

Pleasures and Pastimes

MISS WILLIAMS
GIRLS
CENTRAL
SCHOOL

THE DUTY OF RECREATION.

"Frame your mind to mirth and merriment, which bears a thousand harms and lengthens life." Shakespeare.

It is not inappropriate, I think, to begin this page of "Pleasures and Pastimes" with a short talk on the Duty of Recreation, and to take for the text thereof the old adage, "all work and no play makes Jack a dull boy," or if you like—Jill a dull girl. Down the dim shadowy aisles of the past, far as research of man has penetrated, two needs of humanity have been shown to us in the relics left by passed away races—the travels, if we may call them such—of their work and their play. Very crude and rudely fashioned were these in the early days of mankind, but up through the ages we can still trace them—still distant. Yet side by side—one necessary to the other.

The very word recreation, a creating anew, re-creating, bringing a new life to the evil-wearer and laden soul, bears in itself its own message of its essentiality to the human race.

Can history tell us of the effect on a nation of its banishment? I think so, under the rule of these "Bigots of the Iron Time," as Scott calls them, under the Puritan commonwealth, "Merrie England" short of her innocent games and amusements, music, dancing, sports of all kinds denounced as unlawful and even sinful was "Merrie England" no longer.

Men and women with dour, unhappy faces, garbed in sad colored garments, ground down under the iron heel of evil, but their joy of life only to break out into wild excesses under the pleasure-loving Charles II. The rebound was a direful one, a black record of moral depravity, a return to the level of the brute beast.

Now, what is true of a nation is also true of the individuals who make up that nation. Noticeable instances there are and have been of men and women who have lived lives of incessant evil, reached their allotted span of years, and have seemingly done so without injury to themselves, and the lasting good of those about them. These are, however, the giant intellects, who tower above their fellows, and are to be looked upon as the bright exceptions that go to prove the general rule.

Ask of the physician—many and sad stories can be told of brilliant intellects who have lived lives cut short, asylums filled, hopeless individuals, burdens to themselves and all around them—all caused by neglect of the simple and obvious duty of wholesome recreation.

And what a wonderful playground we have at our doors for our heritage! Free to all, if we will but stoop for a little while out of the treadmill of the trivial round, the common task and take advantage of its delights.

Gift about are we by the ever-changing ocean, whose blue waters most alluringly whisper to us: "Come sail on my broad bosom, breast my waves, let my breezes blow the cobwebs of toil and anxiety away!"

Lift up your eyes to the hills and listen to their message: "Climb my heights, and you shall know the joy of achievement; look forth from my peaks, and realize the infinitude of God's beautiful out-of-doors!" And what have the plains to offer us? "Come! play my games, and I will make your muscles stout. I will redden your cheeks with the glow of health; I will teach you the lessons of justice and kindly tolerance of one another; and will give you that priceless gift of the sound mind in a sound body. And the woods! Ah, the call of the woods! The sweetest note of all. We wear ones come away to my soft green depths, where the birds sing their songs of hope and joy and love. Rest sweetly under the shade of my spreading trees, and

"The career that infest the day,
Shall fold their tents like the Arabs,
And silently steal away."

