

PLEASANT HOURS

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK

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"THERE IS POISON IN IT."

THE engraving in this number of PLEASANT HOURS represents an incident at a marriage. The ceremony has been performed, and the wine has been offered to the wedding guests. When it was presented to the bride a sudden shade of sadness passed over her face.

Lifting the glass in her hand, "No!" she said, "I cannot take it. There is poison in it!"

To the looks and expressions of astonishment of all around her she responded:

"Strong drink killed my brother. Edward was the brightest and smartest of the family. He was a kind hearted and generous boy. He grew up to be a strong and manly fellow. He was a champion at base ball and other games of which he was fond. He entered a wholesale house, and had the respect and confidence of the firm he served, and was a favourite with his fellows. Among them were one or two who had acquired drinking habits. At first Edward declined to taste intoxicating liquor. They overcame his scruples. He soon was the noisiest and the jolliest of the set.

"To shorten my story. His evil habit grew upon him to that extent, that after repeated warnings he lost his position; he lost respectability, and he lost his own respect. He left home and became a wanderer. For months and months we knew not whether he was living or dead.

"One day in the beginning of winter he came to the door of his old home, but oh, how changed! He was badly dressed. He was wasted and weak.

"When his wants had been attended to, and as



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he sat in the place where he used to sit in the family circle, he said:

"Mother, I have come home to die!"

"Words of good cheer and encouragement were spoken to him but they did not lighten his gloom.

"But the old affection of his nature gleamed again in the looks he cast upon us.

"No," he said, "I feel it. I have but a short time to live. It is well! My life is blighted. The hopes and ambitions I once cherished are crushed now. My life has been poisoned by strong drink."

The bride concluded her narrative by saying:

"From what I have seen of the effects of liquor, I am resolved that I shall not use it myself nor shall I offer it to others. There is poison in it."

A LIGHT IN THE WINDOW.

AS the weary laborer returns to his home from his busy day's toil he is cheered by the light which his wife placed in the window to light up his pathway, and more happy is he when he is met at the door by his darling daughter, and yet still more happy when he has entered his home and is quietly seated with his household around the family table. There is no place like home, however humble it may be. There every comfort centres and every joy has its fulness. Here happy voices commingle and a song of sweetest music fills the air.

Is not this a type of our heavenly home? Oh what joy when we shall enter its portals!

God, our heavenly Father, has placed a light in the window of heaven, which shines down on the weary pilgrim's path, and by which his steps are guided through the