

## The Drunkard's Dream.

BY REV. C. W. DENNISON.

THE Drunkard dreamed of his old retreat,  
Of his cosy place in the tap-room seat;  
And the liquor gleamed in his gloating eye,  
Till his lips to the sparkling glass drew nigh.  
He lifted it up with an eager glance,  
And sang, as he saw the bubbles dance,  
"Aha! I am myself again!  
Here's a truce to care, an adieu to pain,  
Welcome the cup with its creamy foam!  
Farewell to work and a mopy home!  
With a jolly crew and a flowing bowl,  
In bar-room pleasures I love to roam!"

Like a flash there came to the drunkard's side  
His angel child, who that night had died!  
With look so gentle, and sweet, and fond,  
She touched the glass with her little wand!  
And oft as he raised it up to drink,  
She silently tapped on its trembling brink,  
Till the drunkard shook from foot to crown,  
And set the untasted goblet down.

"Hey, man!" cried the host, "what meaneth this?  
Is the covey sick, or the dram amiss?  
Cheer up, my lad! quick, the bumper quaff!"  
And he glanced around with a fiendish laugh.  
The drunkard raised his glass once more,  
And looked at its depths as of before;  
But started to see, on its pictured foam,  
The face of his dead little child at home;  
Then again the landlord at him sneered,  
And the swaggering crowd of drunkards jeered;  
But still, as he tried that glass to drink,  
The wand of his dead one tapped the brink!

The landlord gasped, "I swear, my man,  
Thou shalt take every drop of this flowing can!"  
The drunkard bowed to the quivering brim,  
Though his heart beat fast and his eyes grew dim.  
But the wand struck harder than before—  
The glass was flung on the bar-room floor;  
All around the ring the fragments lay,  
And the poisonous current rolled away.

The drunkard awoke. His dream was gone;  
His bed was bathed in the light of morn;  
But he saw, as he shook with pale, cold fear,  
A beautiful angel hovering near.  
He aroze, and that seraph was near him still;  
It checked his passion, it swayed his will;  
It dashed from his lips the flowing bowl,  
And victory gave to his ransomed soul!  
Since ever that midnight hour he dreamed  
Our hero has been a man redeemed;  
And this is the prayer that he prays away,  
And this is the prayer let us help to pray—  
That angels may come in every land,  
To dash the cup from the drunkard's hand.

## SOLD HIMSELF.

BY BELLE V. CHISHOLM.

FOR several years old Dr. Fielding had procured a supply of coal from William Lenox, a farmer limited means, who depended for a livelihood ore on his little bank of "candle" coal than on an amount of wheat and corn which he raised on his hilly farm. Generally the coal was livered by the owner himself, although, when the red man was forward in his work, he sometimes ove the horses to town, and occasionally, in the ry busy season, one of the farmer's boys was isted to haul the coal over the rough road and to ing back the groceries which were received in ex-ange for the merchandise.

One pleasant morning, when the spring was well vanced, the old doctor from his office window erved a waggon heavily laden with coal stop on the scales on the opposite side of the street. ere was nothing new in that—every day waggons uring heavy weights paused there, and then drove again—but the doctor's keen glance did not fail catch a vision of a bright-faced lad who evidently got to stop down during the weighing process.

"I'll keep my eye on you, my boy," said the old

man to himself, as he watched the team cross the street and walk up the drive-way in the direction of his own coal-house. "Bless me! if that isn't my own coal! And those horses belong to William Lenox. I do wonder if the lad is his son! Surely he is not a chip off the old block."

After the coal was all under cover, the empty waggon went rattling over the stones until it stood once more upon the town scales. This time the boy leaped from his high seat and took a place at the head of the horses.

"Much danger of a runaway now!" muttered the old doctor, with a grave shake of the head. "I am sorry that your memory is so much more retentive now than it was fifteen minutes ago."

The furrows in the old man's forehead deepened, and there was a look of real pity on his honest face, as he turned away from the window. For some minutes he sat as if in a brown study, and then, rubbing his hands together gleefully, he chuckled,

"I'll fix him! He'll not want to play any more such tricks soon."

The next moment the clouds had all cleared away from the doctor's sunny brow, and he was ready to speak pleasantly to the lad, who came in for his pay. After counting out the price of the coal the doctor insisted upon the boy being seated, and then proceeded to ply him with questions concerning his parents, brothers, sisters and associates. Several times the youth attempted to break away, but his new friend seemed desirous to continue the acquaintance, and at any move of the boy toward going, he would say, "And so you are Frank Lenox, son of my *homst* friend William Lenox?" and then he would go on in a new strain about the beauties of a country life, and other kindred topics.

