

PLEASANT HOURS

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK.

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The Farmer Feeds Them All.

The king may rule o'er land and sea;
The lord may live right royally;
The soldier ride in pomp and pride;
The sailor roam o'er oceans wide;
But this or that, what'er befall,
The farmer, he must feed them all.

The writer thinks, the poet sings,
The craftsman fashions wondrous things,
The doctor heals, the lawyer pleads,
The miner follows precious leads;
But this or that, what'er befall,
The farmer, he must feed them all.

The merchant he may buy or sell,
The teacher do his duty well;
The men may toil through busy days,
Or men may stroll through pleasant ways,
Beggar or king, what'er befall,
The farmer, he must feed them all.

The farmer's trade is one of worth;
He's partner with the sky and earth,
And partner with the sun and rain,
And no man loses by his gain;
And if men rise or if men fall,
The farmer, he must feed them all.

The farmer dares his mind to speak;
He has no gift or place to seek,
To no man living need he bow,
For he who walks behind the plough
Is his own man, what'er befall,
Beggar or king, he feeds them all.

CANADA'S CAUSE FOR THANKSGIVING.

This is the Thanksgiving number of Pleasant Hours. If the hearts of any people in the world should be filled with thanksgiving it should be those of the people of Canada. The present writer has seen many lands, but he has seen none where the conditions of existence are more advantageous than in our beloved Canada. Seldom, if ever, have these conditions been more favourable than they are today. God has favoured our country with a bountiful harvest. The price of grain and all kinds of produce in all the markets of the world gives the Canadian farmer a splendid recompense for his toil.

During the Queen's Jubilee year the ties between the daughter and mother country have been drawn closer than ever before.

The splendid position of Canada as the very foremost of all the great colonies of the empire, comprising two-fifths of its whole extent, has been recognized in the mother country and throughout the world. The generous gifts of Canada to the famine-stricken sister dependency of India profoundly impressed the mother country with a sense of the great resources of our country. At the Jubilee no honours that could be heaped on Canada or its representatives were too great.

The discovery of the gold and wealth of Rossland, Klondike, and Wawa, and the still greater wealth of our golden harvests have attracted the attention of millions beyond the sea. We may expect a near future development of the resources and increases of the population of our beloved Canada such as it has never seen before.

God crowneth the year with his goodness; and his paths drop fatness. If we would, as a nation, express our true thanksgiving, we should obey the injunction of the wise king of Israel, "Honour the Lord with thy substance, and with the first fruits of all thine in-

crease; so shall thy barns be filled with plenty, and thy presses shall burst out with new wine."

Then shall we realize the blessing promised in the Word of God, "That our garners may be full, affording all manner of store; that our oxen may be strong to labour; that there be no breaking in, nor going out; that there be no complaining in our streets."

ON THE FARM.

Most of the readers of this paper live in the country, many of them on the farm. There is no better place to live. None that will better develop a strong and sturdy manhood with vigour of body and mind. The farmer feedeth all, the king himself is served by the field. The cities are depending not only for food, but for the brain, and brawn, and muscle that run the great enterprises of the age, on the fresh blood that continually pours in from the country.

No life is more independent than that of the farmer. What would we do if there was no one to cultivate and till the soil for us that we may be supplied with food? How much in the way of variety should we have if it were not for the farmers, be they tillers of acres or of only the small garden patch. I fear that some of us would be under the necessity of turning farmers ourselves.

And yet, independent as he may be of all human aid, it seems to me that in no other occupation is a man so dependent upon the Creator, for no other leads one so near God and heaven, if he

found that the Province of Ontario, in which we live, raised more wheat and more stock to the acre, had greater value in farm buildings to the acre, and greater wealth in all the elements of prosperity than any State in the Union, with the exception of two, which raise more wheat than Ontario. Since then the extraordinary development of the wheat producing areas of the Prairie Province of Manitoba have put Canada to the very front in that respect also. Let us learn to appreciate the advantages of our own country, to be proud of it and of the world-wide British Empire, of which it forms a part.

THE SPINNERS.

You have often seen silk and velvet. How smooth and glossy they are! From what are these rich cloths made?

There is a little moth, which looks like a butterfly. It lays several hundred eggs about as large as pin-heads or mustard-seeds. These turn into silkworms, or caterpillars, which, as soon as they are hatched, begin to eat and grow.

They are great eaters; all day long feasting on the tender leaves of the mulberry tree.

After a number of days each silkworm begins to spin a fine thread, either yellow or white, and from it weaves the case, or cocoon, as it is called, in which the worm shuts itself up for a long sleep.

