

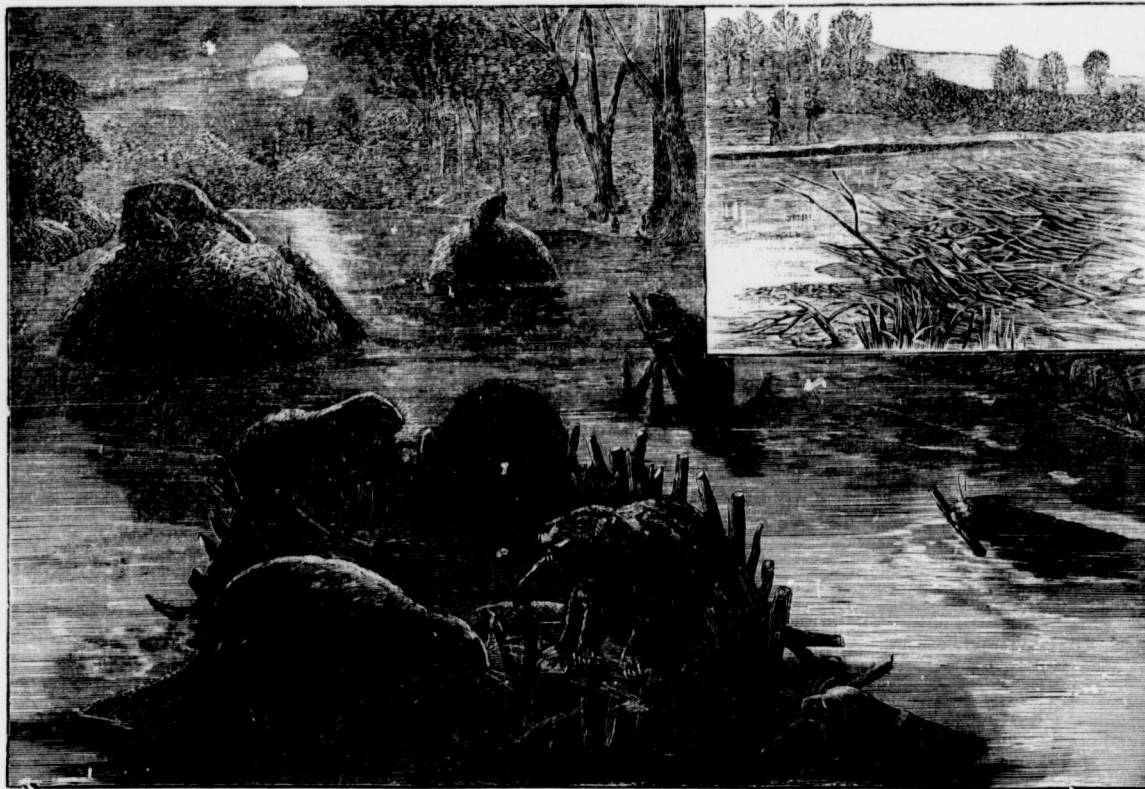
LOD BUTE'S BEAVERS.

A correspondent of the Field writes: "About a month ago, staying in Rothsay I went to visit what is there known as the beaver wood, and venture to send you a description of what I then saw; and after will describe a visit of two days ago when all was changed. In Bute the beaver wood is almost the most interesting show of the island. Driving past the woods of Mount Stewart, and seeing the magnificent mansion Lord Bute is now erecting, we come to a strip of fir plantation about one hundred and fifty yards wide, and are informed it is the beaver wood. An old, intelligent man, who has charge volunteers to show us all he can. His heart seemed allied to his charges and really found he is of describing what he has seen. A scramble over a wall, a walk of a quarter of a mile through a covert and we come to the beaver inclosure. The inclosure is simply made by a wall about three feet high, and wire paling another three feet. The belt of trees before mentioned runs through the whole, with a small burn entering at one end and running out at

prop, in another a tree felled half-way up would form the main support, and so on; but every tree felled showing the greatest ability for construction and security against floods and storms. Sticks and mud combined, appeared to construct a sound and sufficiently watertight embankment. In the inclosure and up the burn, five embankments of this character were constructed, and always kept in good and sound repair; apparently to secure facility for feeding and security from danger. From each dam a few entrances were made to burrows running perhaps fifteen or twenty yards from the water underground; but all entrances were under water; and, wherever beavers were at work; and, wherever beavers were at work, a flap of a tail on the surface of the water would send all to imagined security. Their house was constructed more like a Cairn but than anything else. It was in the big dam, and stood about five feet out of the water, being carefully covered with mud, and having a ventilating shaft in the centre, constructed of sticks placed crosswise. Two entrances into this huge beehive, opposite each other, and under water, gave access to the beavers, and it was supposed that

