

PLEASANT HOURS

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK

TORONTO, JULY 1, 1893.

[No 26.

Vol. XIII.]

Canada.

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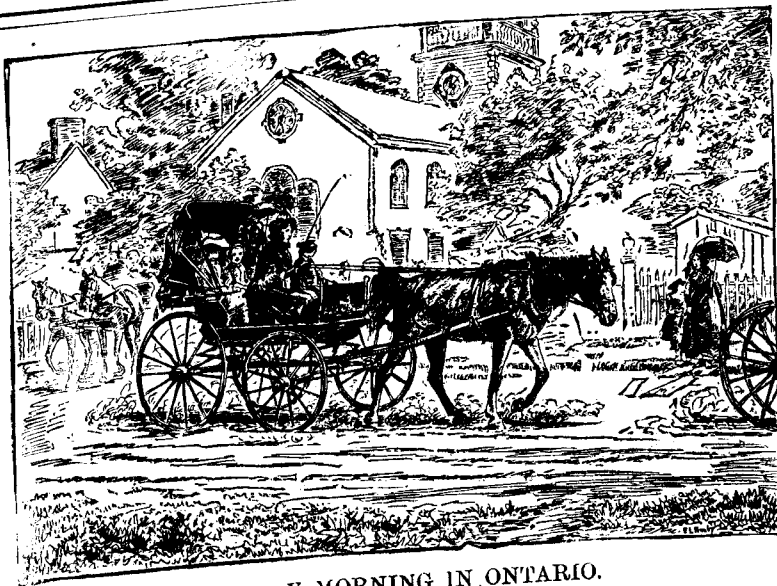
LAND of mighty lake and forest?
Where the winter's locks are hoarest;
Where the summer's leaf is greenest;
And the winter's bite the keenest;
Where the autumn's leaf is searest;
And her parting smile the dearest;
Where the tempest rushes forth,
From his caverns of the north,
With the lightnings of his wrath,
Sweeping forests from his path;
Where the cataract stupendous,
Lifteth up her voice tremendous;
Where uncultivated Nature
Rears her pines of giant stature;
Sows her jagged hemlocks o'er,
Thick as bristles on the boar;
Plants the stately elm and oak
Firmly in the iron rock;
Where the crane her course is steering,
And the eagle is careering;
Where the gentle deer are bounding,
And the woodman's axe resounding.
Land of mighty lake and river,
To our hearts thou'rt dear forever!
Thou art not a land of story—
Thou art not a land of glory.
No tradition, tale, nor song
To thine ancient woods belong;
No long line of bards and sages,
Looking to us down the ages;
No old heroes sweeping by
In their warlike panoply;
Yet heroic deeds are done,
Where no battle's lost or won:
In the cottage, in the woods,
In the lonely solitudes—
Pledges of affection given,
That will be redeemed in heaven.

DOMINION DAY.

In both PLEASANT HOURS and *Onward* we furnish for our national birthday special patriotic numbers of these papers. We want our boys and girls to appreciate more and more as the years go by the splendid inheritance which God has given them in this goodly land—the freest land on earth.

No land is more favoured of heaven; none has nobler Christian institutions; none exhibits a higher grade of morality than our beloved Canada. Especially important to the future well-being of our country is the observance of the Lord's day which is so marked a characteristic of our country.

The old-fashioned picture, the first on this page, represents a scene which is enacted thousands of times on our quiet Canadian Sunday. The rural congregation, who come from far and near to attend worship, are returning from the old-fashioned church which is shown in the rear of the picture. About four thousand



SUNDAY MORNING IN ONTARIO.

Methodist congregations assemble every Sunday, to say nothing of those of the over four thousand other denominations. These, with their Sunday-schools, their Epworth Leagues, their religious training and the religious effort which they represent—these are the true bulwarks of our country—these are the corner-stones—these are the pledge of the stability of our national greatness and the stability of its institutions.

Our other picture shows us the characteristic Canadian homestead in Ontario, of which many hundreds stud this fair and beautiful Province. Around the comfortable mansion on every side sweep the broad acres where well-filled barn and farm buildings show the thrift and industry whereby such comfort has been obtained. We are apt to boast too much of our grand cities, but the farms and farming population are really the backbone of Canada's strength.

"The king himself is served by the field," and the population outside our cities is many times greater than that in them. The men of brawn and brain who succeed in cities are, for the most part, those who were brought up in the wholesome farm life of the country with its fresh air, free life, good food and plenty of it, and emptied in their early years from the hurry and worry of city life. Let our young folks learn by heart some of the patriotic poems in the present number and learn more and more to prize the noble country in which it is their good fortune to be born.

Our country girls, too, have a better time than many of them think. With our splendid school system, with the social and religious enjoyments and privileges which are theirs, they need not envy any girls in the world. If our young folks knew the hard fare and hard work and scanty food and coarse clothing of the boys and girls

in many European lands they would prize their own all the more. Of our Canadian homes it may be said "It snows within the house with meat and drink." We commend the verses which follow to all who are discontented with country life:

COUNTRY GIRLS OF CANADA.

Ye country girls of Canada,
Who think your lot is hard,
Who think your life monotonous,
For you I have a word.

Ours is no royal-ridden land,
Where nobles are by birth,
But one of free equality,
Whose standard is true worth.

Despise not then its rural scenes,
Where youthful fancy roams;
You'll find few spots more kind to you
Than quiet country homes.

The busy towns are rushing streams
Where men forget their Lord;
And seeking after wealth or fame
Care little for his Word.

Ye like the rippling fountains are,
Fresh from the mountain's brink;
Beside whose pure untainted streams
It pleaseth one to drink.

And doubt not this, 'tis serious truth!
Tho' you feel not the weight,
That on your gentle shoulders
There rests a nation's fate.

Because your life is humble,
Think not it matters small,
Whether you make it well or ill,
Or make it not at all.

Few of the great, of any age,
In luxury's lap were reared;
Whence come these mighty minds, you
ask,
The world has loved and feared?

Few, few of these were ever reared
'Mid cities' giddy whirls;

Their homes have
been the country,
Their mothers,
country girls.

And from your heart
those intellects
That fifty years to
come
Shall hold the reins
of Church and
State,
Protect our land
and home,

Must take the cast
which moulds
their minds
The way that they
shall go,
Which makes their
path all blessing,
Or makes their
lives a woe.

The things you love,
the words you
speak;
The very thoughts
you think,
Will in a measure
live in them,
Thro' some mys-
terious link.

Then prize your truth
and virtue,
Your very thoughts



BELOIR FARM HOMESTEAD, DELAWARE, ONTARIO.