

stones on which he may climb to success; because every time he fails he learns to know his own weak places, and his determined purpose to win makes him doubly careful where he knows he is weak.

No one has time to devote himself thoroughly in a dozen different directions. In fact, no one who intends to live life enthusiastically can afford to waste energy by attempting the impossible feat of serving two masters; for he will surely find that he is holding to the one and despising the other. Of course, that does not mean that a man can't be an enthusiastic Christian, and at the same time an enthusiast on the subject of electricity. But the ruling ideal must dominate all lesser ideals; and, if they ever clash, the lesser ideals must infallibly go to the wall. Surely that is what our Lord means by His hard saying: "If any man come to Me, and hate not his father, and mother, and wife, and children, and brethren, and sisters, yea, and his own life also, he cannot be My disciple." Of course, He who lays down "love" as the fulfilling of the whole duty of man, cannot command His followers to "hate" their nearest and dearest. It is poor Christianity to "love your enemies" and fail in love to your own family. But the love that Christ demands is so dominant that all other affection must bow before it; just as the love for one's own life must be sacrificed at the imperative call of Duty. When a man must choose evil deliberately, or yield his life as a forfeit, the sum total of his whole past life decides which course he will take. But—

"Tis man's perdition to be safe.  
When for the truth he ought to die."

If your Vision is a high one, and yet you feel that you are drifting away from it, rather than seeing it more clearly as the years roll on, it is very plain that you "did not want it hard enough." It is certainly true that everything really great which man has accomplished "has been attained largely by reason of the possession of the ardent, burning flame of desire that, acting on the water of thought in the boiler of the mind, produces the steam of will and action. . . . Without desire the world would never advance an inch."

The young men and women "see Visions"; but, if they don't care enough about winning them to press steadily towards the goal of their ambition, the Visions will fade away. A few minutes ago I received a letter from one of our readers, who says: "I am easily discouraged, I fear. I used to enjoy Christ's presence every moment in my youthful days, but cares distract and doubt enters. Things do not seem to be what they used to." She says that in speaking to an acquaintance about her loss of happiness in her religion, she was told that "then" she had been "young and happy" and influenced by one she loved, but that happiness would not last when she faced the "sterner realities of life." What a bit of discouraging information that was, to be sure! My dear "Anxious Mother," I can't take up all your questions to-day—being in the middle of my weekly chat when your letter was brought to me—but at least I can assure you that the Vision of the Master's Face need not fade out of our horizon. I am preparing a book on that subject, hoping to publish it very shortly, which may help to set your mind at rest on that point.

The beauty of the Vision attracts the beauty-loving eyes of the young. Then, if "desire" hardens into steady purpose, the soul fights on in spite of many falls, and the Vision grows steadily brighter. The path of the just is as the shining light, "that shineth more and more unto the perfect day," when we shall no longer see our Master dimly, in a vision, but "face to face." They who are untiring in their search will certainly find.

"Seek JESUS in all things, and in all shalt thou find JESUS."

It is not enough to "see visions." A man who is satisfied with that becomes a visionary, an idealist. Edison was not satisfied with his visions of the possibilities of electricity. He transformed "potential" or possible power into actual power, visions into realities. Do you think he sees the goal of his desires nearer than at first? I expect it looks much farther away, for the more he uses

electricity the greater his vision of its power becomes. Do you think he grows tired in the pursuit of his vision? It doesn't look like it, when he can say things like this: "I have retired. . . . I am having the fun of my life—steering clear of anything that has money-making connected with it. I am trying some chemical experiments. . . . I have always felt as though something inside of me were driving me. . . . Why do I invent? We work because in some way it satisfies us. That is all we know."

Is it not so in the spiritual life? One who is following the Vision with all his might does not grow tired of the pursuit. No, it attracts him more and more, as any other "ruling passion" will do.

Where there's a will strong enough, a way will be found, or made—even if a tunnel has to be bored through a mountain. DORA FARNCOMB ("HOPE").

Enquirer is grateful to A Subscriber for answering questions in regard to Saints. And now, dear fellow-believers in Christ, since there are so many proofs that we are saints, why fear to take that name given by God Himself? So doing will not promote spiritual pride, or carelessness, but rather true humility, with prayerful watchfulness not to bring reproach upon that One, by Whom it is given. What would we think of children of an earthly monarch, who were indifferent to the titles given them by birth, or refused to accept them? Will Subscriber, or someone else, please answer the following: Are there Scriptures to prove that any of God's Saints are entitled to the word "Reverend," or to whom can it be applied?