their burrows dug out, their house a mass of ruins. I asked, 'Where are the beavers?' 'Dead!' said the keeper; 'over a hundred people were there watching, and trampling and assisting, and frightening.' It was pitiful to see the house pulled down and scattered about; the burrows, with their new clean tree shavings, constructed by themselves, all to be dug up and knocked about for the sake of a capture. Had Lord Bute known the difficulty, I am sure he is too much of a naturalist and of too kindly a disposition to have allowed this to be done. But the beavers are exterminated their splendid work is demolished, and one of the most interesting zoological sights in the British Isles is a thing of the past. This is worth reflecting on when one sees those two poor beavers in the Fisheries Exhibition. In justice to the keeper, I should say he could do nothing, as he is comparatively a cripple, and his superiors were present. In the process of demolition, the construction of the 'house' interested the keeper very much. It was found to be divided into two compartments, and the two entrances met half-way round the house,

ourselves to speak with God in prayer, we have an ever-open avenue of communication with him; and our endeavor should be to retain always the child-like spirit in prayer, even while our minds are growing in a manlier understanding of his truths and ways. But if we allow our childhood to pass without a word spoken directly to God the larger sphere of our possibilities of thought and feeling and aspiration is left unentered; and the very capacity of communion with God is liable to be lost sight of, if not to be actually extirpated through disuse. It is not an easy thing for one in mature life to begin to pray. There is hardly anything in the world that it is not easier for a man to begin to do than that which is so simple and easy to a child and which would be so simple and easy to him if he had begun it as a child. To have a prayerless childhood is to be raising a new barrier between one's self and God, between one's self and hope, with each passing day of a dragging life. Faithful Christian parents will see to it that their children are taught to pray. But there are many neglectful parents, parents who are neither faithful nor



the other. This enclosed space gave the first beavers the necessary running water, growing trees, and also captivity. The enclosure was made and two pairs of beavers brought from Canada about eight years ago. Now commenced the most interesting engineering exploits (I speak as an engineer) ever executed by an animal in the British Isles. The four beavers found that the most advantageous position to build their first dam was at the outlet of their confined space; but their house must be started. A small dam was constructed in an advantageous position, and the house was commenced; also the dam No. 1 was proceeded with. A description of the house I will give presently. In constructing the dams, the greatest ingenuity must have been exercised, and I have only time to describe some of the most salient points governing the construction. The trees bordering the burn were invariably felled to be of advantage in forming props to sustain a dam. In one case of a tree felled the branches themselves would almost form a dam, in another a

either gave access to the centre of the house. But nothing of this was known. We walked by a portion of the big dam which the beavers had to form against a masonry wall; but not believing in the skilled labor of the Scotch artisan, they dug below to the solid ground, and put in their stick and mud embankment, regardless of stone and masonry. Of course, being in the day-time, we could not see the beavers themselves. The keeper told us that about twelve months ago, he counted twenty-two at once, but could not say what there were at present. He was then much surprised to learn that some had to be caught to send to the Fisheries Exhibition, and hoped it could be managed. Two days ago I went to see how the capture had been conducted, and if successful. This has made me write these few lines. Two beavers sent to the exhibition—destruction everywhere! I walked down the covert with the keeper; how pleasant! A roe darted from us, a brace of grouse off the moor near at hand, and then to the beaver inclosure; but what a wreck! Every dam broken through,

then an inclined passage took them into the centre of the house. The construction of the floor, roof, rafters, etc., was of a primitive but substantial character, all showing the constructive ability of the beaver. We are at a loss to understand how or why the capture of two beavers should necessitate the death of twenty others, and trust that there may be some mistake in the report. No doubt the survivors have had a great scare and are probably hiding. Let us hope they will live to reconstruct their house.

DO YOUR SCHOLARS PRAY!

Persons who have been accustomed to private prayer from their earliest childhood can hardly realize how sad a thing it is for one to come to years of maturity without ever having prayed. It is easy for a child to pray. We are all so formed of God by nature that, at the very beginning of life, we can take in as full a conception of God, by simple trust, as we can ever afterwards attain to by the highest reach of wisdom. If, from the very start in life, we accustom

Christian. Every Sunday-school teacher ought, therefore, to be watchful on this point, with every scholar of his charge. If the parents have failed of their duty, the teacher should so far supply the lack. Are the scholars in your Sunday-school class accustomed to pray by themselves, every night and every morning? Do they go to God familiarly with their troubles and wants, their weaknesses and their burdens? If they do not, they ought to do so; and the responsibility is on you to counsel and teach them accordingly. Even if their prayers should seem to be but formal now, it is easier for one to put new life into an old form of prayer, than to take on a form of prayer to which one has never accustomed himself in the shaping period of his life.—S. S. Times.

QUEEN'S CAKE.—One cup of butter, two of flour, two of sugar, one of cornstarch, one of sweet milk, two tea-spoonfuls of cream of tartar, one of soda, the whites of seven eggs, and a little vanilla; bake until it is a light brown.