

PLEASANT HOURS

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK.

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Working and Wishing.

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The boy who's always wishing
That this or that might be,
But never tries his mettle,
Is the boy that's bound to see
His plans all come to failure,
His hopes end in defeat;
For that's what comes when wishing
And working fail to meet.

The boy who wishes this thing
Or that thing with a will
That spurs him on to action
And keeps him trying still,
When effort meets with failure,
Will some day surely win;
For he works out what he wishes,
And that's where "luck" comes in

The "luck" that I believe in
Is that which comes with work,
And no one ever finds it
Who's content to wish and shirk.
The men the world calls "lucky"
Will tell you, every one,
That success comes not by wishing,
But by hard work bravely done.

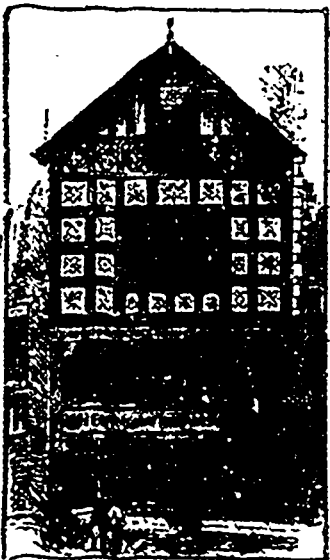
WALKS ABOUT CHESTER.

Almost all visitors from the New World enter England by the port of Liverpool. The first impression received is that of the immensity of its shipping interests. A score of ocean steamers are gliding in and out with the tide, and white-winged ships, from all parts of the world, are flying like doves to their windows. Its seven miles of docks and its forests of masts give a new conception of the maritime supremacy of England. The busy aspect of the scene forcibly recalls the description of a local bard.

"Behold the crowded port,
Whose rising masts an endless prospect yields,
With labour burns, and echoes to the shout
Of hurried sailors, as they hearty wave
Their last adieu, and loosening every sail,
Resign the speeding vessel to the wind."

Liverpool bears little of its impress of antiquity. The splendid public buildings that we see, the palace-like hotels, the crowded and busy streets, are all of comparative recent construction. It has more the air of New York or Chicago, than that of an Old World town. The famous St. George's Hall, the Exchange, the City Hall, and especially the massive warehouses and miles on miles of docks, give a striking impression of its commercial greatness.

The maritime prosperity of Liverpool, Bristol and some other of the western seaports had a bad beginning; it was founded largely upon the slave-trade. Many scores of vessels were engaged in this nefarious business, and slave



GOD'S PROVIDENCE HOUSE,
CHESTER.



KING CHARLES' TOWER, CHESTER.

auctions were frequent on the streets—one of which was long known as "NEGRO STREET."

Within a short run of Liverpool, only sixteen miles, is the charming old city of Chester. Here one may first get his full flavour of antiquity. As one enters within its walls he seems to step back five hundred years. Certainly no place in England is more delightfully quaint and old-fashioned than Chester.

"I have come to Chester, Madam, I cannot tell how, and far less can I tell how to get away from it." Such was Dr. Johnson's graceful way of saying that he had found this venerable city exceptionally full of interest. And his was by no means a singular experience; on the contrary, it may with absolute safety be affirmed that no one ever came to Chester without being exceedingly reluctant to leave it. Not to speak of its cathedral or its castles, it is the one town in the United Kingdom whose ancient walls have at no point succumbed to the ravages of siege or the decay of age, while it is not less pre-eminent in the survival of the picturesque domestic architecture of the seventeenth century. The plan of the city is in great part that of

A ROMAN CAMP;

and when it is seen that the position commands the mouth of the Dee, and is one of the gates of Wales, it is not surprising that the military genius of the Romans made it the base of the forces which were charged with the subjugation of North Wales. Here for more than two hundred years was stationed the historic twentieth legion, the Victrix. The present walls, which probably date from the time of Alfred, follow the Roman lines very closely. This part of

the city which lies within the walls is intersected by three main streets, two running north and south corresponding with the east and west walls, and the third extending from east to west. Its name was gradually softened into Chester from castra, a camp.

