

PLEASANT HOURS

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK.

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Canada.

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Land of mighty lake and forest?
Where the winter's locks are hoarest;
Where the summer's leaf is greenest;
And the winter's bite the keenest;
Where the autumn's leaf is scarcest;
And her parting smile the dearest;
Where the tempest rushes forth
From his caverns of the north,
With the lightnings of his wrath,
Sweeping forests from his path;
Where the cataract stupendous,
Lifteth up her voice tremendous;
Where uncultivated Nature
Rears her pines of giant stature;
Sows her jagged hemlocks o'er,
Thick as bristles on the boar;
Plants the stately elm and oak
Firmly in the iron rock;
Where the crane her course is steering,
And the eagle is careering;
Where the gentle deer are bounding,
And the woodman's axe resounding.
Land of mighty lake and river,
To our hearts thou'rt dear forever!
Thou art not a land of story—
Thou art not a land of glory.
No tradition, tale, nor song,
To thine ancient woods belong;
No long line of bards and sages,
Looking to us down the ages;
No old heroes sweeping by,
In their warlike panoply;
Yet heroic deeds are done,
Where no battle's lost or won;
In the cottage, in the woods,
In the lonely solitudes—
Pledges of affection given,
That will be redeemed in heaven.

DOMINION DAY.

In both Pleasant Hours and Onward we furnish for our national birthday special patriotic numbers of these papers. We want our boys and girls to appreciate more and more as the years go by the splendid inheritance which God has given them in this goodly land—the freest land on earth. No land is more favoured of heaven; none has nobler Christian institutions; none exhibits a higher grade of morality than our beloved Canada. Especially important to the future well-being of our country is the observance of the Lord's day, which is so marked a characteristic of our country.

The old-fashioned picture, the first on this page, represents a scene which is enacted thousands of times on our quiet Canadian Sunday. The rural congregation, who come from far and near to attend worship, are returning from the old-fashioned church which is shown in the rear of the picture. About four thousand Methodist congregations assemble every Sunday, to say nothing of those of the over four thousand other denominations. These, with their Sunday-schools, their Epworth Leagues, their religious training, and the religious effort which they represent—these are the true bulwarks of our country—these are the corner-stone—these are the pledge of the stability of our national greatness and the stability of its institutions.

Our other picture shows us the characteristic Canadian homestead in Ontario, of which many hundreds stud this fair and beautiful province. Around the comfortable mansion on every side



SUNDAY MORNING IN ONTARIO.

sweep the broad acres where well-filled barn and farm buildings show the thrift and industry whereby such comfort has been obtained. We are apt to boast too much of our grand cities, but the farms and farming population are really the backbone of Canada's strength. "The king himself is served by the field," and the population outside our cities is many times greater than that in them. The men of brawn and brain who succeed in cities are, for the most part, those who were brought up in the wholesome farm life of the country with its fresh air, free life, good food and plenty of it, and exempted in their early years from the hurry and worry of city life. Let our young folks learn by heart some of the patriotic poems in the present number and learn more and more to prize the noble country in which it is their good fortune to be born.

Our country girls, too, have a better time than many of them think. With our splendid school system, with the social and religious enjoyments and privileges which are theirs, they need not envy any girls in the world. If our young folk know the hard fare and hard work and scanty food and coarse clothing of the boys and girls in many European lands they would prize their own all the more. Of our Canadian homes it may be said, "It snows within the house with meat and drink." We commend the verses which follow to all who are discontented with country life:

COUNTRY GIRLS OF CANADA.

Ye country girls of Canada,
Who think your lot is hard,

Who think your life monotonous,
For you I have a word.

Ours is no royal-ridden land,
Where nobles are by birth,
But one of free equality,
Whose standard is true worth.

Despise not then its rural scenes,
Where youthful fancy roams;
You'll find few spots more kind to you
Than quiet country homes.

The busy towns are rushing streams,
Where men forget their Lord;
And seeking after wealth or fame,
Care little for his Word.

Ye like the rippling fountains are,
Fresh from the mountain's brink;
Beside whose pure untainted streams
It pleaseth one to drink.

And doubt not this, 'tis serious truth!
Tho' you feel not the weight,
That on your gentle shoulders
There rests a nation's fate.

Because your life is humble,
Think not it matters small
Whether you make it well or ill,
Or make it not at all.

Few of the great, of any age,
In luxury's lap were reared;
Whence come these mighty minds, you
ask,

The world has loved and feared?

Few, few of these were ever reared
'Mid cities' giddy whirls;

Their homes have been the country,
Their mothers, country girls.

And from your heart those intellects
That fifty years to come
Shall hold the reins of Church and State,
Protect our land and home,

Must take the cast which moulds their
minds
The way that they shall go,
Which makes their path all blessing,
Or makes their lives a woe,

The things you love, the words you
speak,
The very thoughts you think,
Will in a measure live in them,
Thro' some mysterious link.

