

The Beaver Circle.

[All children in school here and around here will write for the Junior Beavers' Department. Those in third and fourth books, also those who have left school, or are in High School, between the ages of 11 and 15, inclusive, will write for Senior Beavers'. Kindly state book at school, or age, if you have left school, in each letter sent to the Beaver Circle.]

Our Younger Beavers.

So all our little Beavers forgot that the first Beaver Circle of every month is to belong to them! Not a single letter from a Junior Beaver has come in—at least up to the time that I am writing this. But never mind, little Beavers. You will do better next time, won't you?

The Two Pets.

One day last summer Suzie's papa brought home a little puppy to her six-year-old brother Ralph. The puppy was as black as old cook Mary's kitchen stove, except that he had a little pure

whiteness on his breast. Who are you? What a queer thing! It has got only two feet and no ears!"

So he was so pleased that she ran into the house for Ralph, and when they came out to the barn, there was Coaly lying on the ground and the little chickie cuddled down right between his two paws. And Suzie named the little chick "Peeps," and every day she would give her some soft bread or cracked corn.

They soon got to be such good friends that Peeps would follow Suzie and Coaly around the lawn whenever she came out to play.—Everett Wilson.

The Good Little Piggie and His Friends.

(By L. Waldo Lockling, in St. Nicholas.)

Once there was a little piggie, a very good little piggie, who obeyed his mother so well that often she let him out of the pen to play with his friends on the farm. One afternoon this little piggie was playing with them, when suddenly he heard his mother calling "Piggie, wiggie, wiggie, wiggie, wiggie!"

"Piggie, dear," she said, as he ran to

as? "No, not Billie!" Where are you going with such a hurry, Bossie?"

"Going with Piggie," said the calf.

"Where are you going, Piggie?"

"Going to market to bring my Mother a pail of milk for Father's supper to-night," squealed Piggie, in a great hurry. "Are you? I believe I'll go too. I am so fond of milk." So Billie Goat ran out of the barnyard and hurried after the calf.

Just as they were passing the house, who should spy them but Rover the dog.

"Where are you going, Billie," barked Rover, running out to the gate as he saw them rushing along. "Going with Bossie," said the goat.

"Where are you going, Bossie?" "Going with Piggie."

"Where are you going, Piggie?"

"I am going to market to bring Mother a pail of milk for Father's supper to-night," squealed Piggie, in a great hurry.

"Are you? I believe I'll go, too. I am so fond of milk." So Rover hurried along up the road after the goat.

Just as they turned into the road, who should come jumping along but Tabby the cat.

"Well, well!" he meowed. "When did the circus come to town, Rover?"

"This is not a circus parade," said the dog, the goat, the calf, and Piggie, all at once, as they ran on.

"Then, where are you going, Rover?" again meowed Tabby.

"Going with Billie," barked Rover.

"Where are you going, Billie?" "Going with Bossie."

"Where are you going, Bossie?" "Going with Piggie."

"Where are you going, Piggie?"

"I am going to market to get my Mother a pail of milk for Father's supper to-night," squealed Piggie, in a great hurry.

"Are you? I believe I'll go along. I am so fond of milk." So Tabby raced along after Rover.

When they got to the market, Piggie told his friends to wait outside while he hurried in and got the milk for his father's supper. It did not take him long, and he soon came trotting out because he was to hurry back home.

"Give me a sup for politeness' sake," meowed Tabby the cat, as she stuck her head in the pail. "My, that's good!"

"Pass it to me, Tabby," barked Rover the dog. "for politeness' sake. My that's good!"

"Give me a sup for politeness' sake," said Billie Goat. "My, that's good."

"Do not forget me, Billie," for politeness' sake," said Bossie the calf. "My that's good!"

"Oh, dear; oh, dear!" squealed Piggie, when he saw what had happened. "What shall I do?" And away he trotted all by himself with an empty pail, to tell his mother that he did really and truly get the milk, but that his friends had "supped" it all up!

