

In the depth of winter, when the cold is intense, the thermometer showing from 50° to 60° or more, provisions in camp all spent, no reindeer near, and hunting is unsuccessful, the sufferings from starvation may be more easily imagined than described. For example, in part of January and February of last year one of the tribes had for days nothing to eat excepting pieces of their deer-skin lodges, which they cut off, roasted and boiled, and ate. All, however, survived the severe trial, and when they assembled in June at Peel River seemed as full of life as ever, full of thankfulness for their preservation, and for the mercy shown them.

Like other children, they are fond of play. Among other games, they enjoy lacrosse, football, wrestling, and running races.

It is a custom among the Tukulh that on the first killing of a bird, a reindeer, or some other animal by a boy a feast is made in his honor by his father. The children are strongly attached to their parents, who have a warm affection for them.

Legends of olden times related to them by their parents are often referred to for illustrations. Legends of the raven and the wolverine are numerous, as well as those of men and women.

A GOOD EXAMPLE.

WHAT a little girl can do! In the Sunday school of St. Alban's Cathedral, Toronto, recently, a little girl heard an appeal made for the Rev. Mr. Waller's mission in Japan, and when she got home said to her mother—"I have nothing to give for that mission, but I can make something. She went to work with some girl friends, made several things, and sold them—getting in all four dollars."

When Mr. Waller received this money he said:

"I wish the little girl who sent the four dollars could know how much good she has done. In my opinion the story of her efforts to raise the four dollars will probably do more good than many a \$400 which has been sent to the mission field. By such a thing as this the Japanese are always affected, and as I yesterday (November 30th) listened to a catechist telling the story of the four dollars to a most attentive audience in our largest Sunday school, I thought that the little girl's efforts would bear fruit of which perhaps she has never dreamed."

"Kind hearts are the gardens,
Kind thoughts are the roots,
Kind words are the blossoms,
Kind deeds are the fruits."

GLAD TIDINGS.

HAS a tiny speechless pilgrim
Strayed within your open door—
Mute and wonder-struck—a stranger—
Asking gifts from out your store?
Have you seen the mystic message
In the peaceful, azure eyes,
Have you paused to guess the meaning
Of their sweet, yet dumb surprise?

Did you catch the faint, low echoes
Wafted from the land afar—
When the eager little pilgrim
Left the gates of heaven ajar?
In the hush of orient midnight,
When the shepherds lay asleep
And the cool and slanting shadows
Wrapped the silent, drowsy sheep—

When the angels with their chanting
Roused the startled shepherd throng,
'Twas the message of the Christ-child
Lent the gladness to their song.
"Love," they sang—"Divine—compelling—
Self surrendered—heaven unsealed—
All the mystery celestial
By the Christ-child now revealed."

Not a mortal babe more lowly,
Neither robe nor diadem—
Only heralded by seraphs
Came the Babe of Bethlehem.
Since that night each tiny pilgrim
Welcomed to the homes of earth
Brings anew the precious tidings
Which proclaimed the Christ-child's birth.

Every little one is sacred
Since the Lord of light and life
Could descend an infant stranger
Helpless in a world of strife.
Every little one brings tidings
In a speech beyond our ken,
But its love, the sweet translation,
Must make clear to hearts of men.

THE LONG-FELT WANT.

Give us the words that are old—
Words that are frank and bold,
Words that are swift and strong
And never a whit too long.
Give us the words that are deeds,
That brighten and breathe in creeds;
Words that make cowards brave—
Words that are strong to save!
Live words, that shine and blaze
Like the sun with his living rays—
They are the words, always!

Jesus Christ, who doth me keep,
Told me both to wake and sleep,
Bid me rest and have no dread
Of the living or the dead;
Nor should spirits foul alarm me,
For He will not let them harm me.

I lay me down to rest and close my eyes;
I know not what the rising up may be;
But if my soul before my body rise,
Lord Jesus, be Thou near to comfort me.