

jumped up and began to talk and eat their lunch. Bernard had no lunch, but the teacher gave him a big bun, all covered with sugar, out of her basket.

When they had finished, she said: "And now we will have a game of Musical Chairs, this rainy day." They all went up to the other end of the school-room, where there was a long row of chairs.

"Run round the chairs with the others," she said to Bernard, "and the instant the music stops scramble into a seat; if you can't find an empty one, drop out for that round and watch the others. And remember, children," she added, "no crowding or pushing; no two can sit in the same chair at once, and the one that gets a chair the oftenest shall have this for a prize!" She put a great golden orange upon the edge of the table, and then she sat down at the piano and began to play a tune that made everyone long to dance.

Round and round they went, and were in full career, when suddenly the music stopped. Bernard could not stop his legs quickly enough, but he managed to hop up into the nearest chair. He had just drawn a breath when a big girl in a plaid frock sat down on the same chair beside him. The new boy was so little that he was squeezed to the edge; he waited a minute, but Miss Hartley had said that two children must not stay in the same chair, so he got up and went and sat down on a form near. The others joined him as they dropped out. They sat and clapped in time to the music, and watched the game till it had dwindled to two children, first hurrying, and then hanging back, around the single chair; finally the girl in the plaid dress was left alone.

In the next game, the same thing happened; just as the boy sat down a bigger child got into the chair beside him. He looked at the orange and grew rather grave.

"Run along!" said the big girl. "I got here first! I didn't think I should get a seat this time!"

The third game was just the same; apparently Bernard was too small, some other child, usually the girl with the plaid frock, took his seat. He felt quite giddy. He looked at the teacher, but though he felt she saw everything in the room, she always seemed to be looking at the piano.

When it came to the seventh game, and he had not been able to keep a place, he thought he would sit still this time, but the schoolmistress had told them all to play, so he got up, and trotted round with the others. This was the last game, and when it was

over the children all crowded round the teacher.

"Please, Miss Hartley, I got a chair the oftenest."

"I kept my chair five times running," said the girl in the plaid frock.

The teacher took up the beautiful orange. Ah, how sweet and juicy and delicious it would taste! Her eyes shone. "Do you know who got the prize?" she said. "You did get a chair more often than the others, Flora, but it was the little new boy's seat every time, and he was too well-mannered to say anything about it. Come here my dear!" And she put the fruit into Bernard's hands.

THE BOYS AND GIRLS IN THE FAR NORTH.

Some of these cold winter mornings, when you boys and girls start out for school, you think it is quite a hardship to walk against the bitter raw wind, or plunge through the snow. But do you ever think of the children in the cold countries, whose winter is not only cold but dark? You have bright, warm school-rooms to study in, and when you come home, the rooms are cheery and pleasant.

The Esquimau girl and boy have a house under the snow, a house with only one room. There is a low opening at the bottom, close to the ground, which is the door, but one must creep on hands and knees to enter. There is a small hole above the door which is the window. This is made from the inside of a seal, and is stretched over the window hole to keep out the cold and let in a little light.

The clothes the children wear there are very different from yours, too. First, there are socks of bird skins, nice and warm, which the mother has sewed together with the soft down upon them. Over these come moccasins of real skin. Next are leggings or trousers of white bear skin, very rough and shaggy, and a little frock of the same, with a hood, like little Red Riding Hood's, which is pulled up over the short, black hair. When the children go out and run about to see each other, there is no sun shining on the snow. It is dark like night, and the stars shine clear and steady like silver lamps in the sky. But in these cold countries at times there are beautiful Northern lights.

The children have sleds, not at all like yours, for no trees grow for wood. The father takes the bones of the walrus and the whale, and binds them together with strips of seal skin. It has a back to lean against and hold by, and two little brown puppies to draw it. Oh, there is a lot of fun when the children go out sled riding. I do not know but they are just as happy as you are when the first hard snow storm comes.

When the children go into the little house, they take off these clothes, for the house is as hot inside as the air is cold outside.

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DEATH.

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There is a big lamp in the centre of it full of moss and walrus oil. Sometimes the mother cooks soup over it, but the children live mostly on raw walrus meat, torn into long strips. This, with milk from the reindeer, is their daily food.

You would not like living in that way. Oh, no. I hope you will remember it when you are tempted to push aside your plate at the table and say: "There is nothing here that I like to eat." You certainly always have something better than the Esquimau children do. It must be a very disagreeable place—that one room in those snow houses. We should not enjoy being in such an atmosphere long, but the people who live there are not at all disturbed by the disagreeable odor.

It is said that the most homesick people in the world, when they are away from their country, are those very ones. But perhaps it is because the sun does shine at one part of the year and shines day and night. Then there are little brooks and a few flowers and great flocks of birds that lay their eggs in safe little corners and shelves of the rock.

—Hope is the lantern that illuminates the hard places in the path to heaven.

—The man who walks by faith is in no hurry for God to explain himself.

—The sense of God's nearness charms away a thousand fears.

—If we would bring a holy life to Christ we must mind our fire-side duties as well as the duties of the sanctuary.

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