

When a man shrinks from a plain duty, offering the excuse of apparent humility, it is very displeasing to the Leader. The anger of the Lord was kindled against Moses when he asserted his unfitness for the task of rescuing Israel from a tyrant. God, who gives eloquence and power to one man, can give all necessary gifts to another. He can provide a willing laborer with necessary tools, or make the stick in His servant's hand a terrible weapon.

A man who places himself in God's hand, to be used by Him, never knows what great work he may be used for. The apparent weakness of the instrument is no hindrance to the Almighty Worker of miracles.

A few years ago Bishop Schereschewsky died in Japan. He was a Polish Jew who became a Christian through study of the Bible. He went to China as a missionary, learned the difficult language with marvellous quickness, and was made a bishop. Then he was struck down with paralysis, but helplessness did not make him idle. He began the tremendous task of translating the Bible into the written language of the Chinese. His helpless fingers could not use a pen, but he could press down the keys of a typewriter with one finger. He wrote the Chinese words phonetically, in English letters. This took nine years. Then, with the help of a Japanese and a Chinese secretary, the whole book was written again, in Chinese characters. A man who seemed helpless, thus performed the great work of translating the Bible into the written language of many millions of people. One who is willing to be as a rod in the hand of God can be used by Him to do anything. But it is foolish presumption for the instrument used to boast about the work done. The rod in the hand of Moses was used in performing great miracles of power—should the rod be praised? A dead wire, in these days, may be changed into a "live wire," and invisible power may be flashed through it to carry messages, draw street cars, or light up a dark room—is the wire to be praised for the work done by the electricity?

God honored Moses by using him to do wonderful miracles. He had been used so often that he forgot the power was God's, and that he was only the instrument in God's hand, so on one sad occasion he said angrily and boastfully to the Israelites: "Hear now, ye rebels; must we fetch you water out of this rock?" Then he smote the rock, and God caused the water to come out abundantly, but He said to Moses and Aaron: "Because ye believe Me not, to sanctify Me in the eyes of the children of Israel, therefore ye shall not bring this congregation into the land which I have given them."

Many have said that Moses was punished with great severity for a trifling act of disobedience—"because he struck the rock when told to speak to it"—but God loved Moses too dearly to allow pride and presumption to grow unchecked in his heart. His position was dangerously exalted, and meekness of spirit, which was his chief beauty, must not be eaten up by the cancerous growth of self-conceit. He took the praise, which was God's due, to himself, forgetting that he was only an instrument in the hand of God.

The world may well be thankful for the open rebuke and severe punishment Moses received. It is a reminder to all successful workers—especially to those who receive much praise for their great achievements—that they have "this treasure in earthen vessels," as St. Paul says, "that the excellency of the power may be of God," and not claimed by themselves.

It is never safe to judge by immediate results. Sometimes the work God has wrought, through some humble human instrument, is not recognized by the world until many years after the instrument used has passed out of sight. The worker has nothing to do with results, his business is obedience and humble waiting upon God for results. He can say humbly, as he does the work assigned to him by God:

"His perfect plans I may not grasp;  
Yet I can trust Love infinite,  
And with my feeble fingers clasp  
The Hand which leads me to the light.  
My soul upon His errand goes;  
The end I know not, but I do know—

Let us give up measuring our own powers, and saying weakly that "we cannot do any great work." No man knows what he can do, or rather, what God can do through him. Moses honestly thought that he was not eloquent, yet St. Stephen declared that "Moses . . . was mighty in words and in deeds." The great words would never have been spoken, the mighty deeds never have been performed, if he had been allowed to choose his own work. Present weakness is no proof that God cannot do mighty works through a man. Samson, the man of great physical strength, was once a helpless baby. Christ Himself—the Word of God—was once an eager, questioning Child, increasing in wisdom and stature.—S. Luke ii: 52.

A drunken man was once staggering along a city street and two of his old college classmates stood together watching him sadly. "What a wreck," said one, "yet when we all graduated together, it seemed as if he might be anything he chose."

"So he might have been," replied the other, "but he chose to make his body the grave of his soul."

God could have worked out His plans for good through that man who started

power is His. Are you ready to say obediently,—

"My soul upon His errand goes;  
The end I know not, but God knows."  
DORA FARNCOMB.

## The Beaver Circle

### Back to School.

Fell in the creek twice yesterday!  
Slipped and slid from a load of hay,  
Stepped on a stone and bruised my toe;  
Hardly walk 'cause I'm blistered so;  
Hit my knee till it's blue and black,  
Sat in the sun and burned my back,  
When I went to swim, but my, I'm glad!  
Best vacation I ever had.

Slid off the old red barn last week,  
Wind all gone so I couldn't speak  
When they laid me upon the bed  
And put cold water on my head.  
Got poison-ivy on my legs  
When I went in the weeds to look for  
eggs;

From the exercise, and I'm big and strong.  
'Cause I hoed in a corn-field all day long,  
And my uncle said that I might stay  
For harvest-time, and he'd give me pay;  
And I'd like to stay, but I have to go  
Back home to school, 'cause my ma said so.

