

Let faultless nature mould your forms,
Life's battles to endure.

With "woman's right" or franchisement
Let not your hearts be vexed,
However man this age may rule,
'Tis yours to rule the next.

The simple truth that you may teach,
In words and accents mild,
And by the manner of your life
Impress it on your child,—

May peal in loudest thunder tones
When you and I lie low,
From men, within whose hands then rests
Our country's weal or woe.

There's much truth in that saying old,
"Man works from sun to sun,
Though woman toileth night and day,
Her work is never done."

It reaches out beyond her life,
Far into other years,
Beyond her day of weary care,
Beyond her night of tears.

When she long since has passed away,
Still monuments we find,
In living men, whose words and life,
Show forth her mould of mind.

—Witness. GEO. W. GARLAND.

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Pleasant Hours:

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK

Rev. W. H. WITHROW, D.D., Editor.

TORONTO, JULY 1, 1893.

CANADA'S GREATNESS.

On Dominion Day last year several stirring addresses were given at Toronto, from which we quote as follows:

JUDGE SKINNER.

The chairman then introduced Judge Skinner, who was warmly received. After a few prefatory remarks he said that he had consented to speak on this occasion that he might express to the people of the great city of Toronto the feelings of union the people of the Maritime Provinces entertain towards them on all questions that appertain to the continuity and perpetuity and prosperity of this great Dominion to which they all belonged. (Applause.) He was not only astounded at the audience before him, but he was astounded at the greatness of this country. As he realized its vastness, its amplitude, he was deeply impressed with the conviction that it was to form one of the greatest nations of the earth. Those peoples who had taken a high position in history had been invariably lovers of their country. Love of country and national pride was love of home and family.

To attain to national greatness our ambition must not only be high, but must be boundless in its aspirations. The dreamer is sometimes the greatest actor in shaping the destinies of a people. A Columbus must precede a Caesar. The object of this meeting, he had been told, was to inspire

the children with faith in the country. No nobler object could the promoters of the meeting have, and no better day could be selected than the 1st of July—Canada's birthday.

What a noble history this country had! From being separate colonies it had become a nation—law and prosperity and happiness ruled and overshadowed it. Such never had any nation of a similar age in the world before. Her origin was peaceful. It was, before our advent, the curse of nations to be the offspring of war, to be born in rivers of blood, but Canada's origin was one of peace. The bugle call was heard as our nation came into existence, not to summon the people to strife, but to call them to duty upon the pathways of progress. Iron and blood might have founded the great empire we had inherited from an Alfred, a Wellington, a Nelson, and a Wolfe, but the Canadian dominion was the offspring of peace. The boys and girls, as they studied its annals, would love their country not only because it was their native land, not only because the flag that had braved the battle and the breeze floated proudly above them; not only because of the greatness, the power, the grandeur and the glory of the empire to which we belonged, upon which the sun never sets, and which bids defiance to the powers of darkness, but because the history of Canada was an object-lesson to the whole world, teaching mankind that a great people can win national life without the deadly clamor of war, and with no more powerful weapon than the sweet olive-branch of peace.

The schools would fail in their great purpose if they did not teach the children to love their country. If they loved it they would not leave it. They would work at home, and working at home with our healthful climate and fruitful soil, they would become successful, and becoming successful, the prosperity of the nation was secure. Canada was among the most successful countries in the world, and therefore entitled to our faith and love and national homage. Truly the children of Canada should love their country. Its foundations were the foundations of one of the greatest nations of the earth. The exodus would not last forever. Emigration would turn, in fact was turning, into immigration. The western tendency of population was a feature of our civilization, but the greatest and the best of the people remained at home. "Let the flag that floats so grandly and proudly over this Queen City of Canada to-day," he said, "throw out its ample folds over every schoolhouse in the land for all time to come, so that our children and our children's offspring over all the future may learn the lesson that it teaches, and will be led to look upon Canada as one of the grandest nations of the world, and forming with the other British possessions that girdle the earth, the grandest empire of all historic time."

COL. DENISON ON CANADA.

Col. Denison, who was announced as a Canada First man, addressed the audience. He said that when he was asked to address the meeting he agreed to come with the very greatest pleasure, because it had always been a very strong point in his mind to do everything possible to create in the Canadian people a strong national spirit and confidence in themselves.

One of the most important events that had occurred in Canada was the confederation of the scattered provinces into one Dominion. Many would remember the state of affairs and the feelings of the people just before Confederation. We were then a string of scattered provinces with no cohesion, knowing nothing of the people of New Brunswick or Nova Scotia, and communication between the different provinces was of the most difficult character. In this country the people were inclined to call themselves either English, Irish, or Scotch, according to the nationality of their parents. There had been a remarkable change for the better in the last quarter of a century. Canada was one of the largest countries in the world, forty times the size of Great Britain, fifteen times the size of the German empire, and situated in the very best latitude to produce a great and powerful nation. We, in this Canada of ours, were the northmen of the new world, and a southerner never should place his heel on the men of the northern zone. Our country extended from the latitude of

Rome to the north pole, and it was flanked by two enormous oceans. Twenty-five years ago no one would have dreamed of such results as confederation had produced. Everything that indicated progress showed that Canada had made a progress that, he believed, was absolutely unparalleled in the history of the world. Our bank capital had increased enormously. The number of letters and newspapers carried through the post had increased to such an extent as seemed almost incredible. Deposits in the savings banks had rolled up until it seemed almost miraculous that the people should have saved so much wealth.