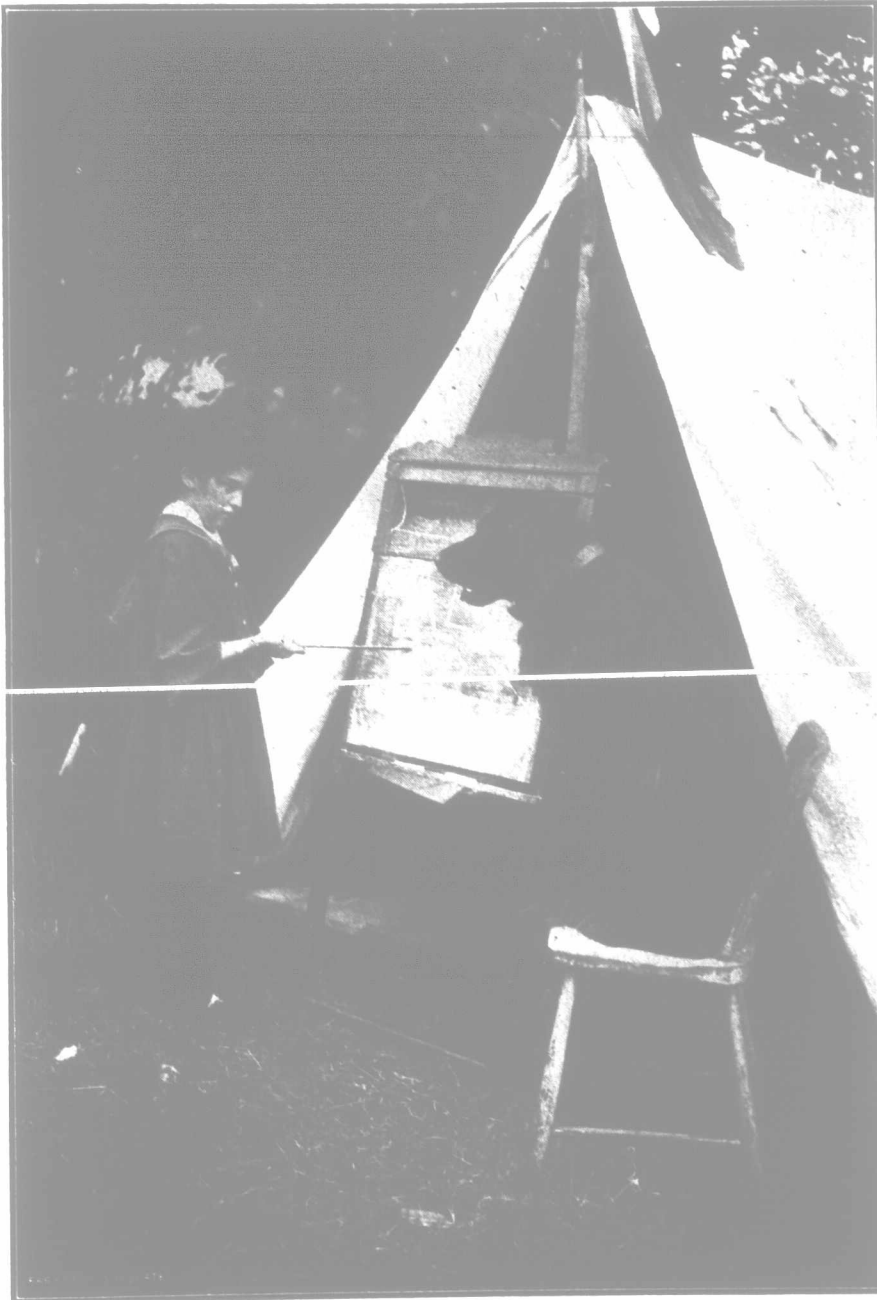
But just then the farmer came with a great big pail of milk and gave it all to them, so that the good little piggie and his father and mother had a fine supper, and much more milk than Piggie could have brought.

Half of the Trouble.

Half of the trouble is over
When the spirit of love comes in.
Half of the care and the worry,
The bitter, the blight and the sin.
Captains have never so conquered,
Kings never wrought with the sword,
Like the power of a little sweet loving
And the faith of a heart in the Lord.

Half of the trouble's forgotten
When there at the lilac gate
Lips meet with the touch of all-loving,
The lips that their coming await.
Oh, princes and potentates, tremble,
For here is one mighty o'er all—
The love that can fill life and lift it
To the infinite height of its thrall.

Half of the gloom and the shadow,
The grief and the grey of the night,
Are over when love at the window
Shines in with a ray of love's light;
Oh, bearers and builders and bringers,
All, all are but children to this—
The love that can bear us new singers
And build us new dreams with its kiss.



