

vagrant. The fourth had grown up from babyhood in the midst of the foulest vice, and had for years been the helpless victim of cocaine and morphine. They—like the prodigal in the great parable—came to themselves at last, saw their own misery and shame, appealed to Christ to save them, and at once (with a capital of twenty-seven cents between them) started to help others out of the misery they knew so well.

Christ never fails to restore anyone who really turns to Him and stays close beside Him. At my elbow lies Harold Begbie's wonderful book, "Broken Earthenware," which tells the story of many broken lives re-cast by the Heavenly Potter, and enthusiastically dedicated to the service of God and humanity. When we read of hardened criminals, who have been in jail dozens of times, of men and women sunk in the lowest depths of drunkenness and vice, of men who indulged in fits of fury like the fury of a madman, sitting clothed, and in their right mind, we learn that Christ has still His ancient power. When we read how they devote their short hours of leisure to the work of seeking and saving the lost, enduring quietly the ridicule of their former "mates," and never despairing of anyone, we have good reason to feel ashamed of our careless indifference and of our faithlessness.

"Where is your faith?" says our Lord. Is it in daily, hourly use? We never say, like the boy about Santa Claus, "In a way I believe, and in a way I don't"; for we base all our hope and joy on our faith. But are we using it? Some of our brothers and sisters are overworked and underpaid. Some of them are herded together so that they can hardly fail to lose all modesty—whole families are in one room. Do we care? In "the least of these" is our faith strong enough to see Christ? Are we looking for Christ and finding Him in every person we come in contact with? Do we realize that any word of discourtesy or unkindness, any neglect of His brethren, hurts Him? Faith is not like a Sunday suit, which will get shabby if used on week-days. The more constantly it is used, the stronger and more helpful it will become. If we act on our faith to-day, it will be easier to trust in God to-morrow. If we are afraid to-day—afraid because we doubt His mighty Presence in our midst—then we shall be more likely to fail in power and courage to-morrow. But Faith is like the manna in the wilderness—it cannot be stored up for to-morrow, but must come fresh from God to-day. We cannot lean to-day on the faith we had yesterday.

Our Master—the Master we profess to believe in—is with us, and can bring us safely through the worst storm. How glad He always is when we trust Him, without a trace of fear, though we can see no way of escape. We can add to the joy of God by being glad in the darkness and storm—glad because we trust Him. If such an opportunity is now before you, don't let it slip past unused. Don't "believe, in a way," but trust God with all your strength.

I wish to thank all who sent me kind Christmas greetings, and especially those who pray for God's blessing on this Quiet Hour. If I fail in delivering His weekly message to our readers, perhaps it is partly because you have forgotten to pray about it.

DORA FARNCOMB.

The Beaver Circle.

OUR SENIOR BEAVERS.

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

A Child Artist.

Dear Beavers,—Before the Christmas atmosphere has quite faded away, I want to call your attention to the picture shown in this department. It represents, as you may see, angels and Mary, bowing in adoration before the infant Jesus, and you may have seen some representation remotely like this before.

The remarkable thing about the picture is that it was drawn, from pure imagination, by a little girl twelve years of age. Daphne Allen is her name, and

she lives in England, where artists and others who have seen her work, are watching her efforts with great interest.

We often hear of "exhibits" given by artists, grown men and women, and see reproductions of their beautiful paintings in the magazines, but it is a wonderful thing to hear of an exhibit of a child's art work. Last year an exhibit of Daphne Allen's paintings was shown in one of the large galleries in England, and people crowded to see the wonderful productions of her pen and brush, yet Daphne has been by no means spoiled by her fame. She is said to be a thorough child, fond of play, and not a bit conceited or priggish. She never draws or paints on purpose for exhibits, but simply to amuse herself because she loves the work. Any public notice of her art is always brought about by friends.

The picture shown above has been taken from a charming magazine, "The British Bookman." It was but one of a number, all drawn from imagination, with the same gracefulness of line and vividness of fancy. Do you understand what these mean, Beavers? I think some of you do.

If Daphne Allen keeps on as she has

she may write. Have you room for another? My sister is older than I; she is in Grade VIII, and was the only one in school that received honors at our Christmas examinations, having received more marks than scholars who tried Entrance last June.

We had a little entertainment at our school the last day of school. Some children from High School were present, and we had recitations, songs, and readings. Some of the readings were very good, being comical and interesting.

Dear Puck, couldn't you just give our Beaver boys who defend dumb animals a good bear-hug? I could with pleasure. And now with congratulations to those who received prizes in the garden competition, which I watched with pleasure, I will say bye-bye.

NELLIE WYATT (age 10).
Ballymote, Ont.

Dear Puck and Beavers.—I, too, intend to become one of the citizens of Beavertown, and I am sure there is a welcome from you all.

I read your letter in the issue of December 19, Miss Lena Hall, and as you are just about my age, and passed your

are going to mark sharply, to keep up the standard, and make the Beavers do their very best, you know.

