

As it is in our bodies, so it is in the Community. Each has some special gifts which are given him in trust for the good of all. St. Paul says that the Spirit gives wisdom and knowledge to some, faith and gifts of healing to others, teaching, prophecy, etc. No one can have them all—only to Christ, our Head, has the Spirit been given "without measure." We should, the Apostle declares, covet earnestly the "best" gifts—faith, hope and love—which we all may possess; accepting cheerfully whatever work and talents God sees fit to bestow, and never envying our neighbors.

We all want to be useful, but it is a mistake to let that ambition lead us astray. The eyes are of immense value to a man, but if his hands, feet and ears (not to speak of the vital organs which are working steadily and silently within) became discontented with their work, and insisted on having the same duty as the eyes, how helpless the man would be?

So it is in the world. A great writer or preacher can help thousands, or millions of people. He is called to do a great work, and is of great value to the whole community. But if every man set his heart on becoming a great writer or preacher—and succeeded in that ambition—the business of life would soon be at a standstill. To begin with, we should all die of starvation for want of the farmers, or freeze to death for want of the miners.

"God hath tempered the body together, having given more abundant honor to that part which lacked," says St. Paul, and "our uncomely parts have more abundant comeliness." How true that is. We honor the eyes and ears, but we can live without sight or hearing. We never give a thought to the liver or lungs—as long as they are working for us uncomplainingly—but we can't live without these humble, unnoticed members of our bodies.

Let us give up fretting over the gifts which are out of our reach, and joyously serve our generation wherever and however our Head directs.

"Ann of Green Gables" thought no one could be happy with red hair, and even happy-hearted "Pollyanna" was far from satisfied to have straight hair and freckles. Those who are poor and busy think they could do far better service if they were rich and leisured, those who are sick feel as if they were shut out from the chance of helping anybody. Those who live in the country are apt to feel that their opportunities are narrow, while those who live in the city may be driven to distraction by the noise, glare, and whirl of life.

It is not our business to choose the post which seems the most attractive to ourselves, but to do the work which God places in our hands and for which He has especially fitted us. To do our own work cheerfully and faithfully will bring happiness to ourselves and valuable help to others.

No one is given every kind of talent. Sir Humphrey Davy—who has saved so many lives through his invention of the miner's safety lamp, had so little idea of music that when his friends tried to teach him the air of "God save the King" they had to give it up as hopeless. John Dalton—the great chemist, who was held in such high esteem in Manchester that 40,000 people visited the Town Hall where his body was laid in state—was color-blind, and could not tell red from green.

A great genius is often very helpless in the ordinary emergencies of life, and not nearly as satisfactory to his employers as a commonplace person. Sir Isaac Newton, when a boy, was so bent on knowledge that when he was sent to the fields to watch sheep or cattle he lost himself completely in a book and allowed his charges to go where they chose. He was careless and untidy in his dress and surprisingly absent-minded. Once he started to lead his horse up a hill and found on reaching the top, that the horse had slipped away unnoticed and he had only the bridle in his hand.

But I must not multiply instances. We have all our gifts and our limitations. We can do some things better than the people we envy, and we are in many things very stupid as compared with the people we consider our inferiors. The captain on the bridge has a great and responsible duty, but so has the fireman out of sight below. The organist can

only make beautiful music if the organ-blower does his humble work. A great man like Edison would probably be a very poor hand at breadmaking, and a learned professor would be a bungler if he tried to mend a shoe. A great surgeon, who can work miracles of healing with the shining tools he understands, might make a very poor and impatient "patient" if he were to change places with a helpless, suffering woman.

Perhaps the hardest, most glorious duty anyone can be called to do is the patient endurance of pain of heart or body. I have before me an essay called "Tuberculosis and the Road to Eldorado," written by a brave consumptive, to be published after his death in the "Journal of the Outdoor Life." He says that men may meet some ills "with a snicker or a whine," but tuberculosis is such a tremendous thing that it brings to the surface all the powers of greatness that are hidden in a soul. He found out the wonderful truth that "it is possible to live a life as full, as deep, as interesting, as exciting, tied to a porch and an invalid chair, as when caught up in the whirl of a city's strife." He discovered that the outside of life, which looks so real, is only like a painted curtain, which was rolled up before his quiet gaze, showing him the "true men and women, acting under the impetus of real emotions, unravelling the plot of human existence." He watched quietly the busy world, intent on success or pleasure, and his own suffering, disappointment and deprivation burned into his being the stupendous secret "that man can live within this universe not

sick or sorrowing person fancy he has no opportunity for greatness. I think God cares more for the quality than the quantity of our work. It is beauty of spirit that the King greatly desires to see in each one of us. That gift He is eager to bestow on us all—the gift of unquenchable gladness.