Carlo "Learning" His A. B. C.'s.

white spot on his breast. Ralph was a kind-hearted boy, so he said to his little sister: "I'm sorry, Suzie, there isn't a puppy for you, too, but I'll let you name mine." "Oh, how lovely!" cried Suzie. "I never named anything before in my life—except, of course, my dollies. Let me see. I think I'll call him 'Coaly,' because he is as black as coal."

"And I think it's a very nice name," said Ralph. "It couldn't be nicer!"

Early the next morning, before breakfast, Suzie ran out to the barnyard, where Coaly had a nice, soft bed in a box filled with hay. When she got to the barnyard fence and peeked in, what do you think she saw? She saw the cutest little black and yellow chicken you can imagine standing right in front of Coaly, and the little chick was saying, "Peep, peep, peep," which means "Hello!" Who are you? And Coaly looked down and looked at the chick, which meant

her, "take this and trot as fast as you can to market and get me a pail of milk for Father's supper to-night."

So Piggie took the pail between his teeth, and off he went to do what his mother told him. Now, you must remember that this little piggie was such a dear, good little piggie, that he had a great many friends among the other animals. So he had not gone far when who should spy him but his friend Bossie the calf. "Hello, there!" said the calf. "Where are you off to, Piggie?"

"I'm going to market to bring my Mother a pail of milk for Father's supper to-night," squealed Piggie.

"Are you? I believe I'll go, too. I am so fond of milk." And the calf leaped over his master's fence, and away he went scampering after Piggie.

By and by, who should come along but Piggie's friend Billie Goat. "Mercy on

mind to work" in building up the wall. She studied the weekly lessons and prayed over them; she studied the tastes of young men and—like St. Paul—"caught them with guile"; she was not disheartened by apparent failure, but sowed good seed prayerfully, knowing that God would give the harvest after many days. I was not told all this, but I am sure of it. Success in building up the wall of the new Jerusalem is sure, if the builder works and prays and is satisfied with the special part of the wall that is allotted to him. Read Nehemiah III., and see how necessary it was that each should stick to his post. There were no gaps. All were working under orders—as we are—and responsible only for the task set them.

And now, let me tell you another story which I heard yesterday from my neighbor at table. He told me that a lady of his acquaintance once said to a gentleman who was staying a few days in a certain city: "Won't you come to church with me to-night?" He began to excuse himself, but she pleaded: "Do come, we have something especially interesting to-night in the way of missions." He was not interested in missions, but attended the meeting to please her. As a result, he went out to China as a missionary, and was one of the heroes of the Boxer riots there.

So much for those who won success because they had a mind to work. Another anecdote told me yesterday was of a S.-S. teacher who was easily discouraged. When Joseph Smith—the Mormon leader—was a boy, she was asked to try and do something for him. She refused, on the ground that it was impossible to do anything with such an incorrigible boy. "If she had tried to take him in hand," said my informant gravely, "perhaps there might have been no Mormonism now."

Who but God can calculate the loss to the world of one of our many wasted opportunities?

Jane Addams—the great settlement worker—says that a Lithuanian once came to her and suggested the plan of an "Immigrant Sunday." He thought that American families might observe that day by "each one inviting an immigrant family home for Sunday dinner." If such a suggestion should be carried out, it would do a great deal for both hosts and guests.

Is there no lonely person in your neighborhood who could be cheered and encouraged—perhaps kept out of bad company—by an occasional invitation to your home? Many a young life has drifted downwards for want of a little neighborly kindness. There was no sign that anybody cared.

And then there are the lonely people who have left youth behind them. How many chances of choosing them we carelessly let slip! They are so surprised and so pleased when the busy, bright young people take time from their own pursuits to pay them a little attention. We should never neglect old people—especially those who are our own relations—lest we be guilty of neglecting Him who has said: "Inasmuch as ye did it not to one of the least of these, ye did it not to Me."

"The world belongs to young folks—yes, Young folks of sixty years—God bless 'em!"

How they would thrill to a caress, If they had someone to caress 'em. Their backs are bent, their locks are gray.

Their lives were spent in toil for others,

And in their stiffening work-worn clay, The fire of youth burns bright—or smolders."

If we have "a mind to work," for love of God or man, then we can always find plenty to do. It is grandly worth doing, too.

DORA FARNCOMB.

Isn't It?

Just once in a while—of course under our breath—

Now, isn't it really so?

There comes a dull day, when we're tired to death

Of all the people we know.

And, indeed, it must be—as such things always are—

That with the least malice or fuss,

Now and then the clever, nice people

Get away from us.