



Full knee-deep lies the winter snow,
 And the winter winds are wearily sighing:
 Toll ye the Church bell sad and slow,
 And tread softly and speak low,
 For the old year lies a-dying.
 Old year you must not die;
 You came to us so readily,
 You lived with us so steadily,
 Old year you shall not die.

How hard he breathes! Over the snow
 I heard just now the crowing cock.
 The shadows flicker to and fro;
 The cricket chirps: the light burns low:
 'Tis nearly twelve o'clock.
 Shake hands, before you die.
 Old year, we'll dearly rue for you:
 What is it we can do for you?
 Speak out before you die. —Tennyson.



RE these notes from the far Canadian West reach the readers of UPS AND DOWNS the year 1897 will, like the old year referred to by the immortal poet Tennyson, lie a-dying, and alas in how many of us will the words "What is it we can do for you?" "Speak out before you die"

find an echo from the secret chambers of our hearts. Long lists of opportunities for doing service for our fellows, time squandered and lessons scorned, will like unwelcome guests come in clear view before our memories; repining however is of no avail; and if any of our colony of young men, boys or girls are pained by the thought that they have not quite done their duty by the departing year, there is but one course open for them and that, to make redoubled efforts during the succeeding years allotted them by the Divine Ruler, making use of the talents given into their charge, in such a manner that they may each be worthy of the commendation given the wise servants in the parable in St. Matthew's Gospel: "Well done thou good and faithful servant; thou hast been faithful over a few things, I will make thee ruler over many things, enter

thou into the joy of thy Lord." (Matthew xxv: 21.)

The past three months at the Farm have been of necessity very busy spaces of time, as haying, harvesting, threshing and fall ploughing came along in such close succession that they appeared to over-lap each other and added to all the above work, the completion of the extensive improvements to the Home building, called for the services of quite a number of the best lads, making it sometimes a problem for the management to find hands for all the departments of the work. The weather certainly favoured us, for winter did not really put in an appearance till the middle of November, and even then his demands upon the capacities of our thermometers was not greater than we were prepared for, as we now have a "No. 19 Famous Magnet" furnace in the new basement, put in by our old friend Mr. E. H. Williams, of Binscarth, a workman whose goods speak for themselves, which sends most welcome currents of warm air into the upper regions of the Home building during all hours of the day and night.

One of the most important events of the quarter, was the arrival of a small party of lads from England on October 7th; coming to Quebec by the good ship *Labrador*, in Mr. Owen's kind care, and handed over to the writer at the before mentioned port. As these young men are sure to be heard from in Canada in the days to come, it may not