



BEAVER'S AT WORK.

THE BABY BEAVER'S DAM.

"I KNOW of a naturalist in eastern Maine," said a well-known Maine college professor, "who wouldn't be convinced that beavers could build dams until he saw it done with his own eyes. He is an awfully incredulous fellow anyway. One day I bought a baby beaver of a hunter who traps them, and sent him to my skeptical friend. He grew greatly attached to the little fellow, and kept him in the house; but he often wrote me that his beaver didn't show any propensity at all for dam-building. One Monday, washing-day, his wife set a leaky pail, full of water, on the kitchen floor. The beaver was in the kitchen,—he was only a baby then, too,—and he saw the water oozing out of the crack in the pail. He scampered out into the yard, brought in a chip, and began building his dam. The naturalist was summoned. He watched the little fellow, thunder-struck. Said he, 'Leave that pail there, wife, till doomsday, if needs be, and let's see what the little fellow will do.' The beaver kept at it four weeks, until he had built a solid dam clean around the pail. My naturalist friend

is quite a beaver man to-day. They say, you know, that way down East there is a beaver dam that two hundred thousand dollars could not build the like of. Oh, men don't know everything. The wasp knew how to make paper before we did."

FLYING FOR REFUGE.

THERE was once a little bird chased by a hawk, and in its extremity it took refuge in the bosom of a tender-hearted man. There it lay, its wings quivering with fear and its little heart throbbing against the bosom of the good man, whilst the hawk kept hovering overhead, as if saying, "Deliver up that bird that I may devour it." Now will that gentle, kind-hearted man take the poor little creature, that puts its trust in him, out of his bosom and deliver it up to the hawk? What think ye? Would you do it? No, never. Well, then, if you flee for refuge into the bosom of Jesus, who came to save the lost, do you think he will ever deliver you up to your deadly foe? Never! never!

THE SWINGING CHAIR.

BY AMY TALBOT DUNN.

"COME let us make a swinging chair
And this is how it is:
I hold myself my own left wrist,
And brother he holds his,
We grasp each other's right wrist
And make an even square—
And here we have the rockaway,
The little swinging chair.

"Here now, you bonny Baby Bell,
Come here and take a seat,
We'll carry you across the stones
That hurt your little feet.
Just put one arm around my neck,
And one arm around our brother—
O don't we have such jolly times
A-playing with each other!"

Their mother said, when they came
Their three heads in a row—
"Why, that's a play I used to play,
Some twenty years ago!"
"Some twenty years ago!" they cried
"Can you remember plays
That happened twenty years ago—
That many thousand days?"

BOY-CHARACTER.

It is the greatest delusion in the world for a boy to get the idea that his life is of no consequence, and that the character of his life will not be noticed. A manly, truthful boy will shine like a star in any community. A boy may possess as much of noble character as a man. He may so speak and so act that the truth that there shall be no discount in his word. And there are such noble characters among boys; and wider and deeper than they are apt to think is their influence. They are the king boys among their fellows, have an immense influence for good, and are loved and respected because of the simple fact of living the truth.

Dear boys, do be truthful. Keep your word as absolutely sacred. Keep your appointments at the house of God. Be known for your fidelity to the interests of the church and Sunday-school. Be true to every friendship. Help others to be good.—*Child's Paper.*

FINGERS AND FORKS.

"USE your fork, Johnnie! Have you forgotten so soon what I told you about using your fingers?"

"Well, mamma; fingers were made before forks!"

"Yes; I know very well they were; not your fingers."