

scenes. It tells how God walked and talked with men long ago, so that we may be certain of His Presence with us every day now.

But our needs and desires are complex, and it does not do to be possessed by one idea only. A man who is a doctor, and who thinks of nothing else but his profession all day and every day, is a failure as a doctor. He grows narrow, forgets that there are thousands of other interests in the world, and cannot understand even the diseases he is concentrating his whole mind upon, because he fails to understand the patients' habits and environment. It is the same with every other profession, no man can be a real success unless he reaches out in many directions. Part of his nature becomes blind and deaf, as Darwin is said to have deplored the fact that his intense concentration on science caused him to lose the power of appreciating poetry.

The Bible constantly rings out its reminder that God is with us, and yet it is not a book of one idea only. Its balance is as wonderful as its unity, when we remember that it was written by men—and men are constantly rushing to extremes. Take this matter of attending to business, for example. In one age of the world, men who were seeking God with all the heart thought that their only business was prayer; then the pendulum swayed to the other extreme, and earnest Christians were so enthusiastic in the service of God, in working for him and their fellows, that prayer was almost crowded out of their busy lives.

The truth is that service should be the outward expression of secret communion with God. As in our bodies, the blood rises into the lungs to be purified, and then quietly does its work, returning again and again to be cleansed and refreshed in order that it may be able to do its work properly; so a Christian comes into the Presence of his God to be cleansed and strengthened, and then goes out to work with energy and purity.

St. Paul tells the Thessalonians to attend to their own business, sternly saying that if any would not work, neither should he eat. It is the ordinary work of life which he is speaking of, and men are told to do with their might the work their hands find to do. There is a story told of a New England merchant who went to his pastor and said he was so filled with love to God and man that he wanted to devote all his time to telling the world about spiritual things. The pastor said: "No, go back to your store, and be a Christian over your counter. Sell goods for Christ, and let it be seen that a man may be a Christian in trade."

But notice the wonderful balance of Bible teaching. Our Lord warns us that worldly business—though it should be done with all diligence—must never take the first place in the heart. The kingdom of God and his righteousness must be sought "first," then earthly gains may come or go without upsetting the poise of the soul. In the parables of the "marriage of the King's Son," and of "The Great Supper," are described the people who are seeking first their earthly work and possessions. Those who despised the invitation to enjoy the good things provided by their king, thought that they were attending to their business when they went, "one to his farm, another to his merchandise." Those who were so ready with excuses, when bidden to a great supper, did not turn away because they wanted to do anything wicked. They were respectable citizens, each attending—or so he thought—to his own business. One was hindered by the claims of property. He did not question the claims of religion on his time and thoughts, but felt that the business of his real-estate came first in importance—"I have bought a piece of ground, and I must needs go and see it." Another had a great deal of work to do—the work of a busy, prosperous farmer: "I have bought five yoke of oxen, and I go to prove them," was his excuse. Another—probably an affectionate man—placed love for his wife and home before love to God: "I have married a wife, and therefore I cannot come."

We certainly need these parables in this busy and prosperous age. The claims of

work and pleasure are so engrossing, and our excuses for neglecting prayer, Bible-reading, church-going, alms-giving, etc., seem so very satisfactory when we offer them to our own uneasy conscience. Do these excuses sound quite so reasonable when we tell them out to God? He has placed us, His dear children, in the school of life, to learn lessons of trust, love, patience, courage, and joy. Our chief business on earth is to obey Him, and to keep constantly beside Him, so that we may grow more like our Father. The years slip past while we are toiling chiefly for earthly things—too engrossed with farm or merchandise, with work or pleasure, to have time for spiritual feasting. Opportunity to seek God "first," and do our daily work with and for Him, comes to us over and over again. But habit is a good servant and a bad master. If we form the habit of lifting the heart to God, many times during the day, it will become second nature—like the habit of sleeping with the window open all the year round. If we form the habit of living as if this life were all-important, and as if death could never stop our work and scatter our gains, it will grow harder and harder to change our point of view. The ruling passion is very apt to be strong in death. Let us see to it that our ruling passion is one that will look noble and glorious when death clears our vision, when ambition and avarice look very poor and mean. Let us enthusiastically attend to the business God has given

The Beaver Circle.

