

a bright smile or hears a kind word, but God has seen how hard it was to keep down the thoughts of self-pity. Perhaps it is only a small coin—a coin really needed by the giver—that is slipped secretly into God's hand through one of His needy children. Do you think most people are close and mean? How is it, then, that hundreds of thousands of dollars have been freely given, during the last two days, for the sufferers from fire.

Is it likely that God would have created so many human souls if He had not been able to find great joy in their splendid qualities. He can see the kindly giving up of selfish pleasure by quiet mothers, and the steady persistence in uncongenial or tiring work by millions of ordinary people. He notes down courage and patience displayed on "trifling" occasions—though nothing is really trifling, for each moment character is growing.

What surprises there will be when the books are opened! There will be so much revealed that has long ago been forgotten on earth; much that only God and one human soul knew about, and which only God has remembered.

It is a solemn thing to know that no thought is too secret to be noticed, no omission of duty is overlooked, no careless word is forgotten. And it is a daily inspiration to remember that God notices each sunny smile and cheery word, that He is pleased when the crumbs are brushed from the table and scattered in kindly fashion to His birds, when any little kindness is done for His sake. All these things are noted in His book.

"The kindly plans devised for others' good,
So seldom guessed, so little understood,
The quiet, steadfast love that strove to win
Some wanderer from the woeful ways of sin—
These are not lost."

DORA FARNCOMB.

The Beaver Circle.

OUR SENIOR BEAVERS.

[For all pupils from Senior Third to Continuation Classes, inclusive.]

Our Last Competition.

In our last competition, "The Story of a Caterpillar," the prizes (equal) have gone to Leslie Houston, Edith Beattie, Clara Kilbride, Lena Davis.

Honor Roll:—Winifred Colwell (whose composition might have won a prize if she had not put it so much in catalogue form), Don Warren, Ezra Martin, Donald Allan, Harry Stephenson.

The Essays.

I.

Dear Puck,—I wrote you a letter some time ago, but did not see it in print, but I hope this one will. I am going to write a story about a Cecropia Moth. One morning as I was walking along the road I found a caterpillar crawling on a stick. I took a burdock leaf and picked it up and brought it to the house. I put it into a box, then I gave it some berry and parsnip leaves and put the cover on to keep it from escaping. It was a green caterpillar, with pink spots on its sides, and it also had two sort of spines, which were covered with prickles on each segment. It was made up of thirteen segments, and had six legs and eight pro-legs. I kept him in the box a few days, putting in fresh leaves each day, when it became very restless and seemed to be seeking some place to hide. It was restless all day, and when I looked in next morning it had a sort of web partly spun about it, but you still could see the outline of the caterpillar. When I looked in later he was enveloped in a mass of threads, with a very tough outer skin. I left the cocoon where it was made, and one day, quite a while after, when I looked in I was surprised to see a hole in the cocoon and at once I knew the moth had come out. After looking in the dead leaves which he had left in the box I saw the moth. It was very beautiful. I kept it a few days till it strengthened its wings. It would sit on a board and

flap its wings for a while, then it would stop and walk around, and then flap its wings again. It was divided into three parts, namely: head, thorax, abdomen, and had fern-like antennae. After a while it flew away, and I have never seen one like it. This spring, when going through the woods, I found a Luna moth. It was very pretty, and the first one I ever saw. I will have to close now, wishing good luck to all the Beavers.

LESLIE HOUSTON
Thamesford, Ont. (Age 13).

I am delighted to hear that you found a Luna Moth, Leslie. An event of my life was finding one, two summers ago, in a little wood beside a lake near here. Won't you write again and tell us all about yours, and how you found it? I left the one I found where it was. It was so beautiful that I could not think of killing it, even for a collection.

II.

One nice sunny morning, about the middle of July, a pretty butterfly with dark wings, marked with spots of yellow and blue, of the species known as East-

were dead. He was a big, fat fellow, for he had plenty to eat in the carrot-bed.

But, like all other caterpillars, his freedom was fast drawing to a close. One day in September he was rudely knocked off into a box over which was a glass. He was daily fed, but he often longed again for the freedom of the open air and carrot patch.

But never once did he get out, and at last it came time for him to go into a cocoon. When he had covered himself with a small, brown, cigar-shaped cocoon, he and the box were put in a closet until spring should come; and there through the long winter months he lay, wholly forgotten.

