

terest by Longfellow's pathetic poem, "Evangeline"

The following pathetic lines describe the little community and the tragedy of the expulsion of the Acadians.

"In Acadian land, on the shores of the basin of Minns, distant secluded still, the little village of Grand Pre lay in the fruitful valley. Vast meadows stretched to the eastward, giving the village its name and pasture to flocks without number. Dikes, that the hands of the farmers had raised with labour incessant, stood out the turbulent tides: but at stated seasons the floodgates opened, and welcomed the sea to wander at will o'er the meadows. West and south there were fields of flax, and orchards and cornfields spreading afar and unfenced o'er the plain, and away to the northward Blomidon rose, and the forests old, and aloft on the mountains sea-fogs pitched their tents, and mists from the mighty Atlantic looked on the happy valley, but ne'er from their station descended.

"Many a weary year had passed since the burning of Grand Pre, when on the falling tide the freighted vessels departed, bearing a nation, with all its household goods, into exile, exile without an end, and without an example in story.

"Far asunder, on separate coasts, the Acadians landed; scattered were they, like flakes of snow, when the wind from the north-east strikes aslant through the fogs that darken the banks of Newfoundland. Friendless, homeless, hopeless, they wandered from city to city, from the cold lakes of the North to the sultry Southern savannas,—from the bleak shores of the sea to the lands where the Father of waters seizes the hills in his hands, and drags them down to the ocean, deep in their sands to bury the scattered bones of the mammoth. Friends they sought and homes, and many despairing, heart-broken, asked of the earth but a grave, and no longer a friend nor a fireside. Written their history stands on tablets of stone in the churchyards."

The Horton railway station is quite close to the site of the old Acadian settlement. The scene is peculiarly impressive, and not without a tinge of sadness. In front stretch the vast diked meadows, through which winds in many a curve the sluggish Caspereaux. In the distance are seen the dark basaltic cliffs of Cape Blomidon, rising to the height of five hundred and seventy feet. In the foreground to the left, near a large willow tree, are shown remains of the foundation of the old Acadian church. A gentleman, living in Horton, informed me that there were in the neighbourhood the traces of forty cellars of the Acadian people, also of an old mill and old wells. A long row of ancient willows shows the line of the old road. Now, my informant assured me, there is not a single Frenchman in the whole county.

The Acadians reclaimed the fertile marsh lands from the sweep of the tides, by constructing dikes with much labour by means of wattled stakes and earthen embankments. There were more than two thousand acres of this reclaimed meadow at Grand Pre and much more at other places. These areas have been much extended from time to time; they form an inexhaustibly fertile pasture and meadow land.

Three miles from Horton is the charming collegiate town of Wolfville. From the roof of Acadia College, a flourishing Baptist institution, beautifully situated, I enjoyed a magnificent view over the storied scene which Longfellow has made more sadly poetical than any other spot on the western continent."

HOLD ON, BOYS.

Hold on to virtue; it is above all price to you in all times and places.

Hold on to your good character, for it is and ever will be your best wealth.

Hold on to your hand when you are about to strike, steal, or do any improper act.

Hold on to the truth, for it will serve you well and do you good throughout eternity.

Hold on to your good name at all times, for it is much more valuable to you than gold.

Hold on to your temper when you are angry, excited, or imposed upon.

Hold on to God. He is the best treasure of earth and heaven.

Hold on to innocence with a tighter grip than you hold on to life.

Rally Day.

BY KATE W. HAMILTON.

All over our country, all over the world, An army is gathering to-day Do you hear the tread of the marching feet

On every street and highway? In little sod churches far out on the plain. In great city temples so fair, In queer mission schools far over the sea—

The children are everywhere!

'Tis the Sunday-school army that gathers to-day.

And we are a part of it, too— Our primary class, with its long roll of names,

And little hearts loyal and true. 'Twas our Jesus who said: "Let little ones come."

And gave us his blessing so dear. We're a part of his flock, we're a part of this school;

When Rally Day comes, we are here.

Sometime, in the beautiful Home-land above,

The heaven not far from us all, When our Father's children are all gathered home,

Will there be another roll-call? And will our classes each one be there?

Dear Saviour, this we pray— That every name may be in thy book At the last grand Rally Day.

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Pleasant Hours:

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK.

Rev. W. L. Withrow, D.D., Editor.