PLEASURES OF ART

It is quite certain that if Art was more generally appreciated than it is, beauty of form and color would appeal more to the general public than it usually does, and we should not be surrounded by so much that is ugly, commonplace and even hideous. I cannot imagine that in Ancient Greece and Rome there was as much of pure ugliness as we see today. They were brought up amongst the generally beautiful sculpture and architecture of that day, and as children who are surrounded by pictures painted by the first masters know by a lingering instinct interior work, so it must have been here. I am told, and I can well believe, that the Japanese have nothing ugly in their homes. We know that a Chinese navy will sip tea from a cup of delicate china which an Englishman of the same class would not dream of using. In this country we have not even the ruins of Greek statuary by which to form our idea of line and symmetry, nor do we see generally the very fine color of the prints and old work of a bygone Japanese age—but we have a grandly beautiful country. These present Autumn tints contain all the color we want to perfect our eye for beauty. All we need do is to subject to appreciate their proper value, and the only way to really do this is to take pencil and brush, and try to paint them. I am sure that more young people would take up art as a pastime, but that they fear to make a beginning, fear to do something that may not at first be good and that others will laugh at. I have had much to say on that subject, but that is all in the past. Art is like everything else in that "practice makes perfect"—also as the great painter, Sir Laurence Alma Tadema once said to us at the R. A. S. "If you have an eye for color you cannot paint lead color; if you have not one can give it to you; but you can all learn to draw." This, I am sure, is true. Why is it that within nine children out of ten a box of colours is their most valued possession, and why, after a little teaching of drawing, do they care no more for their treasured paints? Again this is a question not to be answered here. Genius is not hereditary, and I think there would sometimes be less mediocre work if it were not often treated as though it were. Unfortunately it is only a few who recognize this God-given gift—still, all healthy children it must be here. Let the children be encouraged to take pencil and brush, and paint about what they see, as and how they like, and we

shall soon locate the rising talent, but there must be no laughing, no discouragement. I have seen real genius lost to the world from the innate selfishness and folly of those determined to force the round man into the square hole, with the usual result. I think of some etchings an old man, a friend of Dürer's, showed me once. They were more wonderfully beautiful than anything of the kind I ever saw. He told me he wished to be an artist, but there was a good family living and he was expected to fill it, and being an obedient son, a gentle, kindly soul, he did so, and consoled himself by cheering on others in the path he longed passionately to tread himself—reserving for his leisure hours alone the pursuit of that art as a pastime, recreation—consolation perhaps, to which he would gladly have devoted his life.

It is said that the germ of beauty is in every face, that the image of God is never entirely lost. Be this as it may, and it is hard in some faces to find any vestige of beauty or goodness, the ever varying landscape is always beautiful. It is the hand of man alone that wrecks and mars—too often needlessly. There was a blackberry bush which, planted by Nature's hand, was a glorious thing as it hid from view the perpendicular posts planted with unending regularity to obscure the distant view of sea and mountain. It completely transformed the uninteresting object by its graceful curves, its beautiful hard-land, where a great gardenier, at the present day, being embroidery and Irish crochet.

The pleasure is enjoyed by people of all ages, from the little tot of six summers to the old lady of three score years and ten, who knits more by faith than sight, for the sense of touch has become so keen that she feels rather than sees.

Watch a little girl with her first piece of work, the care with which she executes it and afterwards shows it to her friends to be admired and praised. Then comes the planning for new work—what shall it be? for whom?—are among the many questions asked.



THE CAPTAIN AND ONE OF THE "SCOUTS" OF THE G.W.M. CADET CORPS NO. 120

What delights a boy more than to play soldiers? Here General Baden-Powell has struck the right note; for, by becoming one of his scouts, a boy can "play soldiers" with both pleasure and profit, and perhaps become a far more useful citizen than he would otherwise have been. Even the carrying out of the three principal rules is bound to be beneficial, viz: To fear God, obey the King, and do a good turn to someone every day, are grand and noble aims for the boy, who is naturally anxious to carry out these rules and not be considered a "bad scout" by his friends. Then, he has plenty of recreation, for his duties are many and varied. He must be a cook, a stalker, and even a strategist.

The quaint uniform throws a glamour over the boy, and when he sees a picture of a "scout," with stockings fastened below the knee, the handkerchief loosely knotted around the neck, the tight fitting

within 30 feet of his front door a glorious blackberry tree over twenty feet high, and which is one of the most admired objects in that lovely spot. The owner, however, is a man of taste, and no beauty passes without recognition by him.

MARY DANIELL

THE PLEASURES OF NEEDLEWORK

It is hard to enumerate the many pleasures derived from needlework in its numerous branches, e.g., plain sewing, darning, knitting, netting, tatting, crochet and embroidery, the most popular at the present day, being embroidery and Irish crochet.

