

We are together in Christ, Who is LOVE.

Do not think that your brave soldier has turned his back on you, or that your home is really deprived of the gladness of his presence. You may, through Christ, keep always in closest touch with him. Those who cheerfully stoop to take up the cross God has laid at their feet, soon find that loneliness is an impossibility. To be apparently alone is to be instantly in glad communion with God and with those who are absent in body but very near in spirit.

The Cross of Christ has glorified life, not because it is the symbol of pain, but because it is the token and pledge of consecrated sacrifice. We cannot escape suffering, but we can transfigure it into sacrifice by willingly accepting it. In this way only can we find in it glory and victory. True sacrifice is not self-chosen suffering, but it is willing acceptance of the cross God has laid upon us. It is the steady and unwavering march of His soldiers along the road He has marked out, even though it be the road that leads to—and past—Calvary. The Cross was not the end, it was only a great battle on the way to final triumph.

But what if the terrible news should come across the sea that death has stepped between two loving hearts! Is it possible to bridge that dread barrier and really keep in living touch with one who has passed through the veil? The world has no power to cheer and console a mourner. Can anyone speak with absolute certainty about the life on the other side of death? Yes, One can. Only one Man has ever convincingly shown absolute knowledge of the other side. Others have made conjectures and expressed belief, but our Lord spoke with authority about the many homes in His Father's house. "If it were not so, I would have told you," He said tenderly to those whose hearts were troubled. Try to imagine His telling a lie, if you can! Why, even His fiercest enemies said: "Master, we know that Thou art true, and teachest the way of God in truth." That is the testimony of men in all generations. Let not your heart be troubled—if the love of earthly homes could be shattered by death He would have told us. He has said so, and His word can be trusted even by enemies.

The other day I was riding in a street-car and we passed a funeral procession. A man beside me said: "That person is not dead, he is just away." The following lines are very dear to a neighbor of mine, whose two sons passed through the veil together a few months ago.

"I cannot say, and I will not say  
That they are dead. They are just  
away!  
With a cheery smile and a wave of the  
hand  
They have wandered into an unknown  
land,  
And left us dreaming how very fair  
If needs must be, since they linger there.  
"And you, O you, who the wildest  
yearn  
For the old time step, and the glad  
return.  
Think of them faring on, as dear  
In the love of There as the love of Here.  
Think of them still as the same, I say,  
They are not dead, they are just away."

They have gone out of sight for a time, but we may follow them in spirit as well as in imagination. We send messages flashing through space to a ship at sea, and they reach that ship swiftly and certainly, though we who send them do not know in what part of the pathless ocean the ship may be. So, as Bishop Brent says in his book, "Presence,"—"The Christ-spirit is the spiritual ether binding man to man as the ether of space binds world to world. Prayer is no mere individual or local act; it is a potent energy that agitates the whole universe of presences as often as it is set in operation. It creates, extends, and intensifies presence, unhindered by the mathematics of time or distance."

Our Lord told His sorrowing disciples that the withdrawal of His visible presence amongst them would be good for them. They must have thought that their dear Master was, for once, mistaken when He said: "It is expedient for you that I go away," though they might understand His words. "If ye loved me, ye would rejoice, because I said, I go unto the Father."

We can understand that "our loss is their gain," when our dearest friends are called up higher, but it is not easy to believe that it is intended for our gain, too. When the Master walked visibly among His disciples on earth He sometimes left them alone—as when they fought against the storm on the lake while He was praying on the mountain. But when He was "parted from them, and carried up into heaven," they returned to Jerusalem "with great joy." Why? Because His parting promise was: "I am with you always, even unto the end of the world. Amen."

He was always with them, as He is always with us—absent in body but present in Spirit. He is with us here and just as really present with our friends who seem so far away. If our life is hid with Christ in God, and if His Life is in us, we also can stand in spirit beside those we love, bringing them help and safety in danger, and secret joy in the midst of trouble.

