

## We Shall Win!

BY W. H. BONNER.

Who can tell, who can tell,  
Half the sorrow caused by drink?  
Many whom we loved so well  
Were brought by it to ruin's brink.

## CHORUS.

Then march boldly forward to meet the foe,  
Fearlessly, hopefully, we will go;  
March boldly forward to meet the foe,  
Fearlessly, hopefully, we will go,  
For right is might, and we shall win.

Hear ye not the widow's wail?  
Drink has laid her loved ones low;  
Weeping wives and children pale,  
Have felt the stern destroyer's blow.

Oh, what grief! Oh, what crime!  
Caused by this, our country's foe!  
Surely, brothers, it is time  
That we should rise to lay him low!

Hesitating, can ye stay  
Ere ye join our hopeful band?  
Thousands groaning 'neath the sway  
Of this dread tyrant in our land.

Tell us not ye nought can do;  
All may render us some aid;  
Aged ones and children, too,  
Can join us in this grand crusade.

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## Pleasant Hours:

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK

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

TORONTO, MARCH 11, 1893.

## A BRILLIANT INTELLECT THAT WAS DESTROYED BY DRINK.

BY REV. B. F. BEAZELL.

MORE tragic in its ending than common, it was but the same old story. Some weeks before she sent for me. I had never met her, but they lived near my church. The children were in the Sunday-school, and she felt she must make appeal to some one. With streaming eyes and choking voice she told of their bright outset in life, of the gradual yielding to temptation, and then of the present shame and distress.

Some twenty-five years ago he came to this country, a bright young theological graduate. He was soon in the pastorate of the strongest church of his denomination in the city. A splendid structure was soon built, and there was a rapid increase in numbers. He was very companionable and eloquent. They called him the German Beecher. He was petted and flattered. Makers and sellers, as well as social drinkers of liquors, were members of his church. He was asked and expected to drink with them. Soon the demon of thirst was aroused. Sometimes he was jolly then hilarious. Occasionally he drank to excess. Then they began to be ashamed of a pastor who could not drink with them and yet remain sober. He was forced to resign. But after a little sobering up, and assur-

ances that he could now stand firm, he easily entered the pastorate of another church in the same city.

Prosperity again came, another church was built, and the old time popularity revived. But the same drink customs continued, and soon the old appetite ruled. Again the shame of his people forced him from the pulpit: but, as he retained his credentials as a minister, and was naturally a man of much social power, he was still in current demand for funerals, baptisms, marriages and various semi-religious and social occasions. Instead of coming to his house, they would stop at the nearest saloon and send for him, and ask him to drink with them, while arranging with him for these services.

Why did this wife tell me all this and much more? Poor soul! She hoped the worst was passed. She thought, or wanted to think, that he had been standing firm for a time, and that I could aid him in securing another charge. But the tragic end was not far off. Only a few weeks later, near Saturday midnight, after eating and drinking with a boon companion, he returned and sat in his own doorway, put to his brain the revolver he had bought that day, and so added to the sin of drunkenness the crime of suicide.

After the funeral I sat for a little while with her and her worse than orphan children in the ashes of wretchedness.

There was an awful significance in this flash of indignation from her lips:

"Just think of it! The choicest flowers at his funeral were brought by the very bloodhounds that dragged him to his death!"

## A TYPICAL CANADIAN.

MR. H. A. MASSEY, the well-known Toronto manufacturer, is a typical prosperous Canadian. He was a farmer's son near Cobourg, who began life with little more than his bare hands, but by prudence, temperance, and industry has accumulated a fortune. His agricultural implements are now on sale and in pretty general use not only in Manitoba, but also in New Zealand and Australia. In both those distant countries the Massey Company is represented by well-established agencies. He seems now resolving to become his own executor. Last year he donated \$40,000 in cash towards the endowment of Victoria College, and since he gave \$20,000 in aid of the new Methodist University at Winnipeg. It is now intimated that this is "only a beginning of his liberality." He is reported to have set apart \$40,000 for the establishment of a well-equipped mission hall in the heart of Toronto. He is also proposing to erect a large music hall in the centre of the city, which will no doubt be a people's music hall, to a large extent. Years ago he had a fine hall, with free library and reading-room, fitted up for the benefit of his many employees at the works in the west end of the city.

