

even in barren places, and would help them in their fight against enemies. It would have been very bad for them if they had never had any difficulties to meet and overcome; and it would be ruinous to us if life were made too easy. We also can look back and see that God has helped us to conquer difficulties, has led us wisely and tenderly, and has given us everyday happiness even when we were forced to bear a heavy load of sorrow. What He has done in the past we may expect for the future; so we can look back thankfully, and look forward hopefully and trustfully. If we are honestly placing ourselves and all we have at God's disposal, He can use us ever more and more for "the furtherance of the gospel," whether we work as a missionary or as a scrub-woman.

Has the sun gone down in your life, and darkness come apparently to stay?

"Sad soul, take comfort, nor forget
That sunrise never failed us yet."

DORA FARNCOMB.

Star-Led to the Heights.

A Christmas story, by Dora Farncomb (author of "Hope's Quiet Hour" and "The Vision of His Face"). Price, 35 cents, postpaid, or three copies for a dollar. The William Weld Co., London, Canada.

The Beaver Circle.

OUR JUNIOR BEAVERS.

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

October's Party.

October gave a party;
The leaves by hundreds came—
The Ashes, Oaks and Maples,
And those of every name.

The sunshine spread a carpet,
And everything was grand,
Miss Weather led the dancing,
Professor Wind the band.

The Chestnuts came in yellow,
The Oaks in crimson dressed;
The lovely Misses Maple
In scarlet looked their best.

And balanced all their partners,
And gaily fluttered by;
The sight was like a rainbow
New fallen from the sky.

Then, in rustic hollows,
At "hide-and-seek" they played,
The party closed at sundown,
And everybody stayed.

Professor Wind played louder;
They flew along the ground;
And then the party ended
In jolly "hands around."
—Our Dumb Animals.

Our Junior Beavers' Letter Box.

Dear Puck and Beavers,—Father has taken "The Farmer's Advocate" two or three years, and thinks it the best farm paper he gets.

I live on a farm of about thirty acres. There is a brook running through it, and we go fishing and catch trout. I have three sisters and three brothers, and I and one other brother, and two sisters go to school. We are building a dam now. We keep bees and we have four hives, and one swarmed on the 27th of August.

Father said I could be bee man. I am ten years old, and passed in the 5th class at school.

Closter, N. J. HUGH McBAIN.

Dear Puck and Beavers,—This is the first time I have written. We have taken "The Farmer's Advocate" for two years, and I have read the letters and liked them very much. I live on a farm near school, beside the Detroit river. I like to watch the boats and paddle in the water. I think it is fun to go to school. I guess I will close as my letter is getting long. HAROLD SHEPLEY.
Amherstburg, Ont. (Aged 9, Sr. II.)

Dear Puck,—I am staying with Mr. Jones, a friend of mine who takes "The Farmer's Advocate." I enjoy reading the Beaver Circle very much, and thought I would like to join and tell you about the farm things. We have four horses and a colt called "Patrick." On Sunday the colt kicked our dog, Carlo, in the eye, and he has not been well since. We have five cows, lots of chickens, ducks and turkeys. We have

we were having dinner and after dinner I let it fly away again, and the next day when I was going out to the field I found it on the hay-rack and I caught it.

I have a little sister Janet and a brother Gordon. Our teacher's name is Miss Becton, and we like her very much. I tried for the second class but I failed because I had the scarlet fever and was out of school two months and a half. I went up to Grandma's and over to Uncle



Oo—ooh!

a nice lot of canaries, four young ones and more hatching. Good-bye.
NORAH MASKELL.
Jordan, Ont. (Aged 9, Jr. III.)

Jack's for my summer holidays. I will close as my letter is getting rather long.
RUTH CAMPBELL.
Duncrief, Ont. (Age 8, Sr. Pt. II.)

