

PLEASANT HOURS

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK.

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Under Green Leaves.

BY H. W. LONGFELLOW.

Pleasant it is, when woods are green,
And winds are soft and low,
To lie amid some sylvan scene,
Where, the long drooping boughs be-
tween,
Shadows dark and sunlight sheen
Alternate come and go.

Beneath some patriarchal tree
I lay upon the ground;
His hoary arms uplifted he,
And all the broad leaves over me
Clapped their little hands in glee,
With one continuous sound;—

A slumberous sound,—a sound that
brings
The feelings of a dream,—
As of innumerable wings,

Into the blithe and breathing air,
Into the solemn wood,
Solemn and silent everywhere!
Nature with folded hands seemed
there,
Kneeling at her evening prayer,
Like one in prayer I stood.

And, falling on my weary brain,
Like a fast-falling shower,
The dreams of youth came back
again,
Low hisings of the summer rain,
Dropping on the ripened grain,
As once upon the tower.

Visions of childhood! Stay, oh, stay!
Ye were so sweet and wild!
And distant voices seemed to say,
"It cannot be! They pass away!
Other themes demand thy lay;
Thou art no more a child!"

scenes. Within five miles of almost any Canadian town or city, or even less, we can find nature in some of her loveliest moods. Near Toronto we have the valleys of Rosedale, the glades of the Don and the Humber, and the slopes of Queen's and High Parks. Montreal has the incomparable splendour of her mountain. Hamilton, the beautiful valley of Dundas and mountain slopes behind the city, and almost every place in the country has some fair and lovely scene. We hope that our young readers will seek more and more for an appreciation of the beauties of nature. It will give both health to the body and refreshment to the mind.

"THE BOOK OF HEAVEN."

Rev. Egerton R. Young, the missionary

Nephew, lend me the book of heaven that I may read a little; I have loaned mine." So the pack was opened and the Bible was taken out and the man read for a time, and then threw the Bible back among the blankets and went out.

"The next morning the father and son started very early on their homeward journey. They strapped on their snowshoes and walked seventy miles, dug a hole in the snow at night, where they cooked rabbits and had prayers, and lay down and slept. The next morning, bright and early, after prayers, they pushed on and made seventy miles more and reached home. That night the father said to his son: 'Give me the book of heaven, that the mother and the rest may read the Word and have prayers.' As the son opened the pack, he said: 'Uncle asked for the book two



A MIDSUMMER DAY.—AFTER BIRKET FOSTER.

A MIDSUMMER DAY.

The accompanying admirable engraving is a reproduction, so far as black and white can reproduce it, of one of Birket Foster's beautiful pictures. Birket Foster is one of the most distinguished British landscape painters, and his pictures command a high price. The engraving was made by the brothers Bridgen, of the Toronto Engraving Co., and is one of the best pieces of engraving ever done in this country. The very texture of the wood and bark of the trees, the figures and dress of the children in the foreground, the sheep on the distant down with the water behind and the softness of the clouds, are admirably rendered. It has a wonderful out-of-doorish look, and makes us long for the bright sky and the green grass and the fresh breezes which the children are evidently enjoying. We need not go to distant lands to enjoy nature's fairest

As, when a bell no longer swings,
Faint the hollow murmur rings
O'er meadow, lake, and stream.

Dreams that the soul of youth engage
Ere Fancy has been quell'd;
Old legends of the monkish page,
Traditions of the saint and sage,
Tales that have the rime of age,
And chronicles of old.

The green trees whispered low and mild;
It was a sound of joy!
They were my playmates when a child,
And rocked me in their arms so wild!
Still they looked at me and smiled,
As if I were a boy;

And ever whispered, mild and low,
"Come, be a child once more!"
And waved their long arms to and fro
And beckoned solemnly and slow;
Oh, I could not choose but go
Into the woodlands hoar;

to the Indians in the far northern wilderness of British America, tells, in one of his addresses, this touching story.

"Often have I been made ashamed of the littleness of my love by the devotion of these Indians, and by their love for the Bible. Let me give you an incident. One of our Indians with his son came away down from the distant hunting-grounds to fish on the shores of our great lakes. This man and his son came down to fish, and they made splendid fisheries, put up the white fish on a stang where the foxes and wolves could not reach them, and one night the father said: 'My son, we leave to-morrow early; put the book of heaven in your pack; we go back one hundred and forty miles to our distant hunting-ground to join the mother and the others in the wigwam-home.' So the young man put his Bible in his pack that they might take it home. Later on, along came an uncle and said to the young man:

nights ago and it was not put back. The father was disappointed, but said little. The next morning he rose early, put a few cooked rabbits in his pack and away he started. He walked that day seventy miles and reached the camp where he and his son had stopped two nights before. The next day he had made the other seventy miles and reached the lake and found his Bible in his brother's wigwam. The next morning he started again, and, walking in the two days one hundred and forty miles, was back at home once more. That Indian walked on snowshoes two hundred and eighty miles through the wild forest of the Northwest to regain his copy of the word of God. Would we do that much to regain our Bibles? Oh, the power of the Gospel! It can go down very low and reach men deeply sunken in sin, and can save them grandly, and make them devout students and great lovers of the blessed Book!"