

it wearily down, and weaves it—with the work of our brothers and sisters—into His great world-plan. And how sad it would be if our careless, heartless, slovenly weaving should spoil His beautiful plan for us and for the world. Love is the golden thread which He wants us to weave into every day of our lives.

"Let us take to our hearts a lesson—no lesson can braver be—
From the ways of the tapestry weavers
on the other side of the sea.
Above their heads the pattern hangs, they study it with care;
The while their fingers deftly work, their eyes are fastened there.
They tell this curious thing, besides, of the patient and plodding weaver:
He works on the wrong side evermore, but he works for the right side ever.
It is only when the weaving stops, and the web is loosed or turned,
That he sees his real handiwork—that his marvellous skill is learned.
Oh! the sight of its delicate beauty, how it pays him for all his cost!
No rarer, daintier work than his was ever done by the frost.
Then the master bringeth him golden hire, and giveth him praise as well,
And how happy the heart of the weaver is, no tongue but his own can tell.
The years of man are the looms of God let down from the place of the sun,
Wherein we are weaving always, till the mystic web is done;
Weaving blindly, but weaving surely, each for himself his fate;
We may not see how the right side looks, we can only weave and wait.
But looking above for the pattern, no weaver need have fear.
Only let him look clear to heaven—the Perfect Pattern is there.
If he keeps the face of the Saviour forever and always in sight,
His toil shall be sweeter than honey, his weaving is sure to be right.
And when his task is ended, and the web is turned and shown,
He shall hear the voice of the Master: it shall say to him, 'Well done!'
And the white-winged angels of heaven, to hear him thence shall come down,
And God for his wage shall give him, not coin, but a golden crown."

DORA FARNCOMB.

"The Vision of His Face."

Miss Dora Farncomb has just issued a book under the title of "The Vision of His Face." In this volume the author seeks to show to others what she herself has found; to remind them that although they cannot look upon the glory of the Father, they can look into the Face of the Son, and behold in His the reflection of the Father's and see the tenderness, love and compassion therein. The Vision is seen in all experiences of life. It guides. It comforts. It cheers. It lends down to us and smiles; it draws close to us, in pity; and it looks sorrowful in our wrongdoing, or heedlessness of Him. The author nestles close to the loving Heart of the Lord, and reaching out, she tries to draw others beside her into His arms.

She teaches them to rejoice even while they mourn; to trust and to hope even in the shadow, and to know the "peace that passeth understanding" for those who rest in perfect faith upon the will of God.

It is a little book that tired souls can take up, and reading a chapter or two at even-time, feel the restfulness that comes from the nearness of a Divine Love that makes no mistakes. For in it is shown the realism of God; not the shadowy image that brings to many only a vague belief. We find the solid foundation of faith about which we may fold our arms and rest thankfully.

The writer is a Canadian, but well-known in Boston. She has done much work in the City Mission, and brought to many a saddened life the cheering personality of her presence.

Many of her friends here will gladly welcome this book. It is published by the William Weld Co., London, Canada, is bound in cloth in tasteful form; and sells for \$1, postpaid.—Boston Courier.

Do your work to-day, doing it the best you can, and live one day at a time.

The Beaver Circle.



Shah Ahmed Mirza.

The little boy who burst into tears when he was placed on the "Peacock Throne" of Persia.

Dear Boys and Girls,—You will be interested in seeing the picture of poor little Ahmed Mirza, the new Shah of Persia,—pretty little lad that he is. And now some of you may wonder that I say "poor" little Ahmed Mirza. You may think that it would be a great thing to be Emperor of a country at twelve years of age. Some of the rest of you, however, will remember, if you make a practice of reading the news, that little Ahmed Mirza was not pleased at all on



"Our Old Favorite."

Pony owned by Mr. Thos. Armstrong, Harrisburg, Ont.

that day, a few weeks ago, upon which the crown was placed on his head. You will remember that he burst into tears, and that once afterwards he tried to ride away, and once even tried to commit suicide. The trouble is that he wants to be with his father, who was driven from the throne, and with his mother, who spends part of the time with him, but feels that she should be with her husband too. He does not like being Shah at all, and perhaps he realizes that he will be sovereign only in name, and that, while surrounded by Persians, his

real directors and ministers are the English and Russian ambassadors at Teheran. After all, is it not better, much better, to be the "barefoot boy" of whom the poet wrote:

"Blessings on thee, little man,
Barefoot boy with face of tan."

—You know the rest. PUCK.

Our Letter Box.

Dear Puck,—This is my first letter to "The Farmer's Advocate," although I have often thought of writing.

