

sometimes have fancied that God had no world except this which is visible to us. The visible things—things which change and pass away before our eyes—have a way of crowding out the remembrance of the eternal and invisible realities (realities which we call "invisible" because we are too blind to see them). God's call is still unheeded by the busy crowd, as it was when He said, through His messenger, Isaiah: "When I called, ye did not answer; when I spake, ye did not hear; but did evil before Mine eyes, and did choose that wherein I delighted not. Therefore, thus saith the Lord GOD, Behold My servants shall eat, but ye shall be hungry":

If we go hungry, whose fault is it? If we are worried about many things, it is because we don't turn to God for help. He never forgets us, but we forget Him very often. It is strange that we can fix our attention so persistently on earthly ambitions when we know that any moment we may have to drop all that we have worked so hard for, when we know that in a few years we must die and leave money and fame behind. When God calls a member of our own family through the veil, we are shaken out of our indifference about the world beyond it. I am sitting now in the churchyard that surrounds the ancient Priory church, and close beside me is a stone engraved with the names of two lads, aged 15 and 17. One died Jan. 5, 1888, and the other Jan. 22, 1888. Beneath the names is the simple inscription: "Thy will be done."

Men and women may speak lightly of religion when everything is smooth and easy, but when two dear children pass out of their sight within a month, and the father and mother can be one in spirit as they say, "Thy will be done," then death has lost its sting, and the sorrow becomes bearable. I have seen it, and I know.

But when a dear friend is called to go up higher, God does not intend us to be separated from him. Death is only a shadow, a misty veil. We can't see through it, but the communion of saints is a glorious reality. If we can't speak directly to our friend, we can speak to Christ, Who can speak to him. With Christ for the Living bond of union, we can keep at least as near to our friend as before—and the fellowship should grow stronger all the time, as we gain more and more of the Life of Christ. Especially can we clasp the hand of our friend when we "enter into the holiest" by the way which Christ has made for us, "through the veil, that is to say, His flesh." In the Lord's Supper, we are made one with Christ, and so enter into closer fellowship with our friend, who is also in Christ. We are called to go, in spirit, through the veil, we are come even now "unto Mount Zion . . . and to the spirits of just men made perfect."—(Heb. xii: 22, 23.)

In the beautiful allegorical play, "The Blue Bird," which has gone to the hearts of the English people, two little children are seeking the Blue Bird of Happiness. They are sent first to search the land of Memory, and there they find their dear old grandparents and three brothers and three sisters who have passed through the veil. These—in the play—are asleep, except when someone on earth is thinking of them, then they wake up and talk to them as tenderly as in the old days. The old grandfather tells the little boy that no one has thought of them since "All Hallows," so they have never been able to wake up, and have not been able to talk to anyone.

Of course, this is only a fanciful idea, but it is true that we are cold and neglectful if we forget the dear friends who have gone before us, the friends who are living and loving on the other side of death. If they went to Australia, and we never sent them a message, never wrote a letter, and soon let them drop out of our thoughts, how our neglect would hurt them. They may be out of sight, but should not be out of touch. We should write and look eagerly for letters, and we should keep constantly in more swift communication with them by what has been called "the overhead route"—

"Christ with them and Christ with me. And so together still are we."

God never wants to separate loving hearts—I am quite sure of that. It is through our own carelessness or cold neg-

lect that we slowly drift apart. One person may agree with the miserable saying: "Out of sight, out of mind." Another rejoices to prove again the truth of the proverb: "Absence makes the heart grow fonder." It depends on ourselves which of those old sayings is fulfilled in our case.

