

remember, it was necessary to make up a table about these, such as "T" being a soldier with a gun over his shoulder, "R" a little old man with a pack on his back, and it was surprising how quickly they learned them. But besides the names of the letters it was necessary to teach them the sounds, and by taking four or five new ones a day and constantly reviewing them, it was not long before they were able to be ahead of foot of a class by sounding out some words written on the blackboard, and found it very interesting. Like all children they liked stories read to them, and would ask such funny and yet thoughtful questions. The higher parts of this class were reading in their lesson books, and had to learn how to spell every word contained in each; so you will see that all had an opportunity of obtaining marks.

The children having little or no Bible instruction, each morning I read a portion of the Old Testament, and in the evening a portion of the New Testament, always endeavoring to choose something that they would understand, thus making them familiar with the stories contained therein in their respective order. Then followed a special prayer, the Lord's prayer in which all joined, and lastly the Benediction, all prescribed by the school board. As the Methodist preacher had left some hymn books at the school we began at the front of the book and took each hymn that I knew, and sang one in the morning and a different one in the evening until the children became acquainted with the words, then we would take another, so in this way they learned a great many hymns. When the hymn had been sung each pupil would repeat a verse from the Bible which he or she had learned at home, and by studying these little by little they memorized the 5th, 6th, 7th and 8th chapter of St. Matthew, 14th and 15th chapter of St. John, 23rd, 24th and 34th Psalms and the Ten Commandments. For every verse learned they received a mark.

The parents, however, took it into their heads that the children were not to have any religion whatever at school, and one Englishman informed me that if he wanted his children to learn the Bible he would teach them at home, and it wouldn't be the likes of me or any other blaw-headed Canadian that he would get to teach them. The trustees three times gave orders for it to be stopped, but no notice whatever was taken of the command, and at last I quietly showed them the register wherein was contained the statement that teachers could have scriptural teaching in the school if they wished. After this they could say nothing more.

The sage advice received from those who did a powerful lot of thinking (in their own opinion) was so frequent that at last it became unbearable, and I was compelled to ask them if it were they or myself that was teaching that school, and to tell them, if they wanted the position they might apply for it, but that while I held the position they would kindly attend to their own affairs while I would attend to mine. This naturally did not tend to smooth matters, for, as may be supposed, it was hard for them to see all their dictating and domineering words "waste their sweetness on the desert air."

The children had few pleasures and did not know many games, so I endeavored to teach them some. In the winter they took one of the benches out of the school-house, turned it upside down and used it as a tobogan to coast down the hill just in front of the school-house, the front child hung on to the support at the end, and the other children clung to each other. "Necessity was the mother of invention" certainly. In their haste to resume studies at the call of the bell one day they left the bench on the road where it was run over and smashed by the team of one of the settlers who was "drawing logs." He stopped on his way back and took us all home on top of his three immense logs, which made a load.

The first trial that arose was over my bicycle.

(To be continued.)

The Beaver Circle

OUR SENIOR BEAVERS.

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

Bob-White's Carol.

Still I hear them calling, calling,
Voices that I fondly know,
When the tulip-trees are breaking
In a blooming purple glow;
In a flush of velvet blossoms
Through the pretty Southern town,
Where the furrowed valley stretches
And the rugged mountains frown.
Oh, 'tis then I hear them calling
From beyond the river shore,
Bob-whites in the hazel-cover,
Bob-whites piping o'er and o'er.

When the cotton fields are growing,
Where their blooms begin to show;
And the winds are tripping lightly
Down the long aisle of the row;
There the driver turns at noonday
Laying down his shining plow,
Thinking of the cottage nestling
Close against the hill's green brow;
There I hear them all about me,
Scudding o'er my homeward trail;
There the valley seems to echo
With the carol of the quail.

In a treble note 'tis rising
On the morning's early air;
In a chorus I can hear it
Neath the dawn-light rosy-fair;
Catch the song that they are singing
With the coming of the light;
Quail that pipe across the valley
In a carol: "Bob,—Bob-white."
And the strain must linger with me
Though my steps should roam away;
It must linger on forever,
On forever and a day.

LESLIE CLAIR MANCHESTER.

—In Our Dumb Animals.

Senior Beavers' Letter Box

Dear Puck and Beavers,—I am going to tell you about a woodchuck. One bright spring morning Hector, a Scotch Collie came bounding into the yard with something in his mouth that looked like a ball of fur.

"I guess he has brought me another pet, since I lost my kitty," said five-year-old Marjorie. "div it to me! Drop it, sir!" Hector carefully gave her the brown woodchuck. The little fellow was too frightened to move, at first, so Marjorie put him in a basket.

In about a week he became well acquainted and would follow her all over and appeared uneasy if he was out of her sight, so she gave him the name of Jack. He would sit upon his hind legs and eat sugar out of her hand; he also liked bread and butter.

One day he was nowhere to be found until someone looked in one of the cupboard drawers. When it was opened Jack came out, stood on his hind legs and begged for some sugar.

Sometimes Marjorie would hitch him to the doll carriage. He would run around the table enjoying the sport as well as she, but sometimes he would balk in pure mule-fashion.

When fall came he got fat, and would only eat once a day and got sleepy. So Marjorie thought he must be ill. But when her father told her he was just getting ready for his winter's sleep, she dried the tears from her eyes.

One day in September Jack started to dig a hole in the back yard. When he got it deep enough he carried in some dried grass and leaves, and did not come out for three days, then he came out, sat on his hind legs and begged for sugar. When he was satisfied he went back in again.

No matter how much Marjorie whistled she would just get an answer back; that was all.

One day the family saw him coming home across the field trying to coax another woodchuck to follow him. They wondered how Jack had managed to get one so gaunt and slim like himself, but he did not get her any farther than the stone wall, where she would sit and watch him.

In the spring when Jack came out he

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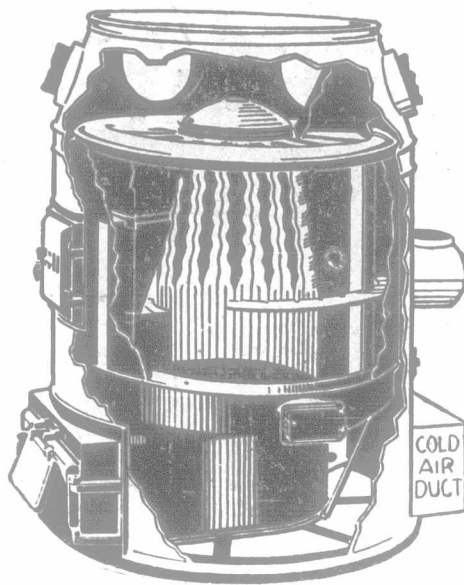
could not be improved if we charged double the price; we would merely add expensive perfumes, which do not improve the quality. The shape of Fairy Soap is oval, and fits the hand. Fairy Soap always floats within easy reach. Buy Fairy Soap, try it in the bath, and you'll never be without it again.

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