Well, Puck, I think I will tell you about Baltimore. Baltimore is a hamlet, consisting of a post office, three blacksmith shops, two hotels, two stores, two harness shops, one cotton mill, two grist mills, besides a cheese factory and a number of houses.

Please, Puck, can you tell me what that stuff on grass is that looks like saliva? I have heard that it is snake saliva. Is it, do you think?

I have read a number of books, consisting of "Queechy," "Little Women and Good Wives," "Twice Tried," "What Can She Do?" "A Face Illumined," and many more.

Well, Puck, I will close with a puzzle and a few riddles.

I consist of six letters. Behead me and I am something hard as rock. Behead my first one and my last two and I am something most children do. Behead my last four and I am a conjunction. Now, Circleites, tell me the answer.

Here are a few riddles:
Why is an old maid like a withered apple? Ans.—Because she is hard to pare (pair).

Why does the moon never get rich? Ans.—Because it spends all its quarters getting full.

What four letters would frighten a thief? Ans.—O I C U.

GERTRUDE FRASER (age 14).
Baltimore, Ont.

The frothy substance on grass is not caused by snakes, but by the larva (or worm-like form) of an insect, very appropriately called the "spittle insect." Of course it has another big long name, but you need not bother about that.

Dear Puck,—No doubt you think that I am quite a bold little girl for not answering you before this. I have been "putting off" till I could find something interesting to tell all the Beavers about. I read the compositions and drawings on

shade tree eating a big apple, or while she is doing or playing something? What is the difference if we do get her nose crooked, or one eye above the other, so long as we do our best? Come along, Irene M—, I know you can draw.

As I do not wish to take too much room in the Circle, I will close my letter, hoping to get your consent.

North Malden, Ont. EDNA COYLE.

Don't you think that would be too hard a drawing, Edna? I think we must try easier things first.

Dear Puck,—This is my first letter to the young folks' corner. I always await with pleasure the coming of "The Farmer's Advocate," and I think it is the best farm paper I have ever read. I have to walk less than a quarter of a mile to school. I am in the Entrance Class. We live four and one-half miles from Campbellford. I have a pet fox-terrier dog; he is only one-half a foot high; I call him Buster. He goes everywhere I go. I attend to our garden, and it takes all my spare time keeping the weeds out of it. I take music lessons on a piano every week, and practice about an hour every day if possible. We have a large woods on our farm, which is very cool to roam in in the summertime.

Well, dear Beavers, I won't tire you by too long an epistle, as this is my first attempt to write you. I will close my letter, wishing it will escape its dreaded monster, the w.p.b. I remain, your new cousin. CLARA O'CONNOR (age 15).
Campbellford.

Our Junior Beavers.

Dear Puck,—I have four sisters and three brothers. My oldest sister is 14 years old, and my oldest brother is 21 years old. I passed my examination into the second book. I got 138 marks, and the next day all the classes had a test and my sister got 100 marks, and I got 110 marks. We have a fine garden this year, but last year it was not very good. We had some early cherries, but we made pies, and we could not sell any, because we had to have them for ourselves to make pies. There are about 17 late trees in the garden, and two pear trees, and a lot of other trees, and about 9 or 10 soft-maple trees in the front yard, and 7 hard maples in the back yard. We have two swings; both of them are strong. They never broke yet, and I think they will last a long time yet. I must not take too much room in this corner, but I will write one more page. I am learning French at school. I like the summer holidays, because I can talk all I like at home. At noon the teacher gives us an hour to play, and I have a lot of fun. I will close my letter, wishing you success.

RITA COYLE (age 8).
North Malden P.O., Ont.

Dear Puck and Friends,—Well, holidays are over now, and I think I will write a letter to you. I have quite a few pets, about 18 pigeons; 5 lambs, 4 white and 1 black. I have 5 colts, from 4 years down to two months. My brother puts the halter on the little colt and leads it all around the barnyard. I have a little white bunny and a nice flower garden too. Our gladioli are beautiful. I love to read the children's letters, and hope you think mine good enough to print. Dear Puck, you can't fool me; I know you are a man, because a lady wouldn't have such a name.

MARGUERITE STICKNEY (age 8).
Lynn Valley, Ont.

A Kitchen Friend.

A collection of utensils consisting of one butcher knife, one paring knife, one bread knife, one sharpening steel, one griddle-cake turner, one cake beater,—a kitchen friend indeed, or rather, a half-dozen kitchen friends,—and all given, on request, to each present subscriber to "The Farmer's Advocate" who sends us in the name of one new subscriber for one year, at \$1.50. Send in your order as soon as possible.

Jog on, jog on, the foot-path way,
And merrily hent the stile-a:
A merry heart goes all the day,
Your sad tires in a mile-a.
—Shakespeare.