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Not only does one enjoy working herself, but she generally has the power of imparting her knowledge to others, which makes it a double pleasure. Many an invalid has blessed the day when some kind friend has shown her how to knit or crochet, so that in her hours of ease she could enjoy working. Then, being carried away out of herself, she was refreshed both mentally and physically. To the student, it is recreation and rest, a plain piece of knitting or work that can be done mechanically has a most soothing effect upon the nerves. We know of girls who give up some of their leisure at regular intervals, working for the poor in infirmaries and hospitals; every warm garment made, which gives comfort to their more unfortunate brothers and sisters, is so much added comfort to them.

In every land we find the embroiderer; it is amazing to find how many take up the art side of needlework. Mrs. Studly, wife of Colonel Studly of Bishopscote near Stratford on Avon, is a most assiduous worker. In her drawing-room she has fifteen pieces of work, and in the dining-room ten Chippendale chairs to her skill and industry. She is the winner of many prizes. Miss Edith Giles, of Clapton Common, London, chiefly works at Church embroidery. She regards her needle in the same light as the painter does his brush. She models with it, and secures light and shade as much by this as by actual difference in color.

The latest, and one of the most unlooked-for additions to the list of needleworkers is Andrew Lee, an invalid cabman who has been in the Kensington Infirmary for eleven years. Meeting with an accident while driving his cab, he was deprived of the use of all but his hands and the upper part of his body. Some five years ago a lady taught him to sew. Lee made such rapid progress that within twelve months he had won a gold medal for plain needlework. He takes a most absorbing interest in his work. He has made some little trunks lately with over 120 tucks in them; a robe for the Prince of Spain and a blouse for the Princess of Wales. His greatest ambition now is to make a blouse for Queen Alexandra.

A. BOORMAN.

PASTIME OF TRAVEL

The love of travel is inherent in mankind, a legacy, perhaps, handed down by our nomadic forefathers who struck their tents and moved on unhampered by much luggage, and untroubled by the prospect of lengthy hotel bills. They, whose sight and observation were sharpened and kept keen by constant use, would fail to recognize either pleasure or profit in the whiz of all but the wheels of the motor, and the excitement of the journey itself. But "other times, other manners," and the exigencies of life in the twentieth century require a more rapid mode of transit than that afforded by a camel or horse. The excitement of compassing the longest distance in the shortest time and breaking the record, is all now that many ask or wish for, but it is a debatable question whether the good old times with the opportunities afforded by the leisurely pace were not better after all.

Complaint is often made that we of the present day enjoy our games vicariously, and that we are content to play football, baseball, and cricket by looking on and applauding. This may be true regarding some amusements, but few people read an account of the wonders of nature and art in other lands without wishing to see these things for themselves.

Travel is deservedly a popular pastime, for it is not only relaxation for body and mind, but a valuable education. It enlarges the ideas, broadens the sympathies, and establishes a good fellowship between nations that can only come from personal knowledge and contact. To the schoolboy it is the land that covers the pill of geography—and he is quite ready to take as much of that sort of medicine as an indulgent father will provide. Given "a ripping good

time" in any part of the globe he will take an intelligent interest in all that concerns that place afterwards, and never make any mistake as to its location. To the lover of beauty, the eye and the mind are feasted, and the memory stored with a never failing fund of pleasure. Memories that make sunshine on dark days, and brighten the monotony of the work-a-day ones.

It gives the student of human nature an ample supply of material for study, and in mixing with his fellowmen helps to strengthen the bond of brotherhood. For, in spite of difference in birth, blood or breeding, all the world over "a man's a man for a that."

Even to the frivolous, whose ambition soars no higher than the gaudies of Paris, and the extravagances of fashion found in the Rue de la Paix, there is something more to be got than amusement in the insight as to how the world wages for her sisters in other lands.

Every pleasure has an end, but to the traveller the best is reserved to the last. He may appreciate the good that is found in other countries, and have an honest admiration for their systems, but no matter to what nation he belongs, he turns his face homewards, confident that "East, West, Home's best"—just because it is "Home."

