

# PLEASANT HOURS

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK

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## STREET SCENE, BENARES.

A STREET scene in an Eastern city presents many points of contrast to one in the West. The fantastic oriental architecture, the dark faces and quaint costumes of the people, the strange languages that meet the ear, all make one feel that he is in another world. Yet there are on every side evidences of a civilization that was old before that of European began, and even the languages contain the roots from which many of the words of most European tongues have sprung. The thick mattings and awnings hung over the windows and doors are evidences of the heat of the climate. Amid such surroundings many of the noblest trophies of missionary labour have been won.

### "TIME TO QUIT."

It is a great thing for people who use strong drink to know just when to quit, and to possess and act upon this knowledge makes all the difference between safety and destruction. There are people who can take care of themselves, and there are people who have found out that they cannot take care of themselves, but there are comparatively few who know just how far they can go and be safe, and just when to turn about and take the opposite course.

A recent paper tells of a man who once received wholesome instruction concerning this matter. He was a professional gentleman, living in the city, who one morning stepped into a saloon to get his customary drink. After passing the ordinary salutations with three or four loafers who were hanging about the place, he went up to the bar and called for "a whiskey," which was handed to him. As he filled the glass and was raising it to his lips, a miserable, wretched, drunken tramp stepped up beside him and said:

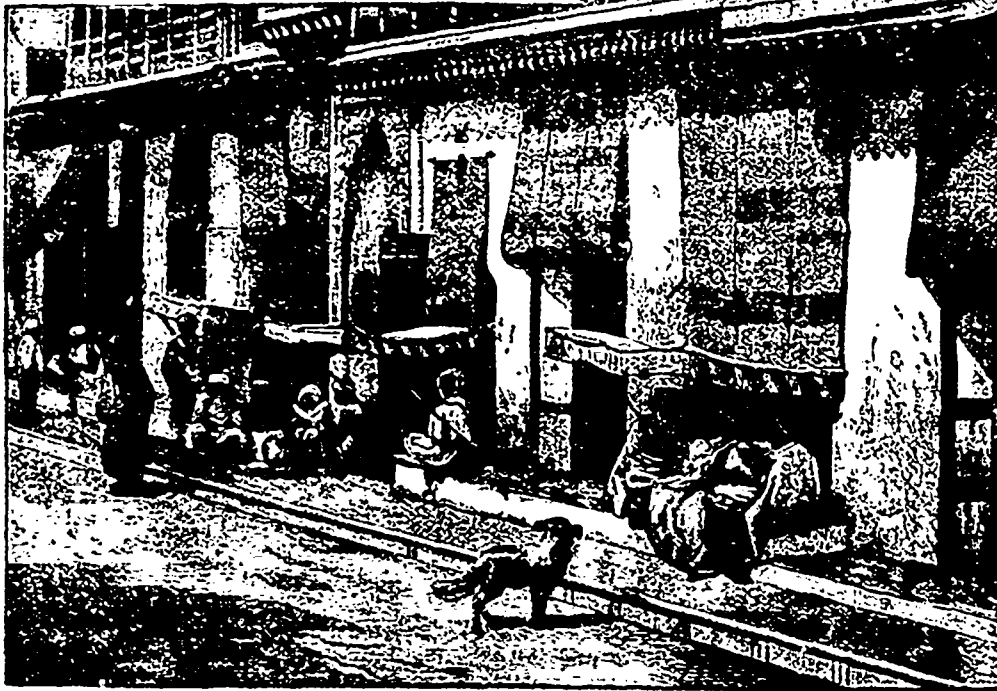
"Say, Squire, can't you give me a drink out of that bottle?" Not wishing to be annoyed by associates of that class, the gentleman roughly told him to go away and mind his own business. The tramp angrily replied that he need not be so cranky about the matter, for before he got to drinking he was just as respectable as he was, and wore as fine clothes as he did. "And what is more," said he, "I always know how to act the gentleman."

The gentleman stood a few moments eyeing the beggarly wretch from head to foot, noting with deep disgust his bloodshot eyes, his bloated face, his long unkempt hair, his filthy, ragged garments, and his mismatched boots, after which he said:

"Then it was drinking that made you an outcast from society and the miserable man that you are?"

"Yes," said the tramp.

"Then it is time for me to quit," said the gentleman, and pouring the glass of whiskey on the floor he turned and left the saloon, never to enter it again.



STREET SCENE, BENARES.

This lesson was enough for him, and such lessons are abundant everywhere. Through all the haunts of vice and dens of crime and infamy, as well as in the police courts, prisons, asylums, and almshouses, there are unnumbered examples of persons who might serve as warnings to people who are willing to be warned. Thousands and thousands who are to-day staggering down to dark, dishonoured graves, were intelligent, respectable, and honoured men before they were ensnared in the fatal coils of this deceptive and deadly vice. They were warned, they were cautioned, but they were self-confident

every one of those wrinkles would seem to be bright wavelets of sunshine chasing each other over the dear old face.

She will leave you one of these days. Those burdens, if not lifted from her shoulders, will break her down. There, there! Don't cry—she has not left you yet. She is down in the kitchen, stringing beans for dinner; and, if you feel so badly, you might go down and finish them, and let her change her dress and rest an hour before dinner. And after dinner take down her hair, and do it up for her. You need not wind it over your finger and

and heeded no admonitions, and so have gone on to their doom. Others are following them. When will they be warned? When will they learn to say, as they see the wreck and ruin wrought by intemperance upon others, "It is time for me to quit?" It is better yet never to begin.

## WHOLESOME WORDS FOR GIRLS.

COME here, Jenny, and sit down beside me, and let me give you a little talking to. I wish to speak to you of your mother. It may be you have noticed a care-worn look upon her face lately. Of course it has not been brought there by any act of yours; still, it is your duty to chase it away. I don't mean for you to run at it, and shake your skirts, and tell it to "shoo," as you would a hen; nor do I expect you to get on the other side of the fence and throw old oyster cans and pieces of barrel staves at it. But I want you to get up to-morrow morning and get breakfast prepared, and when your mother comes down and begins to express her surprise, go right up to her and kiss her on the mouth. You can't imagine how it will brighten up her dear old face!

Her face has more wrinkles than yours far more; and yet if you were sick that face would appear to you to be more beautiful than an angel's, as it hovered over you, watching every opportunity to minister to your comfort, and