

when he suddenly dropped to the floor and died instantly. Was he not a victor in life's battle? He had fought a good fight and kept the faith, finishing his course victoriously, and going forward to receive from the hands of the King a crown of grander, fuller life than he had enjoyed here.

How God must rejoice as He examines the precious offerings which have been heaped into His treasury during the past year by lovers of Christ! When John the Baptist sent messengers to ask the momentous question whether Jesus of Nazareth were really the promised Messiah, he did not receive a direct answer. The messengers were told to look at the work that was being done, and then go back and tell their master how the sick, poor, and ignorant, were being helped and taught.

It is the same to-day. Men question whether this JESUS be indeed Divine. Let them examine the work done by His followers during nearly two thousand years. Who devote time and money to the sick and the poor? In the great volunteer army you will find thousands of Christians to one agnostic or infidel. Probably you will find it hard to discover even one infidel. Who engage in the arduous and discouraging task of S-S. teaching? Who endure the awful cold of the far North, or the almost unendurable heat of the tropics, that they may carry light and comfort to the ignorant? The followers of Christ. Deny it who can! Is not this Teacher of ours Divine? Shall we not trust Him and obey Him unquestioningly during the coming year? No other leader can make our lives so thoroughly worth while—and we all want our lives to be worth while!

"Let this young year that, silent, walks beside me,
Be as a means of grace
To lead me up, no matter what betide me.

This is a Christmas prayer."

DORA FARNCOMB.

They Presented unto Him Gifts.

This morning my mail contained three letters from readers of the "Quiet Hour": two contained a dollar each, and the third contained five dollars—which the giver describes as "a mite." These are intended as gifts to the King, offered to Him through some of His needy brethren. In His Name I thank the givers, and will try to be a faithful steward. At present, my intention is to divide the money among three elderly women who are very poor and very cheerful, and two poor mothers who will greatly appreciate some Christmas cheer for their children.

How dull life would be if Christmas were struck out of the calendar!

HOPE.

"Christmastide."

By A. Rodd.

Old Father Time doth onward fly,
In silent ceaseless flight,
And here is Christmas coming nigh,
The season of delight,
When happiness true love and joy,
In fellowship unite.

The little children run and play
Like lambskins in the spring;
Their merry hearts are light and gay,
They dance around and sing
And, listen, this is what they say:
"What will Old Santa bring?"

Now busy hands the feast prepare
And trim the Christmas tree;
The presents are hung on with care,
As neatly as can be,
But, ah, a smiling lot is there,
Just peeping in to see.

O may the Christmas spirit fill,
Our hearts and souls anew,
With fellowship, and right good will
With loving purpose true,
Each strive our mission to fulfill
As Christ would have us do.

Give freely; gladden those who grieve
Their urgent needs supply,
Give freely; suffering relieve,
Make sad hearts sing for joy,
Give freely; and thou shalt receive
A blessing from on high.

Fashion Dept. The Beaver Circle

HOW TO ORDER PATTERNS.

Order by number, giving age or measurement as required, and allowing at least ten days to receive pattern. Also state in which issue pattern appeared. Price ten cents PER PATTERN. If two numbers appear for the one suit, one for coat, the other for skirt, twenty cents must be sent. Address Fashion Department, "The Farmer's Advocate and Home Magazine," London, Ont. Be sure to sign your name when ordering patterns. Many forget to do this.

Address: Pattern Dept., "The Farmer's Advocate and Home Magazine," London Ontario.

When ordering, please use this form:—
Send the following pattern to:

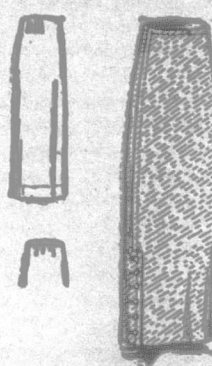
Name
Post Office
County
Province
Number of pattern.....
Age (if child or misses' pattern).....
Measurement—Waist, Bust,
Date of issue in which pattern appeared.....



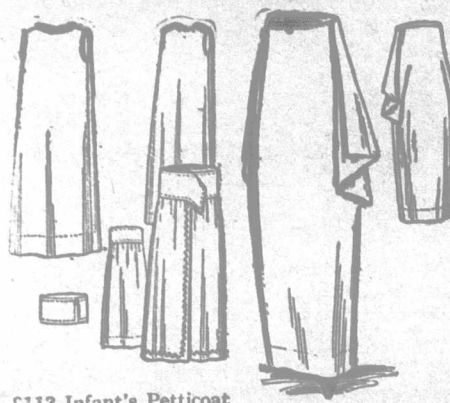
5113 Coat for Misses and Small Women, 16 and 18 years.



5085 Fancy Blouse, 34 to 40 bust.



5086 Two-Piece Skirt, 24 to 34 waist.



5112 Infant's Petticoat and Barrow Coat, One Size.

4120 Two-Piece Skirt, 32 to 34 waist.

Our Junior Beavers.

[For all pupils from the First Book to Junior Third, inclusive.]

A Very Little Story of a Very Little Girl.

By Alice E. Allen.

Molly was such a little girl that she didn't seem big enough to have a party all her own with truly ice cream in it. But she had asked for one so many times that at last Mother decided to give her one. And the party was to be a surprise to Molly herself.

Early that afternoon Molly wanted to go for a little visit to Miss Eleanor. Miss Eleanor lived up Molly's street, in a white house with apple-green blinds. Molly often went all alone.

Miss Eleanor was always so sunny and full of songs and stories and games that Molly loved her next best to Father and Mother and Baby.

"You may go, dear," said Mother, "if you will come home exactly at three o'clock."

"You always say exactly three o'clock, Mother," said Molly.