TORONTO, SEPTEMBER 8, 1900.

SAVING UP FOR BREAKFAST.

One learns from a story in The Union Gospel News how a comfortable farmer in Western Pennsylvania, who had never seen anybody hungry, surprised himself last summer with two "fresh-air appetites." Incidentally the story gives us a hint, too, of some of the pathetic shifts of poverty.

Through a recommendation from the village minister, who told of The Tribune Fresh-Air Fund, and explained what a blessing such warm-weather charities were to destitute families in the city, the farmer and his wife had consented to receive two children from New York.

In due time they arrived, Mary, a slender slip of a girl, hardly strong enough to carry a rag baby, and Jimmy, her younger and smaller brother, who could just look over the back of the farmer's big dog.

Their forlorn appearance made the honest man open his eyes wide; but he opened them wider to see the little creatures eat, when they sat down to their first meal. They cleared their plates in about a minute and a half, and were ready for more.

The good housewife helped them generously, but the food vanished so amazingly quickly that she determined to watch them. That two such tiny bodies could stow away victuals faster than any grown man was more than she could believe. Presently she and her husband exchanged glances.

"Why, Mary," she said smilingly to the little girl, "what have you done with half of the great piece of pie that I just gave you?"

"In my lap," meekly answered Mary.

"In your lap! Why, what in the world did you put it there for?"

"Cause I wanted to save it. Jimmy and I allus at home. We have to save out half our dinner, 'cause if we didn't we wouldn't have no breakfast to-morrer."

The child looked as if she would cry pretty soon; and the farmer's wife had to turn round and pretend to scold the dog, or she would have cried, herself. The farmer softly lifted the tablecloth, and there, sure enough, lay the half of poor Mary's and Jimmy's dinner in their laps. But he did not laugh.

It took time and considerable coaxing to make the children understand that they really had no need now to "save up" for their breakfast, and that they were certain to have enough to eat. When they did realize their wonderful good fortune, they enjoyed it as only born prisoners of poverty can.

That evening, after the children were asleep, the farmer sat and thought a long time in silence. Any one knowing him would have expected a chuckle now and then, if not an hour or two of laughing comment over the performance of his queer little visitors. His only remark was, when he got up to go to bed:

"Mandy," he said to his wife, "you see that them midgets get so much grub after this that they'll not want to eat another thing for a year."

ANGELS STOP TO LISTEN.

Rev. Dr. Drummond tells this pretty incident: "A little girl once said to her father: 'Papa, I want you to say something to God for me, something I want to tell him very much. I have such a little voice that I don't think he could hear it away up in heaven; but you have a great big man's voice, and he will be sure to hear you.' The father took the little girl in his arms, and told her that, even though God were surrounded by all his holy angels singing to him one of the grandest and sweetest songs of praise ever heard in heaven, he would say to them: 'Hush! Stop singing for a while. There's a little girl away down on the earth who wants to whisper something in my ear.'"

MEXICO AND THE MEXICANS.

BY JAMET W. STEELE.

II.

The Mexican is a man who is by nature picturesque, even in rags, and a Mexican crowd is a brilliant assemblage in the white sunshine of the Mexican street, without regard to the quality of the decorations. The gay jacket, wide trousers and jaunty air were shown in cuts a week ago. The tourist comes upon the native now, in all his villages and by-ways, in the condition in which he has been for two hundred years. Such an instance of primitiveness is not to be met with elsewhere. He is

AWAKENING FROM HIS SIESTA,

but the quaintness of his race and kind will probably never entirely leave him. The deep peace which broods upon all his hills can never entirely depart, and the sunlit glory will never be dimmed. He is the vigorous descendant of a powerful race, whose idols he has abandoned and whose language and history he has forgotten, but whose ancient dominion he still holds; the Mexican is almost the pathetic last man.

The ancient and sleepy town of El Paso del Norte is the utmost northern point of Mexico. It lies, an agglomeration of adobe or mud brick houses embowered in vines and trees, on the southern bank of the Rio Bravo del Norte—known to us as the Rio Grande. It is a brisk place, and there is always the queer admixture of the old civilization with the new. Except where, by a series of remarkable engineering gymnastics, it climbs the mountains, and the notched rim of the Valley of Mexico, the Mexican Central road seems, strangely enough in so mountainous a country, to traverse a vast plateau. Cones, peaks, castles, ridges, lie on every hand. The train heads straight for some huge bulk, and always quietly slips by. Many thousands of cattle are passed grazing near the track; the telegraph poles are rubbed until they are sometimes smooth and oily, and cattle trails run in all directions. The railway runs for some two hundred and fifty miles through a region that is, in a sense, a desert. The seeming desert is grazed by innumerable goats, which are killed by the thousand for their hides. The hides are dressed in a manner that makes them look like fine brown cloth, and used in the making of the Mexican breeches.

