

He goes on loving, until cold hearts grow warm. He loved Saul the persecutor into Paul the Apostle, transforming a fierce enemy into a loyal friend. Perhaps by loving our enemies we also may have the joy of changing them into friends. Certainly love is beautiful and winsome, it is a very hard heart that can resist its power.

Do we find it hard to forgive? Let us face our own souls, studying our sins in the light of our Father's whiteness, and then we shall be forced to say: "Needing so much Forgiveness,—God grant me at least to forgive!"

We sometimes see a man or a woman noble enough to be really loving towards an enemy. That is one of the most glorious proofs that Christ is still living on earth—living and reigning in the hearts of His people. If you can bear witness to His Life in your soul, in that marvelous fashion, you will help the world more than thousands of sermons.

And one last thought—when we are at variance with our neighbors, the fault is usually partly our own. In order to live peaceably with all men, we must not only reform them, but ourselves. Very seldom is all the blame on one side. If we keep our eyes on God, and our faces turned towards Him, we cannot help reflecting something of His wonderful Love. As a tiny dewdrop shines with the light of the glorious sun, so the humblest life can shine, if it is lighted up with the glory of God's Presence.

"Could I with ink the ocean fill,  
Were the whole sky of parchment made,  
Were every blade of grass a quill,  
And every man a scribe by trade—  
To write the love of God to man  
Would drain the ocean dry,  
Nor could the scroll contain the whole,  
Though stretched from earth to sky."

DORA FARNCOMB.

## The Beaver Circle.

### Our Senior Beavers.

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

### A Country Puppy.

His coat is rough and shaggy,  
But his tail is very waggly.  
For he wasn't educated with a whip.  
He never knew a tether  
Or a muzzle made of leather;  
He's a free and independent little rip.

He thinks it mighty funny  
To pursue a frightened bunny,  
Or to chase an angry squirrel up a trunk.  
Though he's hardly finished growing,  
He has reached the point of knowing  
There's a difference 'twixt a woodchuck  
and a skunk.

He will cock a saucy ear up  
At a whistle or a chirrup;  
You should hear the merry music of  
his bark  
When he comes to me careering  
Through the meadow or the clearing  
Like an infantile tornado on a lark.

Such a friendly little fellow!  
Though he's pretty nearly yellow.  
But he's coming for a confidential talk,  
And his pleading eyes are saying  
That to-day was meant for playing.  
So I rather guess we're going for a walk.

## Competition for Beavers Eleven and Twelve Years of Age.

Subject: "Dogs That I Have Known."  
So many good letters were sent in on this subject that it was very hard to decide which were the very best. At last, however, after much consideration, it was decided to give the prizes to Evah Leigh, Simcoe Co., Ont.; Ivan Groh, Waterloo Co., Ont.; Wesley Sanderson, Huron Co., Ont.; and Lulu Gardener, Will Lulu kindly send her full address at once?

Olive Healey and "May Queen" both wrote very good compositions, but they forgot to give age and class at school, so their sketches had to be thrown out.

Honor Roll:—Those who came closest to the prizewinners were: Cedric Cal-

houn, Bessie Deans, Hamilton Ross, Mary Tambling, Della Jackson. Very good sketches were also written by Willard Jackson, Earl Marr, Mabel Haskett, Maggie Gavin, Gertie Brown, Michael Kieffer, Broughton Cudmore.

An extra award will be given to Elizabeth Hughes, Hanover, Ont., who sent a very good, clear photo of her dog.

### DOGS THAT I HAVE KNOWN.

There are a great many different kinds of dogs around here, but our dog is part shepherd and cattle collie. He is a very large dog, with long yellow hair

be very particular to know that the dog can get a drink when he wants it, for dogs will suffer with thirst.

EVAN LEIGH

(Book Jr. III., age 11 years).

Hawkestone, Ont.

If prize, a book.

I have never had a dog, but my father had one before I can remember. It would go after the cows any time of the day.

Two of our neighbors, one on each side of our farm, own dogs. Their dogs are both yellow, and so nearly alike that I can hardly tell which is which. These dogs are very good



"Come One, Come All!"

and a white collar. He shows the shepherd that is in him, because he does not bite cattle so severely as the pure collie does; therefore, he is a better dog to handle milk cows, because he does not bite nor run them.

When our dog was young he would go to the far end of a hundred acres and bring the cattle up to the barnyard, and he would put the cattle into the stable one by one, ready for papa to tie them. If one of the cattle took a notion that he would not go into the stable, papa would say, "Put him around the yard Shepherd!" and after it was put around two or three times it would be glad to go in.