"Of your gladness lend a gleam
Unto souls that shiver:
Show them how dark Sorrow's stream
Blends with Hope's bright river."

DORA FARNCOMB.

From a Reader of the Quiet Hour.

I am sending a trifle as a thank offering for my dear little baby. Have three boys, and lost a little girl baby four years ago. Feel so thankful for this one being spared to me.

Enclosed find \$2. Perhaps there is some little baby you know who is in need.

I wish to thank Mrs. H. E. R., and also a "Watford Reader," for their very kind letters.

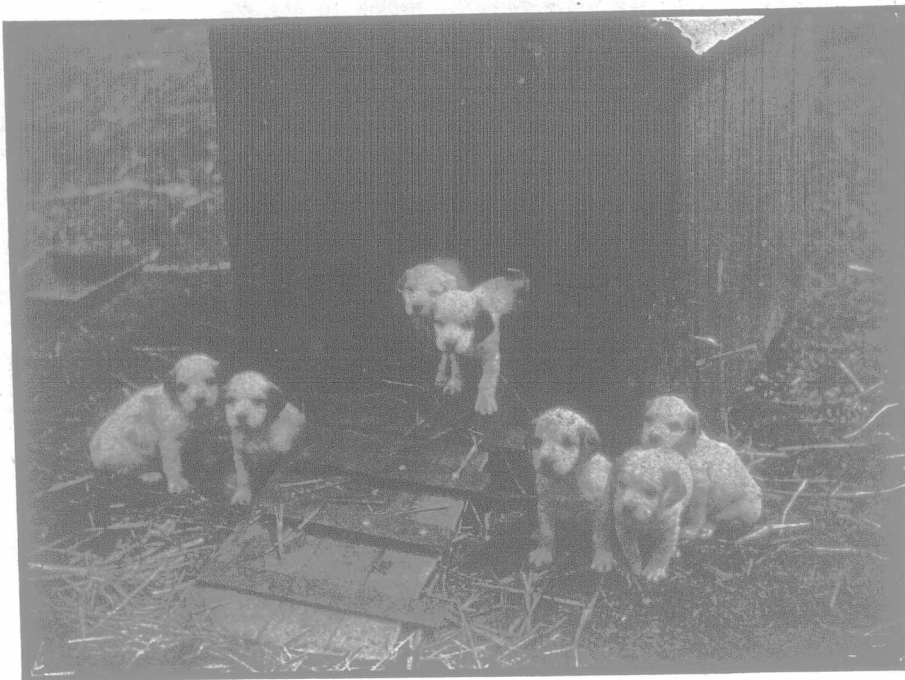
HOPE.

The Beaver Circle

Lines by Lord Byron, on the death of his dog, "Boatswain."

"When some proud son of man returns to earth,

Unknown to glory but upheld by birth,
The sculptor's art exhausts the pomp of woe,



Ready for Play.

having these, and laugh and grow and pass from understanding unto understanding, thanking God for giving him the chance to be."

One who is facing the great mystery—and knows he will soon pass through the veil—has this great advantage over the healthy people who pity him in his weakness. He can weigh earthly gain more justly, valuing it very little. The praise of men seems a trifling matter to one who is called before the bar of the Great Judge, and a dying millionaire knows that his wealth would be a very small price to pay in exchange for the health which a cowboy enjoys so unthinkingly and lightly.

This message of good cheer left behind by the man who dared to say, as death drew very near: "I cannot regret that I have had tuberculosis," ends with these words: "To draw the veil from the beyond, is not for man to do. But if there is a soul that can go through that veil without a tremor of the lip, it is he to whom tuberculosis has brought its greatest teaching. With W. E. Henley, he, above all others, may with understanding, say:

"What is to come we know not; but we know
That what has been, was good—was good
to show
Better to hide, and best of all to bear."