OUR SENIOR BEAVERS.

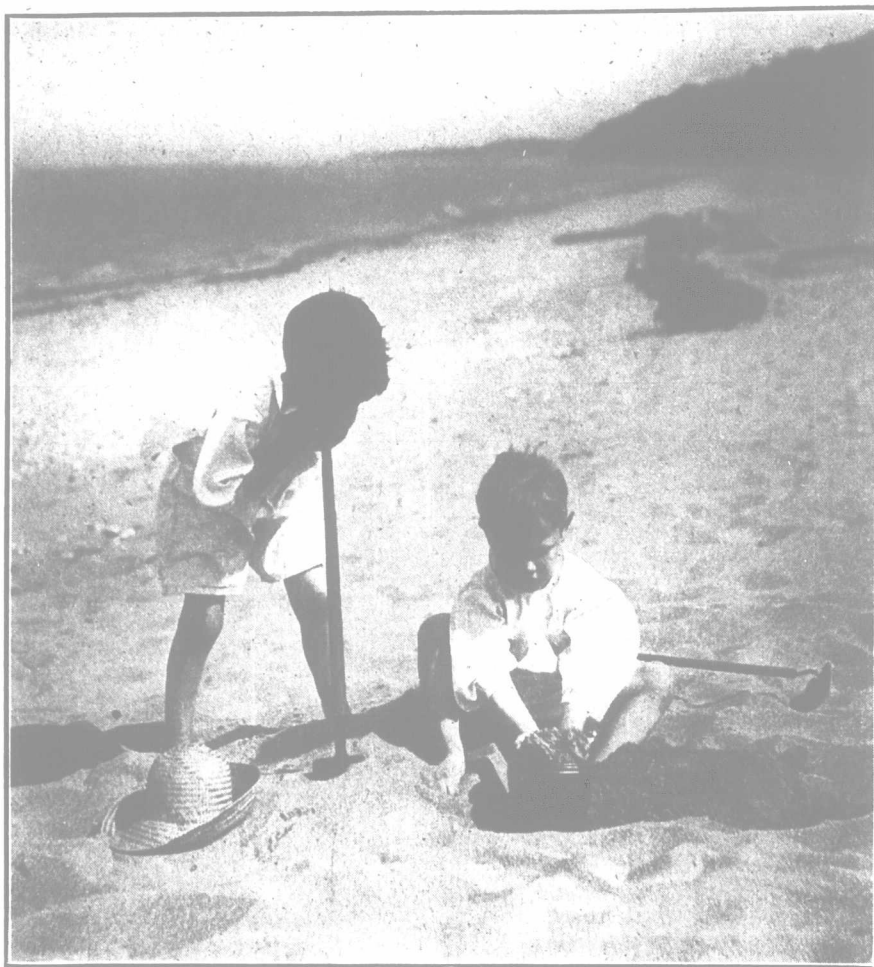
Remarks from the Pup.

She's taught me that I mustn't bark
At little noises after dark,
But just refrain from any fuss
Until I'm sure they're dangerous.
This would be easier, I've felt,
If noises could be seen or smelt.

She's very wise, I have no doubt,
And plans ahead what she's about;
Yet after eating, every day,
She throws her nicest bones away.
If she were really less obtuse
She'd bury them for future use.

But that which makes me doubt the most
Those higher powers that humans boast
Is not so much a fault like that,
Nor yet her fondness for the cat.
But on our pleasant country strolls
Her dull indifference to holes!

Oh, if I once had time to spend
To reach a hole's extremest end,
I'd grab it fast, without a doubt,
And promptly pull it inside out;
Then drag it home with all my power
To chew it in a leisure hour.



Fun Along the Shore.

into our hands, remembering that the very word "enthusiasm" means "God in" us. Let us form the habit of expecting God to work with our hands and through our lives. What is His plan for your life? He knows, what need is there for you to know? You know what He wants you to do for Him to-day; if you are attending to that business joyously, He will be able to do greater things through you to-morrow. It was said of a great man:

"He let 'To-morrow' bide its time,
And used 'To-day.'"

May I close with another quotation from Charles Kingsley, showing the blessing of common, everyday, humdrum, necessary business.

