

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.]

The Picture Competition.

The prizewinners in the picture competition are:

Girls:—Luella Killough, Ruth Raymond, Catherine McCallum.

Boys:—Jack Long, Norman McKinney, Elmer Harding.

Honor Roll:—Mary Hayes, Hannah Long, Hazel Muir, Catherine MacDonald, Beulah Wright, Anna Stafford, Grace Jelly, Netta Ellis, Delila Sharpe, Pearl Pounder, Amy Seburn, Olive Brooks, Lizzie Crerar, Della Braithwaite, Kathleen Ware, Mabel Hamilton, Winnifred Colwell, Hazel MacIntyre, Gracie Switzer, Snowdrop.

Franklin Ellis, Leonard Henderson, Reggie Paterson, Leonard Black, Cecil Miller, A Country Boy.

The boys' essays will appear soon. Girls, you will have to wake up. Luella Killough is winning too many of the prizes.

Charity.

The sun shone on the streets of Naples, casting its dazzling beams on the roofs of houses and narrow alleyways. Crowds of dirty, poorly-clothed children played on the narrow streets. Donkey carts laden with merchandise rumbled along the dusty pavement, the driver lashing his donkeys with whips.

About the middle of the afternoon a poorly-clad woman and her little girl wandered slowly up the street. The woman was bent and weary with fatigue. Her cheeks were wan and white. She wore a coarse, faded, brown shawl over her head and shoulders, and an old red calico skirt, patched and darned as neatly as it could be. On her feet she wore an old pair of slippers, with holes in the soles. On her arm was slung an old basket holding vegetables and fruit, which the woman had been trying without success to sell since early morn.

Her little girl, who appeared to be about six years of age, was a pretty little brown-eyed, dark-haired child. Her thin white cheeks told of hardship and hunger. She wore a dark-red dress, with short sleeves. Her feet were shoeless, and her head unprotected from the hot rays of the sun.

They wandered from street to street, through long, dark alleyways, under stone arches and great marble or stone pillars, and past houses entered by means of narrow stairways. At length they came to a turn in the street, where a seat was arranged between four large pillars. Here the mother and child sat down to rest themselves where they could be away from the noise of the traffic, and the crowd of jostling people and screaming children.

Just then a beautiful lady came slowly down the street. She had with her a beautiful little dark-eyed child of about six years of age. The little girl was eating a bun, which she had bought at the stall near by. The young woman was dressed in a fine white fabric, trimmed with embroidery.

As she came up to the seat she paused and looked kindly at the sorrowful-looking woman and her child. Then from her purse she took a few pennies for the supper of the two poor people. She spoke cheerfully to the woman, and was so kind that the poor woman at once knew she was good.

Meanwhile the two children gazed shyly at each other. Then the little girl with the bun voluntarily offered the bun to the other and smaller child, who was so hungry that she could not resist taking the offered bun and thanking its little giver earnestly. When it was time to move on the good lady bought the remainder of the vegetables and fruit left in the basket, and then went home. But she did not think of the good she had done by being charitable to the poor. The poor woman thanked her for her kindness, and watched her till she was out of sight, and then she murmured to herself, "Faith, hope and charity, these three, but the greatest of these is charity."

ty, for charity is not vain, and charity asketh not for a reward."

LUELLA KILLOUGH,

Age 12, Book IV.

Auburn, Ont.

Charity.

In one of the southern countries of Europe, about the 15th century, there lived a beautiful lady with her little daughter Bianca. They were very wealthy, and so Bianca had all the advantages a child of wealth has. Although she was petted and made a great deal of by all her friends and relatives,



Loving Doggie.

(From a painting by Sir Joshua Reynolds, P. R. A.)

she was not a spoiled child. She was very beautiful, and had a kind and gentle disposition, and while very young her mother taught her to be always charitable to those in humbler circumstances than herself.

Her mother took a walk nearly every day, and in many of these she visited the poor, nearly always letting Bianca accompany her. It was in one of these walks that they came upon the ruins of an old temple, wherein sat a woman with a little girl about Bianca's size, who were in very poor circumstances, and had been forced to ask charity. The little girl was very hungry and tired, and had been coaxing her mother for something to eat. Her mother tried to comfort her, by telling her to say a



A Basketful of Fun.

prayer, and maybe some kind person would give them a few pennies, then she would get her some bread.

It was just at this time that Bianca and her mother were passing, and their hearts were touched when they saw the wistful, longing look in the little girl's eyes. They stopped and spoke to them, and found out that they had travelled a long distance and were looking for work, but so far had been unsuccessful. Bianca gave the little girl some cakes out of a basket she had, also a few pennies out of her purse. The mother

who thought how awful it would be if she and Bianca were in their place, gave the woman some money, and told her to call at her home the following afternoon. They then passed on, and continued their walk, Bianca telling her mother she would like to have the little girl as a playmate, she seemed so nice.