At last it was spring, and time for the caterpillar to come out of his cocoon, in the shape of a butterfly. In a day or two he was out, but no one looked in at him, or even opened the door of the dark closet. The pretty butterfly (for the caterpillar had changed into one similar to the one mentioned at the first of the story) began to despair of ever seeing the bright summer days again. From lack of food, he died in a few days, and when the thoughtless school-

an orange, forked tube behind its head, which emits a disagreeable odor,—a similar device for protection, you see, to that possessed by the skunk. All the swallow-tail caterpillars have these "prongs."

III.

Late in September a lady found a caterpillar on a willow leaf. It was two inches long and almost as large as her little finger. Stripes of green, black and yellow went around its little body.

The lady carried leaf and sleeper home. She also brought some willow leaves for it to eat. She put them all into a glass dish and tied lace over it. In just one week her guest was not to be seen. All the leaves were gone; only a little green bag was left. It was just one inch long, was made very neatly, and looked very much like a little bed or cradle. No stitches were to be seen, and the seams had an edge like gold cord. It was ornamented with black dots like tiny buttons. The caterpillar had sown itself in. His old clothes were near by, looking as if they had been pushed off in a hurry. Early in November the sleeper burst the little green bag, and, lo! a lovely butterfly came out. It had brown and golden wings with stripes of black on them like cords. Each stripe had a feathery fringe. On the edges of the wings were gold and yellow dots. The head was black, and it also had gold and yellow dots on it. The inside of the wings was darker; it was like orange-tinted velvet. All these wonderful changes took place in less than two months.

CLARA KILBRIDE (Age 13 years),
(II. Class, 3rd Reader).
Miscouche, P. E. Island.

IV.

Dear Puck and Beavers,—I enjoy reading the Beaver Circle every week. I am going to write a competition on a caterpillar, and hope to see it in print.

Butterflies lay eggs on leaves, or on the cocoons which they come out of. The heat of the sun hatches the caterpillars out of these eggs. They are different colors. Some of the colors they are are white, gray, brown and black. Some people are afraid to touch them because they think they will hurt them. There is hair all over some of them, and they are called larvæ.

Last summer I caught two caterpillars on leaves and put them into a little box. I put holes in the top of it so the air could go in. I gave them green leaves and tender twigs to eat. At first they ate a lot, but in about a week they began to eat less. One day I looked at them and I saw that there were green leaves stuck to them. The next day there were silk threads outside of this. They did not eat anything then.

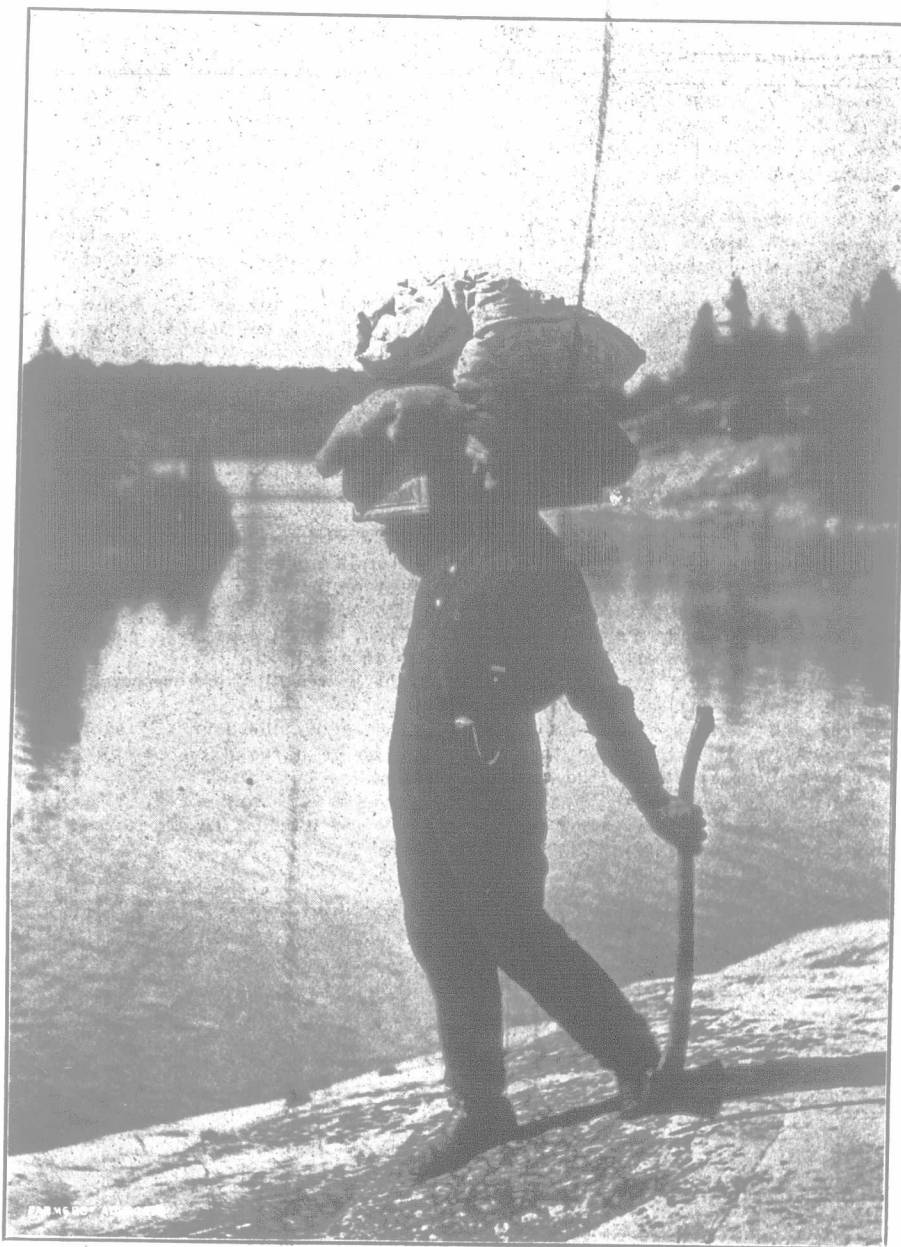
They are called pupæ when they are in these covers, which are called cocoons. They were like this all winter. Near spring I thought they were dead, and took the cocoon off one of them. I found that it was living. There were not so many rings around it, and the hair was all off it. It had come off before it went into the cocoon. The feet had all disappeared. One end of it was the shape of a butterfly's head and body.