ENQUIRER.

## The Beaver Circle.

### The Competition.

The picture in March 18th issue, which represented the skunk cabbage, seemed to puzzle a great many. Only two, in fact—Helen Colbeck and Dolly Gothorp—guessed right. We have sent both a prize, although Dolly should have written a little more about the plant than she did; and we are also sending Edna Coyle a book, not because of the competition, but because she wrote such an interesting letter.

Now, just a word about the skunk cabbage, so that you may be sure of it if ever you meet it in the bogs or damp woods. The picture shown represented the flowers, or rather the "spathes" surrounding the flowers, which appear sooner than the leaves. These spathes are green, veined with purple, and looking inside of them you find the clusters of tiny flowers, which scarcely look like flowers at all. Later, the leaves, which look a little like rhubarb leaves, appear, but from its first appearance you may know the plant by its strong skunk-like odor. In spite of this, however, you are likely to be quite fond of the skunk cabbage, for it is one of the very first signs of spring, and is so brave, pushing itself up without fear of rebuff from the cold March winds. Then its "green" is so cheery and wholesome looking that when you see it, especially if a robin is singing near, you begin to feel that summer is in sight. . . . Helen Colbeck says its odor kills insects. I have never heard this, nor can I find any reference to it in any of my books. There are not many insects about, except a few carrion flies, when it is in bloom. Now then, I must not take up any more space, as I wish to make room for the Beavers.

### The Skunk Cabbage.

Dear Puck,—I saw in the Beaver Circle, in "The Farmer's Advocate," a picture which I think is the skunk cabbage.

The skunk cabbage is a perennial plant, growing in moist places throughout the United States. (Also parts of Canada. Ed.) It is sometimes called "meadow cabbage," "skunk weed," "polecat weed." The root is stimulant, and slightly narcotic, and is used for a medicine.

When the sap begins to run is when it

makes its appearance. It grows through ice and water, and is a very hardy plant. The reason it is called skunk cabbage is because its odor is like the skunk's.

Insects which visit this plant never make their escape, because the odor of the plant kills them. Later in the season, it becomes dry, and gradually loses its smell.

HELEN M. COLBECK (age 12).  
Colbeck P. O., Ont.

Dear Puck,—I saw your competition picture in "The Farmer's Advocate" and I think it is the skunk cabbage more than anything else.

I hope that in the summer the Beaver Circle will have a lot of interesting letters on flowers and birds. I think that we might draw flowers we have in the woods around us. It might make us better acquainted with flowers.

DOLLY GOTHORP (age 11).  
Hespeler, Ont.

I think your idea about drawing flowers a good one, Dolly. We will act on it a little later.

### An Interesting Letter.

Dear Publishers and Readers,—On opening your last issue, and seeing my letter, and also the picture, I think that you are all ready to see me take my seat again.

That picture was queer looking, but I recognized it as soon as I saw it. It is a crawfish frozen in the bottom of a ditch, amidst the grass. While I was walking to school one day I observed one in about the same position. I examined it and found that it was about five inches in length, had three legs on each side, which, at the ends, were very big and hard, like a shell, but these were parted in the center; you will remember that it has strength if you ever let it pinch you with these. The pinchers were of a light red. At its head, near each eye, were long, black feelers. Its tail resembles that of a fish, but not of a fin form; it is white. Their tails help them to move, as they always go backwards. They make their holes in the bottom of the ditches, which in the spring are nearly covered at the bottom with little ones. Their eggs are black, and about twice the size of the head of a pin. They freeze in the winter and thaw out in the spring. The spring birds have made their return, and no doubt the wood-flowers are struggling amid roots.

Now, about a couple of games, one for indoor and another for outdoors.

The Three Books.—Place three chairs in a row. Put a book on each one, but on the third one put a plate of water, or, better still, a basin. Blindfold your companion's eyes and take him to each chair, tell him to kiss each book, but do not tell him about the water, and when he comes to the third one, shove his head in deep enough that he will not get a mere touch of it on his nose.

