

Canada.

BY MORLEY LOUIS SWART.

O what varied beauty thine-- Land of maple lands of pine, Land of glacier land of wine, Land of rivers rushing free-- Canada, Canada, I love thee!

Others dark in shame and fears, Others old in servile years, Thou a free-born child appears, Thou art young and fair and free-- Canada, Canada, I love thee!

Faithful Jewe, in Britain's crown, Rising star of her renown, Star that shines when tempests frown, Quenched, yet so truly free-- Canada, Canada, I love thee! Dorchester Station, Ont.

OUR PERIODICALS:

Table listing various periodicals such as Christian Guardian, Methodist Magazine, and Review, with their respective prices and publication details.

WILLIAM BURGESS.

Methodist Book and Publishing House, Toronto. C. W. Oates, 217 1/2 St. Catherine St., Montreal. S. F. Higgins, Wesleyan Book Rooms, Halifax, N. S.

Pleasant Hours: A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK.

Rev. W. H. Withrow, D.D., Editor. TORONTO, JUNE 30, 1900.

THIS CANADA OF OURS.

An article of extraordinary interest on "Canada and its Resources," appeared in a recent number of The Methodist Magazine and Review. A few passages grouped together may enable us to form a more vivid impression of the magnificent heritage we in the Dominion possess. Some of the statements sound more like the wonderful things of the Arabian nights than as a sober reality. We have become accustomed to the statement, that excluding Alaska, Canada is the largest territory in the United States. But we form a new conception of the magnitude of (Canadian territory) when it is stated that it comprises nearly 70 per cent of the British Empire, that, including melting and penetrating lakes, and the rivers of enormous size and length by which it is permeated, Canada claims more than one-half of the fresh water of the entire globe. This day is past any one's recollection of the northern territory, with its vast area, as so many acres of snow and ice. Modern readers are better informed than the King of France who wasted no regrets on the country which he had ceded to the British crown. Still an impression prevails that a very large proportion of Canada, in consequence of unfavourable climatic conditions, must ever remain an inhospitable and unproductive chiefly for its furs or perhaps for its fishing. But here we have the startling statement, made upon presumably reliable data, that Canada possesses a greater wheat-producing area than does the United States, that the soil of this wheat area is richer, and will produce a higher average of better wheat than any other part of the continent or of the world, and that it is practically inexhaustible. The fact alone indicates a purpose of Providence that this northern territory should be the home of uncounted millions of people. Bread is the staff of life. Wheat-growing area is the most important of the human race. Even the severity of the climate in the extreme north has its compensations. "What would be thought of a device that should provide a well-spring of moisture that should continually exude

and feed the delicate tendrils of roots that the wheat plant sends into the earth for sustenance? Yet this is the very provision that nature makes. A frost out in the earth is full of force. Thawed, it gives life to the soil. It supplies a needed and unfailing element of moisture. But other conditions are favourable to the production of wheat, grain, and roots. Climate is more the result of altitude than latitude. It is stated as a significant circumstance that while Europe has a mean elevation of 671 feet and North Europe of 744 feet, the Canadian portion of the continent has an altitude of only 300 feet. The falling of its snow from the fact that the great rivers run to the north. Marine currents are said to be extremely favourable to Canada as also the moderating influence of great bodies of fresh water. But there is still another advantage in these northern wheat-fields of Canada; and that is that while these latitudes imply long winter days, they imply equally the longest days in summer. There is said to be an average of two hours more each day of sun during the period of growing wheat in Canada than in any other country capable of producing wheat to advantage. This conditions unite to make the northern wheat lands the most valuable on the continent or of the globe. Reference is made to rivers and bays as a means of judging of the vast expanse of Canada; the St. John, N.H. five hundred miles in length, the largest river on the Atlantic Coast; the St. Lawrence one of the noblest rivers in the world, with the Ottawa as an affluent; the Winnipeg River in the centre of the continent, "one of nature's most delightful miracles"; the great Red River of the north, the equally great Assiniboine, and the noble Saskatchewan, "the gateway of the Northwest," and beyond the range of these, the Athabasca, and the Mac-

granda," remarked Charlie. "Who pays them?" "Oh, the men owning the logs." "One of the men I know quite well. I guess he likes boys." "That is good." "But--he drinks." "He does?" "I saw him pull a bottle from his pocket and he put it to his mouth and smacked his lips." "Sorry! Somebody ought to speak to him." "I dare say." "Why don't you speak to him, Charlie?" "What, me?" "Why, yes. You are good at speaking." "Me?" "Yes, you speak if you like." "What, me?" "I heard you advise fifty people at least, not to drink anything stronger than water." "Why, when?" "Didn't I hear you say that in school?" "Oh, when I spoke a piece?" "Of course, and the boy who can speak to fifty can certainly speak to one." Charlie was silent. "Well, if somebody don't speak to the river driver, he will go on." "Grandpa thinks he's funny. I don't see any fun in it," thought Charlie. "That Grandfather Haven might not joke any more, Charlie did what older folks do when annoyed by disagreeable talk, he changed the subject." "Didn't you say Uncle Jonas wore a red shirt like those river drivers, when he went hunting?" asked Charlie, adding to himself, "now I've got grandpa!" Ah, grandpa liked to talk about his absent Jonas. "Oh, yes, yes, and how Jonas did like to hunt! He liked to do other things, too, and he was fond of saying what he

