hath not kissed him."

Elijah was a good man and a great prophet, but he made a very common mistake when he undertook to number the people of God. His judgment was a surface judgment—how could he know the hearts of those men who had "answered not a word" when asked the question: "How long halt ye between two opinions?" He could only discover one servant of Jehovah in the land—and that was himself, the only person he really knew at all thoroughly. God, who knew the hearts and lives of all, counted 7,600 true and loyal disciples.

It is never safe to say, even in the most godless community, "I am the only person here who cares about religion." We are told that it is almost impossible to know ourselves; then how can we possibly know the secrets of another heart?

We are greatly inclined to copy Procrustes, who thought it was his mission to make everyone who came near him the same length. If a visitor was too short to fit his bed, Procrustes stretched him until he did fit. If the visitor was too long, a piece was chopped off to reduce him to the correct proportions. So we are never quite satisfied about the opinions of other people, unless they are exactly the same as our own. We are so sure that we are in the right, that there is no possibility (so we imagine) of anyone who disagrees with us being anything but wrong. We may good-naturedly permit him to remain in the wrong, or we may do our utmost to set him right—that is, of course, to convert him to our opinions. But, either way, we count ourselves in the right and the person who differs from us in the wrong. It does seem conceited and overbearing,

doesn't it? But what are we to do about it? Unless we are people of weak convictions, who don't know or care what we believe, we must feel sure that we stand on the side of Right—on God's side.

Yes, Elijah was speaking the truth when he declared his jealousy for God's honor. He was serving the Lord of Hosts, and he had a right to rejoice in his allegiance. But where he made a mistake was when he returned to declare that no one else in the country was serving God wholeheartedly. Everyone else, he thought, was undecided between the worship of God and that of Baal. "The Lord knoweth them that are His"; where prophets sadly count one, He counts seven thousand.

Even when our Lord walked the earth His disciples tried to prove their loyalty to Him by keeping at a distance from would-be Christians who were not entirely in accord with them. St. John himself, the Apostle of Love, came confidentially to his Master for commendation, because he had stopped another man from working miracles in Christ's name. This

also weak at home for the same sufficient reason.

Let us try to see the point of view of our brethren, who love Christ but who follow not with us. While we know—as Elijah did—that we are on the right side, let us be very careful how we venture to declare our brothers to be in the wrong. Let us not be so self-satisfied, thinking that we think we know everything; but remember that God gives a special message for each of His witnesses to deliver. How can we faithfully deliver our own special message, or humbly try to understand the special message sent to us through our brothers (who worship the same Master in a different manner) unless we get as near them as we can?

Outward unity may be an unrealized vision for many years to come; but, if we really care about the fulfilment of our Lord's prayer we shall join in it, and also do our best to understand in sympathetic brotherliness the viewpoint of other Christian bodies.

Dr. Grenfell tells how a trained nurse from New York saved the life of a sick

arithmetic the other way round, also. Gideon thought he had a strong army when he could count 32,000 men. But God's count was different. Cowards would only be a weakness to the cause, and perhaps their fears might infect all the rest. Therefore all who were afraid were dismissed—and 22,000 went gladly and ignominiously to their homes. Then the army was reduced still more, by sending away all who showed signs of being careless in the midst of foes, and self-indulgent. God's count of good soldiers was 300, where Gideon had thought himself general over 32,000. The army was stronger because it was weeded out.

It is a mistake to judge the prosperity of a church or congregation by numbers. The church may be crowded every Sunday, and yet few prayers and acts of service may be laid by its people before the throne of God. Some little country edifice, with a scattered congregation of people, who have walked long distances to worship God, may number far more in His record. He does not count heads but hearts. Many members of a fashionable congregation may bring their Paris costumes to church and leave their hearts at home.

Are we quite sure that the orthodox views, in which we pride ourselves, are more pleasing to our Lord than the faith which less-instructed servants of His are showing by their work? A man with four children had only one barrel of flour for his winter's supply of food. A neighbor with seven children had no food at all, so he was given a baking-pan heaped high with flour out of the one barrel. This was an act done for the love of Christ. Have we ever proved love for Him by one act of real self-sacrifice?

Let us be careful how we claim a high position in God's kingdom; and still more careful how we criticize our neighbors. They—in God's sight—may stand far above us. Living counts for more than cleverness or culture. Emerson says: "The truly great never look down; they are already kneeling, and must look up."

DORA FARNCOMB.

The Beaver Circle

Our Senior Beavers.

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

Dear Beavers:

By this time, I suppose, you are all back at school again. Perhaps most of you hated to start again after eight long weeks of out-of-doors and fun. But, after all, when you get settled down to work again school isn't so very disagreeable—is it now?

It is very interesting, really, to learn about things, and then, just think what this schooling is going to mean to you by-and-by. You don't want to grow up to be stupid, ignorant men and women, do you? And all this studying you are doing is going to help you not to be so.

Here is what Kate Douglas Wiggin—who wrote "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm," you know—says about school-books:

"Those school-books are not tasks; bless my soul, no! They are splendid, wonderful magical keys, keys to everything in the world, all knowledge, all experience. What you have to do is to master those first books and they open all the rest."

Isn't that fine? So next time when you pick up your "geography," or your "history," or "literature" book to study it, don't hate it. Just think to yourself: "This is one of my bundle of keys. I must master it now, because after a while it is going to open doors for me, doors into beautiful, magical rooms that I could never know about at all were it not for these school books."

If you do this, and study hard every day and all the days, you will learn to love your school-books, and one day, when you have passed the Entrance or the Continuation course you will lay the worn old books aside with a real loneliness, as though you were saying good-bye to old friends. Or perhaps you will even keep them as old "keepsakes," as many before you have done. But as you say good-bye you will know that there are new books beckoning you



Victoria Falls.

man was an outsider, he did not belong to their little company, so St. John—who knew himself to be a true member of the Church of Christ—had forbidden him to cast out devils in that name. But Christ said: "Forbid him not; for there is no man who shall do a miracle in My name, that can lightly speak evil of Me. For he that is not against us is in our part."

Our Lord's dying prayer for His people was that they might be "one." To-day we see people casting out the devils of drunkenness, impurity, pride and selfishness, in the name of Christ. Have we any right to forbid them, or stand proudly aloof from them, because it may be that they are not following with us?

The cry for unity is ringing in the air; the prayer of our Master that the Church may be "one" is rising like a cloud of fragrant incense from Christendom to-day. It is a new prayer to most of us. We have, until lately, been willing to stand apart from our brethren whose views differ from our own. Now—with the new impetus given to foreign missions—we have learned that Christianity is weak against heathenism, while its adherents waste valuable power in quarrelling amongst themselves; and it is

baby in a mean little cabin on the coast of Labrador. She paid her own expenses and received no salary, paying a high price for the privilege of serving her Lord in that desolate region. The doctor says: "An hour later, when I spoke to a preacher about this angel of mercy, he said: 'Yes, but it is a pity she is a Roman Catholic.' He would not dare to say that she was not a disciple of Christ, serving Him devotedly, but he was hardly prepared to admire unreservedly one who followed not with him."

God only knoweth them that are His. It is never safe for men to judge another man's faith or love. A tug was once hauling a great liner along an English river. The rope fouled and the great liner pushed the little tug over. Down she went like a stone, and instantly men from boats near the scene of the accident leaped into the water. They were ready to imperil their own lives in the chance of saving the life of a stranger. If we had been standing with them a moment before we might have lamented over their godlessness, their intemperance and profanity. Then we might have been forced to look up to them as heroes putting us to shame.

It is common to make mistakes in