"Life's like an inn where travellers stay,
Some only breakfast, and then go away;
Others to dinner stay, and are full fed;
The oldest only sup, and then go to bed.
Long is his bill who lingers all the day,
He who goes soonest has the least to pay."

CARRIE E. KEITH.

HOCKEY

Although the origin of Hockey is obscure, and it is not known when it was first originated, the name "hockey" is supposed to have been derived from the English word "hook-day" meaning a holiday; some say, however, that the name originated from "hook," meaning the hooked sticks with which the game is played.

Originally played by the village youths, it later found favor among the school-boys of our large English schools, and it is only of recent years that it has been played by women. England is undoubtedly the centre of Hockey, where it is played to a great extent. In Eastern Canada, where it is played on ice, it is very popular, as it is a much faster game than when played on land.

In Victoria it has found favor among both men and women. The latter, however, appear to be more enthusiastic, as there are two or three ladies' clubs to the men's one. The girls of the public schools play a good all-round game, this being their chief winter sport.

A cup has this year been offered if the ladies can arrange for a league between some of the neighboring cities. It will have to be won two years in succession before it becomes the property of any one club. It is to be hoped that the Victoria ladies will hold their own, and be able to claim the "cup."

W. E. B. N.

SELECTIONS

"Care to our coffin adds a nail, no doubt,
And every grain so merry draws one out."

"A merry heart goes all the way,
Your sad tires in a mile-a."

"A laugh is worth a hundred groans in any market."

"It is a comely fashion to be glad, for joy is the grace we say to God."

"The most wasted of all days is that on which one has not laughed."

"When Time, who steals your years away,
Shall steal your pleasures too,
Remember that the past will stay,
And half our joys renew."

"All worldly joys go less
To the one joy of doing kindness."

"The happiest heart that ever beat,
Was in some quiet breast—
That found the common daylight sweet,
And left to Heaven the rest."

Rest

"As a tired mother, when the day is o'er,
Leads by the hand her little child to bed,
Half willing, half reluctant to be led,
And leaves his broken playthings on the floor,
So Nature deals with us, and takes away
Our playthings one by one, and by the hand
Leads us to rest so gently, that we go
Scarce knowing if we wish to go or stay."

A Happy World

"If you and I—just you and I,
Should laugh instead of worry;
If we should grow—just you and I,
Kinder and sweeter-hearted,
Perhaps in some near by and by,
A good time might get started.
Then what a happy thought 'twould be,
For you and me—for you and me!"

The Great Theorem

"A happy man or woman is a better thing to find than a five-pound note. He or she is a radiating focus of good-will, and their entrance into a room is as though another candle had been lighted. We need not care whether they could prove the forty-seventh proposition; they do a better thing than that—they practically demonstrate the great theorem of the livableness of life."

The Road to Laughter-town

Would ye learn the road to Laughter-town,
O ye who have lost the way?
Would ye have young hearts, though your hair be gray?
Go learn from a little child each day,
Go serve his wants and play his play,
And catch the lit of his laughter gay,
And follow his dancing feet as they stray;
For he knows the road to Laughter-town,
O ye who have lost the way!"

ENTOMOLOGY

To the lover of natural history, entomology in any of its orders, several, is without doubt the most nature student can take up. I do not intend to go deeply into it, but will only deal with one of its orders, namely, "Lepidoptera," which two sub-orders, "Rhopalocera," the "Heterocera," the moths.

The name Lepidoptera, like many words, is derived from the Greek, signifies a scale, and (PTERON) a wing and moths constitute the order. The appropriateness of the name is recognized by every one who has seen a butterfly, which has what is called a "pupa," which is a small, round, segmented body, which is the larva of the insect, and which can readily be seen under a good glass.

It is surprising the number of people are not familiar with the life history of the insect, and the stages which it passes through before becoming a perfect insect.

Commencing from the first stage, the egg, which is a small, round, segmented body, and which is the larva of the insect, and which can readily be seen under a good glass.

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