Of course somebody ought to speak to the tempter. A word might work wonders. Wasn't he the somebody to speak to the river driver. And if he could speak to fifty--to fifty, mind--could he not speak to one? These arguments did not go through his boyish brain so deliberately as that, for he was obliged to think fast. His thoughts flew past him somewhat like the cars of an express train. However, he made up his mind to try. "Sir!" said Charlie solemnly. "Well, Bub, what is it?" "Sir!" began Charlie again. Then it seemed as if all power of speech failed him. "Sir--" he whispered. He began again. "Sir--" "Why, Bub?" said the astonished flamingo, "what is the matter?" "Sir--" He hesitated, then tried again, "Don't!" He had got it out at last. "Don't want me to drink? Ha-ha! Now, Bub!" The river driver's tones were not at all angry. They were just as kind as you'd expect to hear for he pitied this boy in his perplexity. "Lemme think!" he said pleasantly. "Why, Bub, I can't stop." Charlie's words were coming now. "You can't stop for you try hard." "But I don't believe in stopping all at once. I believe in tapering off." "Tapering off?" "Yes, in coming to it gradually, drinking less and less. That is what I aim at." "Oh, I see. How long have you been tapering off?" The river driver laughed. "Oh, fifteen years, or so, I can't stop." "Would Charlie say the next thing? Yes, he was brave. "Ask God to stop you." "See here, Bub! Now I've got you. I'll make you an offer. If you will grant me here--I'll stop. Ha-ha, I got you!" Charlie looked around. "You come behind that waggon and I'll try to." "You well, Bub! Come on!" "What Charlie said he never could recall. It was a very poor sort of a prayer in Charlie's opinion. It had an effect, though. "Bub," said the river driver, solemnly, "you have me! I never felt so in my life. I have been paid off, and I have \$15 in my pocket. I did expect to go to a dance in a hall down stream to-night. If I go, I shall spend the whole of it on drink and so forth. It's gone." "Oh, stay here! You--you can come to my house." "Where do you live?" "Up in that house on the hill!" "You don't say I'm a fly!" The river driver thought in silence. "He soon began again." "Bub, I do feel interested, but how do I know I can stop?" "You can stop for to-day." "You have only to stop a day at a time." "Why, I never thought of it in that way." "Well, here goes for to-day" "Down went the flask. "Lemme think! I want to see my boss. I want to see Simon Chadbourn. You stay right here. I'll be back soon." While he was gone, Simon Chadbourn came out of the depths of the lumber yard accompanied by one of his hands, and they began to load the waggon with joists and boards. Then they harnessed into the waggon a span of horses. "All right!" said the river driver, suddenly appearing. "All right!" answered the lumber dealer. "I told you, Simon. I wanted to drive myself." "Jump up with me, Bub" called out the river driver. "Bub," he said to Charlie, as the heavy wheels turned round, "I put my fifteen dollars into the river. Guess I can dispose of it--thank you." "Oh, yes! You going to sell it?" "Well see." To Charlie's surprise, the river driver guided his team to Grandpa Haven's door, throwing down the reins, jumped to the ground, and then accented the old gentleman who was sitting in his ancient armchair, mournfully contemplating that drooping barn. "Father, I said I was coming home some day to fix up this place with the barn, but I couldn't come till I had stopped drinking, and had something to begin on. I've just told my boss to let another man who wants my place to take it and--" "Why, Jonas!" exclaimed the old farmer--Barn's Horn,



BREAKING A LOG JAM.

kenzie Rivers; while the Fraser River flows through British Columbia. In their forests, mines, fisheries, gateways of commerce, the valuable resources of the Lower Provinces are indicated. A few facts and statements only on this subject have been summarized. They abundantly illustrate the magnitude of Canada, and the magnificence of its varied resources. We close the perusal of such a paper with a deepening impression of the grand possibilities of Canada in all that pertains to the material greatness of a country. Our young men should think well of the advantages which the Dominion possesses, before pressing the lines to the more crowded communities of the United States--The Wesleyan.

THE CANADIAN RIVER DRIVERS.

BY EDWARD A. FOND.

"Oh, grandpa, they are driving the logs down our-river. The men came from Canada, and they're down at the bridge," cried Charlie Haven excitedly, as he stood at the window overlooking a river in Maine. "Come, grandpa! Don't you want to see them?" Grandpa Haven responded to this invitation and coming to the window looked across a sloping field down to the logs and the bridge spanning it. The logs that had drifted down the river to the sawmills waiting for them, had now red shirts as a rule, and looked like a flock of flamingoes that with their red bodies and long legs had lighted on the logs to see what they could do for the sawmills patiently waiting for these perverse logs. These river drivers work hard,

would do when he came home too good. He would begin with the barn. Then he would tackle the house, and so on and so on. Poor Jonas! He don't seem to get on at all!" Here grandpa dropped further remarks about the beloved Jonas and wiped his eyes. Charlie had heard about his uncle, and he knew what the trouble was with the warm-hearted, generous, but sorely tempted Jonas, he loved the bottle. "Where is he now, grandpa? Does he go hunting now?" asked Charlie. "Dunno! He don't stick long in one place." The old gentleman's tone indicated that he did not wish to talk any more to-day about Jonas, and Charlie said nothing more. He gazed at the barn that sorely needed a work of repairs. Every year its walls sprang out farther and farther, like a man who is straddling, and the straddle widens and he threatens to fall any moment. Soon Charlie left for a walk to the river. "Ah," he said, "there's the river driver I like." The voice of the man had first attracted Charlie, a cheery, hearty voice, and then as he became friends. "Well, Bub, and how are ye to-day?" said the man, heartily holding out a hand of welcome. "I am very well, how are you?" "Oh, well, but I hope to feel better very soon--ha-ha--thank you!" Here the man pulled a liquor flask out of his pocket. "Bub, I will drink to your health!" Into Charlie's mind flashed the memory of his grandfather's words about saying something to the man, and though the old grandfather loved to joke, Charlie had taken the words in earnest. "Would he speak to the river driver, the shirted fiddler?" He thought the matter over quickly.