

YOUNG CANADA.

A WINTER SONG.

Oh, Summer has the roses
And the laughing light south wind,
And the merry meadows lined
With dowy, dancing posies;
But Winter has the sprites
And the witching frosty nights.

Oh, Summer has the splendour
Of the corn-fields wide and deep,
Where scarlet poppies sleep
And wary shadows wander;
But Winter fields are rare
With diamonds everywhere.

Oh, Summer has the wild bres,
And the ringing, singing noise
In the robin's tuneful throat,
And the leaf-talk in the trees;
But Winter has the chime
Of the merry Christmas time.

Oh, Summer has the lustre
Of the sunbeams warm and bright,
And rains that fall at night
Where reeds and lilies cluster;
But deep in Winter's snow
The fires of Christmas glow.



BUFFALO HUNTING IN THE
NORTH-WEST.

The buffalo is a strong and fierce-looking animal. Though terrible in appearance, it is nevertheless very gentle in disposition. There are people, both old and young, who imagine that bullying and bragging are signs of strength. This is a mistake. True strength is usually combined with gentleness, and it is a fine combination: the strength dignifies the gentleness and the gentleness beautifies the strength. When pursued and driven to bay by the Indians, buffaloes will turn fiercely on their pursuers, and sometimes inflict severe injuries on rider and horse. To the Indians of the North-West the buffalo is of the greatest use. Many tribes are almost entirely dependent on the animal for their food and clothing. They use the dressed hide of the buffalo in making their tents. The parts of the animal that the red men esteem as delicacies are the hump, the tongue, and the marrow bones, which they cook in their own peculiar fashion.

Long ago these animals roamed over what is now the Dominion of Canada as far east as

the Ottawa River, though they were not to be found on the eastern sea coast. To witness the actual scene depicted here our readers would have to go thousands of miles to the westward. Then possibly they might not see many Indians using spears and bows and arrows while hunting buffalo. Many of these wanderers of the boundless prairie are now provided with rifles.

Buffaloes and Indians both are diminishing in numbers. Even in the middle ages buffalo were to be seen in various parts of Europe, but from that continent they have entirely disappeared, and unless the authorities, sustained by the people, take measures to prevent it, the total destruction of these natives of the great west will be complete in a short time. The picture represents a pursuit that is passing away. War and the chase will be replaced by the pursuits of peaceful industry, and a mighty nation will dwell where hordes of In-

to see their paths, which were to be the spokes of the wheel. But alas! there was only one straight track.

"Charlie," said the others, "how did you keep your track so straight?"

"Why, that is easy enough to tell," said Charlie. "I took that pole for my mark and kept my eyes on it, and never looked down once."

"But," said Joe, "I took that bush for my mark, and didn't get my path as straight as yours. Why was that?"

"Because you kept looking at us," said the others, "instead of keeping your eyes on the mark."

So remember this, boys, and girls too. You all have a path to make, and the steps are your actions. They will show more plainly than you think. Better begin right, then, and make a determination to live a Christian life; asking help from the Lord, and doing all the good you can. Then you will make straight paths in life, as Charlie did in the snow. Instead of looking at others' imperfections, keep your eyes on your perfect mark.

GIRLS ON THE FARM.

A great deal has been said and written concerning the rights of farmers' boys, but nothing about the girls. It is a common thing for farmers to pay their sons fair wages for their work; yet the daughters do not receive a dollar from month to month. Why should this difference exist between the farmer's girl and the boy? The former is quite as much entitled to a reward for services as the latter. In truth, the farmer's girl is frequently the more valuable of the two. She is expected in many cases to arise very early, get breakfast, clean up the house and prepare the other meals required

through the day, or if not, to at least largely aid in all these household duties. In addition she is looked upon by father, mother and brother to entertain company—to act the hostess at least as a creditable second to the mother, and while she may be the pride of the family, and regarded as a sort of privileged character, yet much is expected from her in ten thousand smaller features of home life. Why, then, should she not be encouraged with at least as much pay as the boy? In addition to that, the farm house should be made as attractive as possible—with a piano, plenty of books, newspapers and pictures; cultivate a taste in the girls for flowers, etc. These features, with a moderate amount of work, should produce a happy and contented home farm life.

LIVE to be useful; live to give light; for those who are enabled through grace to shine as a light here, shall in the world to come, shine as suns and stars forever and ever.

A LITTLE boy wanted his parents to take him to church with them. They said he must wait until he was older. "Well," was his rather sharp reply, "you'd better take me now; for when I get bigger I may not want to go!"

dian tribes spent their energies in chasing game or in fighting each other. What a blessed nation it will be if it takes Christ for its light and life.

STRAIGHT PATHS.

Some of my readers, no doubt, never lived out on the prairie; so perhaps you would like to hear a short story about some of the little folks who live on the prairies of Western Iowa.

When I commenced teaching, my school consisted of quite a number of boys and girls who were always busy, in fact I never knew one of them to be idle. The time of which I speak was early in the winter, and cold weather had just begun. One evening a light snow fell, and next morning the children were very busy making snow-balls or snow-men, and were all having a very good time, when Johnnie cried out:—

"Let's make a wheel!"

So at it they went. Selecting a hazel bush as the centre, they all started out in different directions, each taking twenty steps from the bush. This being done, they looked behind