At last Frank arose and insisted that he must be off at once, or night would overtake him long before he could reach home.

"But you belong to me, and I do not choose to let you run away," argued his tormentor.

"What do you mean by saying that I belong to you?" asked Frank, beginning to fear that he was in the power of a madman.

"Why, I bought you with that load of coal, you see," was the reply. "I thought at the time that you were selling yourself cheap, but I paid the price you demanded; and if you cheated yourself, it is no affair of mine."

Seeing that the boy understood his meaning, the old doctor rose from his seat, and, laying one hand upon his shoulder, took the frightened lad's right hand in his own, saying,

"My dear boy, I cannot tell you how sad your conduct of this afternoon made me feel. I thought of your good, honest father and mother, and of how they would grieve over the wrong-doing of one in whose veins their own blood runs. Your weight in coal amounted to but a trifle, but the self-respect you bartered away cannot be estimated in dollars and cents. If you persist in following the path you entered to-day, nothing but ignominy and defeat is before you. The prisons are full of criminals whose first step in crime was of no more consequence than the little fraud practised by yourself half an hour ago. King David's advice to his son Solomon—'Show thyself a man'—is worthy of the attention of every young man who wishes to prosper. Never since the world began was there more need for earnest, active men than now. All departments of life are calling for men—men of heart and brain, men of nerve and self-sacrifice. If we are to have men—noble, wise and energetic men—who will show themselves men at all times and under all circumstances, we must have honest, upright, self-reliant boys from which to make them.

I have heard that you are a bright, active boy, well advanced in your studies, and I could not let this breach of trust go by without sounding a note of warning. Go home now, and never forget how near you came to selling your birthright of honesty for even less than a mess of pottage."

## LETTER FROM MR. CROSBY.

MY DEAR DR. WITHROW,—As I am to be in Ontario for some time, and I hope to meet with many of the readers of the PLEASANT HOURS, I thought it would be as well to say to them that the mission ship is undergoing repairs. She has run for four years on an average of nine thousand miles a year, so that the journals, pipes (and soon the boiler), need renewing, and a good deal of work to be done, which will cost us many hundreds of dollars. And I shall be pleased to hear from any of our young friends who are interested in fitting up the *Glad Tidings* in good shape for her work for years to come.

I had kind words from some little friends, saying, "Enclosed please find twelve dollars to aid in speeding on *Glad Tidings*. My mamma said the boat had a large hungry mouth, and would need some food in the shape of wood and coal. We pray that God will bless the mission ship." This was from Lottie, Tulce, Maggie and Francie Evans.

Another writes: "Please accept from me two dollars for your little steamer, it is a little—but it will help you, and I shall always feel that I have an interest in the Gospel ships, hoping more boys will send you help. R. M. Gunn."

I trust we shall get the good ship in shape for her work for years to come, and may God bless the dear children who have been so good in helping in the past.

## NOT ONE!

TORONTO, with her population of nearly one hundred and seventy thousand—with her hundred and fifty licensed saloons, besides fifty licensed liquor-shops—with her strong force of watchful police, had not a single drunk in her police court on Tuesday, January 8th. Why? One would naturally expect an increase over the daily average of about fourteen, for the previous day was election day, there was an unusual amount of excitement, and a good number of men were off work. Yes, but our license-law prohibits the sale of liquor on election days. That was the reason. The hundred and fifty bar rooms were closed, and there were no drunks before the magistrate next day.

"Prohibition does not prohibit!" Does it not? Here is a big city. It is full of men who are accustomed to drink. It has a lot of saloon-keepers who are accustomed to sell liquor. It had all these saloons with their stocks of liquors, a standing temptation to law violation. The penalty for violation was light compared with the penalties ordinarily provided for the violation of prohibitory law. But the law worked. No doubt liquor was sold. Men broke the law. But law-breaking was so far restrained, and drunkenness was so far diminished, that none of its victims came into the custody of the police.

A thorough-going law is far easier of enforcement than a temporizing law. It is easier to carry out a law that prohibits evil and temptation to evil, than it is to carry out a law that prohibits an act, but permits, sanctions, legalizes, temptation to its violation. Prohibition is the only kind of liquor law that is really easy of enforcement, comparatively speaking. The poorer kind of Prohibition does prohibit. The better kind of Prohibition would prohibit.—*Canada Citizen*.