Dear Puck and Beavers.—I wrote quite a while ago and did not see it in print, so I thought maybe Puck was angry, but, "no, sir," he is the best man on the go. How many Beavers love poultry? I know I do, for I intend to make my business poultry-raising. I take care of all our fowls. We have three geese, four ducks, and about twenty-five hens of the Barred Rock breed, but I think I will get a better-laying strain, like the White Leghorns, for I think hens of the laying strain are the best payers, and not so much trouble. In winter, the hens should be fed some green-cut alfalfa or clover hay. I think I will stop and give the others a chance, so good-bye.

ALLDON PATTERSON (age 13).
R. R. No. 3, Rockwood, Ont.

Dear Puck and Beavers.—A very happy New Year to you all, and I hope you had a very merry Christmas, and that Santa Claus remembered every one. How would you like to hear about our annual school concert, which was held on Friday evening, December 20th? We did not have a chairman, but the people were given programmes.

First on the programme were two choruses by the pupils. Maybe some of the readers know the songs, "Canada, My Home," and "Canada, My Star." We all were well trained, which was a great help. Next came Semaphore Signaling. This is the signal system that Scouts use. First they did the Alphabet; next, "Williamstown H. S."; then "Welcome." Now came a violin solo, by a gold medalist of the school. This girl is a beautiful player, by note, and her music is much liked. A Handkerchief Drill, by twelve girls dressed in pink-and-green crepe paper came next. Now came a part from Julius Caesar; this part was Act IV., Scene III. Mr. Cooke, our principal, gave a short synopsis of the preceding parts, so that those who had never read the book might know the story. Now came a piano duet, by two of the best pianists in the school. Just before the intermission was the presentation of medals for 1911, the medals for our field-day sports, and prizes for the readers at the Entrance.

After a short intermission there came a chorus, "Sailors' Glee," by some of the pupils. Now came something which was much enjoyed by all—a living statuary, with music. The first scene was the "March of the Men of Harlech," representing war; next, "Faith is the Victory," representing victory, and lastly, "Hymn of Peace," representing peace. The next, "King of the Forest am I," by boys, was much liked. "A Wand Song" came next. In this there were twelve girls dressed in long, cheesecloth dresses, and red-and-blue sashes. We acted according to the words we sang. The boys' chorus which followed was splendid. About fifteen boys dressed in soldier-like costume, sang lively songs, which greatly pleased the audience. A vaudeville on her four years in High School followed, by a girl who has just graduated. A solo by a favorite singer came next. Last, but not least, was the song of the Nations. England came on the platform first. There were four girls dressed according to the country they represented, and carrying the country's flag in each part. England sang "Ben Bolt," then Ireland came on and sang "The Minstrel Boy," then Scotland, singing "Annie Laurie," and lastly, Canada, singing "The Maple Leaf." At the sound of "Rule Britannia," we unfurled our Union Jacks (which we had concealed), and after that sang "God Save the King."

MARGERY FRASER (age 14, Form I.).
Williamstown P. O., Ont.

Beaver Circle Notes.

A number of letters which arrived before some of those that are published today, are still held over, because those that are held over are especially in season. It would scarcely do to keep them. Your letters waiting until April, will be Beavers?



Pen Drawing by Daphne Allen.

begun, she is sure to be a very great artist some day, and then you will be glad to remember that you knew something of her as a child.

Senior Beavers' Letter Box.

[We are not going to publish any more of the garden competition letters until nearer planting-time, but I want to tell you, just here, that Dorothy Newton has written us that she is going to use part of her prize-money to get seeds and bulbs for her next summer's garden. Viola Campbell also writes that she is delighted with her prize book, and says that she will try for a better prize next year. I wonder how many more of you have begun to make plans.—P.]

Dear Beavers and All,—It is a long time since I visited you last, and Puck so good to me, too, when I do come. He has never put a letter in the basket yet, and I have received two nice prizes, for which I am very thankful.

I suppose you all had a merry Christmas, and merrier New Year. I, too, had enjoyable holidays. I was away for a few days, but spent most of my time at home. My father and mother came for Christmas, but we were all at home for New Year. I had a very good time, and was very happy. I hope you all had a very good time, too.

I have a letter from you, and I am very glad to hear from you. I hope you are well and happy. I will write to you again soon.

Entrance examinations the same time as I did, I wish you to correspond with me. Don't you think Ivan Grob has great pluck, Puck? You will make quite a pouterer some day, Ivan.

I, like May Taylor and Lloyd Johnson, am a bookworm. I am very fond of Ralph Connor's books, and also of these new books of Robert Service's. What thrilling tales they are! Puck, why don't you start the literature topic with the Senior Beavers? I think it is a grand topic, don't you, Beavers?

Beavers, don't you think a "Beaver Circle" is just the "idea" for young people like us? Puck is a great "thinker" to give it such a good name. I know Puck feels as if we are like Beavers, with all these letters coming in one after another, just like Beavers moving into another settlement. I do pity you, Puck, but do tell us how you keep up? I know I would be nearly wild if I had so much to do (although I do write myself).

Beavers, I wonder how we can find out what kind of a mortal this jolly old Puck is? If any Beavers can solve the problem, do let the rest of us know, for I know I'm not the only one who would like to find out.

You know, Puck, you're not to pay strict attention to all these little personal remarks. Now, I must close, so the Beaver Circle every success.

DON HERON (age 14).
You have started the Beaver Circle. It is a grand idea. I hope you will have many more letters. I will write to you again soon.