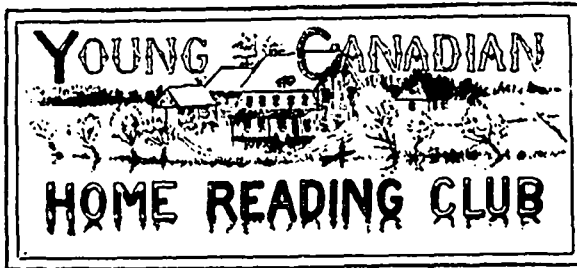


most ancient, and, even on this ground alone, possess a strong claim upon our attention and our reverence. And whilst we must not content ourselves with a passive admiration for the manner in which they have come down to us, for the form in which we now enjoy them, or for the treasures of wisdom and comfort they contain, we believe that a study of that manner, that form, and those treasures, will lead all young Canadians reverently and joyfully to bow before this wonderful Book, to put themselves under its influence, and to adopt its purity, counsel, and help, as the bread and water of their everyday life. So that the

"SECRET OF ENGLAND'S GREATNESS,"

that greatness of the greatest country in the greatest period of the history of the world, shall become

"THE SECRET OF CANADA'S GREATNESS."



In our experience in preparing the way for a Magazine for the young people of the Dominion, we have been met at every turn by the want of a history of our own country, written expressly for the young. There is absolutely nothing of this kind to put into their hands. Our history is bright with romance and inspiration, and our young people should be taught to glory in it. For their special benefit, and in order to supply this great national oversight, THE YOUNG CANADIAN will shortly make one of the most important announcements ever made in Canada.

EVERY BOY HIS OWN LIBRARIAN.

THEN.

RENSIVELY dreaming over my childish days how often do I sigh as I think of the treatment my books received from me. About my school books I have little to upbraid myself with. They were such dry, unfeeling, unsympathetic old things, deaf to all entreaty when a fellow was due at cricket, or had a chance of a fortune in marbles; when a picnic was on the tapis, or a birthday in the wind. But my own genuine friends, how I abused them, and how sorry I am for it. My Robinson Crusoe, my Dickens, my Thackeray, my Midshipman Easy, and a whole regiment of others, how I slammed them on the shelf, or tossed them on the floor, or shied them at my chums! How I sat on them, stood on them, besmeared their faces with ink, and tore their very heart out of their body! Still they clung to me. Still they loved me. Always ready to make friends again, and never peached.

Now.

The sight of one of them as I go back to the old home melts me to more than tears. There it is! the friend of my lonely hours; the guide of my wayward path; the solace of my disappointments; the confidante of my inmost thoughts. And just how lonely we can feel, just how wayward, how disappointed, let all our youngsters tell. Take my advice, young friends, be warned by my present chagrin.

Look up every book you possess. No matter how tattered and battered, how stained and crumpled, how wounded and maimed. If even the cover be left, take it up daintily. Patch them. Mend them. Doctor them. Recruit them. Cherish them. Respect them. Love them. Honour them. You will seldom be able to replace them. By-and-bye, you will remember what I have said.

For anything you respect, and love, and honour, you must find a home. They are not proud. They are not exacting. A quiet, cosy little corner will do, so long as they may call it their own, and may know that you won't forget them. It does not cost much; a few boards three-fourths of an inch thick, from the lumber yard; a few nails; a pot of varnish; a hammer, a saw, a plane, a foot rule—an hour or two on an afternoon, and the thing is done. The home is prepared for your best friends. You have your first book-case. The low shelf should be for dictionaries—say eleven or twelve inches high; the next ten; then nine; then eight. Each space should be an inch higher than the books require to let you get at them, and a strip of leather, or imitation leather, keeps the dust out.

One thing more, and you are ready for our Reading Club. Take a card, an old invitation will do. Write out the following rules. Tack the card on a prominent place on your book-case. Resolve that you will pay the most courteous attention to the rules, and never see a friend disobey them without a gentle reminder:—

1. In opening a book do not bend it back so far as to break the spring of the leaves.
2. Have a neat little marker to slip in if you go away in a hurry.
3. Have a scrap of paper in your book to jot down questions you would like to ask, etc.
4. Never run your finger through as a paper-cutter.
5. Never wet your finger to turn a page.
6. Never dog-ear your books.
7. Never leave a book open, turned upside down.
8. Do not leave them on your shelves sloping at an angle, but stand them upright. If there are too few to fill the shelf, invent some better means than letting them lean on each other.
9. Always treat them with reverence, whether on the shelves or on your table.
10. Discourage the habit of lending or borrowing books.

PATER.

GOLDEN WORDS OF CANADIAN STATESMEN.

The power of adapting means to an end is what we call practical power, and in proportion as we can adapt means to an end, are we a practical people.

NICHOLAS FLOOD DAVIN, M. P.