Slap Tag.—Two captains stand aside and choose from the number the best runners. (School boys and girls always know how fast each one can run.) After they have both chosen their runners they stand a distance apart, and the first chooser goes to the opposite side and slaps each hand, but he must slap one harder than the rest, and this one runs after him. If he touches him before he reaches his men, or his goal, he must go to the other side. The game continues until all are on one side.

Whoever does not know who this Puck is, I would like to speak to him privately, but I know I cannot do that here, so I will tell his history to all, and if he does not wish to have it known, he will kindly leave it out of my letter. Do not be afraid of him, for he is but a fairy, or if he is not, he has the name of one whose history I read. He lived in a lovely grove, where lovers traversed, and where flowers grew, and birds sang sweet songs in the tree-tops. This Puck (the fairy of Love) would trip about and touch the slumbering lovers' eyelids with his love charm. He played many tricks on them, and it is no wonder he wishes us to love the birds and flowers, if he was one of the fairy successors who lived in such a love place. I have not the book at hand, or I would tell you the rest, that I have completely forgotten, but we will trust that to Puck to tell us all.

Now, old friend, can you not see that every boy and girl is trying to pluck out of your friendly head, your history? If you wish us to call and treat you as a fairy, just say so, and we will kindly do it; but remember that a fairy always tells his history. Undoubtedly you are just the editor, but let us treat you as a fairy. I know that many would be amused by it.

I must retire, with the flowers, wishing the Beavers success.

EDNA COYLE (age 14).

Vereker, Ont.

Ah, but this fairy does not tell his history, Edna. Tell me, didn't you read the story of Puck in "Midsummer Night's Dream," Lamb's "Tales from Shakespeare"?

You have sharp eyes, little girl. See that you use them more than ever this spring.

When writing again, please write on but one side of the paper.

### A Reasonable Guess.

Dear Puck,—I saw in "The Farmer's Advocate" of March 18th, a picture of some flowers, and we were to tell what they were.

Here is a picture of a clump of tulips in the corner of a garden. They are not out yet, but they soon will come out by the looks of them. In the fall we take the piece of ground intended for the tulips and fertilize it. Then we put the tulip bulbs in. The snow comes, and we forget our bulbs, as we have other things to think about, such as skating, and before we recognize it, spring comes along. We cannot do any skating now, so we think of the tulips again. As soon as it gets a little warmer, up come the tulip leaves. They are very broad and smooth. Next we notice round, fat buds, coming up beside the leaf. Soon, out peeps a large flower. In a day or so we see the tulip as large as it will be. One tulip is white, another is cream, and yet another a mixture of white and red.

We take great care to watch them, and, to our sorrow, we find them starting to wilt in four or five days, but we see that there are more to come out, as they are later than the first ones.

This takes place about the first of May, so they are early flowers. Well, I guess this is all I know about tulips.

Here is a very interesting and amusing game: Draw a donkey and fasten it to the wall. Then make a tail and put a pin through it. Blindfold a person and put him in the middle of the room. Give him the tail, and tell him to pin it to the donkey. You tell him when he is running into anything, but that is all. He pins it wherever he can.

Here is a game which is very amusing: Take the cards used in playing "snap" or "old maid" and take your turn in putting one down. When you get two the same, you say the names of animals chosen by the players, before starting to play, and say them first. If you do you get both bunches of cards.

Well, I guess I have written too long a letter now, so I must close, wishing the Beaver Circle success.

INA OSWALD (age 12).

Chesley, Ont.

Come again, little tulip girl.

### A Woodsy Boy.

Dear Puck,—I enjoy reading the letters in the Beaver Circle very much, and thought I would like to join in the competition. What does this picture represent? I would say it is the leek, a plant or herb that grows in the woods very early in the spring, as soon as the snow has gone. It has a leaf quite like the lily of the valley, but smells very much like onions or chives. Sometimes the cows eat them and that spoils the flavor of the butter.

I think Peggie Ike is a boy, also.

R. W. G. COOK.

Grey Co., Ont.

Your letter makes me think of the woods, R. W. G. Did you ever ramble off into the woods at noon—a whole "bunch" of you from school—and eat leeks, and get scolded for it by the teacher when you came back? But the smell of them is mild compared with that of the skunk cabbage.