

# PLEASANT HOURS

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK.

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ARMS OF CANADA.

## Our Own Country.

BY THE EDITOR.

O nation, young and fair and strong!

To the full stature of thy  
arise  
greatness now!

Thy glorious destiny doth  
thee endow  
With high prerogative. Before  
thee lies

A future full of promise. Oh!  
be wise!

Be great in all things good,  
and haste to sow  
The present with rich germs  
from which may grow  
Sublime results and noble, high  
emprise.

Oh! be it hence thy mission to  
advance

The destinies of man, exalt  
the race,  
And teach down-trodden nations  
through the expanse

Of the round earth to rise  
above their base  
And low estate, love freedom's  
holy cause,

And give to all men just and  
equal laws.

Oh! let us plant in the fresh  
virgin earth  
Of this new world, a scion of  
that tree

Beneath whose shade our  
fathers dwelt a free  
And noble nation—of heroic  
birth.

Let the penates of our fathers'  
hearth

Be hither borne; and let us  
bow the knees  
Still at our fathers' altars.  
O'er the sea

Our hearts yearn fondly and  
revere their worth.  
And though forth-faring from  
our fathers' house,

Not forth in anger, but in  
love we go;

It lessens not our reverence, but  
doth rouse  
To deeper love than ever we  
did know.

Not alien and estranged, but  
sons are we  
Of that great fath'land be-  
yond the sea.

## QUEBEC

### AND ITS MEMORIES.

BY THE EDITOR.

There is an air of quaint  
mediaevalism about Quebec  
that pertains, I believe, to no  
other place in America. The  
historic associations that throng  
around it, like the sparrows  
round its lofty towers, the  
many reminiscences that be-  
leaguer it, as once did the  
hosts of the enemy, invest it  
with a deep and abiding in-  
terest. But its greatness is of  
the past. The days of its feudal  
glory have departed. It is in-  
teresting rather on account of what it  
has been than for what it is. Those cliffs  
and bastions are eloquent with associa-  
tions of days gone by. They are sug-  
gestive of ancient feuds now, let us hope,  
forever dead. These walls, long loved  
by the ebbing and flowing tide of human  
life, are volubly with old-time memories.

In the soft afternoon light of a lovely  
summer day I drove out to the Plains of  
Abraham and the battle-field of Ste.  
Foye. The bouldered and billowy plain  
on which was lost to France and won to  
Great Britain the sovereignty of a con-  
tinent, seemed desecrated by the con-  
struction of a racecourse, and the erec-  
tion of a prison. On the spot made  
famous forever by the heroism of the  
gallant young conqueror, who for Eng-  
land's sake, freely laid down his life, a  
rather meagre monument asserts, "Here  
Wolfe died victorious."

#### ITS STORIED PAST.

In the evening, from the grass-grown  
and crumbling ramparts on the land-  
ward side of Quebec, I beheld a mag-  
nificent sunset over the beautiful valley  
of the St. Charles. Everything spoke,  
not of battle's stern array, but of the

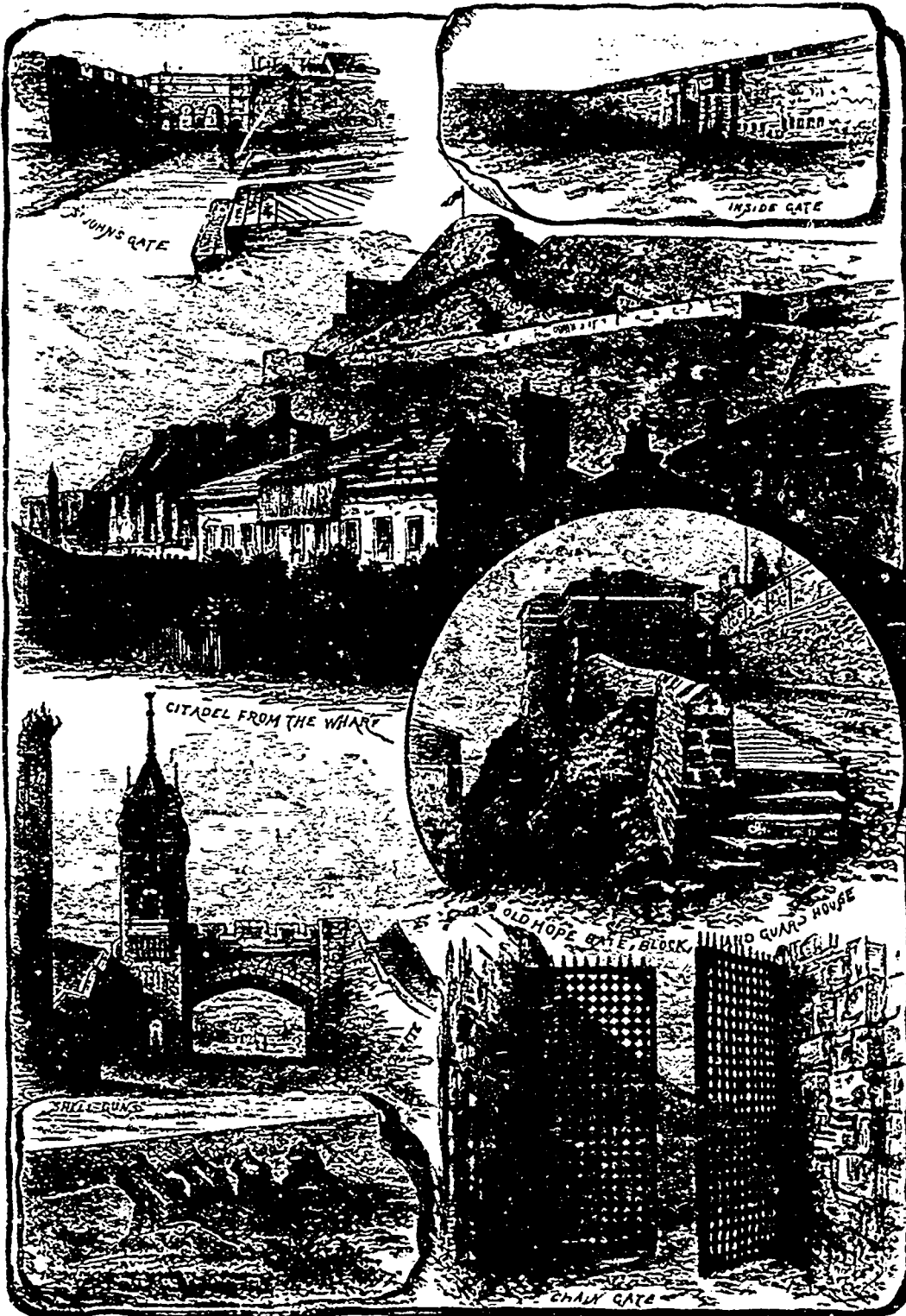
silence bowers of Paradise. Ravellins  
and demilunes were crumbling into ruin.  
Howitzer and culverin lay dismounted on  
the ground, and had become the play-  
things of gleeful children. Instead of  
the rude alarms of war, strains of festive  
music filled the air. Slowly sank the  
sun to the serrated horizon, while a roll-  
ing sea of mountains deepened from  
pearl gray in the foreground to darkest  
purple in the distance. The whole val-  
ley was flooded with a golden radiance.  
The winding river, at whose mouth  
Jacques Cartier wintered his ships three  
hundred and fifty years ago, beneath  
the fading light, like the waters of the Nile  
under the rod of Moses, seemed chang-  
ing into blood. The crimson and golden  
banners of the sky reflected the passing  
glory. The soft ringing of the Angelus  
floated in silvery tones upon the air, and  
told that the day was dying. The red