It is a great thing to hide troubles and bear them without a whine. Let no

And storied urns record who rest below;
When all is done, upon the tomb is seen
Not what he was, but what he should
have been:

But the poor dog, in life the firmest friend,
The first to welcome, foremost to defend,

Whose honest heart is still his master's own,
Who labors, fights, lives, breathes for him alone,"

Unhonored falls, unnoticed all his worth,
Denied in heaven the soul he held on earth;

While man, vain insect! hopes to be forgiven,
And claims himself a sole, exclusive heaven.

Ye, who perchance behold this simple urn,

Pass on—it honors none you wish to mourn:

To mark a Friend's remains these stones arise:

I never knew but one—and here he lies."

"Near this spot,
Are deposited the remains of one
Who possessed Beauty without Vanity,
Strength without Insolence,
Courage without Ferocity,
And all the Virtues of man without his Vices.

This Praise which would be unmeaning Flattery

If inscribed over human ashes,
Is but a just tribute to the Memory of
BOATSWAIN—A DOG."

A True Story.

I have all my life been an enthusiastic lover of dogs, and have seldom been without from one to three in the house, always eager to join us in our sports and rambles through the woods. Oh, the jolly times we have had. We were living in the country, some years ago, and about a mile from us was a large wood, cut by a deep ravine with an old sawmill at the top from which ran a rapid stream, bordered with a luxuriance of moss, ferns, and in the season, such a wealth of lovely wild flowers; it was a paradise for us children and the two dogs, Thetis and Cadeau, who were in the seventh heaven of delight hunting chipmunks and digging holes for various mice, etc. One spring, Thetis, a beautiful Newfoundland, had a litter of puppies. One day, when they were only a few days old, we started off on one of our rambles to the woods, and when Thetis saw us starting, she could not resist the temptation to follow, and came joyously along to have a share in the fun. On we all went, getting a wealth of treasure in our handkerchiefs, which we always gave to Thetis to carry for us. This day, as usual, we gave her the bundle containing our various finds, but when we started for home the load was not to be found. She had dropped it somewhere in the woods, and as her puppies were her first consideration, we did not urge her to go back for it, and the circumstance was forgotten. What was our surprise, next morning, when we went to visit her little family, to see there, in the middle of the nest, the bundle, which she must have gone out a couple of miles in the middle of the night to find. The little bundle had been given into her charge, and although she could not wait at the time to find it, it must have been on her conscience. She knew that she was responsible for it, and at the first possible moment had gone to redeem her trust. Who would deny that a dog has conscience, reason and memory.

A. C. B.

"Amid all the forms of life that surround us," says Maeterlinck, "not one, excepting the dog, has made an alliance with us. A few creatures fear us, most are unaware of us, and not one loves us."

Junior Beavers' Letter Box.

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

Dear Puck and Beavers,—This is the second time I have written to you. My first letter was in print. I am going to tell you about my grandmother's cat. My grandfather took it about seven miles away on the fourth of March. In a week afterwards that cat came home. In summer the cat is wild. They could not get him to come near the house. He is an egg-eater, too. It goes around in summer-time stealing eggs at night, and that is the reason my grandmother doesn't like it. This is all about the cat.

I saw a picture of a beaver at work, and a story. It was an interesting story, and will be glad to hear some more about wild animals by Victor Woolfings. This is all. Good-bye Beavers.

HAROLD PLAIN (age 11, Sr. II).
Sarnia Res.

Dear Beavers,—This is my first letter to your Circle. My father takes "The Farmer's Advocate." He began to take it only this year, and he likes it very much.

I go to school nearly every day. There are two departments in our school. I am in the second department. I am in the First English reader, and in the Second French reader. We have two good teachers in our school. One of the teachers boards at my home. The school is about half a mile from my home, and I walk home to dinner every day. I have two little rabbits; they are great pets. They are black and white, and very fat. I like them because they make faces at me when I look at them. I have also a nice pussy cat to play with. We have three horses; their names are Prince, Dick, and John. Well, as this is my first letter to your Circle, I will close, hoping the w.-p. b. is not