



You have now got your club well sketched out, and we are ready to set to work. You have chosen your name, motto, day and hour of meeting, and your officers. Perhaps, however, you may have a little difficulty in selecting a subject, and in order to help you I have drafted out a few which you may either accept as they stand, or use merely as a guide for your own choice.

First, you might like a good succession of stories. I want you to be quite frank in expressing your tastes. A good story is a capital thing, and you may as well have your club take up good stories as any other thing. If so, write and tell me. Give me an idea of what you have been reading already in this direction, and if you could also tell me *how* you have been reading them, that would be most useful to me as your reading Pater.

Or you may take up a short course on History, ancient or modern. The History of Rome; of Greece; Europe in the middle ages; of our Mother country; of our own continent; of our own Dominion; of your own Province; perhaps even of the town or township you live in; all these are deliciously tempting. We wish we could take them all up at once. Each of these again admits of being broken up into periods,—a most interesting and instructive reading. Or you could select a period in the history of one country, and work it up in connection with the same period as to time in another

country,—perhaps the most interesting and instructive of all.

Then Literature; how shall we touch it? So many centuries; so many languages; so many styles; so many aspects! How we wish we had six hours a day instead of one! Latin Literature; Greek; Sanskrit for the learned: English, German, French, for us. In poetry and in prose; in religion and in life; in science and in art; in biography and geography; there is no end.

Biography itself is a distinct course, and geography, physics, art, political economy, geology, not to mention social questions, are all waiting with patient invitation. Mythology, too, is a charming subject; while such practical topics as physiology, hygiene, chemistry, composition, swell up the list so that we are lost in an embarrassment of riches. I have by no means exhausted the field that lies waiting for us to cultivate, and as I think of the sheaves of delightful harvest that we shall lay by garnered for future work and future pleasure, I am inclined to regret that our good Editor did not start our YOUNG CANADIAN years ago.

This then is our programme. We shall guide you in text books and in the general management of your subject. All the books you require we shall send you at the lowest possible price. You will commence with enthusiasm. You will read punctually, selecting for your home hour the time most free from interruption. You will meet regularly. You will discuss fully. You will pass over nothing you do not quite understand. Do not be afraid to enquire,—to write to me. You will wear your badge. You will be proud of your motto. Some dexterous fingers may make you a banner if you will. And on all special occasions, such as the anniversary of your club's first meeting, or other important events in connection with your studies, you will have a gala-day, invite your friends to participate in your pleasures, and if possible encourage them to follow your example.

PATER.

A CANADIAN FOLK-SONG.

The doors are shut, the windows fast,
Outside the gust is driving past,
Outside the shivering ivy clings,
While on the hob the kettle sings,—
Margery, Margery, make the tea,
Singeth the kettle merrily.

The streams are hushed up where they flowed,
The ponds are frozen along the road,
The cattle are housed in shed and byre,
While singeth the kettle on the fire,—
Margery, Margery, make the tea,
Singeth the kettle merrily.

The fisherman on the bay in his boat
Shivers and buttons up his coat;
The traveller stops at the tavern door,
And the kettle answers the chimney's roar,—
Margery, Margery, make the tea,
Singeth the kettle merrily.

The firelight dances upon the wall,
Footsteps are heard in the outer hall,
And a kiss and a welcome that fill the room,
And the kettle sings in the glimmer and gloom,—
Margery, Margery, make the tea,
Singeth the kettle merrily.

WILLIAM WILFRED CAMPBELL.