

ward talk with the other person concerned—then our Lord requires His servant to go again, taking with him two or three witnesses. If that interview also fails, then he is to tell it to the Church. If the prayers and wise advice of fellow Christians fail to win the offended brother, then the obedient disciple can face his Master, for he has tried his utmost to win back the lost fellowship which is of priceless value. Still he must go on praying and loving, and the sunshine of love will do more than anything else to warm the other's cold heart.

Are we ready to take so much trouble? Even if we don't bear a grudge, do we think it is necessary to try so hard to be again on neighborly terms with a person with whom we have "had a difference"? Our Lord tells us how eagerly the Good Shepherd seeks for a straying member of His flock, and how He rejoices more over the renewed fellowship with that sheep than over the ninety and nine who had never left Him. Then He goes on at once to explain how brothers in the family of the Father should find each other when separated, saying: "If he shall hear thee, thou hast gained thy brother."—St. Matt. xviii: 11-17. He connects His own love for each with the love we should have for each other. If I cherish a grudge against another member of God's Family I am hurting my own soul and my brother's, I am striking at the Heart of our Father, and I am aiming a blow at the Loving Elder Brother, who identifies Himself with each child of His Father. If we refuse to love them, we are refusing to love Him who has said: "Inasmuch as ye did it not to one of the least of these, ye did it not to Me."

"Why shouldst thou hate then thy brother?
Hath he thee, forgive! For 'tis sweet
to stammer one letter
Of the Eternal's language; on earth it is
called Forgiveness!
Knowest thou Him, who forgave, with the
crown of thorns round His temples?
Earnestly prayed for His foes, for His
murderers? Say, dost thou know
Him?
Ah! thou confessest His name, so follow
likewise His example,
Think of thy brother no ill, but throw a
veil over his failings."
DORA FARNCOMB.

The Beaver Circle.

OUR SENIOR BEAVERS.

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

The Swamp Song.

By Leslie Clare Manchester, in "Our Dumb Animals."

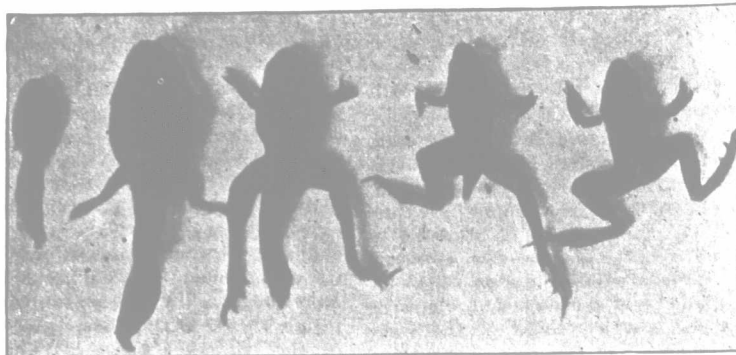
In the shallow, shining waters,
There is heard a twilight tone;
There is heard a swamp-song rising
With a weirdness all its own.
There is heard a music trembling
On the reeds along the shore,
In a bass and in an alto,
In a treble, sweeter, lower.
'Tis the music of the marshes,
'Tis the voice of pipers clear
Calling, calling to each other
In the courses far and near.
Ah, behold them! What a chorus,
Gaily dressed in green surtouts;
Ah, behold them just before us
From the still depths peering out;
From the white of lotus blossoms
Anchored on the waters still;
From the shadow of the branches
Leaning from the willowed hill.
Yes, behold the mottled pipers
With their music starward flung;
Hear, oh, hear the deep song welling;
"Chug, ca-chug," and "Chung, ca-chung."
When the chill is on the river
And the frost is on the mead,
When with snow the pines are blowing
Low their stately heads indeed;
There is naught but silence sleeping
On the marshes gray and sere,
There is naught to break the stillness
Till the blooming of the year.
Then, oh, then a chord awakens
As with green the boughs are hung;
Then we hear the swamp musicians:
"Chug, ca-chug," and "Chung, ca-chung."

Something About Frogs.

One of my earliest memories is of a delightful swamp through which our way ran when going to church, at least we children seldom seemed to go that way except to church. In winter we drove, slipping through it in no time; in spring and summer we walked, taking our time to the trip, so that my memory-pictures of it are largely mingled with bright sunshine and the mellow sound of the far-off church-bell coming faintly over the hills.

never so "forward" as in spring, and there, upon many a "pet" day when the sun shone warm, and the marsh grasses were still brown and withered and bent after the weight of the winter snow, and the fiddle-heads of the big ferns were coming up in queer little coils, and the spice-wood had not as yet shot out even its baby leaves, and the last rim of ice was dripping off into the deepening water, there used to be high carnival.

"Ker-chunk! Ker-chunk! Ker-chunk!" of the little ones, and then the deep



From Polliwog to Frog.

