

THE DRUNKARD'S DAUGHTER.

BY GEORGE W. BUNGAY.

OUT in the street, with naked feet,
I saw the drunkard's daughter,
Her tattered shawl was thin and small;
She little knew, for no one taught her.

Her skin was fair - her auburn hair
Was blown about her pretty forehead,
Her sad, white face, wore sorrow's trace,
And want and woe that were not borrowed.

Heart broken child, she seldom smiled,
Hope promised her no light to-morrow;
Or if its light flashed on her night,
Then came darker clouds of sorrow.

She softly said, "We have no bread,
No wood to keep the fire a-burning,"
The child was ill, the winds so chill,
Her thin cold blood to ice was turning.

But men will feed, and warmly clad,
And ladies robed in richest fashion,
Passed on the side, where no one cried
To them for pity or compassion.

That long night fled, and then the light
Of rosy day, in beauty shined,
Set dome and spire and roof on fire,
And shone on one beyond repining.

Asleep - alone - as cold as stone,
Where no kind-hearted parent sought her;
In winding sheet of snow and sleet,
Was found the lifeless drunkard's daughter.

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Pleasant Hours:

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLKS:

Rev. W. H. WITHROW, D.D., Editor.

TORONTO, JUNE 28, 1884.

"GRIP" ON TEMPERANCE.

OUR humorous *confrere*, Grip, has always lent its staunch and able assistance to the temperance reform. As much as ten years ago, it published a striking cartoon on "The Curse of Canada," which is still remembered as a vigorous indictment of the liquor traffic, and whenever an opportunity offers it does valuable service to the same cause. To the courtesy of Mr. Moore, manager of the Grip Company, and of Mr. Bengough, the accomplished artist, we are enabled to present the cut on the first page and that on this page. During the campaign for the separation of the grocery and liquor businesses, Grip was again found on the right side, rendering important service to the temperance cause. It is gratifying to know that in five years the whole province shall witness the divorce of these businesses, and that in Toronto that separation takes place next March or May.

TEMPERANCE FACTS AND FIGURES.

WE give our whole space in this number to the important subject of temperance. We hope that every scholar in every school will become a pledged abstainer. There is a pledge in all the class-books printed by the Rev. William Briggs. We hope each teacher will get the signature thereto of every member of his class. Such an army of pledged abstainers will grow up soon to be temperance voters; and will, we hope, sweep the accursed drink traffic away. We trust this number of PLEASANT HOURS will be very widely scattered. "Sow the country knee-deep with temperance literature."

A SORROWFUL EXPERIENCE.

CHARLES LAMB, the genial and gifted writer, was addicted to strong drink. He tells his sorrowful experience in the following words:—

"The waters have gone over me; but out of the black depths, could I be heard, I would cry out to all those who have but set a foot in the perilous flood. Could the youth to whom the flavour of his first wine is delicious as the opening scenes of life, or the entering upon some newly-discovered paradise, look into my desolation, and be made to understand what a dreary thing it is when a man shall feel himself going down a precipice with open eyes and passive will; to see his destruction, and have no power to stop it, and yet feel it all the way emanating from himself; to see all goodness emptied out of him, and yet not be able to forget a time when it was otherwise; to bear about the piteous spectacle of his own ruin; could he see my fevered eye, feverish with last night's drinking, and feverishly looking for the night's repetition of the folly; could he but feel the body of the death out of which I cry hourly to be delivered—it were enough to make him dash the sparkling beverage to the earth in all the pride of his mantling temptation.

"Oh! if a wish could transport me back to those days of youth, when a draught from the neat, clear spring could slake the heat which summer suns and youthful exercise had power to stir up in my blood, how gladly would I turn back to the element, the drink of my childhood and of childlike, holy heroism!"

THE FAMILY PLEDGE.

A CITY missionary relates the following incident, which illustrates the value of the Family Pledge:

In one of his walks about the poorer portion of the city he came upon one family which was quite destitute on account of the drinking habits of both husband and wife. The poor little children were uncared-for and left much of the time to themselves. He pleaded earnestly with the parents, for the sake of the children if not for their own good, to abandon the drink, and after much persuasion prevailed upon the mother to sign her name to a pledge. The father firmly refused, though again and again urged to do so.

