

PLEASANT MOORS

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK.

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Temperance Hymn.

From Gallia's teeming wine-press,
From Holland's streams of ill,
Where thousands, in their blindness,
Prepare the bait of sin;
From many a fiery river,
From many a poisonous rill,
God calls us to deliver
The victims of the still.

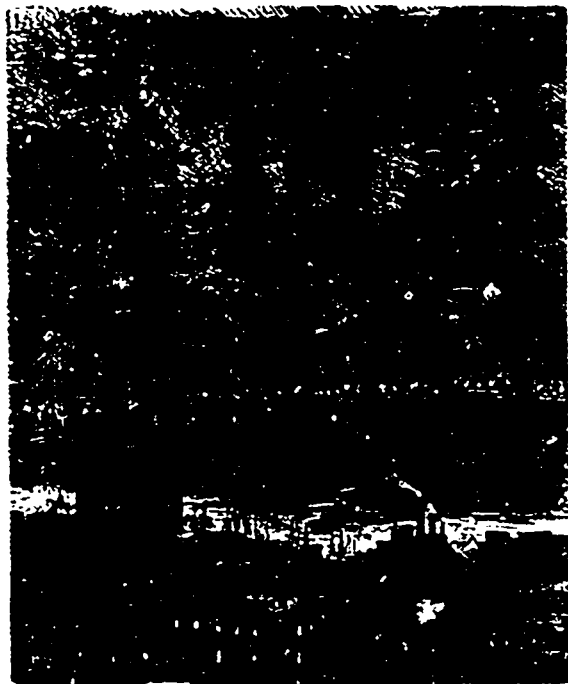
What though they sing of pleasure,
While each the goblet fills;
What though their bliss they measure
By quarts and pints and gills;
In vain, with lavish kindness,
Heaven gives us grain for bread;
Distillers, in their blindness,
Make whiskey in its stead.

Shall we, by temperance aided,
In health and peace to live—
Shall we to men degraded
Refuse the boon to give?
The fountain! Oh, the fountain!
The balm of health proclaim,
Till men, o'er sea and mountain,
Shall speed to tell its fame!

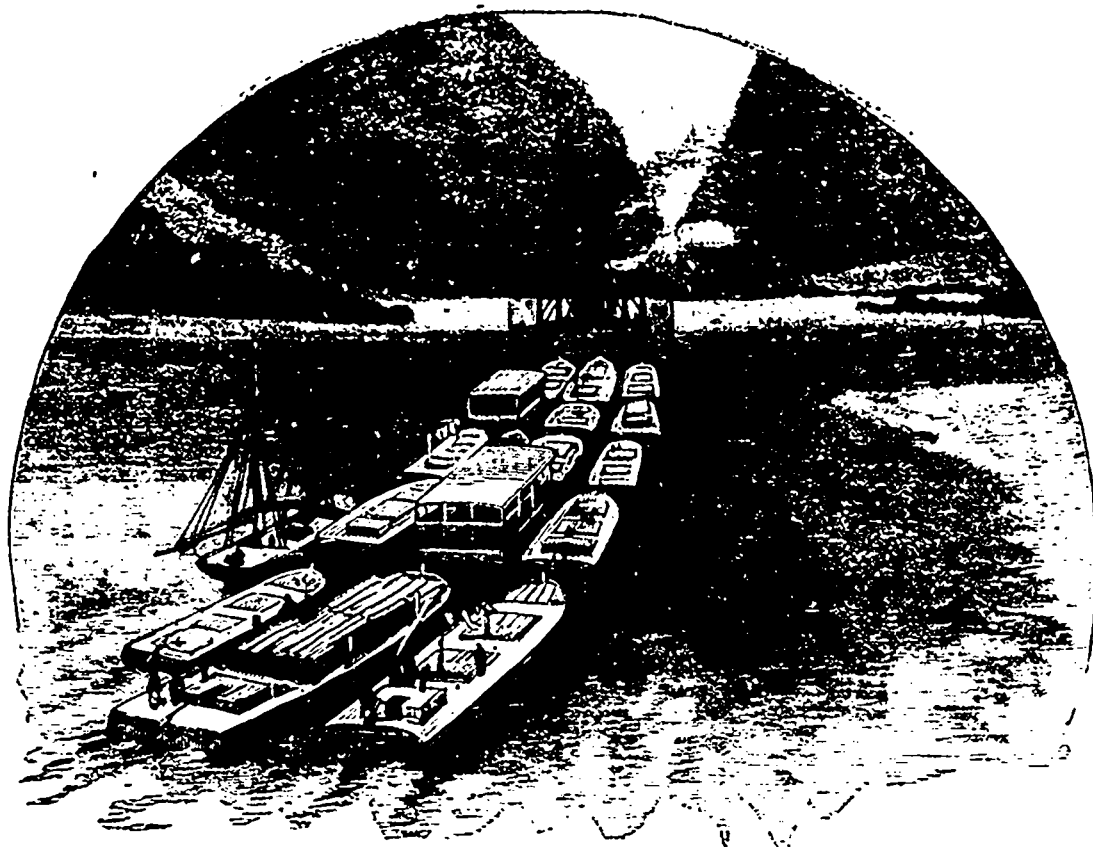
Waft, waft, ye winds, the story,
And you, ye waters, roll,
Till temperance in its glory
Shall spread from pole to pole;
Till health and peace and blessing
Shall follow in its train,
And Christ, all hearts possessing,
God over all, shall reign.

