



## Winter Sports for Young Canadians

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**T**HE snow has come at last. Young Canada, rendered drowsy by a hot, tedious summer, rises in triumph once again to be hailed "Our Lady of the Snows," for winter is here, bringing with it life and vigor. How the whole being quivers in response to the keen darts of Boreas. The entire landscape is enveloped in a regal robe of ermine, hiding disfigurements, smoothing irregularities, conferring on all nature an aspect of wonderful and absolute repose.

For man this is the season of life. Who could breathe that ozone-charged air and not have the blood pound madly through his veins! Only the old and timid, crouching, shivering over their fire, complain. As for those outside, they feel like an engine just before the safety-valve blows off. The brain works with the speed of lightning. The whole system is as if charged with electric force. Life is at last worth living. It is now that the man in his prime works with renewed energy. People of declining years feel once again the vitality of youth and for the first time young Canadians are able to appreciate in full their marvellous fortune in being born heirs to our mighty "Dominion of the Northland."

What a time this is for sport, real, healthy recreation, which sends the participant back to his work with added determination. What a wealth of pleasure is at the disposal of Young Canada. Probably the most characteristic amusement is sleigh-riding. From the five-year-old, pluckily hauling his little sled up a very tall snowbank and descending in rapturous glee, to the ardent devotees of the toboggan rushing down the long, smooth slide, a mile a minute, sleigh-

riding is universally popular. Yet even the patrons of the toboggan slide can appreciate but a small part of real tobogganing. Starting from the top of a hill, so steep that for the first ten feet you do not touch the snow, dashing down an almost perpendicular incline to a level plain below, sweeping on, missing obstacles by a hair's-breadth, and finally shooting off the top of a mound to hurtle twenty feet through the air and stop suddenly within a yard of a barbed-wire fence—that is tobogganing, that is excitement, that is genuine Canadian winter sport.

Similar to tobogganing and rivaling it in excitement is skiing. This exercise is, however, restricted to the trained athlete. No one but the participant can appreciate the charm. We look and wonder at the daring "skillobner" making his record long jump, but we cannot enter into his pleasure unless we can ourselves don the skis and shoot down the icy slopes.

Less exciting but more popular than skiing is snowshoeing. In Southern Ontario, with our beautiful towns and level fields, this is a pastime worth while. In Algonquin Park, with its hills clothed in evergreens, its many little frozen lakes and abundance of wild animal life, it is charming, but no one can claim to have experienced the whole fascinating delight of the snowshoer till, leaving behind all civilization, all suggestion of man's disturbing existence, he strikes out away in the northland, on the long Arctic trail, with nothing in sight but a vast snowfield, sparkling below like myriads of diamonds, and the vaster dome of heaven above blazing with stars of unearthly

brilliance and the fitful flashes of the aurora light—there we may stop and say truthfully, "This is a trail worthy of the snowshoer, real, delightful pleasure."

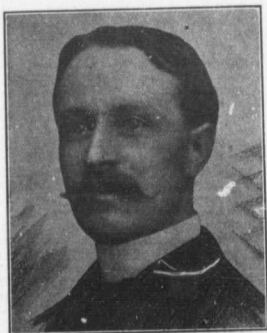
Of all our winter athletics the one most popular with most of us is skating. There is a merry excitement—

striking out to the swing music of a good band—difficult to find elsewhere. Then there is the carnival. Decked in costumes grotesque or beautiful, the skaters glide here and there, performing all sorts of intricate figures, and perhaps ending up by cutting one figure too many, for their composure.

And now let us speak of hockey. This is the winter game of young Canada. There can be no doubt that hockey is the fastest game ever invented. It is possible for a person to go about three times as fast on skates as he would on foot with the same amount of expended energy. The puck bears about the same relation in speed to a football as an aeroplane does to a balloon. Football is not slow, but let a fellow conscious of being "fit" for the game get the puck at one end of his stick and let him realize the responsibility of his position, and for once in his life he will know what it means to "go some," and will require a little more than ordinary modesty to keep from losing his head when he has scored.

What further variations could anyone desire? The wild excitement of the toboggan and the hockey match, the social pleasures of the rink, the invigoration and lure of the snowshoer trail. These supply every craving of man's nature for true sport. The more we indulge in these recreations the better able we are to do credit to our emblem, the Beaver, in our daily work, and no one can indulge in these forms of exercise without being sensible of an elevated mind and a renewed desire to redouble his efforts to make Canada the freest and most loyal Dominion of the Empire, a land of law as pure as the spotless snow that crowns our lofty mountains.

"Our Canada, young, strong and free,  
Whose sceptre stretches far,  
In winter robes of virgin snow,  
We proudly hail thee ours."



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residence at Winnipeg.

## OUR NEW FIELD SECRETARIES !

**A**S we intimated in our last issue, we present herewith the photographs of our newly-appointed Field Secretaries. Both are young men, experienced in Sunday School and Young People's work, and enjoying the fullest confidence of the Conferences whose interests they have been elected to directly serve. These officers will take up the work of the Department at next Conference. Their leadership will we confidently expect, under Divine blessing, be fraught with measureless good to the cause to which they have generously devoted their best thought and service in response to the call of the Church. Pray that everywhere they may meet with a hearty reception and cordial co-operation on the part of all our local and Conference workers.



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