

prayer, she longed for the world to be healed of wickedness, and her prayers reached very far. Sir Galahad has inspired a great multitude of men with high aspirations after a life of radiant whiteness; and that quiet woman, whose name is unknown to fame, inspired Sir Galahad. She saw a vision of perfect fellowship between God and man, and between man and man, a vision of LOVE coming down from heaven to burn with its pure flame in the hearts of men. When she found a knight whose love was one with hers, she bound a sword-belt on him and sent him forth on his high mission, saying:

"I, maiden, round thee, maiden, bind my belt.  
Go forth, for thou shalt see what I have seen,  
And break thro' all, till one will crown thee king  
Far in the spiritual city: and as she spake  
She sent the deathless passion in her eyes  
Thro' him, and made him hers, and laid her mind  
On him, and he believed in her belief."

How often we hear that men are indifferent to religion; that they stay at home and read the papers, leaving the women to go to church alone. And yet the highest spiritual teaching comes from men, not only through sermons, but through books and hymns, and—greatest force of all—the power of holy living. The Pattern Life was the life of a Man. Perhaps Christian women are working enthusiastically, like Martha, when they could accomplish far more by sitting at the feet of Christ and praying for the perfecting of those they love.

What measure of perfection have you set your heart on? Is it enough for you to pray that one you love should climb some distance up the mount of holiness, and then sit down contented with his attainment? Or are you praying bravely that he may obey God's call, even though it be to a cross of pain? Do you really want him to devote all his powers to the great work of drawing the world into a clearer knowledge of God? If you want him to be perfect, as your Father in heaven is perfect, then your opportunity is always at hand. Prayer—the prayer of one whose hand is clasped close in the hand of the Great Intercessor—is the mightiest force imaginable. If we ask the thing that God Himself desires, then—as St. John tells us—"we know that we have the petitions that we desired of Him." What matter is it if we do not see the result of our prayer immediately? The farmer does not lose hope for his apple orchard because there is no fruit the year the young trees are planted. A mother does not think her prayers that her child may lead many souls nearer to God are wasted, because she has to wait for the visible fulfilment of her prayer.

We are all made in the image of God, and, therefore, we can never be satisfied to stop in our climbing, can never rest until we have carried out our Lord's command to be perfect as our Father in heaven is perfect—even though we have to climb on through all eternity, to reach that infinite height.

In the Tabernacle, there was a heavy veil before the Holy of Holies, as a sign that sin was a barrier between man and God. When the Great Sacrifice was completed, that barrier was torn down by God Himself—how He must have rejoiced when that new and living way was new-made for us (Heb. x. 20, margin). Now, the way into Heaven itself is open, and we can draw near in full assurance of faith, if we are one with Christ, the true High Priest. The Way is open—Christ is the Living Way—why is it that we are too much engrossed with business or pleasure to take advantage of it? If the value of our prayers—their reality and power—determines more than anything else the measure of our own progress, and the help we are giving to others, then it is no wonder that our progress is slow. We submit to live in a rush, and prayer because we don't prize it as we should—is too often put aside for a more convenient season. And then we are weak, and the people we want to help and ought to help, are weak too. The Way is open, and God wants to supply all our need, but we are too busy to think of Him. We may not be slothful in business, but we are very apt to fail in being fervent in spirit before the Lord, rejoicing in

hope; patient in tribulation, continuing instant in prayer." Bishop Brent, in "Adventure for God," declares that sloth, in these strenuous days, "usually takes on the form of a lack of balance in which worship is outstripped by action. It is the great unseen stretches of life that are most endangered by the spirit of the age. The part of life lived in the public eye is kept up to pitch, but we are too weary, or worried, or preoccupied, to take time to become personally acquainted with the eternal verities. We do not plan for deep excursions into the sphere that lies less than a hand's breadth from our 'prie-dieu.' Or in moral matters we are not curious enough to try just how high we can climb in the scale of goodness."

