

PLEASANT HOURS

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK.

Vol. XVI.]

TORONTO, AUGUST 29, 1896.

[No. 35.]

A Harvest Song.

Behind the scythes a trodden path;
Bind, bind the sheaves;
Wide and wider grows the swath,
Either side the bright, corn heaves,
Billows of gold!

Trees a glory of bronze and red;
Bind, bind the sheaves,
Miss a sunshine overhead,
Through the chequer of thinning leaves
The air is cold.

Breath of the coming frost is there;
Bind, bind the sheaves;
Vines that cling to the house grow bare,
Swallows leave their nests in the eaves
Empty and old.

Apple-globes, crimson and white;
Bind, bind the sheaves;
Winnowed grain, sunnily bright,
(Glistening gold that want relieves!)
The wide bins hold. —Outing.

FRANCONIA RANGE.

BY THE EDITOR.

The Franconia Range is considered the gem of the White Mountains. Beneath the shadow of these heights the weary soul finds composure. Selfishness and



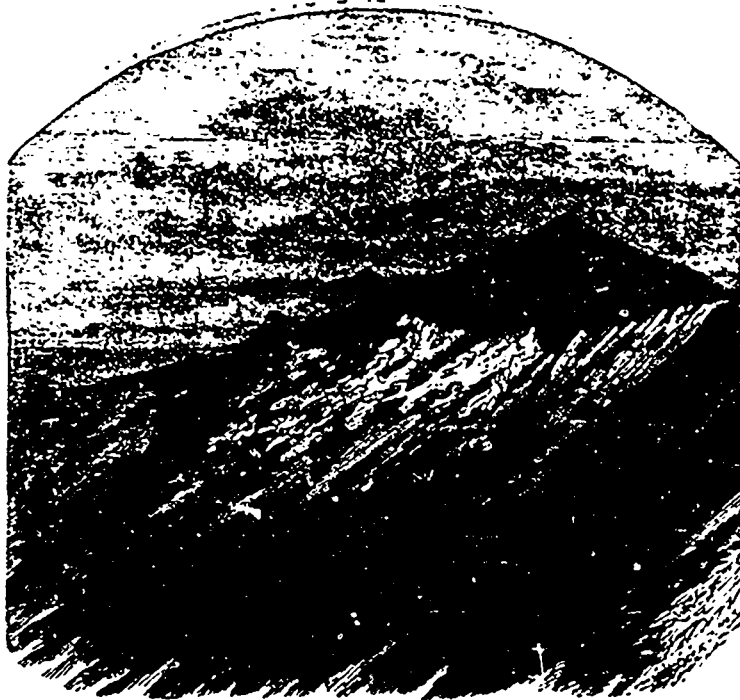
THE GREAT STONE FACE.

worldliness are rebuked. The most thoughtless are pushed to reflection, and a better understanding of life grows up in the midst of Nature's grand instructions.

The whole White Mountain region is readily reached by the Boston and Maine railway system. On returning from my visit to the Sunday-school Convention at Boston, I made a pilgrimage to some of



THE OLD MAN OF THE MOUNTAIN.



CLIMBING MOUNT LAFAYETTE.

the old colonial towns of New England, and to the famous White Mountains.

Some of the dreamy old towns like Portsmouth, Newburyport and Salem, are haunted with old colonial memories of the time when George III. was king.

Newburyport has special interest to Methodist tourists, from the fact that here the great apostle of Methodism, George Whitefield, is buried. His tomb is beneath the pulpit of the Old South (Presbyterian) church. The sexton takes one into the vault, turns down the hinged cover of the coffin and exposes to view the bleached skeleton of the eloquent preacher. Curious tourists may take his skull in their hands. I refrained, however, from this sacrilege, but laid my hand on the spacious, dome-like brow and thought how the busy brain within had seethed with the burning ideas with which he had fired the minds of men.

On the coffin is a small box containing the bones of the forearm. The sexton's little joke is that Whitefield crossed the ocean eleven times, while this arm crossed thirteen times. It seems that some relic-monger had carried off the arm-bones to England, and, being smitten with remorse, ordered them to be returned in the little box where they still remain.

Next door is the house in which Whitefield died, and next to it, that in which Garrison, the gallant crusader for the slave, published his "Liberator," which first blew the trumpet blast that heralded the freedom of a race.

Longfellow and Whittier have commemorated these old colonial towns, and Hawthorne has made Salem classic ground by his weird tales. Here I visited the old Pyncheon House and House of the Seven Gables, and the restored old church, first built in 1634, of which Roger Williams was pastor, and in which were placed Hawthorne's desk and other memorials.