The next afternoon the woman called. The lady talked to her, found she was a widow, her husband having died when her little girl was but a few months old, leaving them unprovided for. She also found she had a good education, and since her husband's death had been employed as governess in a very wealthy family, who now were going abroad and did not require her services any longer, and that all her earnings had been used in paying up debts which had been contracted during her husband's illness.

The lady who had been thinking of engaging a governess for Bianca said she would try her for a few weeks, and that her little girl could stay also. At the end of two weeks she proved so satisfactory, and the girls had become so attached to each other, that she engaged her for a longer time, during which the girls formed a friendship which lasted through life, and were noted for their deeds of charity to the poor and suffering, with whom they daily came in contact.

RUTH RAYMOND,

Newington P.O., Ont. Book V.
P.S.—Your paper has been a welcome visitor to our home for over forty years.

Charity.

Dear Puck and Beavers,—One beautiful day in June Mrs. Watson took Mary, her four-year-old child, to visit the slums of London, where so many poor people live. Mary was now up in her room, being dressed in a beautiful sky-blue dress, with slippers, veil, etc., to match. Her mother was also giving her toilet its last touch in front of a beautiful dressing table.

As the cuckoo clock cooed twice they were coming down the stairs to enter the coach standing at the foot of the front marble steps. They had arranged with the coachman beforehand to stop at Paris Street, from which they were going to walk, so as to see the sights better. Mary had been provided with a basket of cookies for her poor friends.

It was nearing 3 o'clock when they reached their destination, and they were very much interested in the poor children whom they saw. As it was nearing 4 o'clock they came upon a poor woman sitting in a street corner. Beside her sat her little daughter, who was about the age and size of Mary. This poor woman toiled hard, making

They did not recognize each other at first, but when they did, each was dumb-founded, and tears of joy filled their eyes as they kissed each other. There was a great contrast between them, one poor and old looking, the other wealthy and young looking. They gazed at each other in amazement for a few minutes, then Mrs. Watson, recovering herself, said:

"I promised to be home at 5 o'clock, and here it is a quarter past. Mary, would you like to come home with me?" (Mary this time was the poor woman.) After discussing the matter for a few minutes, she at last consented to go.

It was half-past five when they reached the Watson home, where they were met by Mr. Watson, who cordially welcomed his wife's friend. That night the poor woman slept beneath a good roof, and from that time on was the head house-keeper, but had easy work, having an afternoon off four times a week. Her little girl was taken care of by a special nurse. Thus she lived a happy life.

CATHERINE MCCALLUM,

Age 13, Sr. IV. Class

Iona Station, Ont.

Uses for the Old Christmas Tree.

The Christmas tree was such a joy last year that we hated to take it down, so we decided to convert it into a joy-giver all the year around.

First, we stripped the fragrant ever-green needles from the boughs and put them into a pillow, which has been a delight throughout the year.

Next, we planted the stripped tree in front of the nursery windows, and tied bits of apples and bread to the branches. When the butcher saw how busily the children were working to trim the tree, he laughingly donated some pieces of suet, which, tied close to the branches, proved a veritable feast to the birds. As little missionaries to their feathered friends, the children also placed beneath the tree vessels of water which were greatly appreciated; so that almost every time a child looked out of the nursery window he saw a lively party of birds bringing their friends to enjoy the feast.

When summer comes, and the birds can get plenty of food elsewhere, the children will keep only the dishes of water there for bath and drink, perch a bird-house on the tree, and plant around it morning-glory seed, wild-cucumber vine and nasturtiums, and let them see which can climb first to the treetop. In this flower-race, the tree is completely covered with bloom and leafage, making a very pretty sight all the summer through.—[Sel.]

The Roundabout Club

Results of Study II., "The Raven."

As ever the case when a poem has been set as the subject for one of our Literary Society Studies, the response to "The Raven" competition has been ready, and the quality of the essays submitted excellent,—so uniformly excellent, indeed, that it has this time been found necessary to submit the papers to an unusual number of judges in order that a fair decision might be reached. Otherwise the work of judging has been rendered comparatively easy from the fact that Poe himself left enlightenment in regard to his motives and methods in writing this poem. Indeed "The Raven" is probably the only poem whose development has been so minutely described by its author.

It will be seen, then, that the only rational method to be followed in judging the essays was clearly to award the prizes to those students who evidently came closest to the spirit of the poet in writing the poem, hence the prizes were awarded as follows:—

- (1) "Bernice," Bruce Co., Ont.
- (2) Mrs. H. Edwards, Oxford Co., Ont.
- (3) Julia Phelps, Elgin Co., Ont.

Those who contended the first place with these three, were:—Iva Burgess, Nina Hume, K. Anderson, G. H. S., A. M. E., "Nan," "Larry," each of whom succeeded in approximating 90 per cent. of the total number of marks.

Closely following these were:—A. Magee, W. J. Way, "Elic," M. Cotton, N. Little, M. B., Gordon Callon, "Interested," "Rosahnd," R. Fuller, "Portia." Then,