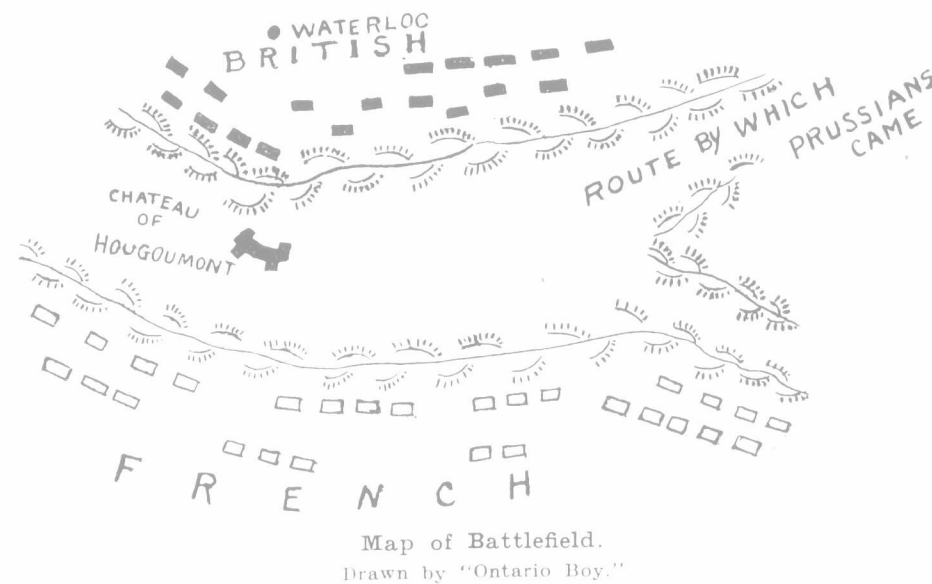
No life need be weak or confined within narrow limits. Every day can be full of joyous interests. Prayer is like the magic carpet in the old wonder story. On its wings we can go anywhere, touch anyone, and do mighty works, unseen and unknown. Those who are sick or crippled, may reach out and strengthen the hands of God's warriors in the uttermost parts of the earth. Those who feel their own weakness, may be thrilled through and through with the power of God. Prayer is the most practical work on earth—let us do it with all our might.

DORA FARNCOMB.

## The Beaver Circle.

[All children 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.]

Dear Beavers,—You have had to exercise patience in waiting for the results of your competition on the Battle of Waterloo, but so very many essays were received, that the task of judging was slow and difficult. Indeed, the work sent by



Map of Battlefield.  
Drawn by "Ontario Boy."

those whose names appear in the first half of the Honor Roll, was so close in merit to that of those who proved the prize-winners, that it was necessary to mark very sharply. Had it been possible, indeed, we should have been glad to send prizes broadcast. We are proud of you, Beavers, for your splendid work. You who won places on the Honor Roll may, indeed, be congratulated, almost as much as you who came in first of all.

Prizewinners (the prizes are equal):

Thaddeus Sieniewicz, Fairview, Halifax, N. S.  
Raymond Evans, Norham, Ont.  
Ontario Boy, Peterboro, Ont.  
Sam Cordingley, Lisgar, Ont.  
Albert E. Rosser, Denfield, Ont.  
James N. Corry, Britton, Ont.

Of these, the last two excelled in giving preliminary explanations; Sam Cordingley gave evidence of original thinking on the subject, the other three were written with much literary excellence, those of Thaddeus Sieniewicz and Raymond Evans being especially graphic descriptions of the battle itself, while Ontario Boy helped his by a very fine map of the field.

Honor Roll.—Harold Church, Ralph Wallace, Willie McKee, Ernest Williams, Gladys Fridmore, Josephine Johnson, Marion Weston, W. Elbes, M. Strangway, Roy Kennedy, Mildred Smith, Hazel

Greene, Marion MacLeod, Florabel Johnston, Jean MacRae, Margaret Coun, Leonard Condy, "Abbie," Pearl Pounder, Harold Ermel, Mary Morse, Bert Third, Tom Patrick, Leslie Houston, John Baigent, James Atkinson, Jack Reid, Salem Thomson, Nina Kelly, W. McPherson, Sydney O'Brien, Hillis Keyes, Innes MacFarlane, Mary Wills, Edward Keys, Gladys Adams, Alroy MacLeod, a typewritten essay—no name signed, Orval Becksted, Leonard Henderson, Bruce Learn, Rachel Ellison, Geraldine Carkner, Vernon Augustine, Edith Hyde, Velma Bingham, Etta Annett, Mabel Wagner, Louise Fowler, Charles Patterson, N. McKinney, Essel Willard, Willie Wilson, Hazel Moore, Jean Rentoul, Florence Hooper, Lillian Griffiths, Kathleen Ware, Kathleen Murray, Alice Venning, Frank Chapman, Willie Dunn, Mae McDonald, Mabel McCusan, Grace Burleigh, Luella Parrott, Bruce Barkley, Tom Harrison, Annie Farr, David McCarter, Fred Boyd.