One day last week I visited an old house which belonged to relatives of mine a hundred years ago. It is now rented by a widow and her children. This lady showed me over the house, and then she began to tell me about her husband. He had been enslaved by a craving for drink which took possession of him, though he fought against it. He went one day to the Doncaster races and did not come home at night. Day after day she waited and he did not return. She made many inquiries, but could hear nothing. She said she would have gone mad if it had not been for prayer. Again and again, through the long days and anxious nights, she went down on her knees and

ing is an acceptable prayer, I fail to see how He can be displeased when we tell Him, as simply as a child, what we wish, trusting Him to supply all our need. St. Paul says that we are to be anxious about nothing, but in "every thing" to let our requests be "made known" unto God.—(Phil. iv: 6.) Over and over again in the Bible the command to pray, and the promises of answers to believing prayer, are repeated. But, if there is one place where we are forbidden to pray for those who have passed through the veil, I do not know it. Certainly our Lord's parable of the rich man and Lazarus, declares most plainly that those who have passed out of our sight still ask, in definite petition, for help to be sent to brothers on earth. If a selfish sinner was so eagerly praying for his friends, is it likely that an unselfish saint could be forgetful?

Our Lord's promise—"Whatsoever ye shall ask the Father, in My Name, He will give it you . . . ask, and ye shall

have you?" Give me the "chap" who can work and whistle and sing all day in the field, if necessary, and who can help himself if an accident happens. We want mainly, useful boys in Canada, not "sissies,"—boys who can work with a will, and play with a will, and whose aim is to be able to do whatever they have to do well.

I wonder how many of you have workshops of your own, or even a corner of one. If most of you haven't, there is always a bit of spare space in the barn, so I need not stop what I am about to say because of any lack of workshops. Fall is here, you see, and, of course, you will have plenty to do getting in potatoes and apples, mangels and turnips. And yet it is almost plumb sure that there will be some Saturdays just so cold and wet that you cannot think of working out of doors,—you know the kind of day,—drip, drip, drip, from morning till night, with nothing to do but feel out of humor.

Now, here is where the workshop comes in—or the barn. For pity's sake don't stay about the house in bad humor, running in and out and spoiling the kitchen floor with muddy shoes. Try going out to your workshop, and doing something, and just see how quickly the time will fly, and how much more manly you will feel than if you sit indoors about the stove.

You don't know what you can do? Well, that is just what I want to tell you. Get some packing boxes, some nails, and a can of stain or paint—you can make a fairly good stain, by the way, by mixing tube paint with turpentine; now, borrow from your father a saw, claw-hammer, gimlet, or small auger, and plane, and you are all set up for work.

What I wish to suggest is that you make some furniture for your own or someone else's room, and here are some fairly easy pieces to begin upon.

Bookcase.—Get three boards such as cloth is wound on in stores. String empty spools on strong wires or cord, and fasten the boards together by passing the wire or cord through gimlet holes bored for the purpose. Paint the whole brown, cream, pale green, gray-blue; in fact, any color that suits the room. When dry, place the case on a table, or hang it on the wall.

Window Stand.—Make two strong brackets of wood (or use iron ones if you have them), fasten a shelf across the top, paint or stain the whole. When dry, fix in position in front of a window, and use either as a work-table or flower-stand.

Bedroom Seat.—Take an old trunk with a flat top, or a stout box with a lid. Line the inside with satin, if you choose, or leave it bare if the boards are smooth. Pad the outside with some batting, and cover with cretonne or denim, strapped down with braid and brass-headed tacks. If you have to make the lid, fix hinges on it. You will find this box handy for keeping clothes in, as well as to sit upon.

Another Bookcase.—Get two smooth, planed boards of the same size and width to serve as the ends of the bookcase. Between them fit shelves of the required number, placing a board right across for the top. Now, all around the top tack some wooden moulding, such as is used for finishing wall paper, and which may be bought for very little, if unstained. Stain or paint the whole, and you will have a very nice bookcase at very little cost. If the above seems too hard, simply set three boxes of the same shape and size, long, narrow ones, one on top of the other. Sandpaper smooth, stain or paint inside and out, and, if you like, add a tiny brass rod and an art muslin curtain to protect the books from the dust.

