

## Hope's Quiet Hour.

### Free from Cares.

I would have you to be free from cares.  
—1 Cor., vii: 32 (R. V.).

"Every day is a fresh beginning. Every morn is a world made new: You who are weary of sorrow and sinning. Here is a beautiful hope for you."

"I would have you to be free from cares," writes St. Paul to the Christians who were living in the busy, go-ahead mercantile city of Corinth. The advice is so easy to give and so hard to follow. Why, the same apostle wrote another letter to the very same people, in which he said, "There is that which presses upon me daily, anxiety for all the churches." Was he acting on his own good advice, I wonder.

Why is it that on every side we see books and newspaper articles which tell us the grave danger of worry and anxiety? Perhaps it is because "when things get to the worst they begin to mend," and the results of worry are piling up so high, in city and country, that a remedy is absolutely demanded. I saw a statement in the paper a few days ago, that there were a great many insane people confined in the Toronto jail. Why? Because our huge asylums are terribly overcrowded. Why do so many people lose their reason? Probably, if the facts were known as God knows them, it would be discovered that a very large proportion of the inmates would have been sane to-day if they had not indulged the habit of worrying. Then there are plenty of other sad results of this sin. I was told by a blind woman, whose eyesight was hopelessly lost, that her blindness was entirely caused by fretting. Plenty of people are physically injured in various ways, while others destroy their own happiness and the comfort of their homes by nervous irritability, which is usually the result of years of worry and anxiety.

We can all see that it is an unmixed evil—for worry does no good in the way of removing burdens, and only lessens our power to bear them. But it is so easy to say, "I would have you to be free from cares," and so hard to throw off the anxieties that press on most people until they lose their health, sanity or temper.

St. Paul prefaces his advice with a word of explanation as to the best way of carrying it out. He says that we should use the world, as not abusing it, or—as the idea is expressed in the margin of the revised version—"use the world, as not using it to the full." He goes on to explain that those who do not use the world to the full "may attend upon the Lord without distraction."

If we are determined to use this world to the full, to squeeze out of it all the wealth and fame and wisdom we can possibly grasp, of course we shall have no time to attend upon the Lord without distraction. If we do manage to find time from our numerous engagements to go to church occasionally, the earthly things in which we are most interested have a way of distracting our attention. Perhaps a man comes out of the church with a new plan for helping forward his business, or a woman with a new idea about a dress or a hat; and they have not realized that the Lord was there, ready to satisfy their spiritual hunger and give them the much-needed peace and joy which could lift their troubled hearts above the pressing cares of life.

Prayer is apt to become hurried and meaningless, until it is often crowded out of the busy days entirely. We are so eager to use this world to the full, that we are apt to forget the importance of our own souls. A man who works up from poverty to wealth, and feels that he has made a success of life, may possibly have wasted his years terribly. The vital question is not, "What HAS he?" but "What IS he?" When Death sweeps away the property he has accumulated, will his soul be revealed in a starved, unclothed condition? Are we starving our highest selves while we are rising up early and late taking rest, in order to be progressive?

Let us look into this matter; for we don't want to invest all our capital of time, strength and money in a bank which

may break any day, and which will certainly break when death claims us.

We are so anxious to please the world. We are so worried when the world disapproves of us or fails to admire us. We climb, by hard struggle and anxious thought, higher and higher in the opinion of the people who know us. Soon we shall grow old or weak, and be crowded out and forgotten. Even those who have received most admiration will have to stand aside and see how the world is bowing down before other men. The king is dead, and the important event to-day is the new king's coronation.

We are given time to spend—how many years God only knows. When we have to make our report, as stewards of His property, shall we have anything to show that He will value? Have we taken time to grow like Christ—the Pattern Man—have we studied His Life, talked much with Him, gone out of our way to do as He would have done in our place?



An Indian Bride in Fiji.