In the fertile regions, corn, cotton, wheat, sugar, cane, barley, grow almost side by side. In most cases crops follow each other in rapid succession through

all the year. The process of irrigation solves all agricultural uncertainties. Sometimes the country, as far as one can see, is an appalling desolation, untenanted by even the ravens. Yet even herds of donkeys, bearing curious loads plod patiently along white roads.

QUEER VEGETATION.

Vegetation takes upon itself the most unusual and fantastic forms. There is nothing that is not thorny. The little pear cactus, so often seen in gardens and pots with us, becomes here a tree with a trunk and branches as large as those of an oak, and with huge green lobes two feet or more in diameter, for leaves. These and the giant tree cacti, strange, weird-looking objects in the desert, are shown in cut on the last page.

The bunch of slender green lances called by us "Spanish bayonet," is here a tree sometimes forty feet high, on whose huge and scaly branches the "lances" stand in grotesque tufts for leaves.

In any village in these regions one is astonished to find piles of yellow oranges, bananas, limes, and fruits of which one does not even know the names. Tanks, excavated to catch the rains and hold water during the dry season, are common. Often, where the silence of the wilderness seems to close around impenetrably, the shapely tower of a church may be seen above the hills, and a visit thither would disclose a town, its rule of life the traditions of two centuries, and all its hopes bounded by the church door and the gate of the little "campo santo" or cemetery.

It is rather a queer sensation to look from the railroad station down into Zacatecas. It is a mining town of about 80,000 inhabitants, compact, closely built, the houses seemingly an immense umber of red, green, blue, and yellow bricks set on edge. It swarms with people of the true and ancient Mexican type, sombreros, serapes, sandals, buttons and all. There are no wheeled vehicles to be seen. What is not carried on the native's back is relegated to his brother carrier, the donkey. Altogether it constitutes a scene not to be found elsewhere in any land.

In the best hotel the guest occupies the cell of some departed nun, as the fine building was once a convent, the beautiful chapel of which is now used by the native Presbyterians as a house of worship.

All Mexico is street-car crazy, but the most remarkable branch of the "tram-via" system undoubtedly will be found in operation here. Through the narrow and crowded streets six good-sized mules to the car are made to go at a keen gallop. Once at the top of the hill, the mules are taken off and the car is turned loose laden with passengers, running down the steep incline at something like twenty miles an hour.

On the authority of so distinguished a traveller as Bayard Taylor, the

CITY OF MEXICO,

with its surrounding valley, may be pronounced to be one of the loveliest scenes of the civilized world. It has a population variously of about 300,000, and is situated upon ground that was once the bed of a lake. The lake was what is now the Valley of Mexico. Some of the finest buildings bend downward in their centres, owing to want of solidity in their foundations, and there is not the means of efficient sewerage. The square facing the Cathedral is the place of universal resort.

It is the city of churches, as Mexico is unquestionably the land of churches. Their towers, always handsome, assist very much in making up the general view. It was also once the city of nunneries and monasteries, all of which are now suppressed, and the buildings used for schools and other purposes, all secular.

The Executive Mansion is the largest building in the city. It belonged to the family of Cortez until 1562. It has been the Government building through all the vicissitudes of some three hundred and thirty years.

Chapultepec was captured by assault September 27, 1847, and was an ugly hill to climb under fire, rocky and steep, and then as now, overgrown with thorns and brambles. Some of the cypress trees are about forty feet in circumference.

The Canal de la Viga is an ancient waterway, and passes through, or by, what were once the floating gardens of Aztec times, and are yet almost that. The means of the journey is either a scow or a canoe, preferably the former, upon the bottom of which you sit or lie, while it is "poled" up stream slowly by one or two Mexicans, who run up and down the slant of the prow.

The golden rick, the bursting bin Of rich and ripened grain Bespeak the wealth which all may win In industry's domain.