And what a swamp it was!—Ash trees and soft maples to the northward, knee-deep in water in early spring, the road like a white line along the southern side, then beyond that a fringe of the flat swamp land, running off towards the sun, and quite covered, save where a few tall elms stood like sentinels, with low red and yellow stemmed willow bushes, giant bulrushes, clumps of marsh-grass, and masses of the big fern that we used to call "bracken." Along the roadside, too, clustered dozens of the low, sweet-smelling shrubs which we knew as "spice-wood," and never did we pass without plucking a sprig and rubbing it in our hands to intensify the strong, spicy odor. The swamp was usually a very quiet spot, but in spring it was given over to a very riot of sound. Frogs used to congregate there by the thousand, all-the-year-round inhabitants to be sure, but

"Jug-o-rum! Jug-o-rum!" of the bull-frogs, and then a perfect shrilling of sound all over the swamp. You might notice, however, that as you walked along the road, all the choristers near by would stop, all of a sudden, so that you seemed to be walking in a circle of silence bounded all round by a wall of sound. Very keen ears have the frogs, and very wary are they about singing for strangers at close range.

It was here, when coming from church one such day, that we saw what seemed to us then a very queer thing,—a great mass of a clearish jelly-like substance as large as half of a water-pail, clinging to the stems of some bushes that were still half-drowned in water.

Gingerly we made our way over a mossy, half-rotten log, to the spot, to investigate, returning with handfuls of the slippery stuff which, on closer inspection,

proved to be made up of thousands of little round bits of the jelly, each with a speck of black at its heart.

"Frogs' eggs!" shouted Max, coming at once to the right conclusion.

"Whew! Won't there be a dose of them when all these hatch out!" ventured Will, whereupon Alice volunteered the information, "But, you know, the old bull-frogs eat whole heaps of the little frogs. I've read so."

Little Ted was looking interested. "I'm glad I'm not a frog's little boy," said he, and everybody laughed.

Well, all this was a long time ago, when Nature-study was not even touched upon in the schools, and there was no teacher to tell us to bring the eggs home and watch them as they hatched; so we threw them all back into the water again and trudged eagerly home to tell about our discovery.

Needless to say, however, we kept an eye on that swamp, and one day a little later we were rewarded by seeing hundreds of little brown wiggling things, all head and tail, scuttling down through the water whenever we came near.

"Huh! They're nothing but polliwogs!" said Max,—he had often seen polliwogs before. But, somehow, we had a sort of feeling that, in some way, those polliwogs were connected with the frogs' eggs. We went home full of questions, but all that Uncle Jack, "The Sage," would tell us, was that the "polliwogs" really had been hatched, by the heat of the sun, from the eggs, and that, if we watched them closely, we might see even more marvellous changes.

This, of course, meant a daily pilgrimage to the swamp, and at last we were delighted to find a polliwog, or tadpole, with two little legs on it—why, dozens of them, and a little later another tadpole with four legs, precisely a little frog, but with a tail.

"When the tail drops off, it'll be a frog," asserted Max.

"But the tails don't drop off; they're absorbed right into the frog's body,—I've read so," corrected Alicia.

That night we had more questions than ever to ask. "How is it that the polliwogs stay right in the water all the time until they turn into frogs, and then climb right out?" we wanted to know.

So then Uncle Jack explained that the polliwogs are really much like fish to begin with, soon developing gills, which enable them to breathe the air in the water as fish do. At this time, he said, they live chiefly on the tiny plants (algæ) that grow in the water. As time goes on, however, lungs begin to grow in their bodies, they become able to breathe the open air, and so, finally, as frogs, they live most of the time out of the water, plunging in every little while, however, to wet their skin or obtain food in the water.

"Have you ever watched a frog breathing?" asked Uncle Jack.

"I have," replied Alicia, "and he seemed to be swallowing all the time."

"That's just it," said Uncle Jack, "He swallows the air, and so forces it into his lungs. His skin also helps him in breathing; that's why he keeps it moist."

Later in the summer we found out that, when full grown, frogs live almost altogether on insects, worms and spiders, which they draw into their mouths by means of their wonderful, long, lightning-like tongues; and so we learned that they are really very useful little creatures, which should be taken care of, and never killed cruelly, "just for fun."

Now, Beavers, if you want to see the astonishing life-story of the frog develop before your very eyes, take some of the eggs home this spring and put them in a shallow pan of water, tipped up at one end to leave some "dry land." Keep the pan in a warm place, and as soon as the polliwogs appear put in some of the little water-plants (algæ). You will find that they will also eat boiled cornmeal.

When they turn into frogs, you will have to feed bits of meat, very tiny, of course, shaking each bit before them, so that they will think it is living. Indeed, Mr. Frog prefers to bolt his food "wiggling."

If you get tired of your frog pets, put them into the pond or creek, don't let them die of neglect.

Upon the whole, I think you will be much interested and pleased with the experiment, and that you will be quite



Lois Edmonds.

[From Underwood & Underwood, New York.]

This is Lois Edmonds, aged 11, prize breadmaker of Iowa, who took first prize in a State breadmaking contest in which 6,000 girls participated. She is also one of the eleven best corn-growers in Iowa, and is visiting Washington, D. C., where she will go to the White House and demonstrate to President Taft and his cooks how to make good bread. Her friends declare that when the President eats of Miss Edmonds' bread, he will declare her the best breadmaker in the country.