



OUR CLUB.

One hour a day with a well-chosen book gives the rest of the day something very nice to think about. How to choose a book well is not always an easy matter. We are very busy all day long, and one hour, or half hour comes along before we are ready. We cannot buy all the books we should like, and perhaps we are not within easy reach of a library. There is great waste of time in not knowing what to read,—in not knowing where to lay our hands on the right book, and in not having that right book lying by us, just where it is handy to pick up. The very busiest people are those who get through the greatest amount of reading.

I presume, however, that every young Canadian may not have an hour every day that can be set apart specially for our club. So I commence upon the lowest average, say half an hour. Now, half an hour a day for seven days in the week will amount to one hundred and eighty four hours in the year, or, counting twelve hours to a day, to fifteen days and four hours. Fifteen days that we shall have saved, and utilized, and put out to good account,—to usury. Only think of it! Made up of scrap half hours that in all probability should have been idled or frittered, and lost. I say half an hour a day for seven days in the week; for we ought all to have a distinct and regular system in spending the Sunday hours just as in spending the week day hours, and for the Sundays I have a special course prepared.

Now, then, the first thing to be done is to think it out quite clearly in our own mind; and to decide that at the end of this year we should like to have those hundred and eighty odd hours in the bank to our credit. This done, we had better look about for a friend to join us. There is a wonderful stimulus in the presence of a friend, and our pleasures are all the sweeter that they are shared with those we love and trust. Well, then, your friend agrees, and he thinks of another that would most certainly like to join; and in a few days you have half a dozen gathered, who have all thought it over in their own minds; who have all decided about the hours in the bank to their credit at the end of the year, and who are all ready to start.

The next thing is to meet; to talk over together your plan; and to come to an understanding with each other. Then you will appoint a President, a Vice-President, a Secretary, and a Treasurer. The President's duty will be to take a greater lead than the rest of you. The Vice-President will take the place of the President, should he be prevented from attending of an evening. The Secretary will keep a record of your meetings; write down after every meeting what you have read and talked about; keep a list of members names; mark them present or absent; and the Secretary is the one who will write to me. The Treasurer's duty is to take charge of any little funds you will have, and you may be surprised some day to know just how much all these officers may have to do.

The next step is a most important one, namely, the

choosing of a name for your club. I think the name should be a pretty one, and at the same time it should have some kind of reference to the object you have in view. I shall be most pleased if you display your own taste and individuality in this, as well as in other things. At the same time as it may be a difficult matter to make a start in this direction, how would "Young Canadian Half Hour Club" do; or "Young Canadian Spare Moments Club"; or, if you think more of one author than of another you can put in your favorite name instead of Half Hour or Spare Moments. Only do not fly away too far in quest of a good author. You do not need to jump at Shakespeare, or Tennyson, or Macaulay. We have historians, and poets, and dramatists of our own. After we study them we shall, now and then, take a little excursion into older times and older lands.

PATER.

CANOE SONG.

BY ISABELLA VALANCEY CRAWFORD.

O LIGHT canoe! where dost thou glide?

Below thee gleams no silver'd tide,

But concave heaven's chiefest pride.

Above thee burns eve's rosy bar;

Below thee throbs her darling star;

Deep 'neath thy keel her round worlds are!

Above, below, O sweet surprise!

To gladden happy lover's eyes;

No earth, no wave,—all jewelled skies!

GRUBBING.

IN OUR WOODS IN WINTER.

HERE are some snow-flakes lighted on my coat sleeve. Let us have a look at them with my pocket magnifier. Only look! how exquisite in form! How dainty in workmanship! How varied in structure! A thin delicate star of transparent crystal! If you look at a thousand—a million of them, you will not find two alike, but you will find every one with six rays, neither more nor less. These are what makes them crystals, and you will find that not only are there always six rays, but they always shoot out at one and the same angle. We must look at them outside, and only on a very cold day. The slightest warmth destroys them.

We had a silver-thaw this morning. First we had some rain which froze on the branches as it fell, and on the walls of the houses. Then the sun came out in full