

far oftener than you imagine. Once a candidate for the ministry was especially distinguished for his bodily strength and a companion was noted for his "Godliness." In a very few years the man from whom great things were expected, because of his strong physique, broke down and had to give up his work; and the man who was expected to be a great power for God because of his Godliness, was disgraced and openly dishonored.

We are afraid that another man may not find Christ; and, instead of trusting the Master in His dealings with that other person and being careful to follow Him ourselves, we become careless and slothful in our prayers, selfish in our daily lives, covetous or worldly in our aims. Why? Because we are so comfortably satisfied that we are on the right road and are quite safe.

We pride ourselves on our "orthodoxy," perhaps, forgetting that both God and man look especially to "Love" as the great proof of Godliness. God is LOVE, and one who does not share to some extent in the Spirit of Christ can be none of His. Our prayers may be eloquent and beautifully worded, yet they may fail to carry a single desire to God's heart.

We may find fault with one person for selfishness, with another for conceit, with another for a bad temper, with another for worldliness or covetousness. Is it any business of ours to judge one who is the servant of Another. To his own Master he standeth or falleth. Let us come to the Good Physician for the healing of our own leprosy of sin, before we dare to draw away in loathing from another's sores.

"But So-and-so is dishonest and untruthful," we say. Let us mark well our Lord's answer: "What is that to thee? Follow thou Me!"

Are we following Him? He pleased not Himself, but went about doing good. He cheered the sorrowful, strengthened the weak, lived a life of spotless holiness and died praying for those who hated Him. How ashamed we must feel as we face our vain desire for admiration, our struggles after earthly advantages, our vexation over trifling annoyances, our anger at the smallest affront, our impatience when we have any pain to endure. It is so easy to find fault with other people, it is so difficult to follow in the steps of Love ourselves. There are many gates opening into the New Jerusalem, and our Father can be trusted to lead His own children safely home.

"My Father's house has many rooms, And each is fair; And some are reached through gathered glooms

By silent stair; But He keeps house and makes it home. Whichever way the children come."

DORA FARNCOMB.

The Beaver Circle.

OUR SENIOR BEAVERS.

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

Dolly Bly's Mean Trick.

"You're a beauty, Dolly Bly, a regular beauty! That's what you are!" The pretty bay mare cocked an ear knowingly at the speaker, a stout boy of fifteen.

"If 'twasn't for your one mean trick!" continued the boy, caressing the glossy neck. "It's a dreadful pity, Freem!"

Freeman Baker looked at the handsome bay with all the critical keenness of the born horseman.

"I don't know that it is, Dave. In fact, I rather think it isn't. We never should have owned her if she'd been all right. The price would have been beyond father."

"I guess that's right, Freem," said the younger boy, slowly.

"I know it is. There's good blood in that mare. We needn't mind her one failing, now that we've learned what is is. But wasn't father surprised—weren't we all surprised, the first time she pulled at the halter?"

"Never saw anything like it," said David. "I'd heard of 'puller' before, and thought I'd seen some, but I found I

didn't know anything about it—not a thing."

"Father says she can pull more at the halter than she can with collar and traces, and I believe he is right. I never saw such downright vengeful pulling before," added Freeman. Presently he continued: "I think, though, I surprised Mert Eidsen somewhat one evening a week or so ago." He chuckled softly.

"How?" questioned David.

"It was the first time I'd driven Dolly. Mert came tearing along as he always does—it was pretty dusty—and he drew out to go by, the first thing. I suppose he thought I had old Samson, as usual, and he slashed up abreast with the roar that he thinks is so fast. I waited till he'd got fully abreast, and then I pulled up a little sharp on the lines and clucked—just once—to Dolly."

"What happened?"

"Nothing much—only—well, the mare had begun to fret when she first heard them coming, and when I clucked I felt something of a jolt. Dolly Bly had lifted the front wheels clear of the ground at the first stride; in a precious few seconds somebody dropped behind—and I tell you it wasn't Dolly Bly."

David grinned in huge delight. Presently both boys turned to look towards the house, where, on the shaded porch, a slender, palefaced woman was sitting. After a little interval David said, wistfully:

"Mother doesn't get strong as fast as she ought to, Freem."

The shadow that had formed on his brother's face deepened. "She ought to be more in the open air, with change of scene, the doctor says, she's been sick so long. I wish we had a phaeton, Dave, and a decent harness, now that we have Dolly. I don't wonder mother hasn't wanted to pound along with old Samson and this rickety old democrat."

He glanced with an air of extreme discontent at the old wagon and shabby harness.

"She's always worked too hard—she's such a slender little mother!" Freeman's voice took a sudden gruffness at the last words.

"I've got ten dollars," said David suddenly.