We lived on the shore of Lake Simcoe, so papa used to keep a hole open in the ice so that the horses could drink at the lake. Papa used to let the horses out and tell the dog to take them down to the lake to get a drink, and

friends, and cross the fields of our farm very often to visit each other. One time the one dog got sick, and the other dog used to cross the fields every day to visit the sick one. When one dog would get something good, such as he would get if someone in the neighborhood would butcher, he would carry it across the fields to the other dog, and share with him. I have found some meat in one of our fields that one dog dropped on a journey to his friend's home.

One good old wise dog in our neighborhood used to catch groundhogs and skunks. If he was at one side of the field and the groundhog or skunk at the other side, he would run around by the fence, and get as close to the groundhog or skunk as he could, without getting away from the fence where the groundhog or skunk could see him, and then he would run down the furrow,



"Go for Him, Towser!"

he would sit on the bank till every horse had got a drink, then he would take them back to the stable.

One day he saw a big dog fighting a little dog out on the street, so he went out and gave the big dog a good shaking and made him leave the little one alone.

Some boys around here have trained their dogs to haul them on their sleighs, but our dog was not taught that. He is twelve years old and is quite smart yet.

Dogs should have a good, dry, warm den to sleep in, and should have plenty to eat. They are very fond of a bone with a little meat on it. A dog should be well groomed every day. We should

keeping as low as possible, so he would not be seen, and when he would get close enough he would catch it. He would not always take this plan, but would sometimes sit on a rail fence over a groundhog's hole, and when it would come out the dog would jump onto it.

One morning very early a dog not very far from here began barking, so the people in the house went out and found him with three raccoons, two on the fence and one beside it. The people got two of them, and the other one got away. The next night he began barking again, so the people went out again and found him with the other raccoon cornered up. They got this one then too. The next night he started bark-

ing again; they found him with a skunk this time, but they would not help to kill it, but only kept the dog out of the house the next couple of days.

Always treat a dog kindly, only when you tell him to do something make him obey. Give him a warm, dry bed to sleep on. Always feed him well. Never use him roughly without a reason. Give him all the meat scraps and bones you have.

IVAN GROH

(Age 12 years, Entrance Class).  
Preston, Ont., Box 418.

Once my father was hauling wood to town and on his way home on a cold March day he saw a poor little black, curly pup and his mother on the side of the road. They looked nearly starved and frozen, and were a long piece from any building. Father jumped off his sleigh and picked up the little pup and brought him home. Mother named him Nemo. She took good care of him and gave him a warm bed to sleep in. He grew fast but did not grow very big, as he was a Spaniel. When father went away any place he always stayed close to mother and me, and seemed to understand all we said to him. He always went with us anywhere, except when we went to church. He seemed to know, then, and he would hang his ears and look. He was good company. When I was small he was my playmate, and as I grew older I liked him better than my toys. Sometimes when I would go to put the cat outside Nemo would run, catch the cat by the back of the neck and throw it outside for me. He would beg for me, and thank me for anything by a bark. Whenever he saw mother or father take the lamp to go to bed in the winter, when he got old, he would run to the lounge, put his head on the pillow, lie down and go to sleep. We let him stay in the house in winter when he got old. Whenever he saw anyone getting ready for the berry-patch he would run, jump around and look at you as if he were saying, "May I go too?"

When he stayed outside he used to bark at everything and let us know when anyone came. When he was twelve years old father destroyed him, because he had never been tied or muzzled, and when he was so old we did not know what he would do, and people had to muzzle the dogs.

At school sometimes dogs come and take pieces out of our hands.

Dogs should be fed properly, and then they would not have to go away to hunt or steal their living. A dog should be told when he is doing wrong, and then he won't do it again, but instead of that people just give them a kick or something, and the dog does not know what you do it for, and the next day it would go at the same trick. A dumb animal should not be abused, for they do not know what you are doing it for, and they cannot tell you that it hurts. A dog should be taught some tricks to keep him employed and amused, for when you ask him them and he does it you are glad and so is he to feel that you are satisfied with them. When you give a bone to a dog he is just in his glory; a bone is good exercise for a dog to be at.

Well, I hope this is not too long, and will miss w.p.b.  
LULU GARDENER  
(Age 11, Jr. III. B.).

I am going to tell you about a dog that came to our place one awful frosty night. He stayed at our place all day. We thought if no person came to claim him and he did not go away we would keep him all the time. He must have been treated very badly or he would not have run away and come to our place. He was not a bit cross, for he never offered to bite any of us. He was a big dog with one white foot in front and one behind. He had a white ring all around his neck. He had curly hair. We called him Jack Frost, because he came on such a frosty night. He was a good dog for the cattle and sheep. We never trained him to go in the hand-sleigh for fear we might spoil him and make him cross.

One time when my little brother was about three years old he ran away back to the bush to get berries, for we had been back there not long before. He got around the bush some way or another and over to a neighbor's house. We were looking for him nearly half a