The visitor will do well to make the

TOUR OF THE WALLS,

which he will find surmounted by a paved pathway five or six feet wide, and accessible from various points by means of flights of steps. By looking over the parapet he may see some of the Roman masonry. Here, too, the Chester and Nantwich Canal runs parallel with the wall, while further west are Morgan's Mount and Goblin Tower, or Pemberton's Parlour—the former much modernized, the latter greatly altered at the beginning of the last century. At the north-western angle is Bonwaldesthorpe's Tower, with a flight of steps leading down to a short causeway, and at the end of this is the Water Tower, or New Tower. Why it should be called the New Tower is not easy of comprehension, seeing that it has attained the very respectable age of nearly 600 years, having been built in 1300—at a cost of £100! Its older title is—or rather was—appropriate enough, for strange as it may seem now that the Dee is a good two hundred yards away, it is an undoubted fact that at one time the tower was laved by the tidal waters, and in the walls remains of the iron rings to which vessels were moored are yet to be seen. The change is due partly to Nature, and partly to Art, the channel of the river having been slowly silted up by the one, while embankments have been constructed by the other. From a tower, now used as a museum, Charles I. watched

the defeat of his army on Rowton Moor. The massive tower, known as

CAESAR'S TOWER,

and dating from Norman times, is the only portion of the old castle which remains, and even this has been so extensively repaired as to have lost its time-worn aspect.

The cathedral, formerly attached to a Benedictine monastery, of which parts still remain, is not imposing externally. Internally its aspect is more impressive. There is a handsome monument to Bishop Pearson, the author of the classic work on the Creed, who was buried at this spot. An elegant stone pulpit is to be seen in the refectory of the monastery, from it the custom was for one of the brethren to read aloud while the others were at meals, body and mind thus being fed simultaneously. The New Park is the gift of the Duke of Westminster, whose fine seat, Eaton Hall, is one of the sights of this part of the country. Hawarden Castle, the residence of the late Hon. W. E. Gladstone, being another.

But the most interesting feature of Chester is found in its

QUAINT OLD HOUSES.

There is hardly a street in which they are not to be seen, but the best specimens are in Watergate Street, among them one built by Bishop Lloyd, who was appointed to the See of Chester in 1605. On another house, dated 1652, appears the inscription,

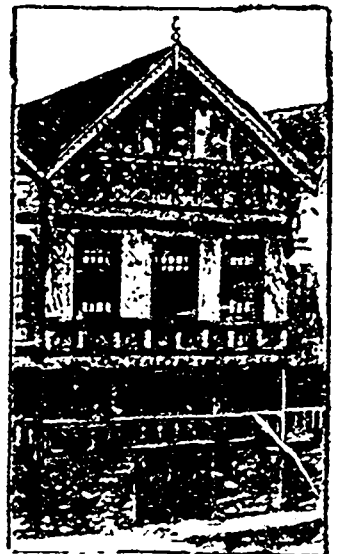
"God's Providence is mine inheritance,"

said to have been placed there to commemorate the fact that this was the only house in the city which escaped the plague. In this and several other parts of the city are the Rows, the like of which, as Fuller truly averred, is "not to be seen in all England, nor in Europe again." They are not dissimilar to the arcades to be met with in Berno and other continental towns, but they are unlike them, inasmuch as they run along at a height of several feet above the street. The best shops are for the most part in the Rows, and in almost every case there is no connection between them and the shops on the ground floors. To reach the town house of an old Earl of Derby—a handsome place during the civil wars—I had to pass through an alley only two feet wide. It is now a sort of junk shop—so fallen is its high estate. A young girl showed me the hiding-place in the roof where the Earl lay concealed for days till he was discovered, taken to Bolton, and executed for his fidelity to his king.

The ancient Abbey of St. Mary's, of which we show the quaint old gate, had its site near the castle, and not far away are the picturesque ruins of St. John's Chapel, outside the walls. According to a local legend, King Harold, the

"LAST OF THE SAXONS,"

was not slain, as it was generally supposed, at the battle of Hastings, but escaped and spent the remainder of his



BISHOP LLOYD'S PALACE,
CHESTER.