The Japanese tell a story about a man who went to heaven and saw there a shelf with some strange-looking things on it. He was told that these were the ears of people who had heard on earth what they ought to do, but had paid no attention to what they heard. When they died, their ears came to heaven, but the rest of their bodies were shut out. On another shelf were the tongues of people who had told others their duty, but had not carried out their own advice. Perhaps we had better wake up to the danger of using all our strenuous efforts for things of earth—a place we are only passing through. Is it worth while to burden ourselves with such a lot of care, when we have to pay heavily for extra luggage?

Napoleon's remedy for all the ills of France was expressed in one word—"Mothers." God has put great power in the hands of mothers—are they throwing that glorious power away? One mother is rushing from meeting to meeting, in a whirl of philanthropic effort; another finds her time and strength used up by social engagements; another feels that she is wasting her time unless she is working every possible moment of the day. It seems like waste of time to play a game with the children or read them a story or go off occasionally to the woods with them. The children have never found their mother a good comrade, and gradually they grow away from her so that her power of moulding their lives vanishes. She is too tired and too busy to read the Bible with them daily, and perhaps does not even see that their daily prayers are said. How terrible it will be if a man who has drifted away from all remembrance of God, and has lost the inspiring, restraining influence of religion, should say: "It was my mother's fault." These sins of omissions are often very serious indeed, and the loss of home-influence is a growing evil in our prosperous country. The prophet Amos saw in vision the coming of a disastrous famine. It should not be a time of physical, but of spiritual want, "not a famine of bread, nor a thirst for water, but of hearing the word of the LORD." We are so used to the

idea that any time will do for spiritual things, that we can devote all our best years to earthly pursuits, and turn to the heavenly ones when we have "a convenient season," sure that God will welcome and forgive us and make everything right. But the prophet solemnly declares that in the day of this great famine the hungry souls "shall wander from sea to sea, and from the north even to the east, they shall run to and fro to seek the word of the LORD, and shall not find it."

Let us seek God before we grow hardened in earthly ways, and absorbed in earthly cares and pursuits, before our spiritual senses are starved to death, so that we can be close to God, and yet be unable to hear His voice or see the Vision of His Face. Let us give up the idea of going to church to hear a preacher or listen to music or show off our best clothes. God is waiting for us there. If we remember His Presence, and draw near to Him in reverent worship, we shall come away with new joy and peace, leaving the burden of anxiety trustfully with our Father.

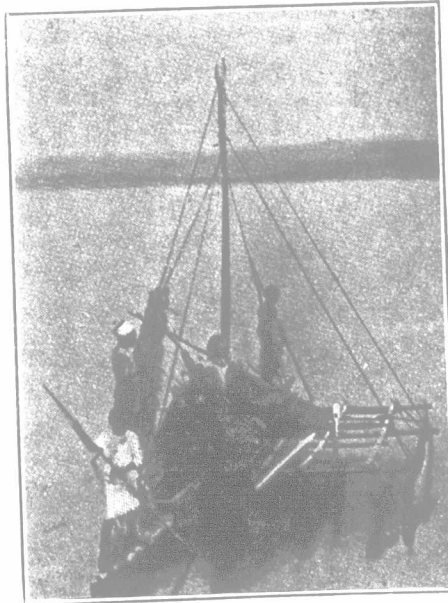
Yesterday I read the following severe statement in a church paper:

"We have the effrontery to call those Sunday-morning gatherings where we listen to a sermon, hear the singing, and take part in responsive psalter, worship. It is nothing of the sort; it is entertainment of a kind. What do we know of prostrating ourselves face downward before the awful Presence of Christ? Let us learn something."

God is speaking to our hearts in the cool summer wind, in the green of the grass and the blue of the sky, in the songs of the birds and the dear love of our friends. He gives us tender love-tokens every day. Shall we grasp them without ever looking up in His face and thanking Him? Are we too much occupied to even take time to enjoy them?

"Heaven is so near—it's the morning, beaming,  
The dusk's still hour, with the starlight gleaming,  
Loved lips at the gate and the dear night's dreaming."