Mr. Massey is a life-long temperance man, and doubtless owes much of his success to that fact. He has also encouraged the men and boys in his employ to become total abstainers. Notwithstanding these precautions, he once informed the writer that his annual losses in business, because of the existence of the liquor traffic at all, probably amounted to some thousands of dollars every year. No man, however temperate himself, can employ many men and do business with many men without almost constant losses because others drink. The entire business community is effected by the existence of the drink traffic. The "statesman" who has not become well aware of that fact can certainly lay small claims to an actual knowledge of political economy.—*Exc.*

## A BOY'S MANNER.

"His manner is worth a hundred thousand dollars to him!" That is what one of the chief men of the nation lately said about a boy. "It wouldn't be worth so much to one who meant to be a farmer, or who had no opportunities, but to a young college student with ambitions it is worth at least a hundred thousand."

The boy was a distant relative of the man, and had been brought up by careful parents in a far-off city. Among other things he had been taught to be friendly

and to think of other persons before himself. The boy was on a visit in the town where the man lived. They met on the street, and the younger, recognizing the elder, promptly went to his side and spoke to him in his cordial, happy, yet respectful way. Of course the man was pleased, and knew that anybody would have been pleased. The sentence above was the outcome of it. A little later the boy came into the room just as the man was struggling into his overcoat. The boy hurried to him, pulled it up at the collar, and drew down the wrinkled coat beneath. He would have done it for any man, the haughtiest or the poorest.

Do not misunderstand, boys. You may be truly unselfish and yet not have this boy's prize. You may wish to do things for others and yet feel that you do not know how. The only way to learn is to try; to hesitate for no feeling of bashfulness or awkwardness, but to put in direct and instantaneous practice whatever kind, helpful thoughts occur to you.—*Congregationalist.*

## LETTER FROM JAPAN.

TO THE BOYS AND GIRLS OF CANADA.

I AM going to tell you an incident or two about one of our Sunday-school boys here, but will first tell you a little about the place in which I live. I live in Kofu, a good-sized town of about 30,000 people, distant some ninety miles from Tokyo, the great city of Japan.

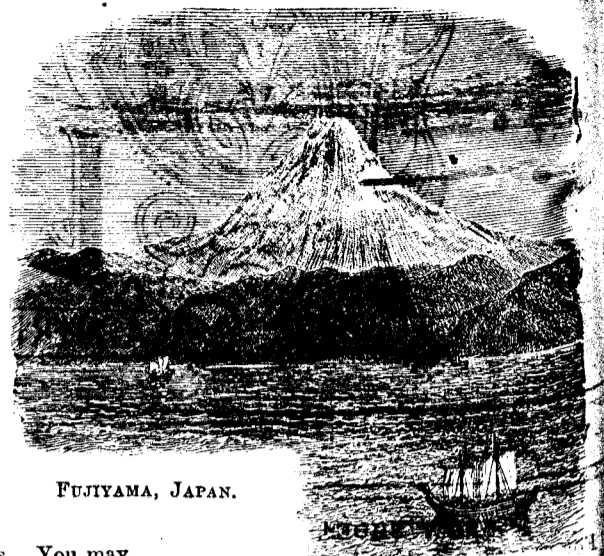
The journey to Kofu takes you through beautiful scenery. For part of the way, the road winds in and out through high mountains. But you cannot go by train; and sometimes when the roads are bad, and you have to ride over them in the rough kind of stage called *basha*, the journey is very hard and trying.

