

will be needed to help those you love best. You would rather bear the discipline God has ordained for you now than be too weak to give the help needed, would you not? Then do not lose faith because God is answering your desire to be strong and helpful, and holding back for a time the sweets you are crying for.

We may escape some burdens if we selfishly determine to have an easy time and let other people look out for themselves. But a good soldier of Christ has orders to bear the burdens of his neighbors, following his Captain's example. The time of this school life is short. Don't let us waste its opportunities by shirking all the hard lessons we can avoid.

Our aim is to be perfect as our Father is perfect, and that aim can never be attained without hard fighting and patient endurance. It is in dark hours that we learn to trust God. Peace is won in time of storm and joy in time of sorrow—even the heathen can be peaceful and happy in the sunshine, but real peace and joy are not quenched by any trouble. We learn the sweetness of "the communion of saints" when God calls us to endure the pain of separation. If that is the cross God has laid upon you, do not try to prove your loyalty to the loved one by lamentation and unhappiness. It is far more loyal to climb daily nearer to his ideal of you, so that the fellowship may be strengthened and purified, as God means it to be. Because he cares—and God cares—keep your body dainty and fresh, and your spirit radiant. If he could see you, would you not wear a becoming dress and a happy smile? It is disloyal to behave out of his sight as you would not do if he could see you.

Soldierly endurance is needed in work as well as in sorrow. Think of the multitudes of men and women who are doing their everyday work cheerily and thoroughly—doing it for love's sake. How glad the Master is as He watches them. He enjoyed His work and He wants us to enjoy ours—but let us be sure we are doing the work He has placed in our hands. A soldier does not choose his own post, but goes where he is sent. Obedience is his first business.

"Dream not of noble service elsewhere wrought:
The simple duty that awaits thy hand
Is God's voice uttering a divine command;
Life's common deeds build all that
saints have thought."
DORA FARNCOMB.

The Beaver Circle.

OUR SENIOR BEAVERS.

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

The Horse that Had the Church-Going Habit.

Many years ago, old Mrs. Parsons,—"Lady Parsons" she was often called,—lived in a big, brown farmhouse, on the south side of the beautiful common in West Springfield, Mass.

In summer, her trusty horse was usually pastured near the house, and on Sunday mornings the hired man was accustomed to harness the horse at the ringing of the first bell, and attaching him to the chaise, tie him to the post by the front gate, to await the pleasure of his mistress.

At the first stroke of the second bell, Lady Parsons always came out of her front door, untied the horse, and entering her chaise, drove to the white meeting-house on the hill, where the horse was safely sheltered during the service in one of the stalls of the long rows of horse sheds that then nearly surrounded that beautiful old church.

Now, it so happened that one Sunday, for some reason, Lady Parsons was unable to go to church, and therefore the horse was not harnessed as usual.

Hearing the first bell, the horse gave signs of uneasiness,—trotting up to the bars and whinneying as if to call his friend, the hired man, to his usual Sunday-morning duty.

This restlessness continued until the sec-

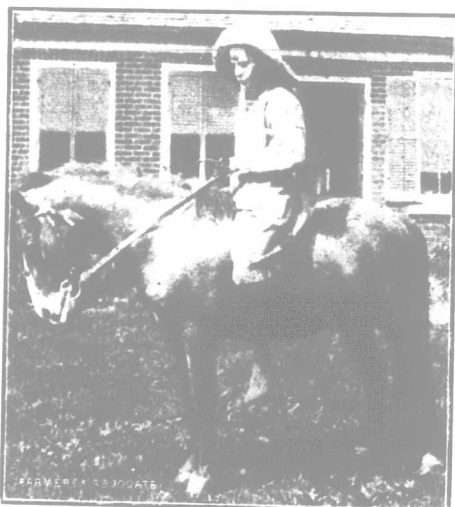
ond bell sounded, and then, in evident desperation, the horse leaped the fence, and, falling into line with the long procession of church-going vehicles, trotted up the hill to the meeting-house, went to his accustomed place in the horse sheds, remained during the service, backed out, as usual, when other horses backed out, and trotted home, no doubt with a clear conscience for having done the best he could.—Our Dumb Animals.