If we "attend upon the Lord without distraction," finding him near us wherever we are, the worried condition of our minds will soon be healed. How can we



A Fijian Canoe.

worry when we look up into our Father's face and know that all is well? He will make all things work together for our good.

DORA FARNCOMB

## The Beaver Circle.

[For all contributors between the ages of ten and sixteen, inclusive, who are in Fourth Book, Continuation Classes or who have left school; also for those of ten years who have passed the Third Book.]

### Two Interesting Letters from Abroad.

Some time ago the pupils attending the schools of this city began writing letters to boys and girls in schools in various parts of the British Empire. The following letters have been very kindly

given us by Hilton Brown, by whom they were received, and who thought they might prove interesting to our Beavers. We thank him very much, do we not?

### A Letter from Fiji Islands

Waimanu Road, Suva, Fiji.

My dear Hilton,—Your letter was given to me to-day by our principal, who asked me to be sure to send an answer in time to reach you before May the 23rd. In order to do this I must get the letter away before April 17th, because we only get a boat running that way once a month, being one of the Canadian Australian Line, trading between Vancouver and Sydney, and calling at Suva each way.

I was very interested to read the particulars of your town as to its name, situation and industries. Many of the things were quite new to me, although I have visited the original, London, when quite a little boy. It is a peculiar thing that your letter should have been given to me, as my father is also a printer. He is owner and editor of the "Fiji Times," which was established in 1869, and is the oldest newspaper in the whole of the Western Pacific.

In those days there was no British Government here, and my grandfather made his own stamps, which were called "Fiji Times Express."

Fiji is a Crown colony, and was annexed to Great Britain in 1874. The present Governor is Sir Henry Francis May, who has an appointed Executive Council, and Legislative Council which has 10 appointed with six elected members.

There are 200 islands in the Fiji Group, about eighty of which are inhabited. The two largest islands are Viti Levu, on which Suva is situated, and Vanua Levu.

The population of Fiji is 150,000, the whites only 5,000 to the blacks 145,000, of which there are about 30,000 Indian coolies imported to work in the canefields.

Our principal industries are the growing of sugar-cane, coconuts and bananas. A stranger would see very little change in the weather all the year round, because we practically have only two seasons—the hot (from September to March) and the cool or rainy season (from April to August).

The temperature in Suva varies between 56° to 90° F., but in Nadarivatu, our sanatorium, the thermometer varies between 46° and 90°, because it is situated on a hill.

The average rainfall is 160 inches per annum, it being an exception if we go a week without rain.

Suva, the town in which I live, is the capital of Fiji. It is built upon a point of land on one side of which is Laucala Bay and on the other a reef-locked harbour, which would have easily held the American fleet had they accepted our invitation to call here on their way to Australia.

The population of Suva consists of about 1,000 whites (English and Australian) and 7,000 blacks (Fijians, Indians, Polynesians). Our town is not laid out with either straight or broad streets, but is very pretty, with its tropical luxuriance of coconut palms, rain-trees, feathery bamboos, flaming hibiscus, and various colored crotons.

The houses are for the most part frame with single walls, and of a bungalow type, with high ceilings and broad verandas. There has been a beginning made to build with concrete, and our post office, Carnegie library, telephone exchange and a few private houses are of this construction.

Our lighting is very primitive, consisting of either acetylene gas or kerosene.

Our water supply comes from the springs at the head of the Tamavua River. It is collected into an artificial reservoir, and from there supplies the various houses by natural pressure.

I am in the VI. Grade, in a class of 5 girls and 2 boys, counting myself. There are three schools in Suva, the Marist Brothers' School, the Convent, and the school I go to, the Suva Public School.

There are only six grades in our school, and the four higher grades belong to a cadet Corps. There are about 350 school children in Suva, 180 of which go to the Suva Public School.

I am nearly 13 years of age, 5 ft. 7 in. high, and I weigh 87½ lbs. I am