

mental outward signs to get into touch with their fellows. So also the lad who is in what has been called "the necktie stage of life," tries the effect of a blue or a crimson tie, not to gratify his own vanity, but in order to please by an outward visible sign the woman who is his world for the time being. Even a little child with his clinging arms around your neck, and his warm lips pressed to yours, is expressing sacramentally the affection which no words can tell so effectively.

God Himself could not satisfactorily reach the men and women He had made without coming into close contact with them. The Incarnation almost proves itself, for it fits so exactly our need.

"Tis the weakness in strength that I cry for! my flesh that I seek
In the Godhead! I seek and I find it.
O Saul, it shall be
A Face like my face that receives thee:
A Face like to me,
Thou shalt love and be loved by, forever!
A Hand like this hand
Shall throw open the gates of new life
to thee! See the Christ stand!"

Christ heals the deadly leprosy of sin by actual touch of His flesh on our flesh. If He had only come into the world long ago, and then gone far away from it into heaven, we should have felt desolate and lonely. But He is with us "always." He is still the Ladder linking heaven and earth. He gives His Church a holy Sacrament of love to be celebrated continually until He comes again, so that we may be in constant touch with our unseen King. I know that Christendom is divided over the meaning of the mysterious words, "This is My body—This is My blood," but one thing is very certain, that by these outward signs He intends to hold His Bride close against His heart, in thrilling, quickening touch. Whatever may be our opinion as to the meaning and power of this Sacrament, if we disobey our Master's dying command, "Do this in remembrance of Me," we are not only disloyal and disobedient, but we have no right to expect that our hearts can be kept in closest contact with His. Let us look reverently and carefully into the mysterious words, desiring to know to the full measure of our capacity the meaning of the token of love which our Prince has laid in our hands, but especially careful to keep it constantly in view. Would a loving wife thrust carelessly into a forgotten corner a token of love which the bridegroom had given her, only looking at it once or twice a year? Yet many who call themselves Christians treat far more disloyally than that the token given by Christ, the Bridegroom, to His Bride, the Church, the night before He died—died for her. Many thousands who claim to be disciples of Christ, seem to think that His sacred, dying command, does not concern them at all. And then they wonder why they don't make more progress in spiritual life! Where is spiritual life to come from if not from the Life of the world? If we want to grow strong enough to live for our Lord in joyful, loving service, or to die for Him as the early Christians did, let us go back to their custom, and at least meet together on the first day of the week "to break bread."—Acts xx: 7.

How often our Lord healed people by the sacrament of touch! In one case, when healing a poor, loathsome leper, we are expressly told by three Evangelists in exactly the same words that He "put forth His hand and touched Him."—St. Matt. viii: 3; St. Mark i: 41; St. Luke v: 13. Evidently the "touch" was a most important part of the cure, just because it was sacramental—being the outward expression of tenderness. So, also, in the case of the poor woman who only ventured to touch the border of His garment. Others were fusing close against His body, yet He felt instantly the thrill of that one touch that was sacramental, being inspired by trust in His love and power. The woman thought she had only touched the garment's hem, while her hand really touched His heart—as every loving hand can do still. The soul instinctively reaches out through the body. Even in prayer there is, as Newbolt says, an intimate correspondence between the postures of the body and the emotions of the soul. "You cannot, as a matter of fact, feel in your inward soul a sinner's self-abasement before the sanctity of God, while you lounge back

in a chair, with your arms across, and with your eyes gazing unthinkingly on any object that may meet them."

Outward things are the visible manifestation of the soul within. One woman dresses flashily and is loud in her manner, while another is quiet in dress and modest in manner. Dress and manner are outward things, but we see the soul through them as through a window. They, too, are sacramental, being outward visible signs of that which is invisible and spiritual. Let us be careful not to waste our countless opportunities of reaching out sacramentally. Our shortest way to man is through God, touching our brothers in the sacrament of prayer—which is an outward expression of love—and in the Lord's Supper, in which we not only touch them, but are made more entirely one with them, "For we, being many, are one bread, and one body: for we are all partakers of that one bread."—1 Cor. x: 17.

Let no one say dolefully, "I can't do anything to help." We can always pray, and so bring certain and mightiest aid to the brother at our side, or to the army in the thick of the fight. When Moses held up his hands in the sacrament of prayer, the army of Israel pre-



"Nobody knows the world but me."

vailed, and when he let down his hands Amalek prevailed. How much of the weakness of the Church is the direct result of want of earnest prayer. If you really want to help—pray, and keep on praying. "If a man see his brother sin against him which is not unto death, he shall ask and God shall give him life for them that sin not unto death." Oh, if we only used our mighty power of intercession to the utmost, what a transfigured world this would be!

"Thou art coming to a King!
Large petitions with thee bring!
For His grace and power are such
None can ever ask too much."

As a matter of fact, we ask too little, and then wonder why we accomplish so little.

And our shortest way to God is through man. We can really touch Him in the sacrament of Service—for service which is not a sacramental expression of love is of very little value in the eyes of God or man. In this time of sorrow and world-peril, how many loving hearts are reaching out every hour—yes, every moment—to touch the Great Deliverer! We may forget Him in times of peace—but now the ladder on which angels ascend carrying earnest prayers, must be crowded. No touch of faith is wasted. Virtue still goes out from Christ to heal and help.

We must touch the King of kings in order to help the nations.

Bishop Ingram says: "Oh, the band of the Lord's ministering helpers. With shining garments, to the eyes of God, they move about the world. What should we do without them?"

