

PLEASANT HOURS

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK

ENLARGED SERIES.—VOL. IV.

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ON TO VICTORY.

REV. JOHN A. McMILLAN.

YE sons of liberty!
Ye who would your country free,
From its hated enemy,
On to victory!

Now's the day and now's the hour!
Stand like men who never cower!
See the cursed rum fiend's power,
Worse than slavery!

Who would be a party slave?
Who would be a traitor knave?
Who would dig a drunkard's grave?
Let him turn and flee!

Who's for God and native land?
Who for home and hearth would stand?
Who would now the traffic brand?
Let him vote with me!

best thing that can be done with the vicious beast in the picture, which has destroyed so many lives, and ravaged so many homes, would be to cut his ugly head off. This we hope that total prohibition of the liquor traffic will shortly do. In the meantime the next best thing is to keep it tightly chained by the firm restrictions of the Crooks Act. The rumsellers are making desperate efforts to have the prohibition of sales on Saturday night removed; and when they can, evade them and sell on Sunday as well. Let the Act be rigidly enforced till we get a better one. Such is the voice of the General Conference, and such should be our effort.

do, so he hastened up to Salem, where his son lived, and tried by prayer and entreaty to turn him from his shameful work. Although the son seemed touched by his aged father's appeal, yet he went on with his vile traffic as before. The old gentleman now tried to buy his saloon, offering him the sum of two thousand dollars, which was all the money he had in the world.

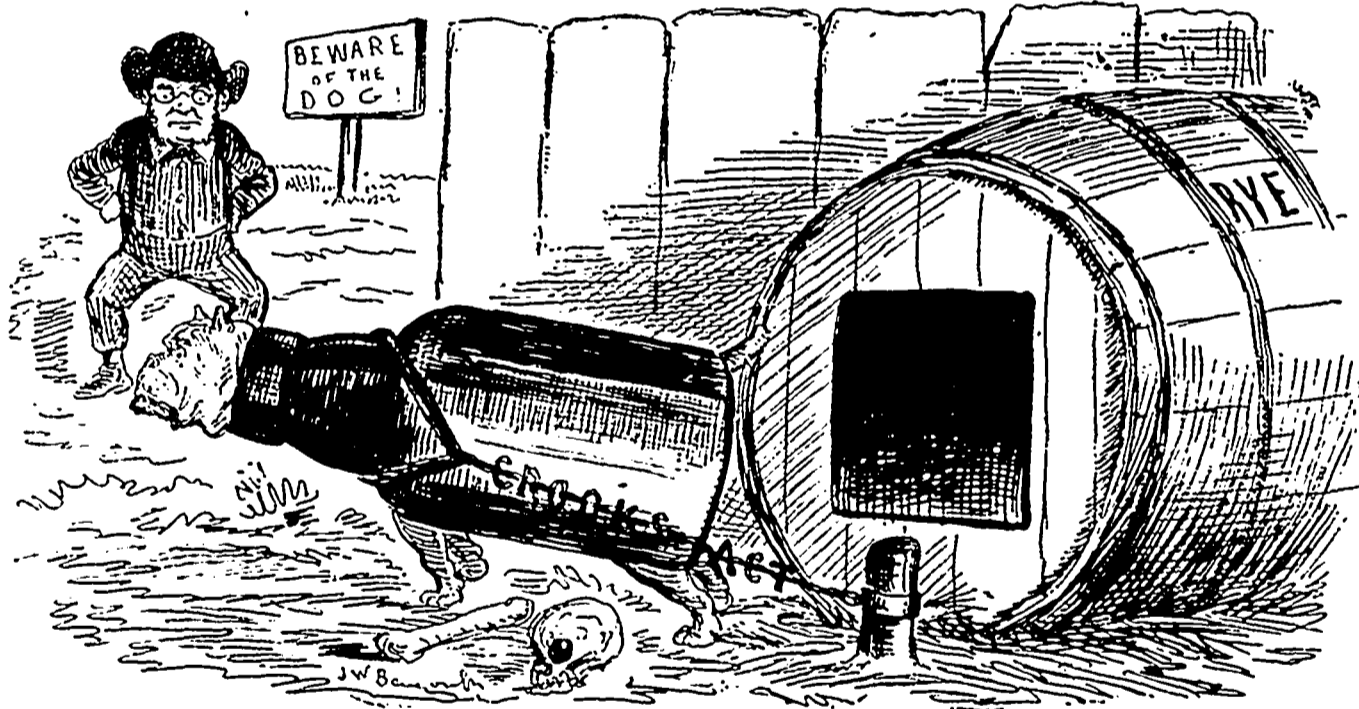
"You don't want to run this thing yourself, do you, father?" said the son, in a mirthful tone.

"Yes, if you'll let me have it, I'll run it off the face of the earth," was the old gentleman's ready reply. But the son would not sell, and the old gentleman's next move was to follow

them and the subtle poison that robbed them of strength and will!

"Don't come here!" said the old man, as they attempted to pass him. "It's the gateway to death and destruction; think of—" "I'm thinking of a drink just now!" yelled an old toper in an angry tone, and as he said this he caught the old man by the arm and threw him on the pavement with great force.

Before the bar-tender could realize what was being done, he saw his father lying bleeding and senseless on the sidewalk. He was over the counter and out of the saloon in a moment, and picking his father up, he carried him tenderly across the street to a doctor's



DON'T LET THE DOG LOOSE.

See oppressions, woes and pains!
See your sons in servile chains!
See! the curse our life-blood drains!
But we shall be free!

O'er our homes must rum gloat!
Rise and grasp the monster's throat!
Liberty's in every vote!
On to victory!

DON'T LET THE DOG LOOSE.

It is an ugly brute, isn't it? But not a bit uglier than the hideous whiskey traffic it represents. The picture reminds us of Bunyan's description of Giants Pope and Pagan sitting at the mouth of their cave among the bones of their victims, and growling with rage that they cannot get at the pilgrims in the king's highway, as they used to. The

HOW A SALOON WAS CLOSED.

BY LYDIA A. HERKETT.

"MY son a saloon-keeper! dealing out draughts of poison, death and destruction to his fellow-men. O, that I have lived to see this day!"

The speaker was an old gray-haired man of eighty years, who had tried to bring up his children to be respectable men and women; and to a certain extent he had succeeded. But now when he was so near life's setting sun, this bitter knowledge must be thrust upon him, to rob him of that calm content which the aged Christian alone can feel when all is well. The love of God was strong within him, and he felt that there was still a work for him to

do when the saloon door was unlocked, and when the saloon door was unlocked, he stationed himself, with cane in hand, in the doorway. The saloon was on the corner, and men began to flock around it as bees do around the hive; but the old man who stood there, leaning heavily on his cane, with sadness depicted on every lineament of his kind old face, his hair white as the snow, presented such a sad picture of age and helplessness, that the would-be tipplers turned away in shame.

But there was another class of debauchees who were not able to be out so early in the morning as the former. They came at last, with unsteady step and blood-shot eyes. What did they care for this little old man, who stood as a barrier between

office. Seeing that he would receive proper attention, he rushed out of the office, like a lion let loose in its rage, hurrying hither and thither in search of the villain who had committed the outrage; but this monster in human form was not to be found, and it was well for him that he could not. The old gentleman was soon restored to consciousness. There was a slight cut on his temple. This and the shock that he sustained to his nervous system, rendered him incapable for a time. But when he was again able to be out, he took his stand in the saloon-door again, saying to his son:

"I shall stand here until I am again thrust out, or, if need be, until I drop dead in my tracks, if God so wills it." The saloon was closed.