



YOUNG CANADA AT PLAY.

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Was there ever finer sport than tobogganing? The youngsters in our picture think not. How it makes the blood tingle to the finger-tips! How the snow sparkles like diamonds in the sunlight! How the hillside sweeps past us as we glide like lightning down its slope! How bright is the sunshine, how dazzling the snow! How blue the sky! This is the sport that makes sturdy Canadian boys and girls, and strong and healthy Canadian men and women. Hurrah for Canada, the best and dearest land beneath the sun!

A NEW YEAR'S "THINK."

"O dear!" sighed little Mary. "Papa sent me up-stairs to think. I don't like to think, 'cause it makes me feel bad. I always 'member all the naughty things I've done. I would rather play and forget them. I wonder if big folks ever have to sit down and think of the things they've done that they didn't ought to do. I don't

s'pose they ever do naughty things, though, so they can't know how bad it feels to sit and think about them."

"What did papa tell me to think about? He said I was to turn over a new leaf, 'cause this is New Year's Day. He said my life from day to day was like a clean, fresh page in my writing book, and I could write in it just what I wanted to. He showed me my old writing book. It did look just awful. I was so 'shamed to have him see it, all blots and crooked lines, and places where I didn't care a bit how I wrote. O dear, how he did talk to me. It makes me cry just to 'member it. He didn't scold one bit, only looked so sorry. I'd rather he'd whipped me.

"What did he say? That big blot was like the blot on my life's book the day when I told a lie. Oh, I never, never will have such a blot again. That other was when I stayed all the afternoon with Grace, 'stead of coming home, when I knew mamma wanted me to carry a basket of things to old Granny Brown. That

don't-care place was one where I was naughty and hateful all day. Another was where I wouldn't look at my copy. That means I wouldn't read my Bible and pray."

In a few minutes little Mary ran down to her father, and said:

"I did think about all you said to me, and I will turn over a new leaf, papa dear."

And papa whispered, as he kissed her: "Ask Jesus to help you."

BISHOP BROOKS AND THE BABY.

BY MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

A poor little pale-faced baby,
Lost, and hungry, and cold,
With the chill wind pinching her tear-wet
cheeks
And ruffling her bright hair's gold.

For just when the busy people
Were hurrying here and yon,
Buying their gifts for the Christmas tree,
Her mother was suddenly gone.

She did not cry, poor midget,
But lifted pitiful eyes
At the crowd of careless strangers,
At the gray, indifferent skies.

Jostled, and pushed, and frightened,
A tiny waif of the street,
With the wintry darkness falling
And the snowflakes gathering fleet.

She was seen by a great, kind giant—
With swinging stride he came;
E'en then the angels in heaven
Wrote "Saint" before his name.

From the height of his splendid stature
He stooped to the little maid,
Lifted her up in tender arms,
And bade her not be afraid.

Against his broad breast nestled,
She clung like a soft spring flower
That a breeze had caught and carried
To a strong and sheltering tower.

In his thick, warm coat he wrapped her,
The little, shivering child,
"I'll find your mother, baby,"
The Bishop said, and smiled.

That smile, like a flash of the sunrise—
'Tis but a memory dim,
For the years are hastening onward,
And we are mourning him.

The cold, white snows are drifting
Where to-day he lies asleep;
After his life's long warfare
The soldier's rest is deep.

But of dear things said about him,
Of victories that he won,
No sweeter tale is told than this,
Of his grace to a little one.