Then prize your truth and virtue,
Your very thoughts keep pure.
Let faultless nature mould your forms,
Life's battles to endure.

With "woman's right" or franchisement,
Let not your hearts be vexed,
However man this age may rule,
'Tis yours to rule the next.

The simple truth that you may teach,
In words and accents mild,
And by the manner of your life,
Impress it on your child,—

May peal in loudest thunder tones,
When you and I lie low,
From men, within whose hands then rests
Our country's weal or woe.

There's much truth in that saying old,
"Man works from sun to sun;
Trough woman tolleth night and day,
Her work is never done."

It reaches out beyond her life,
Far into other years,
Beyond her day of weary care,
Beyond her night of tears.

When she long since has passed away,
Still monuments we find,
In living men, whose words and life,
Show forth her mould of mind
—Witness.

TWO BRAVE BOYS.

Two young boys, sons of a clergyman, living in Cincinnati, O., went not long ago with their father to visit the Soldiers' Home in Dayton. After a while the clergyman left his sons in charge of an officer, who was to show them the sights. Presently the old soldier began: "Now that the old man has—"
"We do not know any 'old man,'" interrupted the elder of the boys.

"Now that the old gentleman—"
said the soldier.

"We do not know any old gentleman," once more interrupted the boy: "he is our father."

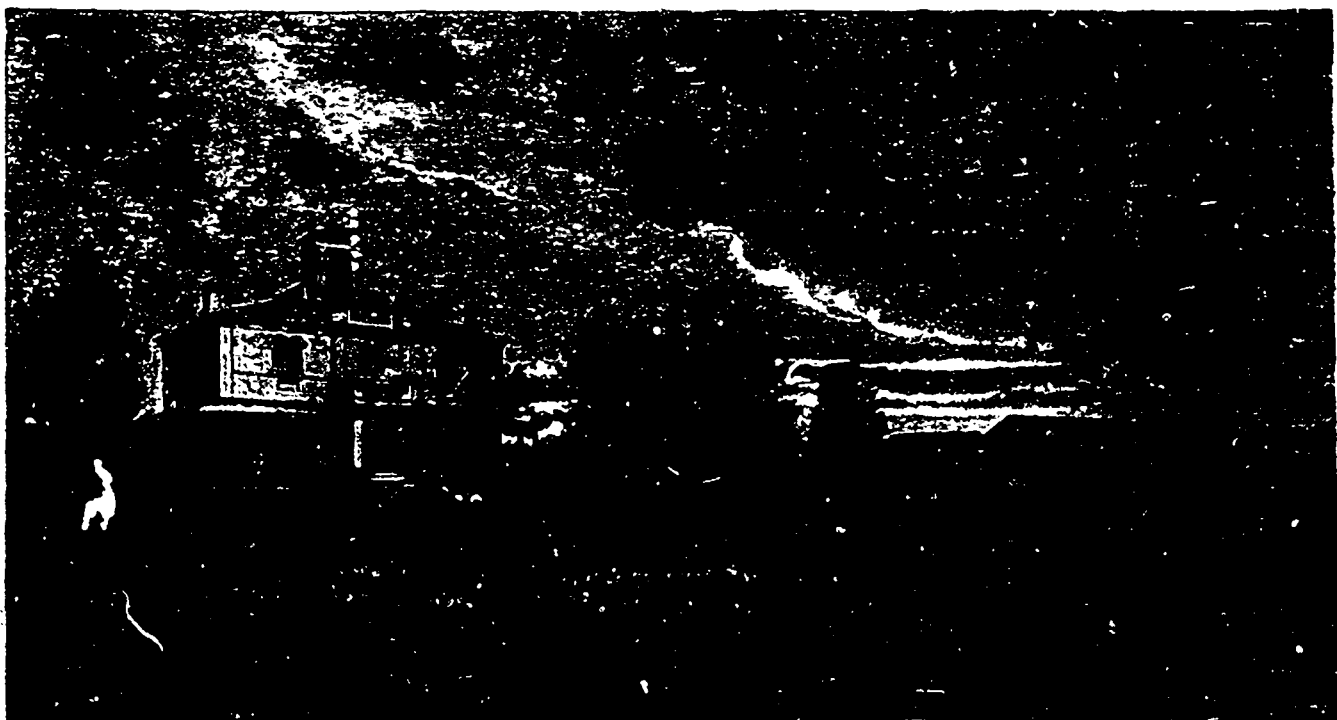
A little while afterward the soldier began to swear. The younger brother looked up into his face and said:

"Please don't use such words."

"Why not?"
"Because we do not like to hear them; we are church folks."

"Oh!" said the soldier, as he gave a whistle.

But he did not swear any more, and he guided those boys around the grounds as respectfully and attentively as if they had been the sons of Queen Victoria.



BELOIR FARM HOMESTEAD, DELAWARE, ONTARIO.