We cannot publish all of the prize essays to-day. The rest will appear later.

### "Waterloo, June 18, 1815."

(Prize Essay.)

After the defeat of the French at Leipzig, October 13, 1813, the allied armies of Russia, Austria, Prussia, Sweden and England, entered Paris, and Napoleon was banished to the Island of Elba. After eleven months, however, came the startling news that he had escaped, and had landed in France. His old soldiers flocked to his standard, and in a very short time he found himself at the head of two hundred and fifty thousand men. The British and Prussian armies, which were scattered about at various points, hastened to unite and crush Napoleon, but he, with his usual ingenuity, planned to defeat them before they could unite their forces. He divided his army into two parts, and, at the head of eighty thousand men, marched to Ligny and inflicted a severe defeat on the Prussians. On the same day, Marshal Ney, with

from the Prussian General, Blücher. The battle began between 11 and 12 o'clock, with a fierce attack on Hougoumont, which was successfully defended by the British Guards. Napoleon then hurled his heavy columns against the British left, but was completely defeated. His third move was against the British center, which he tried to break by heavy artillery fire, and furious cavalry charges. But the British formed in squares, and foiled every attempt. This continued until about 5 o'clock in the afternoon, and at last,—

"The Prussian trumpet blew,  
Through the long tormented air,"

and Napoleon found himself menaced in rear and flank, by forty thousand Prussians. With one last effort, he resolved to break the British lines by one desperate charge of the Old Guard, and the six thousand veterans, led by Marshal Ney, were ordered to charge. Wellington saw the move, and ordered his artillery to load with grape shot and wait. As the French rushed up the slope, the command was given to fire, and a terrific volley swept the French ranks. Then came the single command, "charge!" The whole British army charged fiercely with the bayonet, and literally swept the French from the field.

The defeat was complete. The shattered French army broke and fled, and were pursued most of the night by the Prussians, who slaughtered them unmercifully. Napoleon, fearing death at the hands of the Prussians, surrendered himself to the captain of the British warship Bellerophon. He was banished to the lonely Isle of St. Helena, where he died, May 5, 1821.

ONTARIO BOY (age 16).

Peterboro Co., Ont.

### The Battle of Waterloo.

(Prize Essay.)

If it had not rained on the night between the 17th and 18th of June, 1815, the future of Europe would have been changed. Had the earth been dry and the artillery able to move, the action would have been won and over by 2 p.m., three hours before the Prussian interlude. Wellington had only 159 guns, while Napoleon had 240.

Those who wish to form a distinct idea of this battle, need only imagine a capital A on the ground. The left leg of the A is Neville's Road, the right one the Genappe Road, while the string of the A is the broken way running from Ohain to Briane T'Allend. The top of the A is Mont St. Jean, where Wellington is; the left lower point is Hougoumont, where Reille is with J. Bonaparte; the right lower point is La Belle Alliance, where Napoleon is. A little below the point where the string of the A meets and cuts the right leg is La Haye Sainte; and in the center of this string is the exact spot where the battle was concluded. At 4 p.m., the situation of the English army was serious. The Prince of Orange commanded the center, Hill the right, and Picton the left. The Prince of Orange shouted to the Dutch Belgians: "Nassau, Brunswick, never yield an inch!" When the English seized the French flag of the 150th line regiment, the French shot Picton. Hougoumont still held out, while La Haye Sainte was lost. About 4 o'clock the English line fell back all at once; nothing remained on the plain but the artillery and sharpshooters.

The English front withdrew. Wellington was falling back. "It is the beginning of the retreat," Napoleon cried. Napoleon sent a messenger to Paris to announce that the battle was gained. Napoleon gave orders to Milhaud's cuirassiers to carry the plain of Mont St. Jean. There were three thousand five hundred in number, and were mounted on horses. They formed twenty-six squadrons, and behind them they had as a support L. Desnouette's division. At 9 a.m., the whole army had admired them when they came up, with bugles sounding, while all the bands played, "Veillons au Saint de l'Empire." Now Ney placed himself at the head of the cuirassiers, and the mighty squadron started, while behind the crest of the plain, thirteen English squares, each of two battalions, and formed two deep, were waiting with their muskets for them.

When the French reached the culminating point of the crest, they noticed be-