Dear Puck and Beavers,—We always enjoy reading the letters of the Beaver Circle very much, so I thought I would write to you. I have a pet dog, and a pet hen, and a pet swallow. The dog's name is Sport, and the hen's name is Rebecca, and the swallow's name is

Dear Puck and Beavers,—I thought I would like to join your circle. My father has taken "The Farmer's Advocate" for a couple of years, and I like reading the letters in it. For pets, I have two cats, one black and one very much like a tiger, and I have a cow for



"This Little Pig Went to Market."
From "The Australasian."

Peter. Rebecca is three years old, and she was sitting and hatched out some chickens, and she is laying now behind the woodshed door. Sport is black with short hair and long ears. I got the swallow when it wasn't able to fly very far, and I took it up to the house and kept it in for a while, and when I let it fly away and I caught it again before dinner, and I left it on the chair while

a pet too. I go to school every day I can. I go one and a half miles to school. In winter I don't go sometimes when the roads are blocked.

One evening as one of the other school boys and I were walking through the bush the other boy found a robin's nest. He wanted to take the eggs away. I said if he took the eggs away the old one would not go to the nest, and the

young robins would not hatch out. I think I will close for this time as it is bed time. LORNE SNYDER.

Waterloo, Ont.

You are a kind boy, Lorne, when you refused to help to rob the nest. I hope most of our Beavers are as thoughtful.

Dear Puck and Beavers,—Last spring a cat came to our place. She had three kittens, one black one, and two grey ones. She had her nest in the hay mow. When the kittens were born, we used to go and pet them, but soon their mother got angry. She moved her nest again under the binder. We did not know where the kittens were until they were big. One day my father found them. He showed them to my brother and one of my sisters, my sister showed me them too. They were pretty large then. I was away then for three days. When I came home two of them were dead. I did not know for a few days after, then my mother told me they died when I was gone. I felt very sorry for the kittens. We feed the old cat and kitten every morning and night when we milk the cows. Mother said she saw the cats with a big rat this morning. My letter is getting long so I must close, wishing Puck and the Beavers every success.

TERESA BROHMAN.

Ponsonby, Ont. (Age 9, Jr. III.)

Dear Puck,—I have four pets, a dog, a colt and two cats. One of the cats is grey and white. We call her Kitty. She was four years old last spring. She is a good cat to catch mice and rats. One day I got some very small fish. Next morning I gave them to her. She ran off with them to her kitten. They both love fish. She has a few tricks to play on birds and mice. One day I was going for the cows and she followed me.

CORA SKELTON.

Blyth, Ont. (Age 9, Sr. II.)

Don't let your cat catch the birds, Cora, if you can help it.

Dear Puck and Beavers,—We take "The Farmer's Advocate," and I like to read the letters. As this is my first attempt I will not make it long. I live a mile and a half from school, and ten miles from London. I have a little colt named Bobbie, and a little black-and-white cat named Tidy. I have to feed the hens in the morning before I go to school, and gather the eggs and feed the hens when I come home.

I go to school nearly every day, and like it fine. Our teacher's name is Miss Ward.

Well Puck, I will close.

MACKEY GRAY.

Ferguson, Ont. (Age 9, Sr. III.)

Riddles and Circle Notes.

Around the house and around the house and sleeps in a corner at night.—Ans.—A broom.

What has a million eyes and can't see a bit?—Screen door.

Sent by Elgin Webb.

Shipka, Ont.

Ladies tell me, if you can,
Who is that highly-favored man?
Although he marries many a wife
He lives a bachelor all his life.

Ans.—A Clergyman.

Sent by Mabel Gillie, Pakenham, Ont.

Dora Jensen (Age 10), Salmonhurst, Victoria Co., New Brunswick wishes some of the little Beavers to write to her.

Out in the Fields with God.

The little cares that fretted me,
I lost them yesterday
Among the fields above the sea,
Among the winds at play;
Among the lowing of the herds,
The rustling of the trees,
Among the singing of the birds,
The humming of the bees.

The foolish fears of what might happen—
I cast them all away
Among the clover-scented grass,
Among the new-mown hay;
Among the husking of the corn,
Where drowsy poppies nod,
Where ill thoughts die and good are born—
Out in the fields with God.

—Elizabeth Barret Browning.