A Music-holder.—Make a small case, exactly like the above, only very much smaller. Be sure to have the shelves wide enough to hold the sheets of music. Fasten the holder firmly to the wall.

Paper Rack.—Get a piece of fine wire poultry-yard netting. Turn it up at one end to form the rack, fastening it at the curve with picture-cord or tape, or fine, new rope, which may be twisted all round the edge and frayed at the ends to form tassels.

Washstand.—Take two long, narrow boxes of the same size, and about the height you want. Fit shelves into them crosswise, then stand the boxes on end, and a little apart to leave a space be-



A New Ontario Women's Institute.

Some of the women of this Institute, at Hilliardstown, come five miles to attend the meetings. Evidently, they bring the bairnies, too.

prayer to the Father who loved them both to bring back her husband to her. And at last he came. It was a stormy night, nearly a week from the time he had disappeared, when she heard a knock at the door and opened it to admit a broken-hearted and dying man. Before morning he had passed through the veil, gone out into the mystery beyond—the mystery which is not dark, for it is filled with the sunshine of the Father's Love. And we know how His love can raise and inspire a prodigal son.

That was six months ago, and the faithful wife is planning to visit her husband's grave on his birthday, taking with her a cross of flowers from the old-fashioned garden. She loved him in spite of his weakness and sin, and she knew that her love was only the reflection of the Love in the Heart of God for her husband. The Good Shepherd had said that He would seek each straying sheep "until He found it," and she was trusting Him. She told me that many times a day she asked God to bless her husband, and she said she was quite sure that he also prayed for her. He had tried to do right, but had been too weak to conquer his besetting sin. She did not know what might be the conditions of life on the other side of death, but she was sure that, as her love was not killed by death, God's love—which was infinite—was still helping them both to climb, still holding them together in undying fellowship. The serene radiance of her face showed that this confidence in the unseen Friend was no new thing in her experience. It takes many years to stamp such an expression on a face.

But some will say, "I dare not pray for the dead; what authority have we for such a practice?"

Is it wrong to think tenderly of those whom we call "dead"?—they are certainly alive, you know. Is it wrong to look up into Christ's face and wish most earnestly that they may grow like Him in holiness? And is not that to pray for them? Prayer does not need words. If we desire their perfecting, then that desire most certainly rises up like incense before the Throne, and is accepted as a prayer by God. And if a wordless long-

receive,"—is repeated again and again. It certainly is not limited by any statement that we must only ask for gifts for this earthly life.

I, for one, know that His promise is as far-reaching as His love; and if death could kill His love for a sinner, then it would not be infinite love at all.

DORA FARNCOMB

The Beaver Circle.

[All children in second part and second books, will write for the Junior Beavers' Department. Those in third and fourth books, also those who have left school, or are in High School, between the ages of 11 and 15, inclusive, will write for Senior Beavers'. Kindly state book at school, or age, if you have left school, in each letter sent to the Beaver Circle.]

Some Real Furniture that Boys Can Make.

Were you at Toronto Exhibition, boys? And did you stand a long time looking at the manual-training exhibits of furniture, etc., made by boys of your age? If so, didn't you feel like throwing up your hat and yelling, "Three Cheers for Stratford!"—such fine things the Stratford lads have turned out! Yet we must not forget that last year Brantford had quite as good an exhibit, and that in all of the manual-training schools in the country, young Canadians are learning to train eye and hand, to become handy and capable, and even to provide their homes with chairs, tables and foot-stools, just as good, perhaps, as those shown at the Big Fair.

Now, perhaps few of you country boys are able to take real manual-training lessons, and yet, boys—have you ever thought of it?—every time you measure a bit of land, fix up the old roller when it has been broken, mend a whiffletree, or do any of the thousand things that come up to be done on a farm, you are getting manual-training lessons, "learning to train eye and hand, and to be capable and handy." I haven't much to say for a boy who can't handle tools,