I put them back in the box again and waited to see what they would turn into. When the nice warm days came in spring they turned into butterflies. One was a great big brown-spotted one, and the other was a white one. The gray ones which fly around at night looking for their food are called moths. The butterflies get honey out of flowers and clover. I have not seen very many caterpillars yet this year.

I guess I will close now, hoping I am not taking up too much of your space.
LENA DAVIS (Age 12),
Saintsbury, Ont. Book IV.

A Few Words More.

Just to sum up, may we speak a few words more on this subject. Flies, beetles, moths and butterflies all, you will remember, lay eggs; these eggs in time hatch out into worm-like creatures (larvæ), usually called maggots in the case of flies and beetles, caterpillars in the case of moths and butterflies. Both maggots and caterpillars have very large appetites for a time, then they stop eating and proceed to go into the "pupal" stage. Some species spin cocoons of



Portaging in the North Country.

Carrying by tump-line is more frequently seen.

ern Swallow-tail, came out from a bed of flowers, where it had spent the night, and flew out into the morning sun. It danced in among the pretty flowers and shrubs, and gloried in the morning air. All the morning, until a little after dinner-time, it spent in this way. When the middle of the afternoon arrived, it settled down on the green tops of some carrot plants and laid some eggs.

We will now leave the butterfly and watch the advancement of these eggs. In a few days they had developed into wiggling little grubs, and soon after into full-fledged caterpillars. They were really pretty in color, having the same colors as the butterfly mentioned above, but as everybody has a feeling of dread when caterpillars are near, these were hated no less than their less pretty cousins.

One of these caterpillars seemed to have his life marvellously preserved, for he was alive a long time after the rest

girl again remembered the caterpillar, there was the beautiful Eastern Swallow-tail butterfly, lying on his back, dead.

But, not to be daunted, the school-girl took a book on butterflies, secured the name of her specimen, and mounted him on a piece of cardboard, where his pretty wings set off the dull gray ones of several moths and the dark coats of as many beetles.

Such was the fate of one pretty Eastern Swallow-tail butterfly.

EDITH BEATTIE (Age 13),
Caledonia, Ont. Form II.

What happened the rest of the caterpillars, Edith? Were they eaten by birds? I do not know the Eastern Swallow-tail, and should like to know if your sketch was written from your own observation. The caterpillar of the Black Swallow-tail, which has coloring very similar to that which you have described, is bright green, with black markings. When touched it shoots out