

are of small value as compared with everyday faithfulness.

It is said that when the Emperor of Japan was going on a railway journey, not long ago, he insisted that all the men who were on his train must be Christians. It was not that he was a Christian himself, but he knew that Christians in Japan could be depended on. There was no temptation for a man to be a Christian only in name.

What a grand thing it would be if the name of Christian were a guarantee of faithfulness—in small things as well as in large—all the world over.

What will our year be like? Probably it will be much the same as last year—outwardly.

"A New Year? Well, we will call it so, but each new shower is the same old rain."

And the New Year, some of us happen to know,
Is only the old one over again."

That is the outside. What will the inside be like? Shall we put new gladness and faithfulness into the doing of the old tasks, being especially faithful when no one but God will notice? Then He will be able to do great things with our lives, as the ready gift of the boy to Christ was used to feed a multitude then, and has inspired millions since.

Yesterday I heard a very tiny boy on the street say to a still smaller comrade: "I know what policemen is for. They guard the world while people are asleep, so no thieves can get into the houses and steal things." The English was faulty, but the words were an inspiration. On duty while others slept, faithful with none to see, safeguarding the property of others! There is romance in the life of a policeman on night duty, and God showed it to me through a little child. We lie down in peace and yield ourselves to the helpless unconsciousness of sleep, while the silent policeman—unnoticed and unthanked—guards our interests. He is doing the work of God, whose glory is his faithfulness. How do we know that these cold winter days will be followed by spring and summer? How do we know that the darkness of night will die before the glory of day? How do we know that life is waiting for us on the other side of death? We know, because God has proved Himself faithful—He has never failed us yet. He is faithful to reward righteousness with gladness, and to check wrongdoing by making the way of transgressors very hard and painful. His law of gravitation holds the great worlds in their places, and is never unfaithful to the most insignificant scrap of dust. He faithfully bestows beauty on the wayside flower, although the evening star has to be lighted. The flower is not neglected, even though no human eye may see its delicate coloring and give praise to its Maker and its Lover.

That last word is the key to real faithfulness. If we are to win the "Well done!" of our Lord, we must love His service. The cup of cold water must be gladly given. His love for us is so great that anything which interests us is important in His eyes. Even the hairs of our head are numbered. The grass is green and the sky is blue for our sake. Even each separate snowflake is perfect in its star-like beauty, and Jack Frost paints pictures on our window-panes.

God—our Father—has always been and will always be faithful to us. Let us resolve this year to be more faithful than ever before, and especially faithful in little things which no one but God will notice.

"I went to the Throne with quivering soul—

The old year was done;

'Dear Father, hast Thou a New Year for me?

I've spoiled this one?'

He took the old year, stained and blotched,

And gave me a new one all unspotted,

And into my sad heart smiled—

'Do better now, My child.'"

DORA FARNCOMB.

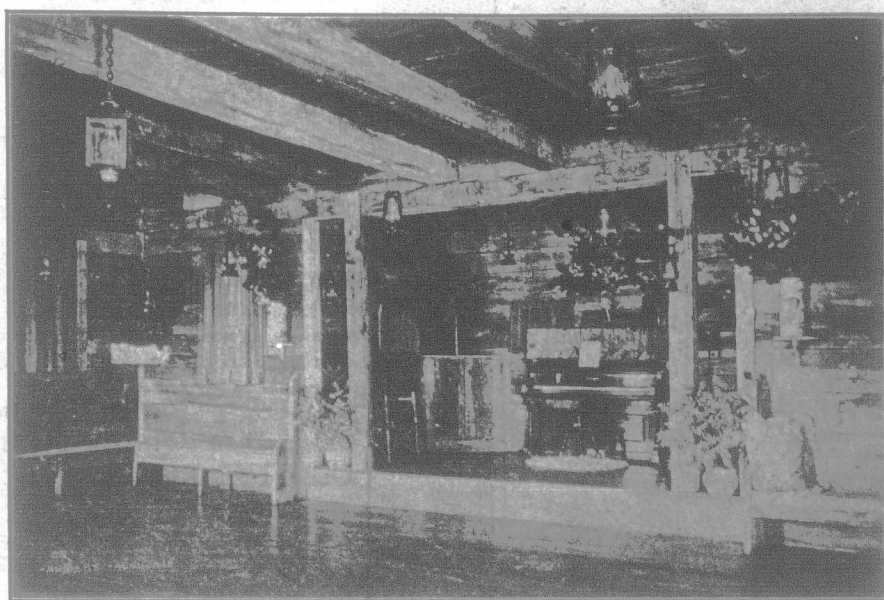
The Beaver Circle.

OUR SENIOR BEAVERS.

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

Health Alphabet.

A is for Adenoids, which no child should own,
B for Right Breathing, to give the lungs tone,



The Barn at Quillcote.

As Mrs. Riggs has had it made over for an amusement hall for the boys and girls who live near her summer home.