—Youth's Companion.

Dear Beavers.—Vacation days are over, and work has begun again. I hope you have all had a pleasant summer and enjoyed your holidays to the utmost, and are now ready to take up school-work in earnest. As I write this, it is a pouring wet day, the rain coming down in sheets, and I am afraid some seats in the school-room will be vacant, but I hope you will all make up your minds to try to attend regularly, and not stay at home except for very good reasons. When you stay home you miss what has been done that day, and when you go back you delay the class that much while the missing lesson is being explained to you; or else the class goes ahead and you have to hobble behind, handicapped by ignorance of what was done in your absence. If this is to be truly a Beaver Circle, the members must follow the example of their emblem and work hard. The better your work during school-time, the more you will enjoy yourselves in play-time. As the old song says:

Work while you work,  
Play while you play,  
That is the way  
To be happy and gay.

### Senior Beaver's Letter Box.

Dear Puck and Beavers,—Will you let a little girl from Upper Stewiacke join your Circle? Daddy took us all, except mamma, to a circus in Truro, and I will tell you some of the things I saw. Some big elephants, an old monkey with some little ones, tiger, lion, camel, and a lot of other animals. I saw a monkey ride a bicycle.

I know Jane Creelman's uncle Hedley. He is a good friend of daddy's. I thought she wrote a nice letter. I like to read the Beaver's letters; some of them write very interesting ones. We live on a farm in Upper Stewiacke. I am eleven years old, and am in Grade VI. I hope the w.-p. b. will not catch my letter. With best wishes to all the Beavers, I will close. From a little Beaver.

HILDA FOSTER.

Nova Scotia.

Dear Puck and Beavers,—I have been a silent reader among this grand Circle. My father has taken "The Farmer's Advocate" ever since I can remember, and we like it fine. There is a storm coming up, and I hope we get some rain; we need it badly. I am twelve years old, and in the Junior Fourth class. I go to school nearly every day, if possible. I have one sister and one brother. My brother is just beginning to talk. As my letter is getting long, I will close, hoping the hungry w.-p. b. will not swallow this letter. ELVA LANGSTAFF.

(Age 12, Jr. IV Class.)

R. R. No. 2, Lanark, Ont.

Dear Puck and Beavers,—This is my second letter to your Circle. I saw my first letter in print, so got up courage to write again. We have two collie dogs; one is an old dog, the other just a pup. The pup is very playful, and sometimes goes with me for the cows. Sometimes he bites them, which is annoying. My sister has written to your Circle many times. We all enjoy reading the letters. As soon as "The Advocate" comes, there is almost always a scramble for it. I will close with good wishes to your Circle. Will some Beavers please write to me.

DORA CLEMENS (age 11, Class IV.)  
Ravenswood, Ont.

Dear Puck and Beavers,—This is my first letter to your Circle. I like to read the Beaver's letters. My father takes "The Farmer's Advocate," and he likes it very much. I go to school every day; our teacher's name is Miss Wilson. It is holidays now, and I am having a good time. A river runs through our



Joan, Daughter of Prof. Eve.

From a painting by Gertrude des Claves Montreal, exhibited at the C. N. E., Toronto.

on his career so brilliantly, but the man did not place himself at God's disposal. He chose to please himself, and made a failure of life.

When God finds in a man complete consecration and unwavering trust, He can use that man to do great things for the uplift of the human race. We are very dependent on other people. We have learned that startlingly in these days, when the conflagration which blazed up in Europe leaped across the Atlantic in one giant stride, and brought sorrow and poverty into many prosperous Canadian homes. If evil which began in one place can injure so many nations, so also can good. We are linked together very closely—more closely than we know. If the suffering of war can sweep swiftly across the ocean, the power of prayer is still more swift and the power of work scarcely less so. Those who have worked so splendidly in raising funds for patriotic purposes, don't know how far the inspiration and influence of their action has gone. An idea started by one person is caught up by another, until millions of people are inspired and helped by it. God can use you, for the

But I've had more fun since I don't know when!  
Hate to go back to school again.

Burned my hands till they're awful sore  
When the calf ran out of the big barn door  
And I tried to hold the rope and fell  
Most twenty feet down the old dry well.  
Lost my hat that was almost new,  
In the great big lake, when the high wind blew;  
And my pants are torn from many a climb.  
But I never had such a summer time.

Ate poison berries by the creek  
Till they thought I'd die, I felt so sick;  
But they gave me ipecac to take,  
And it cured up all my stomach ache!  
Got stung by bees, but I got stung best  
When I started home with a hornet's nest,  
And I all swelled up; but I'm gone down now.  
And it's all in a boy's life, anyhow!

Nose all peeled till it's red and rough,  
Hands all brown, but I'm awful tough