

PLEASANT HOURS

PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK.

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Canada, Home of the Free.

BY GEO. W. ARMSTRONG.

Great Canada, home of the free,
A land where no slave ever trod,
Established by heaven's decree,
And founded on truth and on God.

Thy oceans on far east and west,
Whose billows defy curb and chain,
In majesty roll in unrest,
And tyrannic treat with disdain.

Thy mountains their peaks raise to heaven,
As though they their praise would declare,
For the wealth their Creator has given
In minerals unbounded and rare.

Thy forests, thy prairies and plains,
Are teeming with treasures galore;
Thy lakes and thy rivers, as chains,
A highway for ships with their store;

Thy air it is bracing and pure,
And free as the beams of the sun;
Thy blessings and comforts secure,
Renewed as the seasons roll on.

Fair Canada, glorious and free,
May the cities be centre of light;
May thy commerce and trade ever be
Based on honour and justice and right;

May that which a nation exalts
Be thine in unmeasured degree;
Thy religion be strong, few thy faults,
Great Canada, home of the free.

London, Ont.

LORD DUFFERIN ON CANADA.

"Few people in Great Britain have any notion how blessed by nature is the Canadian soil. The beauty, the majesty and material importance of the Gulf of the St. Lawrence are indeed the things of every traveller, while the stupendous chain of lakes of which it is the outlet is well known to afford a system of inland navigation such as is to be found in no other part of the habitable globe. The inexhaustible harvest of its seas annually gathered by its hardy maritime population, the innumerable treasures of its forests, are known to all. But what is not so generally understood is that beyond the present inhabited regions of the country—beyond the towns, the lakes, the woods—there stretches out an enormous breadth of rich alluvial soil, comprising an area of thousands of square miles, which is destined at no distant time to be occupied by millions of our prosperous fellow-subjects, and to become a central granary for adjoining continents."

ABOUT YOUR BOYS.

TREAT your boys as though they were of some importance if you would have them manly and self-reliant.

Be careful of the little courtesies. You cannot expect your boys to be respectful, thoughtful, and kind unless you first set them the example.

If you would have your boy make in your confidence, take an active interest in all that he does, don't be too critical, and ask for his views and opinions at all times.

Don't keep your boys in ignorance of the things they should know. It is not the shrewdest truth, but the unwholesome way in which it is acquired that ruins many a young man.

Don't act as though your boy amounted to nothing; nor be continually making comparisons between him and some neighbour's son to his disadvantage; nothing will dishearten him quicker.

Don't think that anything is good enough for the boys, and that they don't care for nice things; have their rooms fixed up

nice as possible; let them understand that they are to be kept in order, and the results will justify your pains.

Furnish your boy with good wholesome reading matter. Have him read to and with you. Discuss with him what you read, and draw out his opinions and thoughts on the subject. Help him to think early for himself.

Make home a pleasant place; see to it that the boys don't have to go somewhere else to secure proper freedom and companionship.

Take time to make them feel comfortable and contented, and they will not want to spend their evenings away from home.

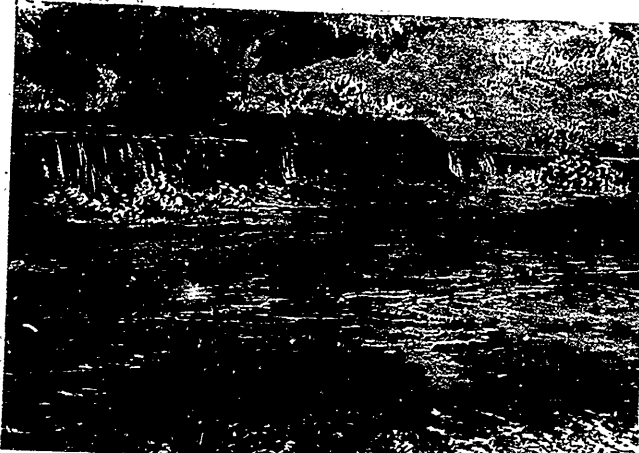
Pick your son's associates. See to it that he has no friends you know nothing about. Take an interest in all his troubles and pleasures, and have him feel perfectly free to invite his friends to the house. Take a little pains to make him and his friends comfortable and happy. He will not be slow to appreciate it.—*Evangelist.*

rock which crosses the course of the river, and forms an immense circular basin.

A writer says: "There are other sublimities of nature no less impressive in their grandeur. There are water-leaps from loftier heights, and amid scenes which fill the soul with awe; but no such vast volume, no like rush and turmoil and impassible delight, or profound emotion calm of the woodland, in the sweet the rills, the flowers, the birds, the wavy mists of romantic hills, the scars which mild convulsions have inflicted, the snow-dread mountain summit—but from none of these come such profound impressions as from the awful plunges and reverberating thunders of Niagara Falls."