"The den they enter grows a shrine:
The gloomy water an oriel spring;
Their cup of sash warm like wine;
Their speech is filled with heavenly urns."

DORA FARNCOMB.

The Beaver Circle

My Dog.

I have no dog, but it must be
Somewhere there's one belongs to me—
A little chap with wagging tail,
And dark brown eyes that never quail,
But look you through, and through, and through,
With love unspeakable, but true.

Somewhere it must be, I opine,
There is a little dog of mine
With cold black nose that sniffs around
In search of what things may be found
In pocket, or some nook hard by,
Where I have hid them from his eye.

Somewhere my doggie pulls and tugs
The fringes of rebellious rugs,
Or with the mischief of the pup
Chews all my shoes and slippers up,
And, when he's done it to the core,
With eyes all eager, pleads for more.

Somewhere, upon his hinder legs,
My little doggie sits and begs,
And in a wistful minor tone
Pleads for the pleasures of the bone—
I pray it be his owner's whim
To yield and grant the same to him!

Somewhere a little dog doth wait,
It may be by some garden gate,
With eyes alert, and tall attent—
You know the kind of tail that's meant—
With stores of yelps of glad delight
To bid me welcome home at night.
Life.

Laddie.

By J. W.

Laddie belonged to the race of old-fashioned collies or shepherd-dogs, now fast disappearing. A writer in a recent magazine deplors the passing of these wonderfully sagacious and faithful collies, "since the advent of the modern sharp-nosed, show type, believing the old-fashioned collar one of the finest dogs that ever came to be the companion and helper of man."

Laddie was a fine example of this type and his seven years of devoted, delightful companionship and protection will always be remembered.



"My Dog."

Laddie had the good fortune to live in the country, where, unlike his less happy brother of the city, so much hampered by the leash, he could enjoy with perfect freedom his greatest pleasure—a daily outing.

He disliked to ride, and with almost human reasoning, discriminated between the walking hats of his mistress, and those worn when motoring, for without a word being said, at the sight of the former he would show his delight in every way possible; but when the motor hat was brought forth, Laddie would give it one look, and in the most dejected and disappointed manner, walk away and hide until his mistress was out of sight.

True to his shepherd instincts, Laddie was always active in rounding up the family, especially at meal-times, and if sent to bring a "straggler" he would search out the delinquent, take a little nip at the sleeve and gently pull as if to say: "Dinner is ready! Why don't you come?"

Laddie knew Sundays from week days, and could tell the time of day. When the old clock on the stair struck six in

the morning, he would walk into his master's room and put his head on the bed. At night, when the clock struck ten, the hour for the evening walk, he sought his master and used all his gentle arts to remind him of his duty. Once, when failing with the usual hints, he brought his master's glove and laid it on his lap, which act, very properly, had the desired effect.

Laddie preferred those who were mild of voice and manner; yet, while strongly showing his affection for those he loved best, he was too truly a gentleman to show decidedly his dislikes. The single exception was the garbage man and his dog.

No sleep of Laddie's was too deep to prevent his knowing when anybody left the house. He was dependable. He minded on the instant, and was always where you expected to find him, a valuable trait, and one that made his absence all the more keenly felt, when his home knew him no more.—Our Dumb Animals.

Answers to Puzzles in Aug. 13 Issue.

DIAMOND.

H. Dye, Hydro, Era, O.

ACROSTIC.

Pets, Enid, Trap, Evan, Rail. Name of story, "Peter."

TRANSPOSITIONS.

1, care, race, acre; 2, time, mite, item; 3, stain, satin, saint; 4, horse, shoer, shore.

BURIED TOWNS AND CITIES.

1, Don; 2, Thames; 3, Berlin; 4, Credit; 5, Kingston; 6, Medicine Hat.

Senior Beavers' Letter Box

Dear Puck and Beavers,—This is my first letter to your circle. My father has taken "The Farmer's Advocate" for years, and I enjoy reading the letters from the Beavers. I tried entrance this year but failed. Our teacher's name is Miss Telford. I have a little garden this year. I would like some of the Beavers of my age to write to me. As my letter is getting long and I am afraid that w.-p. b. will get it, I will remain, wishing the Circle every success.

DORA SCARROW,

(Age 12.)

R. R. No. 1, Belwood, Ontario.

Too bad you failed in your examination. Better luck next time.

Dear Puck and Beavers,—This is the second letter I have written to your charming Circle. I go to school every day; our teacher's name is Mr. Shillinglaw, and we like him fine. I like reading very much. Some of the books I have read are: "Little Nellie," "Freddie's Dream," "Rab and His Friends," and I do not know how many more. My father owns a farm of 100 acres. We have four horses and two colts, and three little calves and seven little pigs and one big one. One of our little calves died a few days ago. We have forty-four chickens and 28 ducks. I am nine years old, and I am in the junior fourth class at school; well, I will close, or there will be no room left. Hoping this will escape the hungry w.-p. b.

Seaforth P.O., Ont. EVA STRONG,
(Age 9, Jr. IV.)

Dear Puck and Beavers,—I have often thought of writing to the Circle, but this is the first time I have done so. My father has taken "The Farmer's Advocate" for nearly a year, we like it fine, we like to see the Beavers' letters. I live on a 240-acre farm. We have twelve cows, eight horses and five colts. I have one dog and two kittens. The dog does not like my little kittens when they go to play. I call my dog Collie. I have four brothers, two are older than I and two are younger. I have no sisters. I am twelve years old and am in the senior fourth class at school. I am not sure who is going to be our teacher for next year yet. I like read-