

PLEASANT HOURS

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK.

TORONTO, SEPTEMBER 5, 1896.

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[No. 36.]

Vol. XVI.]

Perseverance.
 The boy who does a stroke, and stops,
 Will ne'er a great man be:
 'Tis the gathering of single drops
 That makes the sea.

Not all at once the morning streams
 Its gold above the gray,
 It takes a thousand little beams
 To make the day.

The farmer needs must sow and till,
 And wait the wheaten head,
 Must cradle, thresh, and go to mill
 To make the bread.

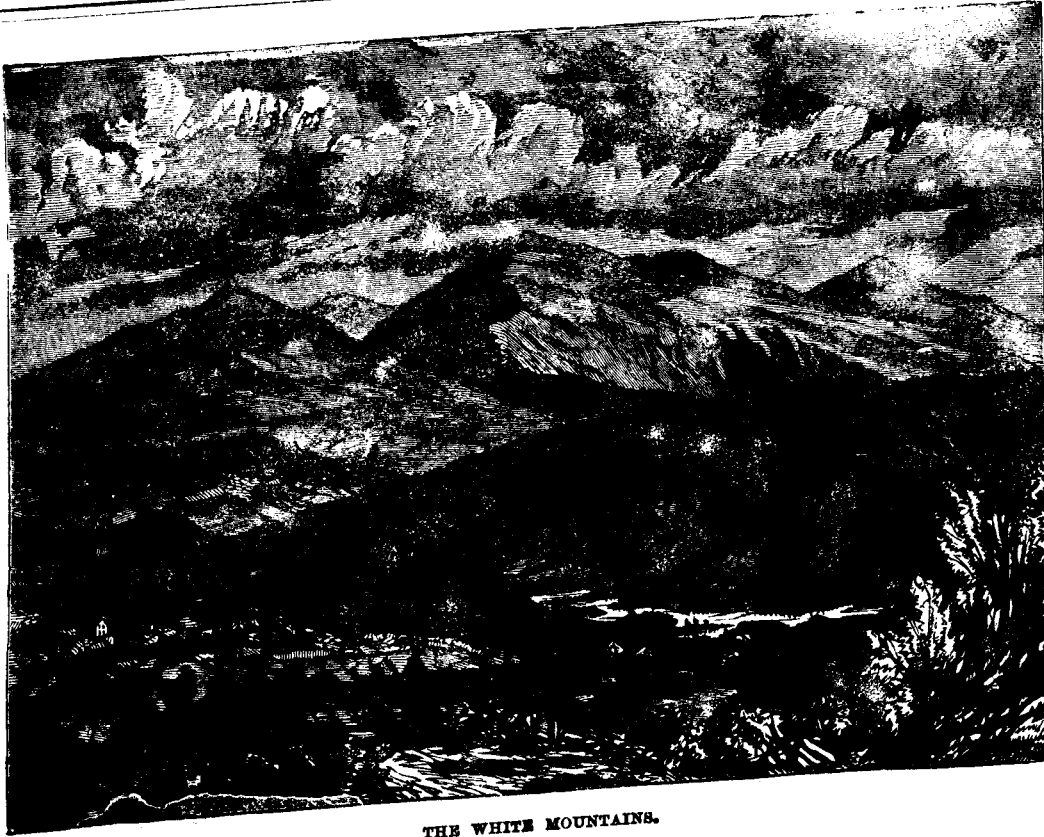
Swift heels may get the early shout,
 But, spite of all the din,
 It is the patient holding out
 That makes us win.

THE SEA-SIDE AND THE MOUNTAINS.

BY THE EDITOR.

We are apt to complain in Canada that Lord Ashburton, in 1842, bartered away our right to a considerable slice of the State of Maine. We have retaliated, however, by taking possession of the loveliest portion of the State in the loveliest season of the year. From November to May, whoever likes may claim the ownership of the bleak sea-coast; but from June to October, a populous Canadian colony will be found at its famous seaside resorts.

Portland is one of the oldest settlements on the Atlantic coast, dating from 1632. Though its population is less than 50,000, it is exceedingly attractive. Most of its streets are lined with noble trees, and at the end of the green vista, in almost every direction, may be seen the blue flashing of the sea. In 1866 a great fire swept away one-half of its business portion, destroying property to the value of \$10,000,000. The fine old city by the sea has an air of staid and quiet dignity. Its most interesting associations are those connected with its most distinguished son, the universally lamented



THE WHITE MOUNTAINS.