The gentleman resolved to try a new plan. He procured a neat family

pledge, suitable for framing, with space sufficient for five signatures, one line for each member of the family. He desired the wife to sign her name on the second line, leaving the first line blank; and explaining the matter clearly to the three children, they were only too glad to promise to have nothing to do with the hateful drink and put their names under their mother's.

The card was fastened up over the mantel. The father was urged to fill up the blank line, but moodily refused. The card remained there several days, preaching silently to the man and telling him his duty. It needed only one name to make a perfect card, and he knew it. At last one morning he said to his eldest daughter, "Give me that card!" The poor girl appeared as though she did not hear the request, for she feared he meant to destroy it. A second time he demanded it, when she tremblingly obeyed, expecting the next minute to see it torn into pieces and cast into the fire. But no; he went to the table, took up pen and ink, wrote his name on the blank line, pinned up the card on the wall, and marched out of the room without saying a word.

The appearance of both family and home soon changed for the better, and comfort reigned where had been only poverty and strife.

A SAD STORY.

PROF. GOODRICH, when connected with Yale College, said, "I had a widow's son committed to my particular care. He was heir to a great estate. He went through the different stages of education, and finally left Yale College with a good moral character and bright in prospects. But during the course of his education he had heard the sentiment advanced, which I then supposed correct, that the use of wine was not only admissible, but a real auxiliary to the temperance cause. After he had left the college, for a few years he continued to be respectful to me. At length he became reserved; and the next I heard was, he rushed one night unceremoniously into my room, and his appearance told the dreadful secret. He said he came to talk with me. He had been told, during his senior year, that it was safe to drink wine, and by that idea he had been ruined. I asked him if his mother knew this. He said no; he had carefully concealed the secret from her. I asked if he was such a slave that he could not abandon the habit.

"Talk not to me of slavery," said he. "I am ruined; and before I go to bed I shall quarrel with the bar-keeper of the Tontine for brandy or gin to slake my burning thirst."

"In one month this man was in his grave. It went to my heart. Wine is the cause of ruin to a great proportion of the young men in our country. Another consideration is, that the habits of conviviality and hospitality are now directed to the use of wine. Once it was the use of distilled liquor. Toddy, and sling, and bitters were the fashion."

It does not follow that you must do a mean thing to a man who has done a mean thing to you. The old proverb runs, "Because the cur has bitten me, shall I bite the cur?"



DIVORCE OF THE GROCERY AND LIQUOR BUSINESS.

"What God has separated let no man join."

SIXPENCE A DAY.

A LONDON paper recently furnished the following: There is now an old man in an almshouse in Bristol who stated that for sixty years he spent sixpence a day in drink, but was never intoxicated. A gentleman who heard this statement was somewhat curious to ascertain how much this sixpence a day put by every year, at 5 per cent. compound interest, would amount to in sixty years. Putting down the first year's savings, (three hundred and sixty-five sixpences,) nine pounds sterling eleven shillings and sixpence, he added the interest, and thus went on year by year, until he found that in the sixtieth year the sixpence a day reached the startling sum of three thousand two hundred and twenty-five pounds sterling nineteen shillings and ninepence.

Judge of the old man's surprise when told that, had he saved his sixpence a day, and allowed it to accumulate at compound interest, he might now have been worth the above noble sum; so that instead of taking refuge in an almshouse, he might have comforted himself with a house of his own and fifty acres of land, and have left the legacy among his children and grandchildren or used it for the welfare of his fellow-men.

BEER A DECEIVER.

THE statement that beer is a harmless beverage and an excellent "temperance drink" is proven false by thousands of instances all about us. Only a few days ago a stranger called into the office of the National Temperance Society to enquire about a "Home for Intemperate Women." It was a sad and heartrending story of a refined and beautiful woman who, through the drinking of beer, had become a confirmed and helpless drunkard, neglecting her family and home and disgracing her friends by her constant drunkenness. "Oh! she never drank anything but beer," was the statement of her friend, who desired some quiet retreat where she might have a chance for reform. Beer was the serpent which had ruined both her and her home. More and more it is seen that beer is one of the most dangerous and delusive of drinks, containing all the elements of drunkenness, disease, and death. Nine-tenths of the drunkards commence on beer. Those who favor beer-drinking are responsible for the drunkenness which arises from it. It is the devil's kindling-wood.