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Let us be honest in this matter. Are we satisfied to "call" ourselves Christians, only, or is our everyday life really lived under the direction of our Captain?

Yesterday evening a young man called to see me—one of "The Advocate" readers—who is preparing to go out to Africa as a missionary. I never saw him before, but I feel sure that he is one of the men to whom Christ has spoken, saying: "I have called you friends."

This morning I received a letter from another of our readers, enclosing a dollar for some needy child—which I have already passed on to a mother who has been in bed for many months, suffering from incurable disease, and who has the burden of poverty as well as sickness to bear. She told me to thank her unknown friend for the gift, which will help to provide needed clothing for her young children. I don't know the name of my correspondent, but I am sure Christ has called her "friend."

In her letter she reminded me that, "in the sweet by-and-by," I shall have the great pleasure of shaking hands with many who, week by week, meet me in spirit in our special corner of the Ingle Nook. All the friends of Christ are—or should be—one in spirit with His other friends. Is it surprising that I enjoyed shaking hands with the bright-faced young soldier of the Cross who is going to carry light to the Dark Continent?

To-day I saw a poor woman on the street-car hold out her ticket persistently to a conductor who did not notice her in the crowd. He passed her several times, but at last she attracted his attention, and was able to pay for her ride. Most people seem to think there is no dishonesty in "stealing" a ride on a car, or at least accepting it as an unintentional gift from the Company. But Christ's command is: "Render to all their due," and that shabbily-dressed woman—who looked pale and overworked—evidently thought it was better to "keep His word" than to save a street-car fare. I feel sure He will own her as one of His "friends" before His Father and the angels.

The friends of Christ are the people who do whatsoever He commands, not only on Sunday, but every day in the week, but His commands are not the same to all. Everyone is not told to go to Africa; everyone is not sent out to preach and teach.

The man of business can show his friendship for Christ by honesty in all his dealings, and kindness towards his employees. The farmer can be thoughtful and considerate at home, and obliging to his neighbors. We all are commanded to be truthful and honorable, paying our debts as promptly as possible, and accepting hardships without making a fuss. We are soldiers of the "Cross," and followers of the "Crucified"; and yet we shrink back in cowardly fear when a real cross is offered to us. We belong to the Great Army of Christ, an Army which contains a great multitude of heroes and martyrs—how ashamed we ought to be of our complaints and groans over trifling pains and troubles!

The King is our friend—but how can we presume to offer our friendship to the King of kings? He saw the difficulty, and desired our friendship so much that He became a village carpenter. Can we refuse our friendship when He holds out toil-hardened hands to clasp ours? We have everything to gain from fellowship with One so holy and so loving. Listen!

"Born within a lowly stable, where the cattle round Me stood,
Trained a carpenter in Nazareth, I have toiled and found it good.
They who tread the path of labor, follow where My feet have trod;
They who work without complaining, do the holy Will of God."

Those who do whatsoever He commands are the friends of Christ.

DORA FARNCOMB.

The weariness and sadness of life comes from persistently closing our eyes to its greatness. There is no life so poor as that which, through too close a grasp of visible things, has lost all conscious hold upon unseen realities. Lifted into the atmosphere of infinite Greatness, the soul itself grows great; unfolded within the Perfect Love, the life itself becomes love.—Lucy Larcom.

The Beaver Circle

Our Junior Beavers.

Puggins and Poppett.

By Robert Seaver.

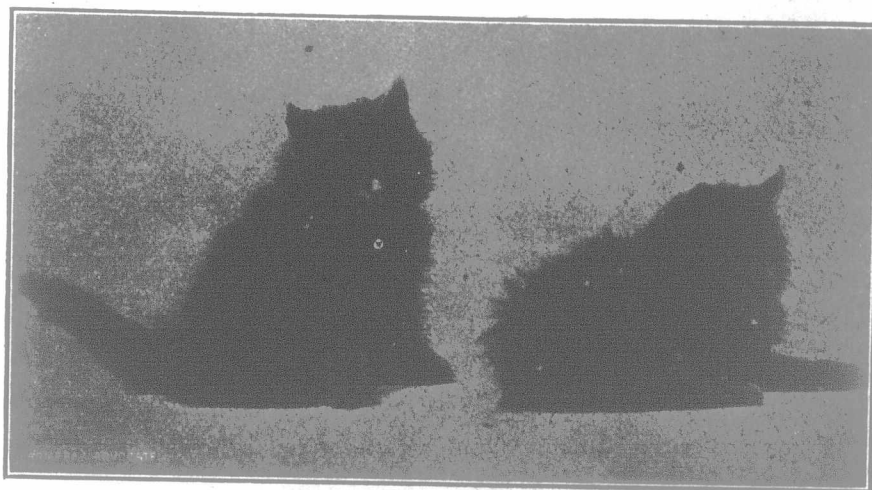
"Well, well, what's the matter, Tiddle Toddle Toddlekins?" said big brother Dick, as he saw his small sister sitting in the big armchair, looking very disconsolate.

"O Dick," said the little girl, whose name was really Gertrude, but who was called "Trudie" for short, and "Tiddle Toddle Tooddlekins" when Dick wanted

kitty's mouth. He then pressed the rubber end of the dropper, and kitty tasted the warm milk in her mouth. How she did claw and struggle to get more milk!

Trudie held her in her arms and Dick fed her milk until she was satisfied. Then Trudie put her back in the box, and the other kitten was fed in the same way. Trudie fed them milk in this way for several days, until they learned to drink milk out of a saucer.