Longfellow. The old house in which his youth was spent is still shown, and in his poems are many traces of its influence upon his imagination. This is especially seen in the beautiful poem entitled "My Lost Youth," of which we quote a few lines:

Often I think of that beautiful town
 That is seated beside the sea;
 Often in thought go up and down
 The pleasant streets of that dear old town,

And my youth comes back to me.
 I can see the shadowy lines of its trees,
 And catch in sudden gleams,
 The sheen of the far-surrounding seas,
 And islands that were the Hesperides
 Of all my boyish dreams.

I remember the sea-fight far away,
 How it thundered o'er the tide!

And the dead captains, as they lay,
 In their graves, o'erlooking the tranquil bay,
 Where they in battle died.

Strange to me now are the forms I meet
 When I visit the dear old town;
 But the native air is pure and sweet,
 And the trees o'ershadow each well-known street,
 As they balance up and down.

The dead captains in the poem were the commanders of the British brig Boxer and the U. S. brig Enterprise, slain in battle in 1813. In quiet graves, overlooking Casco Bay, the rival captains overtook side by side. After seventy years of peace between the two kindred peoples, only kindly memories survive, and on Decoration Day the graves of the English and American captains alike

receive their tribute of respect. Portland has also its associations of sorrow connected with the great poet. As we strolled through its ancient cemetery, we came upon a tombstone bearing the inscription, "Sacred to the memory of Mary, wife of Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, who died at Rotterdam, Holland, aged twenty-three." To this great sorrow he alludes in his "Hyperion": "The setting of a great hope is like the setting of the sun."

The view from the old Observatory on Mountjoy Hill is probably unequalled for quiet beauty by anything in America, except that from the citadel, Quebec. Climbing the lighthouse-like tower, shown in our engraving on this page, we have a magnificent prospect of the noble Casco Bay, with its three hundred and sixty-five islands—neither more nor less, we were told—just one for every day of the year. With the powerful telescope in the observatory could be seen hundreds of fishing-boats out in the offing, the fishermen hauling in their finny prey, and the distant lighthouse where, as Longfellow says,—

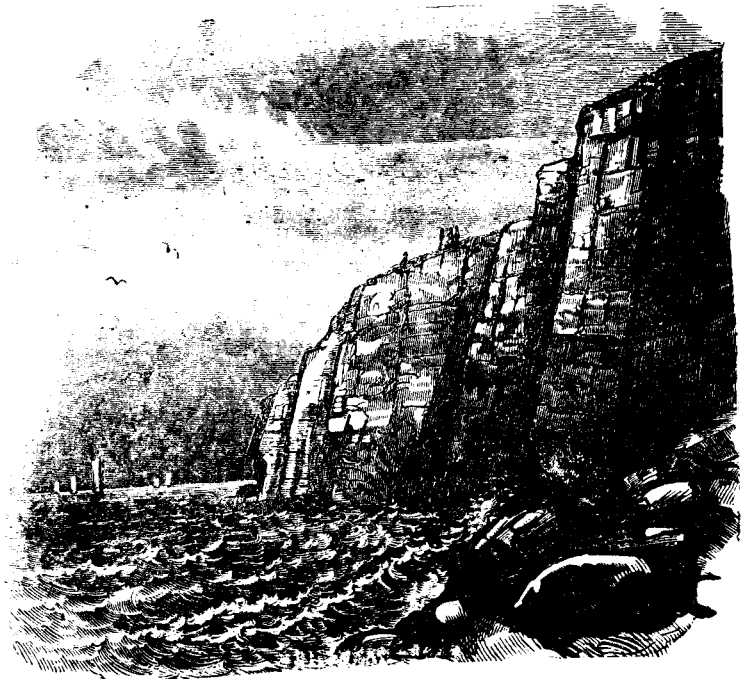
"The tides
 Upheaving, break unheard along
 Its base."

These islands offer charming bathing facilities, and, as we can testify from experience, most exquisite treasures of the sea—star-fish, sea-weed, and the like.

But the favourite sea-side resort near Portland is Old Orchard Beach, a few miles to the south of the city, on the Boston and Maine R. R. It has numerous large hotels and boarding-houses, and a magnificent beach, firm and smooth as a floor, on which the wheels of a carriage or a horse's hoof will scarcely make the least impression. This is, perhaps, the favourite resort for Canadians, and one of its attractions to Methodist tourists is that it is the seat of a famous camp-meeting, with associated services. The camp-ground covers about fifty acres of land, pleasantly diversified and shaded, also a fine auditorium, formed by natural circular slopes, capable of seating 20,000 people.



OBSERVATORY, PORTLAND.



WHITEHEAD CLIFFS.