ON THE HUDSON.

No river on the continent can equal the Hudson for magnificent scenery, historic interest, and literary association. Our own St. Lawrence may have a more majestic flow, and the storied heights of Quebec a more intense historic spell.



THE BROOKLYN BRIDGE.



IN THE HIGHLANDS OF THE HUDSON—STEAMER TOWING CANAL BOATS.

The Thompson and the Fraser may be more sublime, amid their mountain surroundings. But the grandeur of the Highlands and the Catskills, and the soft beauty of the Tappan Zee are all suffused and glorified by

That light which never was on sea or shore,
The consecration and the poet's dream.

The genius of Drake, of Halleck, of Irving, of Willis, have invested every mountain and vale with a poetic spell and peopled them with the airy creations of the imagination.

On my recent visit to the Sunday-school Convention at Boston, I made a run to New York by a route over which I had gone before, and a very pleasant route it was—that by the New York and New England Railway. I stayed over a few hours at the quaint old town of Providence, haunted with the memory of its founder, Roger Williams. As he landed on its shores in 1636, he was greeted by the Indians with the salutation "What Cheer," which seemed to be the only English words they knew. The words are perpetuated in the name of steamships, banks, hotels, the public park and other "What Cheer" institutions of Providence.

It is a charming ride to the quaint old town of Norwich, a pleasant city of 25,000 inhabitants, its streets terraced on a steep acclivity looking over the

Thames, for which a local writer claims that not even Richmond Hill or Greenwich Observatory looks on a Thames more fair.

At New London, largely inhabited by retired captains and sealers and whalers, one takes the famous Norwich Line steamers for New York. These are among the largest steamers that ply upon the crowded Long Island Sound. They can carry about a thousand passengers and are perfect palaces of splendour.

In the early morning, as one approaches the great and busy port of New York, he gets a splendid view of the magnificent Brooklyn Bridge and skyscraping buildings of lower New York.

No city in the world that we know has such a long, wide thoroughfare as Broadway, and none so crowded with magnificent buildings, many of those in the lower part having from twelve to twenty stories. The New York system of parks, Central, Riverside, Morning Side, Washington, and others, make it one of the most attractive resorts in

America. But it is of the magnificent Hudson River that we set out to write.

On leaving New York, we pass the strange phenomenon of the Palisades—a wall of columnar basaltic rock, analogous to that of the Glait's Causeway, varying from two hundred and fifty to six hundred feet high, and extending for fifteen miles. Their splintered and time-worn crests present most picturesque appearances.

Weehawken, a little further on, is invested with melancholy associations as the historic duelling-ground of New York. Now most magnificent facilities for the transaction of an enormous business occupy the site of the old duelling-grounds, and staunch and elegant ferries convey passengers to the famous city of Diedrich Knickerbocker, of Peter Stuyvesant, and of Hendrich Hudson.

Further north the river is invested with numerous literary associations. Undercliff, the home of the poet Morris, Idlewild, the home of his companion poet, Willis; and Sunnyside, the home of the most genial and best-beloved on both sides of the sea of American writers, Washington Irving. Here too is the famous Sleepy Hollow, with its weird legend of the "headless horseman," and of the luckless wooing of Ichabod Crane; and near by is the old Dutch church in whose quiet graveyard, beside the Hudson which he loved so well, sleeps the dust of the sweetest writer of his time.

West Point, the famous military academy and garrison, with its Revolutionary associations of Washington and his generals, and of the hapless Andre and Arnold, is to the Hudson what Quebec is to the St. Lawrence. It is itself well worth visiting for its charming prospect and romantic memories. We



HUDSON FROM WEST POINT—FORT IN THE FOREGROUND.