Quaint Old Boston, with its

near neighbour, Plymouth, are full of historic memories, of fascinating interest. Its magnificent new union station is one of the finest in the world.

It has a score or more of railway tracks, on which, I believe, six hundred trains a day move in and out.

WHITE MOUNTAINS.

It is a charming ride by the Boston and Maine Railway to the heart of the White Mountain region. The road offers several routes, but we think the most interesting is that by way of Lake Winnepesaukee, the loveliest of New England lakes, to Mount Washington.

A pleasant headquarters for tourists is the charming village of Bethlehem, N.H., which commands a noble panorama of both the White Mountain and Franconia Ranges, and from which a number of delightful excursions may be made. The present writer had scarce got settled for a few days' rest in this lovely village of Bethlehem, N.H. when he received a call from the worthy pastor of the Methodist church. A short conversation led to an invitation from him to preach the Sunday-school anniversary sermons on the approaching Sabbath.

"But," said the writer, "you do not know me; I may be some clerical tramp, or expelled preacher, for all that you know to the contrary."

A LITTLE RISKY.

"It is a little risky, isn't it?" he replied, with a twinkle of humour in his eye; but he professed to have found in certain review articles and books, which he attributed to the present writer, a sufficient guarantee as to character. And very pleasant was that quiet

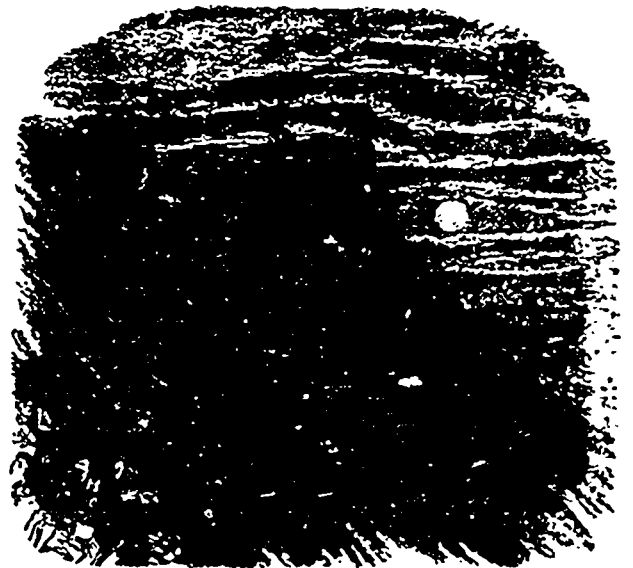
Sunday service among the mountains; especially a beautiful Sunday-school concert anniversary in the evening. Our American friends make it all, and very properly, of the Sunday-school, and give it a prominence which it does not always receive among us. To the pleasing acquaintance thus formed we were indebted for sundry pleasant drives over the hills and through the valleys surrounding the village.

Bethlehem itself is most picturesquely situated, and commands a view of wide expanse. Across the Franconia Valley rise the lofty summits of Lafayette, with his seamed and scarred sides, and the kindred mountains standing like sentinels to guard the pass against profane intruders. Their irregularity is most picturesque, while, at the same time, they are most finely grouped.

At Echo Lake, the sounds of a horn, blown with skill, will be returned in oft-repeated notes like sweetest music. The human voice will be re-echoed with wonderful effect, as though the invisible inhabitants of the hills were holding a colloquy with "the babbling gossip of the air." The report of a cannon fired on the shore will reverberate like peals of thunder among the fastnesses of the mountains. In the stillness of morning, or in the quiet of the evening at the sunset hour, the lake is the resort of those who can best know and appreciate the wonders of the place. The wind is hushed; the waters sleep; the mountains are silent; the purple glow is on all the trees and rocks. Then is the time to wake the slumbering echoes, and hear the many voices that reply.

THE GREAT STONE FACE.

The great marvel and pride of this region is the Profile, or "Great Stone Face." The huge face, with all its features thoroughly delineated, stands out in bold outline before our sight. There it is, a colossal, completely symmetrical profile, looking down upon the valley from its lofty height, perfectly distinct and clear. Nature has carved out, with the most accurate chiselling, this astonishing sculpture. There is the stern, projecting, massive brow, as though stamped with the thought and wisdom of centuries. The nose is straight, finely cut, and sharply outlined. The thin, sensible lips are parted, as though about to echo the thunders of majestic speech. The chin is well thrown forward, with exact proportionate length, betokening the hard, obstinate character of the "Old



CASTELLATED RIDGE, MOUNT JEFFERSON.