It spins the thread from two outlets near its mouth. Of course, the little

"HANK'S" WHEEL.

BY GRACE WILLIS.

Down on the boat dock, shaded by the awning roof, sat Rufus Howard and "Hank" Kinney, on the edge of the Howards' pretty green-and-white row-boat. Rufus was whittling a boat out of a block of wood, and shabby little Hank, the pastry-cook's son, sat beside him, watching the chips as they fell.

"You know, pa and I sent home for our wheels," remarked Rufus. "Well, they're coming on the seven o'clock boat."

Hank looked up in pleased attention. "Mine's got a silver name-plate with my name on," continued Rufus.

Hank had no idea what a "name-plate" was, but it sounded quite grand.

"And I've got a cyclometer. I rode forty-eight miles in just a few days before we came away. I've got a chain and lock for it, and a bell and a lamp."

Hank's face beamed as he listened.

"It rides just slick, Hank. I can ride clear to the end of the boulevard at home without ever taking hold of the handlebars. I tell you, it's a dandy wheel."

Hank's timid little face worked thoughtfully.

"Say, Rufus," he ventured, with suppressed delight, "d'you s'pose you'd lemme try your wheel?"

"Well, I should say not!" shouted Rufus, with a look that crushed Hank.

"Do you think I want my wheel punched?"

"I think we shall have to disturb you little folks," said Papa Howard kindly, as if he had not just overheard Rufus' impolite speech. "I want to take mam ma out rowing."

So the two boys got up, and the green-and-white boat was pushed out into the water.

That evening Rufus and Mr. Howard took a little spin on the smooth drive, just to see whether the wheels were as good as ever. Hank watched them off in wistful admiration. The road followed the lake, and about half a mile from the hotel, on a fallen log, sat the pastry-cook, smoking a pipe.

"That's little Henry's papa you know, Rufus," said Mr. Howard. "He doesn't stay long

in one place, but goes from one hotel to another. Sometimes he gets drunk, and shows a very ugly temper. Henry's mother is dead, and he has to go around with his father, and look out for himself most of the time. His father doesn't seem to pay any attention to him. I guess he doesn't have a very happy time. He doesn't have any spending money,—does he, Rufus?"

"Well, I should say not," replied Rufus. "He never has any, and he thinks a penny is a lot. Somebody gave him a fishing-line the other day, and he couldn't even buy a sinker for it. So I gave him mine."

"That's right, my son. Do all you can for the poor little lad to help him have a good time."

Then Papa Howard said nothing, and Rufus was busy thinking for the next mile.

The next morning, as Mr. Howard stepped out on the porch of his cottage, with hammer and tacks to fix a torn screen door, he saw down on the road just what he had expected to see. Hank was on the bicycle, in a somewhat awkward position, to be sure, and hanging



AN ONTARIO FARM HOMESTEAD.

who is engaged in it will only let it lead him. The "green things growing" ever point upward. Day after day is the farmer taught his dependence upon God.

He prepares his soil, sows his seed, and while God is watering it with his rain, and ripening it with sunshine, the husbandman must wait in hope for the harvest; and the plenteousness of his harvest depends in a measure upon the amount of labour and care he has bestowed upon the soil and the tender young things.

Many allusions are made in the Sacred Scriptures to the husbandman and his labour. Our Saviour was fond of drawing lessons from the sower, the corn, the wheat, the harvest, and the reapers, and what are the lessons he teaches us? Let us search his word and find out, if we do not know already. Will you?

The engravings in this number illustrate life on a Canadian farm, and nowhere in the world, we think, can finer farms and farm buildings, horses and cattle, be seen than in our own land. We had occasion some time ago to compare the farming capabilities of Canada with those of the United States. We

spinners must writhe and twist themselves around very much to shut themselves up in their prisons of gold and silver; but God has taught them how to do it.

When the caterpillar has thoroughly wrapped itself in the cocoon, it goes into a half-sleeping state for about two weeks, or perhaps longer; then it bursts the cocoon, and comes out a gay moth, and flies away to live a short but joyous life.

But most of the worms are killed before they become moths.

Why are they killed? The cocoons are placed in a heated oven or over steam long enough to deprive the poor worms of life, otherwise the moth would pierce the cocoon, and, instead of one long and regular thread, would leave nothing but a mass of silk wadding.

After the worm is dead, the thread is wound upon a reel, to be woven into rich, costly fabrics—silks, satins, velvets, and ribbons.

You would cry out to see a caterpillar on your silk dress or your velvet cloak; but, if it could speak, it might say, "It's mine, it's mine: I made it; it is part of myself; it was stolen from me."