Nothing can teach us the reality and power of the mystery which we call "the communion of saints," except the hard discipline of apparent separation. Our hearts refuse to submit to separation and, therefore, learn to use their wings. Having once found out that spirits are not bound by the laws of space, we do not easily sink back again into a state of spiritual inaction.

We can stand always beside our friends—therefore, if we do not use our power, we are disloyal; for we are depriving them of joy and strength which God has placed in our hands to give. Let us take to heart the words of Samuel, and act accordingly: "Moreover, as for me, God forbid that I should sin against the LORD in ceasing to pray for you." Let us pray!

There doth not any live  
Any so poor but he may give,  
And so rich but he may receive.  
Withhold the very meagrest dole  
Hands can bestow, in part or whole,  
And we may stint a starving soul."  
DORA FARNCOMB.

### Willing Helpers.

Two "willing helpers" have sent me \$2.00 for the needy, and I have also received \$2.00 from "one who wishes to help." This money will all be spent on food for families where sickness is adding to the heavy burdens of poverty. Many thanks to the kindly givers!

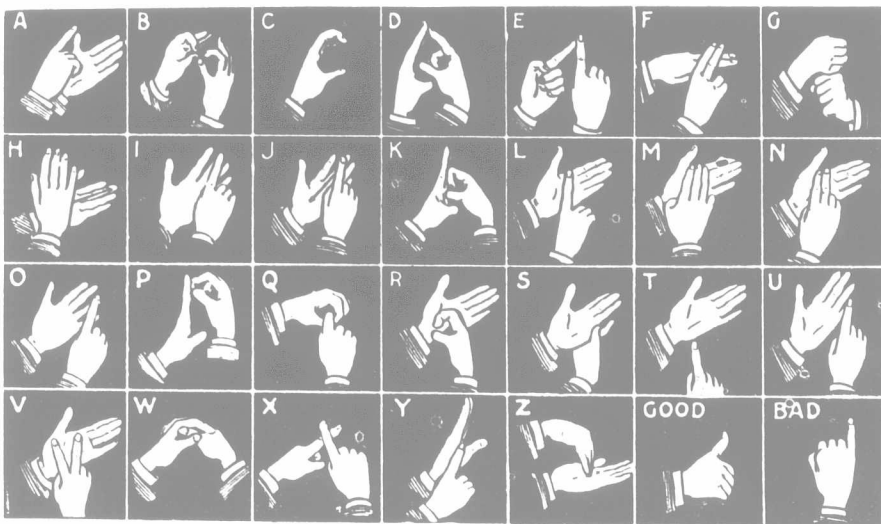
HOPE.

## The Beaver Circle

### OUR SENIOR BEAVERS.

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

### MUTE'S ALPHABET.



### TWO HANDS—ENGLISH

A very useful alphabet for many people, perhaps, sometime, they will be able to help someone who is deaf, as they could not otherwise.

### Senior Beavers' Letter Box.

Dear Puck,—Here we are in the middle of winter. All my thoughts are on skating, sailing and snow-shoeing now, but I will soon have to bring them back to gardening. I was very glad to receive the prize of three dollars for my

garden, and I wish to thank you very much for it. I am going to buy seeds with some of it for my garden in the spring. It is a little late, but never too late to wish good things for others, so I will close by wishing you a happy and prosperous new year.

Yours truly,

MARGARET SORLEY.

Ottawa, Ont.

Dear Puck and Beavers,—I am sending a piece of poetry I hope will please some of the Beavers.

### THE WAR AND KAISER BILL.

On the bank of the river Iser,  
Stood the pompous, proud old Kaiser.

On the Crown Prince's face there was  
no chin,  
Only an everlasting grin.

And overhead there was fixed a roof,  
Of which is said it was bomb proof.

Then the Kaiser said, "When I started  
this battle,  
I didn't expect those British cattle.

I didn't expect Russia to fight,  
I'll tell you, my son, it isn't right.

And then there's that insignificant  
Flanders,  
Who let us at those little French  
ganders

But surely Germany some day will die,  
She may as well do it now as by-and-  
by."

I wish the Beaver Circle every success.  
Toronto, Ont. PETER BROWN.  
(Age 11 years.)