WE OUGHT TO BE CONTENTED.

People had been deceived by the comparisons between Canada and the United States. It must not be forgotten that the people of the United States had 100 years the start of us, and from that fact they were enabled to get the immigration from all the older countries, which produced a fictitious prosperity that could not last. The United States could not go on making the same progress. There was very little more land in the public domain to give to settlers. Rapidly the wealth of that country was accumulating in the hands of a few, and there was growing up a large class of people exceedingly poor. In Canada, while we had no very rich people, we had no very poor people. The people here were well-fed, well-clothed and their children well-educated. Our country was progressive, and we did not think we had anything to grumble about. We don't intend for any consideration of material advantage that anybody can give us that our flag shall be hauled down, that our national emblem shall be destroyed, and that we shall be vassals and serfs of any people, and if we have got to live on porridge, and got to work thirteen hours a day, we are going to have our flag and we are going to have our country.

Jacques Cartier.

[The seaport of St. Malo gave to Canada not only a discoverer in the person of the intrepid and chivalrous Jacques Cartier, but it furnished the gifted heart of the Hon. THOS. D'ARCY MCGEE with a theme for one of the finest of Canadian ballads.]

In the seaport of St. Malo, 'twas a smiling morn in May,
When the Commodore Jacques Cartier to the westward sailed away;
In the crowded old cathedral, all the town were on their knees,
For the safe return of kinsmen from undiscovered seas;
And every autumn blast that swept o'er pinnacle and pier,
Filled many hearts with sorrow and gentle hearts with fear.

A year passed o'er St. Malo—again came round the day,
When the Commodore Jacques Cartier to the westward sailed away;
But no tidings from the absent had come the way they went,
And tearful were the vigils that many a maiden spent;
And maiden hearts were filled with gloom and gentle hearts with fear,
When no tidings came from Cartier at the closing of the year.

But the earth is as the future, it hath its hidden side,
And the Captain of St. Malo was rejoicing in his pride;
In the forests of the north—while his townsmen mourned his loss—
He was rearing on Mount Royal the fleur-de-lys and cross;
And when two months were over and added to the year,
St. Malo hailed him home again, cheer answering to cheer.

He told them of a region, hard, iron-bound, and cold,
Nor seas of pearl abounded, nor mines of shining gold;
Where the wind from Thule freezes the word upon the lip,
And the ice in spring comes sailing athwart the early ship;
He told them of the frozen scene until they thrilled with fear,



JACQUES CARTIER.

And plied fresh fuel on the hearth to make them better cheer.

But when he changed the strain—he told how soon is cast

In early spring the fetters that hold the waters fast;

How the winter causeway, broken, is drifted out to sea,

And the rills and rivers sing with pride the anthem of the free:

How the magic wand of summer clad the landscape to his eyes,

Like the dry bones of the just when they wake in Paradise.

He told them of the Algonquin braves—the hunters of the wild;

Of how the Indian mother in the forest rocks her child;

Of how, poor souls, they fancy in every living thing,

A spirit, good or evil, that claims their worshiping;

Of how they brought their sick and maimed for him to breathe upon;

And of the wonders wrought for them thro' the Gospel of St. John.

He told them of the river, whose mighty current gave

Its freshness for a hundred leagues to ocean's briny wave;

He told them of the glorious scene presented to his sight,

What time he reared the Cross and Crown on Hochelaga's height;

And of the forest cliff, that keeps of Canada the key:—

And they welcomed back Jacques Cartier from his perils o'er the sea.

A Modern Prodigal,

BY

Mrs. Julia McNair Wright.

CHAPTER VIII.

MERCY STANHOPE'S DREAMING.

UNCLE BARUM TITUS was undoubtedly a crusty old man. He had always been parsimonious and selfish, and these qualities had increased and hardened with his advancing years. But the hardest of us humans has usually some tender spot, some germ of softer sentiment, some joint such as in the armor of Uncle Barum's nature his little grand-nephew was rapidly finding. The old man steadfastly observed the child with the damp brown curls, the red, tired face, the bare brown knees, and the feet swinging in dusty shoes. How like he was to what his mother had been! And Mercy had been the one warm affection of Uncle Barum's life.

"Did you walk?" he asked.

"What other way could I come?" asked the incisive Samuel.

"It was a long way for a young one."

"You better believe it was. I just