"And I've got twenty-five," said Freeman. "But what's that toward a harness and phaeton?" He pulled off the rusty old harness. "You'll have to wear the old traps, Dolly, for all I see," he said, as he led the mare into her stall.

Daniel Baker, father of the two boys, had not prospered. He had, like many another, bought his farm when values of all kinds were high, and for years he had

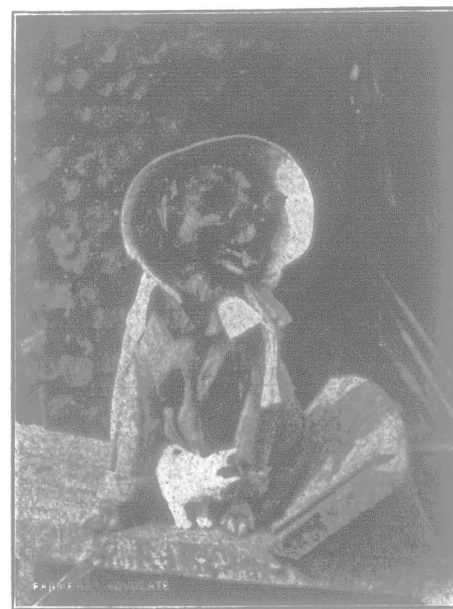
made a sturdy fight against heavy odds. He was still in debt, but lately, with the help of his boys, was gaining ground.

One morning early in August Mr. Baker said, at breakfast: "I've been thinking, boys, about that seed wheat over at Marshall's. It's a very fine variety, and I'm anxious to get some. I hear he has threshed, and there will be quite a call for it. I guess, Dave, you had better go over to-day and get it; four bushels will do."

"May I have Dolly?" the boy asked.

"Yes—unless you prefer Samson," said his father, dryly.

"I might go up on to Devil's Wen and get some huckleberries. The road goes



A Safe Refuge.

past there, and there'll be time. Can't you go, too, Freem?"

"Take a day off and go if you like, Freem," said his father.

"Get the pails and we'll be off," said Freeman, briefly.

Devil's Wen lay wild and rugged in the August sun. It was a lonely enough place, with no human habitation within several miles. The Wen was a moderately steep hill, covered with scrub-pine and 'silver-pop,' and forming a part of a vast reach of wild country stretching back well toward the Canada line. Here and there in sheltered places huckleberries thrived and ripened to perfection; but by far the greater part of the whole section was covered with thin soil, through which "hardheads" and ledge rock cropped up plentifully.

It was not yet noon when the two boys

turned into the narrow, grass-grown cross-road that led up past the Wen and over into the river road some miles beyond. Safely stowed in the body of the democrat were two clean bags of fine seed wheat, as also the lunch-basket and a bag of provender for the mare.

"There's the Wen!" cried David, suddenly pointing. "We'll get a lot of berries, Freem. The weather has been just right for them."

"I don't like the looks of that fellow," said his brother, irrelevantly.

David turned in surprise. "Who? Oh, that fellow we passed just as we took the cross-road? He did look at us pretty sharp."

"Not at us," said Freeman. "But he did look mighty sharp at the mare; and if he didn't have an evil eye, I hope I'll never see one! Dave, sometimes I almost wish Dolly weren't quite so handsome."

"Pshaw!" said the boy, regarding the mare complacently. "I don't, then. I s'pose you're thinking of horse-thieves. I don't take any stock in what we hear about them; it's always away off somewhere." He spoke with youthful assurance.

"Not so far off as it might be just now," said his more thoughtful brother. "Twice in this county and two or three times in Broome—that's the last report. There's truth in it, too, for the county has offered two hundred and fifty dollars for Trawney—he's the head man—or for information that shall lead to his capture; and they say a wealthy stock-owner in Broome, who lost a fine horse, has offered to duplicate the reward to anyone who shall actually deliver the fellow—'Trawney Joe' they call him—over to the authorities. His picture is in the papers."

"If they've done all that, there may be something in it," said David, somewhat impressed by his brother's earnestness.

"I shan't turn Dolly out to pasture any more nights, and—there's a good place to stop, Dave, by those scrub-birches. There are berries beyond."

David, who was driving, turned from the road and soon drew up at the place indicated. The boys ate their lunch leisurely, while the mare stood hitched to the wagon. She was never tied, for she would not try to run away when harnessed to anything.

The berries were fine that day on the Wen, and the young fellows were soon deep in the heart of the first big "patch." They picked steadily for perhaps an hour, and had nearly filled their pails, when David moved over toward his brother and said, uneasily: "It seems to me Dolly acts curiously, Freem. She has quit



Beauty Spots of Canada. Evening on the St. Clair River.