Dear Puck and Beavers,—If you can do so without crowding any of the other members, I would like you to give me a little corner in your grand old Circle. I have long been an interested reader of your columns, and, have at last been tempted to write.

I suppose, Puck, that you, also a member of the Beavers, read or heard of the wreck of the steamer "Colonial." It was certainly a sight worth seeing. It took place less than a mile from our place, so we had a good opportunity to sight it. It is a scene I will never forget. If any of you have never seen anything like that you can never imagine what a frightful feeling it brings over you. One can imagine a number of things but not that. The "Colonial" was beached on Nov. 13th, and the waves in anger dashed her to pieces on the 15th. Now, nothing but a part of the boilers are seen above water, and they are heavily coated with ice. I will perhaps write of the wreck another time if no other subjects are given. Our farm "Pinehurst" is situated

Can a letter be too long?

Are there any main subjects for writing?

Can we write on any choice subject?  
With regards and best wishes to your Circle, I remain, your interested reader.  
HELENA MILLNS,  
(Age 14.)

Blenheim, Ont., R. R. No. 1.  
It is possible for a letter to be too long Helena, but not if it is interesting enough.

Occasionally especial subjects are set for the Beaver Circle, but not often. Usually the Beavers are left to write about what they choose.

Dear Puck and Beavers,—This is my first letter to your charming Circle. I enjoy reading the letters very much. My father has taken "The Farmer's Advocate" as long as I can remember; he would not give it up for anything. My grandfather has also taken it. I go to school every day. I am in the fourth grade. My teacher's name is Miss McQuarrie. I like her fine. We collected twenty different weed seeds last summer. The "Women's Institute" took an active part in our school. They painted our school, got a drinking fountain, and a cup for each pupil. The men put in a new stove, a hardwood floor and new seats, and now our school is just lovely. As my letter is getting long I will close with best wishes to the Circle, hoping this will escape the w.-p. b.

JOHN CASS.

North Rivers, P. E. I. (Age 12.)

### OUR JUNIOR BEAVERS.

[For all pupils from the First Book to Junior Third, inclusive.]

### The Run-away Frown.

Aldebert F. Caldwell.

All alone by himself, a Puckerup Frown  
He lived (such a pity!) in Cloudy-Brow  
Town!

But he said—"twas the rumor—one  
bright, balmy day,  
That he must have a change, so he soon  
ran away.

And he slipped out of town,—where, no-  
body knew.  
And he never went back (I'm glad it is  
true).

They say that he found, e'er he'd  
travelled two miles,  
A group of the jolliest, merriest smiles;  
And he joined in their sport,—it had  
then just begun,

And all the day long he had so much  
real fun  
That he quick changed his name  
(Frowns, you know, have the  
knack)

To Smiles,—and he never again changed  
it back!

For he found that it paid (wouldn't  
you find it, too?)  
To smile, 'stead of being glum, silent,  
and blue!—Ex.

### Junior Beaver's Letter Box.

Dear Puck and Beavers,—I have been reading the Beavers' letters, and would like to see mine in print. For pets I have two kittens and a dog. The kittens' names are Patsey and Snowball, and the dog's name is Nero. He is a good watch dog, and every night he goes out and brings the paper in which is thrown off at the crossing. I have two sisters; their names are Gertrude and Elsie. I go to school every day. My teacher's name is Miss McNamara. As my letter is getting long I will close. From a new Beaver.

Otterville, Ont. EMMA TREFFRY.

Dear Puck and Beavers,—This is my first letter to your Circle. My father has taken "The Farmer's Advocate" for seven years and likes it fine. I go to school nearly every day. My teacher's name is Miss Coward. She lives just across the road from us. I have two brothers and one sister; their names are Harry, Lorne and Jean. For pets we have a cat and a dog. The cat's name is Tip; the dog's name is Scottie. He is a funny old fellow. I hope to see my letter in print. Good-bye Beavers.  
SHELDON FRANCIS.  
(Age 8.)

Woodham, Ont.