

The Teacher's Dream.

And then she lifted up her face,
But started back aghast—
The room, by strange and sudden change,
Assumed proportions vast.

It seemed a senate hall, and one
Addressed a listening throng;
Each burning word all bosoms stirred,
Applause rose loud and long.

The 'wildered teacher thought she knew
The speaker's voice and look,
"And for his name," she said, "the same
Is in my record book."

The stately senate hall dissolved,
A church rose in its place,
Wherein there stood a man of God,
Dispensing words of grace.

And though he spoke in solemn tone,
And though his hair was gray,
The teacher's thought was strangely
wrought:
"I whipped that boy to-day."

The church, a phantasm, vanished soon;
What saw the teacher then?
In classic gloom of alcoved room
An author plied his pen.

"My idlest lad!" the teacher said,
Filled with a new surprise—
"Shall I behold his name enrolled
Among the great and wise?"

The vision of a cottage home
The teacher now descried;
A mother's face illumined the place
Her influence sanctified.

"A miracle! a miracle!
This matron, well I know,
Was but a wild and careless child
Not half an hour ago.

"And now she to her children speaks
Of duty's golden rule,
Her lips repeat in accents sweet
My words to her at school."
—W. H. Venable, in Our Dumb Animals.

About the Competitions.

The results of our "Fall Fair" competition will be announced at an early date.

Our books from Scotland have at last arrived, and really I feel that I cannot say too much in praise of the large ones, "The Lives of Great Men—written by Great Men," which are to be given, this winter, to all who really earn them by sending in extra good essays in the competitions.

We have been resting on our oars, somewhat, waiting for these books, but now there is no reason why we should not get right down to work for the winter, in earnest. And remember that all boys and girls up to the age of 16 or 17 are eligible for these Senior Beaver contests. After that they are expected to graduate into the Roundabout Club class.

Our next competition, then, will be on the following subject:

"Should home-work be abolished?"

Rules:—(1) All compositions must be received at this office not later than December 20th.

(2) All compositions and letters for this department must be addressed "The Beaver Circle," Farmer's Advocate and Home Magazine, London, Ont.

(3) Full name and address, age and class at school must be given.

For the best essay the award will be one volume of "Stories of Great Men" (large volume, splendidly illustrated in color). Smaller books will be given for second and third class essays.

Senior Beavers' Letter Box.

Dear Puck,—This is the first letter that I am writing to you, and I hope you will publish it. My father has taken "The Farmer's Advocate" for nearly a year, and we like it fine. I enjoy reading your Beaver's letters. Father likes to read your "Advocate" too.

I read the letters every week. I go to school every day. I have a mile and a quarter to go. I have two sisters and four brothers. There are three of us going to school. When we are going to school we have to cross four hills and two bridges. One bridge is what they call the low-water bridge. In

the winter and spring, the river often rises over the bridge, if it is very wet weather, and we can't go to school. We have a boat, and when the river is over the bridge we have to go over in the boat. I am very fond of boat riding. It is very muddy when the river goes down.

In the winter there are large pieces of ice floating down the river. Quite a few girls and boys skate there.

I have four cats and one big cat and a dog. The cats names are Pat, Queenie, Mattie, Tiny and Fluff. Our dog's name is Fannie. She is a very pet dog; she is a very good dog to mind. We take her with us every time we go after the cows. Three of our cats are very good to catch mice and rats; the others are almost too small yet to catch any mice. The old cat catches mice and rats back in the barn.

er's Advocate" for a long while. I thought maybe you would like to hear about a Song Sparrow's nest I found. The bird flew to the hedge with some grass and hair in its mouth. Soon after I went to the hedge and the nest was built. The bird laid four little brown and white eggs in it. They all hatched out. They had a few feathers on their wings. Soon they flew away. Maybe I saw them after and didn't know them.

One day when I was walking in the woods I saw a black squirrel come down a tree with a butternut in its mouth. They were very scarce around here; but they are coming back again. The same day I walked to a big hill near my house. It has a tower on it. From this tower you can see Lake Scugog to the north-east, Lake Ontario from Whitby to Toronto, Caledon mountains to the west. I had to walk five miles home.

DOUGLAS DICKINSON

(Age 10, Sr. III. Class).

Claremont, Ont.

Our Junior Beavers

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

A Shadow Menagerie.



The Cat: Raise the outside knuckles of the right hand and put a cloth over the arm to show Tabby's body. Her tail, which you may twitch from side to side, is made by the index finger of the left hand hanging below the right elbow.

The Rabbit: This is most realistic. The left hand is placed on the right, back to back, first finger and thumb of the left hand grasping the first and second of the right. The thumb of the right hand should point downward, and the third and fourth fingers directly outward.

A slight movement of the fingers will animate Bunny.

The Elephant: Bend down the fingers of the right hand and hold the thumb straight out. Place the left hand over

Going to Bed on November Nights.

In the spring we make maple syrup. We tap our trees every year. I have very much fun watching them boiling the syrup and gathering the sap. We made quite a lot of syrup, and we sold a number of gallons.

I am taking music lessons, and I like it very well. I just live a mile and a quarter from Middlemiss.

In the winter we are driven to school. There are thirty scholars going to our school. I have very much fun skating and sleigh-riding.

and the others are very fond of staying at the house.

I know this is almost too long now, so I will close, wishing the Beaver Circle every success.

MAGGIE BEACH (Age 11, Sr. III.).
Middlemiss, Ont.

Write on but one side of the paper next time, Maggie. It is much more convenient for the printers.

Dear Beavers,—I have read "The Farm-



Choosing Sides.