When you go to Tokyo from Kofu, you may go by the Fuji River, named from the great Fuji Mountain near which it flows. It has a very strong current, with many rapids. You get into a low, flat boat called a *sampan*, and in six or seven hours you cover a distance of some forty-five miles, and it takes about four days for those men to haul the same boats up the river. They bring back a great deal of freight in the boats, hauling them up the river with ropes, with about four sailors to a boat, and some of the sailors are only mere boys. It is very hard work, for they often have to wade through the water.

Kofu itself is in a large plain surrounded by mountains. Whichever way you look, you will see mountains. Towering away above the others is Fuji, with its cone-like peak, now covered with a cap of snow, while down in our plain there is no snow at all.

We have one church, a nice building with gray-plastered walls, and tin shutters to keep the fire out in case of a conflagration. In the church we have Sunday-school every Sunday afternoon. It would seem very strange to you. You could not understand a word that was said; most of the tunes would be familiar, but not the words. The order of the service is very much like that of the Sunday-schools at home, and the boys and girls sit on seats as you do.

But their dresses are not like yours, and the way in which some of the girls fasten up and decorate their hair is very different from the simple braids in which many of the girls at home dress their hair. You would feel sorry for those of the children who in this cold weather have no stockings. The stockings are short and made of white cotton, with a separate place for the big toe; and to their wooden shoes, which are really only soles, there are two straps, which fasten into the sole at a point between the big toe and the others, and by means of these they keep the shoes on. When they get to the church, they take their shoes off, and leave them in the vestibule. There is always a shoe box to hold them.



FUJIYAMA, JAPAN.

We are starting other Sunday-schools here and there in private houses throughout the city. In these the children just sit on the floor, which is covered with woven straw, well-padded underneath. The first new Sunday-school we opened up was in the home of a Mr. Yamauchi. In the family there is a little four-year-old boy named Takashi. This little boy attends the church Sunday-school. Recently there was a large fire near his home, and father and mothers and sisters were busy gathering up their things and removing them for safety elsewhere, so little Takashi was left all alone in the room. Presently his mother returned and little Takashi said to her, "We won't be burned up, for I have prayed many times to God." The other children prayed, too, and God heard their prayer, for though the fire came very near them, it never touched their house.

The same little boy said when some one told a lie, "You mustn't tell lies. God knows."

On the first Sunday the new school was opened; after it was over, he was overheard saying to another little one: "It was a good thing for you to be taught something to benefit you." It was through Mine, the eldest sister's, going to Sunday-school, that the mother was led in the first place to go to church, and then at last the whole family and other relations too, became Christians. Thus you see, Sabbath-school children have a great influence, and if they truly love God, they may be the means of bringing their parents, their brothers and sisters, and other friends, to the Saviour.

It will very soon be Christmas now and we will have a Christmas-tree in the church. There are not very many Christians, and they do not keep Christmas in their homes and give presents to each other as in Canada. But they have a Christmas-tree in the church, and the Japanese can make their tree look very pretty, for they have so many bright coloured toys to put on it. Everybody who goes gets a present. The Sunday-school children give an entertaining ment, and all have a good time. It is the happiest time of the year.

And now I wish you each and all a Happy New Year, and trust you will make it truly happy by giving your hearts to Jesus and loving him who died that he might help and bless you.

E. A. PRESTON.

Kofu, Japan.

## A LIFE SERMON.

A MISSIONARY in India was so feeble mentally that he could not learn the language. After some years, he asked to be recalled, frankly saying that he had not sufficient intellect for the work. A dozen missionaries, however, petitioned his board not to grant his request, saying that his goodness gave him a wider influence among the heathen than any other missionary at the station. A convert, when asked, "What is it to be a Christian?" replied, "It is to be like Mr. ———," naming the good missionary. He was kept in India until he never preached a sermon; but when he died, hundreds of heathen, as well as many Christians, mourned him and testified to his holy life and character.—*North American Christian Advocate.*