

PLEASANT HOURS

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK.

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THE TIGER ESCAPED.

THOSE of our readers who have been through any large collections of wild animals kept alive in cages, can well imagine what a serious thing it is when one of these creatures escapes from his cage. Some of them are very difficult to manage, though as a rule even the fiercest of them get so used to their keeper that they allow him to enter the cage for the purpose of feeding or cleaning out. This does not mean, however, that the natural ferocity of their wild nature is subdued, but only that being well fed, their hunger for human flesh is not so strongly aroused. Besides this many men have a strange power over certain wild animals which most men do not possess.

The lions, tigers, panthers, etc., are caught alive in parts of India and then brought over in steamers and put into the great iron cages represented in the picture. On very rare occasions one of these creatures will manage to escape, and then the confusion among the crowd of visitors is terrible indeed. Often the escaped animal will get free into the country, and hiding during the day, will roam about at night committing great ravages among the farms and outlying villages. In our cut the size of the great tiger is well shown by the cat, which is evidently scared or angry at the intrusion. It is not much bigger than the creature's head alone, though the cat and the tiger are really members of the same class of animals. We hope no lives will be lost and that the tiger will be safely got back again into his cage.

WHY I DON'T DRINK.

BY T. H. LAWSON.

WHILE distributing tracts in a saloon recently, I was asked to drink something. I replied that I never drank liquor, and was asked "Why not?" This is my answer.

You ask me, friend, why I do not drink with you. Why I do not quaff the sparkling beverage that leaps and dances from your cut-glass bottles, into the shining crystal goblet upon your bar. Although in these few words I cannot give you all the reasons why I do not drink—for reason always says, "touch not the serpent of the still, for at the last it biteth like a serpent and stingeth like an adder"—I will give you enough reasons to faithfully answer your question.

Know, then, that I am a drunkard's boy. Measure, if you can, the heartache and sorrow I have felt, and still feel, over this dark, sad fact. Among my earliest recollections, when naught but joy and light should have been my lot, are recollections of sorrow and darkness, caused by the demon drink. The education and home comforts that I needed, to fit me for a useful life, have been denied me by this same prolific cause of ignorance and poverty.

I have a mother, a good, kind, Christian mother—God bless her! who was a drunkard's wife, and who, when the hand that should have guided our little home bark was unsteady from the effects of strong



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drink, has taken the helm herself, and through the storms, and rocks, and shoals, has kept a steady course for heaven. Measure, if you can, the heartache of that wife and mother, as she has watched the one who promised to love and protect her, go downward step by step, until he stepped into a drunkard's untimely grave, and she was left a drunkard's widow with seven fatherless children to care for. Measure, if you can, the feelings of that wife and family. Let me give you one incident.

In the State of Iowa, one cold, bleak, winter's day, mother was taken suddenly and seriously ill. Father was away a couple of miles at work. He was a brick mason and plasterer, and a good one, too. My eldest sister was then a child of twelve years of age, and there were four children younger than she in the family. Time came for father to return from his work, but he did not come. It grew dark, and still no signs

of his coming. One of those Iowa blizzards began to blow, and soon the air was filled with blinding snow and sleet. Time flew on. Eight o'clock, and still he did not come. The storm grows more fierce, and mother tosses upon her bed, and wonders if in the morning someone kicking through the drifting snow will not find the frozen body of husband and father, a lifeless piece of clay. The hours rush by. Ten o'clock, and still he does not come. Finally Emily decides to face the storm, and see if she cannot find him in the saloons. She wraps a shawl over her head and shoulders, and starts out to face the blinding storm. She reaches the saloon and pushes open the door, and to the saloon-keeper says, "Please, sir, is my papa here?" "No, child, go home, your father is not here," is the reply she receives from all. Wearily she plods her way home again, almost perishing with cold, and says, "Mamma, I could not find

him." She then throws herself upon the floor, near the fire, and falls into a fitful sleep. About midnight father comes home drunk. He sees the little one lying upon the floor, and staggering to her says, "Why, Emily darling, why are you lying here?" And in her sleep the little lips move, and this prayer goes up to God: "O, Jesus, don't let my papa drink any more." Ah! measure, if you can, the sorrow of that child, that made her old before she was young, and ask me why I, her brother, do not drink!

This is not an extraordinary experience. They are all around us. Drink robs the home of happiness. It plucks the roses from the cheeks of wives, and paints the white lilies of death in their place. It robs childhood of its joys, youth of its virtue, manhood of its strength, and old age of its glory. It makes the good man bad, the rich man poor, and the wise man a fool. It blights everything it touches. The man who sells liquor sells that which causes crime, poverty, insanity, and sickness. That is why I do not drink. O, man, why do you drink? There is help for you. The loving Saviour invites you to himself. He is able to save you and give you back your lost manhood. He is able to save to the uttermost all that come to him. Oh, hear his voice before liquor has blighted your prospects forever. Turn to Christ now, and will help you.

Liquor-sellers and drinkers, please take these words kindly. They are offered in honesty of purpose. Receive them honestly, and "Escape for thy life."

BURNED IN.

ONE of the beautiful arts much in favour at present, is that of painting on porcelain. In this sort of painting there is opportunity for displaying exquisite taste; but, in order to render the painting enduring, the porcelain must go into the fire, and the work of the artist must be burned in. This makes the figures and the coloring permanent, which may be looked upon with delight, and used for a good many years.

Thus it is in Christian experience. The image of Jesus may be drawn upon the soul accurately and perfectly; but the fire of the Holy Ghost must pass upon it to bring out the features perfectly, and the rich colors of the graces of the Spirit. The impurities of our nature, and the features of the carnal mind, are purged away with fire: then we are transformed into the image of the beloved Saviour, "the chiefest among ten thousand, and the one altogether lovely." The outer world, seeing us thus transformed, takes knowledge of us that "we have been with Jesus," and confesses that "every shape and every face is heavenly and divine." This is a salvation that amounts to something. Let it be burned in thoroughly.—*Standard.*

BIRDS of a feather generally flock together, but geese and ducks are found in diverse places.