On my way home to my lodgings  
through the silent and moonlit city. I  
sat down on the steps of the old Jesuit  
college, long used as a barracks for the  
British troops, and then in process of  
demolition. As I sat in the moonlight  
I endeavoured to peep the dim cloisters  
and deserted quadrangle with the ghosts  
of their former inhabitants—the astute,  
and wily, and withal heroic man who,  
from these halls, so largely controlled  
the religious and political destiny of the  
continent. Here they collected the  
wandering children of the forest whom  
they induced to forsake paganism and to  
become Christians. From hence they  
started on their lonely pilgrimages to  
carry the gospel of peace to the savage  
tribes beyond Lakes Huron and Superior,  
on the head-waters of the Mississippi  
and in the frozen regions of Hudson's  
Bay. It was long the rendez-  
vous of the voyageur and  
courier de bois, of the trapper  
and trader, those pioneers of  
civilization; the entrepot of the  
Hudson's Bay Company, that  
giant monopoly which asserted  
its supremacy over a territory  
nearly as large as the whole of  
Europe.

Many are the thrilling tradi-  
tions of raids and forays against  
the infant colony and mission,  
of the massacres, captivities  
and rescues of its inhabitants;  
many are the weird, wild  
legends, many the glorious, his-  
torical souvenirs clustering  
around the grand old city. It  
has been the scene of some of  
the most important events  
which have occurred upon the  
continent. In fancy I beheld  
the ghosts of those who have  
lived and acted here, stalk o'er  
the scene. Jesuit and Recollet,  
friars black and friars grey,  
monks and nuns, gay plumed  
cavaliers and sturdy bourgeois,  
men of knightly name and red-  
skinned warriors of the woods,  
thronged, in phantom wise, the  
ancient market square. The  
deep thunder of the ten o'clock  
gun from the fort rolled and  
reverberated from shore to  
shore. It broke the spell of  
the past, and "cold reality be-  
came again a presence."

#### DOMINION DAY.

Next Thursday will be the  
thirtieth anniversary of the  
Confederation of the Provinces  
and the formation of the Do-  
minion of Canada. The years  
have brought a good many  
changes, but we believe that  
they have been largely for the  
best. Confederation may not  
have been a panacea for all the  
ills of life, but it has given an  
impetus to business, and we be-  
lieve has been an important  
factor in improvements and in-  
crease in trade. We may also  
assert that in other respects we  
would have been far behind our  
present position and our people  
would have grown up with nar-  
row views accustomed to isola-  
tion, and with their horizon  
bounded by the narrow limits  
of the province. Now a Cana-  
dian knows that he belongs to  
a country which rests on both  
great oceans. He knows that  
he can traverse the continent  
from Halifax to Victoria with-  
out touching any other soil but  
that of Canada, that he can re-  
move from here to a point 3,000  
miles distant and still remain a  
Canadian and under the same  
flag which floats over him here. All  
these things lead to a higher national  
life and to nobler aspirations than it is  
possible to feel among a people who are  
small and insignificant and without hope  
of any increase of growth. Confedera-  
tion we regard now as firmly established  
as the union of the United States. It



QUEBEC AND ITS MEMORIES.

gentle reign of peace. Grim-visaged  
war had smoothed his rugged front, and  
instead of rallying throngs of armed  
men, groups of gay holiday makers  
sauntered to and fro. Instead of watch-  
ful sentries uttering their stern chal-  
lenge, youths and maidens softly re-  
peated the olden story first told in the

sunset and the rich after-glow filled the  
heavens. The long sweep of shore and the  
shadowy hills faded away in the gather-  
ing dusk. Lights gleamed in cottage  
homes, on the ships swaying with the  
tide, and in the sky above, and were re-  
flected in the waves beneath, and the  
silence night came down.

flag which floats over him here. All  
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