"Thank God every morning when you get up that you have something to do that must be done whether you like it or not. Being forced to do your best, will breed in you temperance, self-control, diligence, strength of will, content, and a hundred virtues that the idle will never know."

DORA FARNCOMB.

Of all the mistresses there are,
Mine is the loveliest by far—
Fain would I wag myself apart
If I could thus reveal my heart.
But on some things, I must conclude,
Mine is the saner attitude.
—Harper's Magazine.

Senior Beavers' Letter Box.

Dear Puck and Beavers,—One often hears of the instinct of animals. We have a Maltese cat about two years old. We named her Trix. She is very playful, and we think a lot of her. She has a little kitten. She generally leaves it in the stable, but sometimes I carry it to the house, and now she would like it to be at the house. Mamma and I were at town yesterday, and only papa and my little brother were at home. After we came home, Trix brought the kitten to the house. Papa said she didn't bother about it through the day. They said it was strange how she knew I was around. My grandma was staying with us for a few days. She left

my cousin Beatie to feed her hens and keep them out of the garden. They were so frightened of her that she could not go near them. She said she would fool them, and she did. Two or three times she dressed up as grandma, and she could go out amongst them without frightening them. They had been so used to grandma being around them that they were deceived.

JESSIE KENNEDY
(Sr. IV., 14 years).

Stirling Falls, Ont.

Dear Puck,—This is my first attempt to write to "The Farmer's Advocate," so I decided to write about the Farthest North. The Arctic Regions may be roughly described as a circle of about fourteen hundred miles from the North Pole. The intense cold and difficulties of ice navigation have made the discovery and examination of these regions a slow and hazardous task, so that millions of square miles are unknown. The first explorers were the hardy Norsemen, who discovered Greenland and Iceland before Columbus made his first voyage to the mainland of America. A long line of hardy sailors came after them, among whom we would name Cabot, Frobisher, Hudson, Baffin, the ill-fated Sir John Franklin; and the conquest of the North Pole has even been attempted by airship, but without success. The usual plan has been to push as far north as possible by ship until stopped by ice, then a chosen band of men, with dog-sleighs laden with provisions, take up the journey until lack of food compels them to turn back. I think I will close, for my letter is getting long. I hope it will escape the w.-p. b. Wishing the Circle every success.

JENNIE CALDER
(Age 11, Book Jr. IV.).

Dear Puck and Beavers,—As I have just finished reading your most interesting letters, I cannot resist the temptation of writing one also, but as this is my first letter to you, it will not be a very lengthy one. As I see there are a number of girls and boys in the Garden Competition, I should like to be one also. Last year I had a small garden of my own, and when it was so warm in July and August, I watered it every night, and every year I am going to enlarge it. This year it is a little larger than that in the former year, but it is not tended so regularly, as I am studying for my examination this month. I would like if some of the members of the Circle would communicate with me.

ROSA F. DAVIS.

Burnaby, Ont.

Your number is 45 on the Garden Competition list, Rosa.

Dear Puck and Beavers,—This is my first letter to the Beaver Circle. My brother takes "The Farmer's Advocate," and we all enjoy reading it. I have three sisters and three brothers. I have twin brothers; they look just alike. I take music lessons and go to school nearly every day. I think this letter will soon be long enough. I hope this will escape the terrible w.-p. basket. I wish the Circle every success.

EDNA A. BATES
Avoca, Ont. (Age 12, Gr. IV.).

Editor "The Beaver Circle":

Dear Puck,—I would like to join the Beaver Circle. My brother has been taking "The Farmer's Advocate" for about a year. Yours truly,

JOY HUSK (age 11).
Ulverton, Que., Box 9.

Certainly, Joy. Just write us an interesting letter and you will be a member of the Beaver Circle. Tell us folk of Ontario all about where you live.

Dear Puck and Beavers,—For some time I have been a silent but interested reader of the Beaver Circle. We have taken "The Farmer's Advocate" for about two years, and think it a very fine paper. I live in a small village in Oxford Co., Ont. I am very fond of reading, especially the "Elsie" books. I have not yet read "Anne of Green Gables," but would like to very much. I have about one mile and a half to walk to school. The road winds around a small lake, and the scenery there is