The Letter Box.

Dear Puck and Beavers,—This is my first letter to the Circle. Will you please let me join?

I am going to tell you about Jimmy, my pony. He is about ten years old, and we have had him two years. He is chestnut in color, with a white face. He weighs four hundred and seventy pounds with the harness on, and is forty-six inches high.

When we first got him, the man we bought him from couldn't drive him, but now I can ride or drive him. He will say "please" and "thank you," and shake hands. If he wants more grass, or is tied too short, he will call me till I



Evelyn Dempsey and Her Pony.

come. It used to be that if in starting out we didn't let him go on the run, he would stand right up on his hind legs. He eats cakes, soda biscuits with butter on, and bread with butter on. He is so quick that once when I was learning to ride him, he turned around so quick that I fell off.

Last Christmas I got a camera for a present. The picture of Jimmy and me is one of the first that was taken. My teacher showed me how, and I printed it alone.

EVELYN DEMPSEY
(Age 13, Book V.).

Rossmore, Ont.

You certainly printed your snap-shot very well, Evelyn. What paper do you use? I have been using "Seltona" lately, and find it very easy, but I daresay there are others as good.

Dear Puck,—This is my first letter to the Beaver Circle. My father has taken "The Farmer's Advocate" for the past year, and we think we could not get along without it now.

We have a little colt; its name is Goldie. It will eat oats and apples out of your hand.

I will tell you something about a humming-bird. Last year, about the first of May, I was walking through the woods when I observed a small nest on a branch near the trunk of a tree. I walked quietly up to it and a humming-bird flew out. There were three little eggs in it about the size of a bead. I watched them until they were hatched. You would wonder how the mother bird could feed such twinkling little specks. One day when I went there they were gone; I suppose they had flown away.

One night as I was going for mail, I saw in a tree a beautiful bird. It was a bright red color all over, and it also was about as big as a robin. Will someone tell me what kind of bird this is, and also where they build their nests? I would like to know how to care for your books about "Birds." I have this will escape the waste paper basket. This is rather long for the first time. I will

try and write again about birds and animals. Wishing the Circle success.

NEWTON SCOTT
(Age 14, Book Senior IV.).

Are you sure the nest you found was a humming-bird's, Newton? In the first place, very few people, even naturalists, ever find a humming-bird's nest. As the nests are so tiny, and are made of bits of lichen exactly like that on the trees, it is very difficult to see them. In the second place, the humming-bird lays only two eggs before hatching, never three. . . . Be careful, Beavers, that you are very accurate when telling about things in nature. It is so very easy to be mistaken, you know, unless your observation is very keen.

You can earn one of our fine bird-books by sending us four new subscriptions to "The Farmer's Advocate."

The red bird might have been a scarlet tanager, but your description is too vague to be sure. A naturalist of this city saw a cardinal bird in Ontario this summer. It also is red, but of a different hue, and it has no black on wings and tail as the tanager has.

OUR JUNIOR BEAVERS.

[For all pupils from First Book to Junior Third, inclusive.]

Miss Butterfly's Party.

Miss Butterfly sent word one day to all the garden people, That she would give a social tea beneath the hollyhock.

A robin read the message from a slender pine-tree steeple—

A note that begged them sweetly to be there by six o'clock.

They came a-wing, they came a-foot, they came from flower and thicket;

Miss Humming-Bird was present in a coat and bonnet gay.

And portly Mr. Bumblebee and cheerful Mr. Cricket,

And tiny Mrs. Ladybug in polka-dot array.

There were seats for four-and-twenty, and the guest of honor there

Was a gray Granddaddy-Long-Legs on a little mushroom chair.

The table was a toadstool with a spider-woven cover;

The fare was served in rose-leaf plates and bluebell cups a-ring—

Sweet honey from the latest bloom, and last night's dew left over,

And a crumb of mortal cake for which an ant went pilfering.

A mocking-bird within the hedge sang loudly for their revel;

A lily swayed about them, slow, to keep the moths away;

So they laughed and buzzed and chattered till the shadows lengthened level,

And Miss Katydid said sadly that she must no longer stay.

