

PLEASANT HOURS

PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK.

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Dominion Day.

By L. W.

DEAR Canada! our country,
Thou fairest land on earth!
To-day we raise our voices
To celebrate thy birth.
Thou daughter, true and loyal,
Of Britain o'er the sea,
Canadian hearts aye faithful
To Britain's crown shall be.

To-day we bring a garland,
Entwined with loyal hands;
No foe's sword can sever
Its fast-linked fourfold strands,
The shamrock, rose and thistle
Of Britain o'er the sea,
With maple leaf, forever,
Upon each brow shall be.

Canadian hearts are loyal,
Canadian hearts are brave;
O'er them with undimmed lustre
The Union Jack shall wave;
The emblem of true freedom;
Where'er it is unfurled;
Symbol of truth and justice,
Revered o'er all the world.

While Britain holds unswerving
Allegiance to God's laws,
And in the nations' council,
Upholds the oppressed one's cause,
Heaven still shall smile upon her
Her empire safe shall be,
We'll prize as priceless treasure,
Our "British liberty."

THE CONQUEST OF CANADA

By THE EDITOR.

ON the moonless morning of September 13th, before day, the fleet dropped silently down the river with the ebbing tide, accompanied by thirty barges containing sixteen hundred men, which, with muffled oars, closely hugged the shadows of the shore. Pale and weak with recent illness, Wolfe reclined among his officers, and in a low tone recited several stanzas of the recent poem, Gray's "Elegy, written in a Country Churchyard." Perhaps the shadow of his own approaching fate stole upon his mind, as in mournful cadence he whispered the strangely prophetic words,

"The paths of glory lead but to the grave."

With a feeling of the hollowness of military renown, he exclaimed, "I would rather have written those lines than take Quebec to-morrow."

Challenged by an alert sentry, an officer gave the countersign, which had been learned from a French deserter, and the little flotilla was mistaken for a convoy of provisions expected from Montreal. Landing in the deeply-shadowed cove which has since borne Wolfe's name, the agile Highlanders climbed lightly up the steep and narrow path leading to the summit, and in a few moments the guard was overpowered. The troops swarmed rapidly up the rugged precipice, the barges meanwhile promptly transferring fresh reinforcements from the fleet.

When the sun rose, the plain was glittering with the arms of plaided Highlanders and English red-coats forming for battle. The redoubled fire from Point Levi, and a portion of the fleet, upon the devoted city and the lines of Beauport, held the attention of Montcalm, and completely deceived him as to the main point of attack. A breathless horseman conveyed the intelligence at early dawn. At first incredulous, the gallant commander was soon convinced of the fact, and exclaimed, "Then they have got the weak side of this wretched garrison, but we must fight and crush them!" and the roll of drums and the peal of bugles on the fresh morning air sum-

moned the scattered army to action. With tumultuous haste, the skeleton French regiments hurried through the town and formed in long, thin lines on the Plains of Abraham. They numbered seven thousand five hundred famine-wasted and disheartened men. Opposed to them were five thousand veteran troops eager for the fray, and strong in their confidence in their beloved general. Firm as a wall these awaited the onset of the French. In silence they filled the ghastly gaps made in their ranks by the fire of the foe. Not for a moment wavered the steady line. Not a trigger was pulled till the enemy arrived within forty yards. Then at the ringing word of command, a simultaneous volley flashed from the levelled muskets and tore through the enemy's ranks. The French line was broken and disordered, and heaps of wounded strewed the plain. With cheer on cheer the British charged before they could reform, and swept the fugitives from the field, pursuing them to the city gates, and to the banks of the St. Charles. In fifteen minutes was lost and won the battle that gave Canada to Great Britain. The British loss was six hundred killed and



GENERAL WOLFE.

a swoon. "The enemy, sir; they give way everywhere," was the reply. "What! already?" said the dying man. "Now, God be praised," he murmured, "I die content."

His brave adversary, Montcalm, also fell mortally wounded, and was born from the field. "How long shall I live?" he asked the surgeon. "Not many hours," was the reply. "I am glad of it," he said; "I shall not see the surrender of Quebec." He died before midnight, and, confined in a rude box, was buried amid the tears of his soldiers in a grave made by the bursting of a shell.

Wasted with famine, and its defenders

wounded; that of the French was more than twice as many.

Almost at the first fire, Wolfe was struck by a bullet that shattered his wrist. A moment later a ball pierced his side, but he still cheered on his men. Soon a third shot lodged deep in his breast. Staggering into the arms of an officer he exclaimed, "Support me! Let not my brave fellows see me fall." He was born to the rear, and gently laid upon the ground. "See, they run!" exclaimed a bystander. "Who run?" demanded Wolfe, arousing as from

reduced to a mere handful, the beleaguered fortress surrendered, and on the 18th of September, 1759, the rock-built citadel of Quebec passed forever from the dominion of France.

Near the scene of their death a grateful people have erected a common monument to the rival commanders, who generously recognized each other's merits in life, and now keep for evermore the solemn truce of death. The two races that met in the shock of battle dwell together in loving fealty, beneath the protecting folds of one common flag.*

THOROUGHNESS.

A young New Englander, whose knowledge was more showy than deep, went, many years ago, to teach a district school in Virginia.

Among his pupils was a small, rather dull and insignificant looking boy, who annoyed him by his questions. No matter what the subject under discussion, this lad apparently never could get near enough to the bottom of it to be content.

One warm August morning, the teacher, with no little vanity in a knowledge not universal in those days, began to lecture to the boys on the habits and characteristics of a fish which one them had caught during the recess. He finished, and was about to dismiss the school, when his inquisitive pupil asked some questions about their gills and their use.

The question answered, others followed, concerning the scales, skin, flesh. The poor teacher struggled to reply with all the information at his command. But that was small, and the day grew warmer, and the Saturday afternoon's holiday was rapidly slipping away.

"The school will now be dismissed," he said, at last.

"But the bones! You have told us nothing about the bones!" said the anxious boy.

Mr. Dash smothered his annoyance, and gave all the information he could command on the shape, structure, and use of the bones.

"And now the school," he began—

"What is inside of the bones?" stolidly came from the corner where the quiet boy was sitting.

Mr. Dash never remembered what answer he gave, but the question and his despair fixed themselves in his memory. Thirty-five years afterwards he visited Washington, and entered the room where the Justices of the Supreme Court were sitting.

The Chief Justice, the most learned jurist of his day, was a man like St. Paul, whose bodily presence was contemptible.

The stranger regarded him at first with awe, then with amazement.

"It is the boy who went inside of the fish's bones!" he exclaimed.

If he had not tried to go inside of every "fish's bones," he would never have reached the lofty position which he held.

It is the boy who penetrates to the heart of the matter who is the successful scholar, and afterwards lawyer, physician, philosopher or statesman.

It is the man whose axe is laid at the root, not the outer branches, whose religion is a solid foundation for his life here and beyond.

—Pupil. "The climate of Patagonia is both mountainous and moisturous."

Teacher. "What do the people live on?"

Pupil. "On the seacoast, on the guano, and other animals."

*From Withrow's Chautauque History of Canada. Toronto: William Briggs. Price, 50 cents.



THE DEATH OF WOLFE.