The kittens are sleek, grown-up cats now, and well able to take care of themselves. They have forgotten all about how they used to take milk out of a medicine-dropper, but Trudie has not forgotten, and she thinks Dick is



Puggins and Poppett.

to tease a little. "I'm so worried about Puggins and Poppett, the little kittens Mrs. Spencer gave me. Their mother died, and the poor little things are too young to drink milk themselves. We must find some way to feed them, but I've tried all sorts of things, and I can't teach them to drink. They are getting so thin I don't know what to do."

Dick thought a minute, and then he said, "Come on, Trudie; I know the very thing." He ran up-stairs to his room, and pretty soon came back with something in his hand. "Now," he said, "come out where the kittens are, and let's see if I can get them to drink."

the nicest brother in the world. I rather think that Puggins and Poppett think so, too.—Youth's Companion.

Junior Beavers' Letter Box.

Hello Puck and Beavers,—Here I come back to your dear Circle. We are pretty busy at school now, but I must take time to write to this dear Circle. Our teacher is very nice; his name is Mr. Wickham. He took some of his scholars down to Harrison's Park on Friday afternoon. He shows us how to play games. The games we generally play are hide-and-go-seek, tag, clap in and clap out, and a great many others.



Surely Prizewinners.

First they went to the kitchen and heated a cup of milk, not really hot, but just nice and warm. Then Dick and Trudie went out to the shed, where the two little motherless kittens were in their box. Really, they were very thin, for, as Trudie said, they had eaten nothing for two days. Dick took one of the kittens up, and then Trudie saw that what he had in his hand was a nice, new, clean fountainpen filler or medicine-dropper. He filled the dropper with the warm milk and put one end in

The railway track runs through our farm. We have nine head of cattle and three horses and two colts. One is called Dora and Jack. We have not many pigs. I think I will close, and leave some room for the rest of the Beavers. Bye-bye.

Owen Sound, Ont. CLARA CLARK.

Dear Puck and Beavers,—This is my first letter to the Beaver Circle. My father has taken "The Farmer's Advo-

cate" for a number of years, and I like reading the Beaver Circle letters very much. I go to school every day. We live only a half a mile from school. We had a little concert. Our teacher gave us prizes. I got two, one for being head of my class, the other for not missing a day all year. I am taking music lessons. I am learning to bake. I baked a cake and took it to the picnic. I must close.

Cheesley, Ont. FREEDA MANERY.
(Age 8, Book III.)

Dear Puck and Beavers,—I have never written to your Circle before, so I won't write a very long letter. For pets I have a cat and a dog. The cat's name is Fuzzy. The dog's name is Collie. My father has taken "The Farmer's Advocate" for as long as I can remember. I like reading the Beavers' letters very much. I am eight years old. I am in the senior second class at school. As my letter is getting long, I will close.

Sparta, Ont. EDNA SMITH.

Dear Puck and Beavers,—I thought I would write to the Circle. I never wrote before, so I hope it escapes the w.-p.-b. My father started to take "The Farmer's Advocate" this spring. I like to read the letters in the Beaver Circle. I go to school every day. I have gone to school three years. I guess I will write some riddles.

What goes round the house and round the house, and peeps in every hole? Ans.—The sun.

What is it has eyes and can't see? Ans.—A potato.

What has an ear and can't hear? Ans.—Corn.

What is the funniest animal in the world? Ans.—A poet, because his tale comes out of his head.

HUGH C. BLAIR.
Westfield P. O., Ont., Can.
(Age 9, Book Jr. III.)

Dear Puck and Beavers,—This is the first time I have ever written to your Circle. I like to read the letters of the Beaver Circle. My father has taken "The Farmer's Advocate" ever since I can remember. I have one sister and two brothers. I have to walk one mile to school. I love my teacher, Miss Johnston, very dearly. I have lots of pets, a little colt, a rabbit, calf, chickens, turkeys. All my pets follow me everywhere. I have two kittens. I must not leave them out, or if they hear they might feel bad. I would like some one of the Beavers about my age to correspond with me.

Yours truly,
ANELLA E. WIGLE.
Ruthven, Ont., R. R. No. 1.
(Age 9, Jr. II. Class.)

Dear Puck and Beavers,—My father has taken "The Farmer's Advocate" for eighteen years. I like to read the Beaver Circle. I have one brother and one sister. I go to school nearly every day. My teacher's name is Miss McLachlin. There are twenty-one pupils going to our school. I have two miles and a half to walk to school. I live on a two-hundred acre farm. We have eleven horses and twenty-six head of cattle. We have a litter-carrier in our stables, and it is very handy. For pets I have two dogs and a kitten. As this is my first letter I will not make it too long. I will close with a riddle.

What song has no words? Ans.—The song the teakettle sings.

KENNETH GORDON.
Southwold, Ont. (Age 11.)

Dear Puck and Beavers,—My father gets "The Farmer's Advocate", and I like reading the Beaver Circle very much. As this is my first letter I will not make it too long. As my father is not a farmer, I cannot tell much about the farm. My father is a printer. But I know a little about farming. I was to Picton the other year where my uncle owned a farm. I saw the binders, the mowers, the threshers and other machinery. I will close with a riddle.

There's a little brown house; in that brown house is a white house; in that white house is a pool.

I will give the answer next time I write.

ROLAND G. BARRET.
Newfoundland. (Age 8.)