O is for Cough, which we should not neglect,
D for the Dentist, who finds tooth defect,
E is for Evils of foul air and dirt,
F is for Fresh Air—too much cannot hurt,
G is for Gardens, where boys and girls play,
H is for Hardiness gained in that way.
I is for Infection from foul drinking-cups,
J is for Joy in the bubbling taps,
K is for Knowledge of rules of good health,
L is for Lungs, whose soundness is wealth.

boy, but it never hurt anything but my feelings.

Then the time came when I wanted to learn to milk. I was refused a few times, but at last I got started, milking one cow. This was not as easy as I had thought, so I wanted to quit, but my father and mother said no, I must stick with the job. I did, and, of course, learned to milk, and was glad when winter came, and that cow "dried up." My work through the winter was very slack, as I was not asked to do much, but the next summer was a busy one. We had some spring calves run-



Three Jolly Little Lads are We.

(Photo by B. Series, Burford, Ont.)

M is for Milk; it must be quite pure,
N is for Nurses, your health to insure,
O is for Oxygen, not found in a crowd,
P is for Pencils—in mouths not allowed.
Q is for Quiet, which sick people need,
R is for Rest—as part of our creed,
S is for Sunshine to drive germs away,
T is for Tooth-brush, used three times a day,
U is for Useful health rules in the school,
V is the Value of learning these rules,
W is Worry, which always does harm,

X is Xcess—indulge in no form,
Y is for Youth, the time to grow strong,
Z is for Zeal. Help the good work along.
—The Survey.

A Boy's Life on the Farm.

Ever since I was big enough to get the cows and do such small chores as feeding hens and carrying wood, I have had a busy life.

Since I was about six years of age I have had my regular chores, getting the cows and carrying wood. Of course, I thought it was too much for a small

to use a whip, but had a halter, and a plowline which was made into a breeching shape. I can well remember the first colt I broke. My father took the plowline, and, doubling it in the center, he then tied a knot so that the loop would be around the colt's hip and the knot on his back, then the ends were put each side of his neck and through the shank ring, then, when he stopped, I would pull on the plowline and he would come right along.

I still use the same method, and find jerking and whipping quite unnecessary. I have now broken in six colts, and last fall had the pleasure of seeing three take prizes at the Sutton Fair, and three at Queensville, the two oldest, three and four, taking first as agricultural team, and the year-old taking second, as general-purpose. This was the Sutton record. At Queensville, the team took second out of class of one- and two-year-old Percherons.

The farm that we work contains 150 acres. In the back field we have a gravel-pit of about 1 or 1½ acres, and from 15 to 20 feet deep. It is fine gravel, and a lot is used for cement-making. There is a spring on the farm, and the horses and cattle can have a drink whenever they want it. We have no rough pasture-field or bush, so have to keep seeding down different fields. We have only two hills on the farm, and only two obstacles to work around. These are two shade trees.

The barn has a windmill on it, and with this we grind our feed, pulp our roots, run the cutting-box and the grindstone.

The grain is unloaded with alings, and we have a rack-lifter to take the rack off the wagon. In the fall when we are drawing in roots, we take the two rack-lifter ropes and fasten them together under the front of the wagon-box (the root cellar is under the barn floor), then we take up the door, and after putting a screen under the back end of box, we remove the end-board and let the horse draw up the front of box, then down go the turnips or mangels into the cellar.

Our stables are under-ground, and are certainly handy. The root cellar is in the center. The stock all stand facing it. The cows are at the north and east, the horses at the south, and there is a row of stalls along the west for either cows or colts. Behind the stock is a hallway seven or eight feet wide. This runs all the way around the outside. For cleaning out the stable we have a high stone-boat. We hitch a horse to it, and come in the east door behind the horses and clean out the cow stable. The first load can be taken from the west and north side and out of the cow-stable door, which is also at the east; then we come in the horse-stable door and go along the east side and back to the horse stable. This is almost as good as a litter-carrier. The stone-boat being high, it can easily be upset over any small lump. We have a small, black dog, that rides in the under part of the stone-boat when he feels like it.

I am well satisfied with my farm life, and intend to stay at it.

WILLIE KING.

Belhaven, Ont.

We think this letter worth a prize, Willie, so are sending you one.

Senior Beavers' Letter Box

Dear Puck,—Thank you very, very much, for that lovely prize I received for the doll's dress competition. I thought two or three times, when I was making the dress, I would give up, but I am glad I didn't. It pays to try, try again, "If at first you don't succeed." I think it is just beautiful.

MABLE SOLLITT (age 11, Class IV.),
Uxbridge, Ont.

Dear Puck and Beavers,—I have seen your letters in "The Farmer's Advocate," and enjoy reading them. I live on a farm. We have about seventy-five acres. We had a sale a year ago, and I worked out last summer at a place where the man had two nice little colts. I worked there about two months, and have them pretty well trained, especially the eldest one. It