Then all arose and shook their wings, and curtsied, every one,

"Good-night, good-bye, Miss Butterfly; we never had such fun."

—St. Nicholas.

Little Beavers' Letter Box.

Dear Puck and Beavers,—I would like very much to learn more about our birds. I would like to know of a good book on the subject of Ontario birds, especially those most common in Essex County.

One night after I had gone to sleep I was awakened by a noise like that of a cat, and on going to the window to see what it was, I beheld two large birds sitting on the roof of the veranda about six feet apart talking loudly to each other.

My mother afterward told me that they were cat owls, and as they hide and sleep away during the day, it is hard to study their habits.

Whether they were quarrelling or singing love songs to each other I have not yet found out.

As this is my first call, I will not stay too long. With best wishes for the Circle, I will close.

MARJORIE NISTER
(Age 10, Junior Third).

Ruscomb, Ont.

I am delighted, Marjorie, to see that you are setting about the study of birds

in the right way. You will be a Beaver that we can be proud of. A book to help you—especially one with pictures,—a pair of keen eyes, and a patient little body that can sit still, so still, so that the birds will come close to you,—these are the things you most need. By and by, perhaps, you will be able to get a pair of field-glasses, and then you will have a fine chance, won't you?

I think this little letter of yours is worth a prize, "seeing that" you are only a little Junior Beaver.

There are many books on birds. McIlwraith's "Birds of Ontario," published by Wm. Briggs Publishing Co., Toronto, deals very especially with birds in our lake-surrounded Province. Neltje Blanchan's "Bird Neighbors" (which we will give to any Beaver who sends us four new subscribers to our paper) is very handsomely illustrated in color, and practically all of the birds shown are found in Ontario.

"Bird Life," by Chapman (Appleton & Co., New York), illustrated by drawings done by Thompson-Seton, is very good, so also are the following, most of which are somewhat in story form:

"Birds Through the Year," Gilmore (American Book Co., New York).

"American Birds," William Lovell Finley (Charles Scribner's Sons, New York).

"Fowls of the Air," William J. Long (Copp, Clark Co., Toronto).

"Little Brothers of the Air," Olive Thorne Miller (Houghton Mifflin Co., New York).

"The Gray Lady and the Birds," Mabel Osgood Wright (The MacMillan Co., New York).

"How to Study Birds," H. K. Job (Outing Publishing Co., New York).—gives instructions for using a camera in the study of birds.

Dear Puck and Beavers,—This is the first time I have attempted to write to your interesting Circle. My father has taken "The Farmer's Advocate" for a number of years, and thinks it a fine paper.

For pets I have two little kittens, Fluffy and Topsy. They are cunning little things; they will come up to you and mew for some milk. They like to be petted. I have a dog, too. His name is Help. I do not like him; he will jump up and lick your fingers, and sometimes try to bite.

I go to school every day. I have two miles to walk. I am glad it is summer holidays.

How many of the Beavers like reading? I do. I have read quite a number of books, and, besides them, the interesting Beaver Circle. These are my favorite ones: Christie's Mission, Christie's Old Organ, and Uncle Tom's Cabin. One night as I was reading Christie's Old Organ, it was so sad I got tears in my eyes, and father started to tease me.

I hope this will escape the w-p. b. I have written quite a long letter for the first time, so I will close.

ELDA ANNIE PARSLOW
(Age 9, Book Jr. III.).

Swinton Park, Ont.

Don't you think Doggie is only trying to kiss you when he licks your fingers. Elda?

The Task We Love.

By L. M. Thornton.

Here's to the task we love,
Whatever that task may be,
To till the soil, in the shop to toil,
To sail o'er the chartless sea.
For the work seems light and the guer-don bright,
If to heart and hand 'tis a sure delight.

Here's to the task we love,
Wherever it lead our feet,
Through stress and strife or the simple life,
For still are its victories sweet.
And we never tire, if our hearts desire
Flame in its dross-consuming fire.

Here's to the task we love,
The task God set us to do.
And we shall not pale nor faint nor quail
And for us there's no such word as fail.
If we follow, with purpose true,
The creed He writes, and the star He lights
To guide our soul to the distant heights.