"A FRIEND IN NEED."

"No tramp is allowed" around here.



NIAGARA FALLS.

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Among the wonderful natural sceneries of our country, certainly Niagara Falls stands near the foremost, and deserves a visit from every Canadian traveller.

They are situated on the river of the same name, which connects Lakes Erie and Ontario. The entire river is about thirty-six miles in length, and in that distance there is a descent of three hundred and thirty-four feet; so that the charms of the river are not confined to the Falls, but are shared by the Rapids, where great volumes of water rush along the steep but gradual descent, in perpetual foam.

The Falls are twenty-two miles from the head of the river; and at this point, Goat Island divides the waters into two falls, the larger being on the Canadian side. This is about six hundred yards broad and one hundred and fifty-four feet high. Those on the American side are ten feet higher, but only two hundred and twenty yards wide.

Every facility has been afforded to travellers for viewing this wonderful "glory of the waters," particularly by means of a suspension-bridge which crosses the river several hundred yards below the Falls. Still farther below is the famous "whirlpool," almost, if not quite, impassable, formed there by an immense stratum of

Clear out, you young vagabond, or I'll arrest you."

The man who said these words spoke in a loud voice, as though he wanted everybody to hear him, and understand how much power he possessed. There was so much bluster about it that quite a crowd gathered about the pale-looking boy and the self-important police officer, to see what would follow.

"I ain't no tramp," the boy answered, with a scared look coming over his face. "I am looking for a job of work."

"You can't deceive me with that lie. Begone, I say. If you are not out of hearing in three minutes, I'll arrest you," and there was another wave of the hands that had so much of power vested in them.

"I don't know where to go," the boy replied, as he half staggered away.

"He is drunk, arrest him," some unfeeling man said.

"No, I'm hungry. I never tasted of liquor in my life," and there came a flush of indignation to the pale, thin face.

A lady just then came along, and heard the accusation and firm denial. She stopped, and stood still, while the boy slowly walked or pushed his way through the crowd.

Her eyes flashed with anger as she noticed

the insolent look upon the face of the "officer of the law," but tears filled them as she looked at the weeping, pale-faced boy. In a moment she stood by his side, while the crowd shrank away, and even the cowardly policeman dropped his eyes beneath her gaze.

The boy understood in a moment that he had found a friend, and for the first time his lips quivered, and tears came to his eyes.

"Oh, lady, believe me, I am not a tramp, and I never tasted liquor in my life," and here he broke entirely down.

"Come with me, my boy," she said, taking hold of the cold, bare hand.

One man stepped out of the crowd, and helped the boy to the home of the lady, who lived near by. No one dared to interfere, for Mrs. N. was known too well by all. Even the blustering man dressed in a policeman's garb suddenly became very quiet.

Not a single question was asked of the unfortunate stranger until after a warm, substantial supper was given to him, and then he told his pitiful story.

He had worked in the mills at B., twenty miles away, and had supported his invalid mother and little sister, until they shut down, and all work stopped. He had tried in every conceivable way to pick up a little money, but without avail, as there were scores of other men and boys looking for work also. Starvation at last stared them in the face, and he resolved to look for work somewhere else. So he had walked the whole distance, faint and tired even when not half-way to his journey's end, and was then threatened with arrest as soon as he had reached the town.

"I did not care anything about myself, lady, and would just as soon been arrested as not, but mamma and little sister Maggie have not had a mouthful to eat since yesterday noon," and again the lips quivered, and the large, bright tears fell from the boy's eyes.

Mrs. N. was quick to think, and she acted as quickly as she thought.

"I'll take you right to the depot in time to catch the six o'clock train, and you will be at home before seven. Take this money, and purchase provisions for your friends, and then return upon the morning train, and we will see what can be done for you. I've put on Arthur's overcoat for you, and a thin dress for January weather. Hurry up, or you will miss the train."

As Mrs. N. said this, she slipped five dollars into the trembling hand; and pretending not to see the falling tears; she helped the sobbing boy to get the overcoat on, and then the two hurried to the depot. Not a word was spoken by either, until Mrs. N. purchased a ticket to B., and placed it in the boy's hand.

"Now keep up good courage, my boy, and come back upon the morning train," and then the train came rushing up the track.

"You will go home a good deal quicker than you came, my boy," she said, with a smile upon her sweet, womanly face.

But the boy could not even bid her "good night," and so he only waved his hand to her as he jumped upon the platform of the cars.

The next morning the pale-faced boy came as he was charged to do. He smiled as he recognized Mrs. N. at the depot,