"Well, five minutes after three, then," laughed Mother. "And, Molly, so that you won't forget this time, all the way to Miss Eleanor's, say over and over, 'Five minutes after three.' Then, just as soon as you get there, say the words quickly to Miss Eleanor, 'Five minutes after three.'"

"Five minutes after three," said Molly; "I can remember that."

"That will give me plenty of time to get ready for the party," thought Mother.

Up the street with her white parasol flew Molly. "Five minutes after three," she said over and over in a whisper until she began to sing it. "Five minutes after three," she sang until she stopped a moment on the bridge to see some boys fishing. Just about there, a big dog who was a friend of Molly's ran out to say, "Good afternoon."

"On, Fritzie," cried Molly, "I'm going to Miss Eleanor's to make her a visit. Want to come?"

But Fritz had the house to look after. So Molly gave him a hug and ran along.

"Three minutes after five," over and over until she ran into Miss Eleanor's sunny little sitting-room.

"Three minutes after five," cried Molly; "that's how long I can stay. Won't that be nice?"

"Why, it's little Molly!" cried Miss Eleanor. "I'm all alone, and so glad to have company! We'll hear the clock strike five. Then, if you put on your wraps, you'll be all ready to start home at three minutes past."

It seemed a very, very short time to Molly before the little clock struck five.

"There, deary," said Miss Eleanor. "Put on your things and hurry right along!"

Molly put on her hat and coat. Then she kissed Miss Eleanor and hurried down the street.

When she reached the corner, she saw that the parlor at home was all lighted. And out of it came such a hubbub of little voices all laughing and talking that Molly ran faster than ever.

At the door she met Mother.

"Oh, Molly, where have you been?" cried Mother. "I couldn't go after you because I couldn't leave Baby. And I couldn't take him."

Molly scarcely heard. "Oh, Mother, Mother," she cried, "it looks like a party. And it sounds like one. Is it a party, Mother?"

"Yes," said Mother, "your own little party, Molly. And you're the only one who is late. How could you forget?"

"But I didn't forget, Mother," cried Molly, hurrying out of her coat, "truly I didn't. Every step of the way I said it, and I said it to Miss Eleanor the very first thing."

"What did you say?" asked Mother.

"Three minutes after five," said Molly.

Mother laughed. "Why, Molly dear, you got the hour and minutes turned around. I said five minutes after three. Well, never mind. Run along just as you are. It's a lovely party, dear, with truly ice cream in it."

Junior Beaver's Letter Box.

Dear Puck and Beavers,—I will try for the second time to escape the w-p-b. I wrote once before, but never saw my letter in print; but "never venture, never win," so I will try again.

I am very glad to see the snow. We were out sleighing the day it came, but I am much fonder of skating.

I am glad the summer is over, for I do not like the heat. In the summer, we had a nice vegetable garden. In it we had corn, roots, strawberries, celery, and many other things. We had a nice flower garden. There were pansies, zinnias, petunias, wallflowers, verbenas, and nasturtiums. Around it we had sunflowers. We have one maple tree, and on it a swing. I am fond of climbing. I climb this tree and read.

Every day I go to school. I am in the Third reader. I like school—literature and arithmetic especially.

Unfortunately, the name of the writer of this letter was lost.

PUCK.

Dear Puck and Beavers,—I thought I would write to the charming Circle. I love reading the letters of the girls and boys. I go to school when it is fine; I have two miles to go. I like my teacher; her name is Miss McLennan. I have just gone a little over a year to school, and am in the Third Class. I live on a farm of 10 acres, and 25 acres of woods. Of my own, I have a dog, a cat, 1 pet chicken and 14 chickens, besides a hen. Well, I guess I will close with a riddle, so here it is:

Why are a rooster's feathers always smooth? Ans.—Because he carries a comb.

GEORGE BROOKS.

(Age 9, Class III.)

Dear Puck and Beavers,—I am seven years old. I live on a farm of one hundred acres. We have two railways through our farm, and they are building a station by our house. We have two pet squirrels, and we keep them in a big cage and feed them nuts and apples. Their names are Biddy and Joe. I am also fond of trapping. My father has taken "The Farmer's Advocate" for a number of years, and I like reading the Beaver Circle. I hope this will not reach the w-p-b. Good-bye.

ARNOLD WADE.

Port Granby, Ont.
Don't you think trapping is cruel, Arnold? Think about it, and I am sure you will.

Dear Puck,—It is a long time since I wrote to your Circle. I wanted to tell you about a little wild rabbit that my father caught in a cornfield. It was so small that my father thought it was a rat at first. Then the dog came from behind my father and got hold of it. My father kicked the dog and made it leave go, and he picked it up and brought it home. Then I got a bird cage and put the rabbit in it. We had it about one month and a half. When we went down to the barn the other night it was dead. I got a pair of pure-bred Belgian hares in the summer. I named the hares King and Queen. My sister has a little white rabbit; his name is Prince. It is so tame that when I go to feed them the white one will come and play around my feet.

HAROLD SKELLETT.

(Book II, Grade IV.)

London Junction, Ont.

Dear Puck and Beavers,—My papa takes "The Farmer's Advocate" so I thought I would write. I hope this will be fit to print, as I want to surprise my papa and mother. I have two sisters and one brother. One of the sisters is fifteen and the other five years old. We have six calves and one old cat, some chickens, and three geese. I am very fond of flowers, and I hope to learn a lot about them when I get a little older. My teacher's name is Miss Dobbin; I like her very much. There are about nineteen going to our school. Good-bye. From a new Beaver.

ALICE EVELYN PAYNE (age 10).

Pontypool, Ont.

Dear Puck and Beavers,—I am an interested reader of "The Farmer's Advo-