

PLEASANT HOURS

PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK.

Vol. XVI.]

TORONTO, MARCH 14, 1896

[No. 11.]

The Drunkard's Raggit Wean.

Tune—"Castles in the Air."

A wee bit raggit laddie gangs wan'rin' thro' the street,
Wadin' 'mang the snow wi' his wee hacket feet,
Shiverin' i' the cauld blast, greetin' wi' the pain
Wha's the puir wee callan'? He's a drunkard's raggit wean.

He stau'n's at lika door, an' he keeks wi' wisfu' e'e
To see the crood aroun' the fire a lauchin' loud wi' glee;
But he daurna venture ben, though his heart be e'er sa' fain;
For he maunna play wi' i'ther bairns, the drunkard's raggit wean.

Oh, see the wee bit laddie, his heart is unco fou,
The sleet is blawin' cauld, and he's dronkit through and through;
He's splerin' for his mither, an' ho wun'ers whaur she's gane—
But, oh! his mither she forgets her puir wee raggit wean.

He kens nae faither's love, and he kens nae mither's care,
To soothe his wee bit sorrows, or kame his tautit hair,
To kiss him when he waukens, or smooth his bed at e'en,
An' oh! he fears his faither's face, the drunkard's raggit wean.

Oh! pity the wee laddie, sae gulleless an' sae young,
The oath that lea's his faither's lip 'll settle on his tongue;
An' sinfu' words his mither speaks, his infant lips 'll stain,
For, oh! there's nane to guide the bairn, the drunkard's raggit wean.

Then surely we micht try an' turn that sinfu' mither's heart,
An' try to get his faither to act a faither's part,
An' mak' them lea' the drunkard's cup an' never taste again,
An' cherish wi' a parent's care, their puir wee raggit wean.

—Montreal Witness.

DRINK'S DOINGS.

Archdeacon Farrar, in a sermon preached by him in Westminster Abbey, thus refers to the increase of walf-life in London:

"London has 7,400 streets, extending to 260 miles. Its area is swept by a radius of fifteen miles. It has 4,500,000 souls in its crowded space. The common lodging-houses have 27,000 inhabitants, and into them drift the social wreckage of every class.

"There is an army of 100,000 paupers. There are hundreds of deserted children, who are prowling about in the markets, the slums, and the railway arches. The increase of population means the increase mainly of its squalour, its wretchedness, and its guilt. The increase is mainly among the destitute—an increase ten per cent. more rapid in the slums and rookeries than in the parks and squares! It is an increase of a pauper class, living on alms and rates and odd jobs, in the misery of a chronic indigence and the renascence of a godless despair!

"It is the gin-sloz and the streets, which, through our frow and our callous indifference and worldliness, have made them what they are, and have wrecked all that splendid immortality. . . . When God returns to judgment, will he not ask us questions about these things? Will Christ smile approval at this wholesale rula of those for whom he died?"

This state of things has its counterpart in New York and other large cities on this continent. Even in Toronto, the class described by Archdeacon Farrar has largely increased—and may continue to increase—with the growth of the city. In spite of the generous efforts and increase of our private charities to keep it in check. Other institutions of a remedial and preventive character are required to meet these special needs of the city.

fleet-footed messengers to arouse the neighbours, most of whom were miles away. In an incredibly short time a rescue party was formed and a definite plan of procedure adopted.

If any one should find the child a signal gun was to be fired, three shots in quick succession if alive, two if dead, and those of the party within hearing were to respond, each by a single shot, thereby passing the news along till it

men gathered at the one of the nearly distracted parents, partook of simple refreshments, held a brief consultation, sent to adjoining townships for reinforcements, and then with even more intensity of purpose, went forth to renew the search.

Late in the afternoon, as one of the men was picking his way around a fallen tree he was halted by a plaintive cry, and the words: "Mr. Warner, have you anything to eat in your pocket?"

Bang! Bang! Bang! Found and alive, rang out the blessed tidings. At once, from all quarters were heard the answering guns until the wide old forest was vocal with joy.

Yes, the poor child, cold and hungry, his little bare feet, limbs and hands cruelly torn and swollen, was found and alive.

No wonder his sister fainted, and his mother was so paralyzed with joy that she could no other move, speak nor weep, when he was tenderly brought to them. Nor was it strange that as the good news flew from cabin to cabin throughout the settlement, it prompted both merrymaking and devout thanksgiving.

Two generations ago! That little boy, if still living, is an old man. The unutterable anguish of those who loved him, the neighbourly sympathy and heroic efforts in his behalf are all of the past.

But have there been no lost children during the last sixty-four years? Boys and girls from other than log-cabin homes, who have wandered out in their sweet springtime and found, whichever way they turn d, in city or country, the allurements of vice, the drinking customs of society, and always and everywhere the open saloon? Have not thousands and thousands of such been so cruelly wounded, bewildered and discouraged that they have never found their way home?

We see them every day, hungry of heart, deserted by friends, their fortunes wasted, characters scarred, and hopes for time and eternity blasted.

If every mother could but feel her boy's danger. If every intelligent citizen and wise statesman would but hear and heed the cry, "The children of the Republic are being lost—everybody to the rescue!" how the torchlights of truth would flash through the wilderness of sin, not only for the rescue of those already astray, but for the discovery and destruction of society's most deadly foe, the saloon.

Then might the drink curse be banished from our beloved land, and the paths to happiness, usefulness and honour be made safe and pleasant for little feet.

God give us men good enough and brave enough to say by word and deed, "The children shall not be lost."—Union Signal.



DRINK'S DOINGS.

TO THE RESCUE

BY HANNA A. FOSTER.

"A child lost! every man to the rescue!" was the cry which startled the inmates of Wesley Hulet's log cabin one morning in the early spring of 1830.

The man who had so excitedly announced his errand had come from Columbia, Lorain county, Ohio, to Abbeville, Medina county. His horse was reeking with sweat; every moment was precious. A few hurried sentences sufficed to tell the story.

A little boy, six or seven years of age, had left his home the previous morning to go to the sugar camp where his brothers were boiling down sap. When the brothers returned home at evening and it was learned that he had not been to the sugar camp at all during the day there was a scene of sore distress and wild excitement. Hickory torches were soon a-flame, and out into the night sped

should reach the entire party. The dense forests were at that time infested with bears, wolves, and wildcats, and the treacherous wail of the panther was sometimes heard in the vicinity of the clearings. The lost child was poorly clad; his jacket and trousers of coarse homespun were old and patched, and his feet were bare, for shoes, especially for children, were luxuries not easily attainable.

Hour after hour men and boys, with the kindness and courage which characterized the pioneers of those times, carrying their loaded guns and followed by their faithful dogs, made their way through brush and bramble, up and down hills, crossing gullies and wading ice-bordered creeks, too full of neighbourly sympathy and anxiety to take any note of danger or fatigue. So passed the night. Morning came, and the signal gun had not been fired.

According to previous agreement, the

A BILLION DOLLARS.

The liquor traffic costs the people of the United States over a billion dollars a year, which largely comes out of the pockets of the workingmen. This billion dollars is worse than wasted; for it brings nothing but woe, crime, misery, pauperism, and death. Every dollar of the billion goes to support the most gigantic monopoly which ever cursed a nation. This billion of dollars, if spent for food, clothing, and other necessities of life, would do away with three-fourths of the poverty, crime, and misery which now desolate the land. Here is a chance for the political papers of the country, that think a billion dollars of some account, to rally to the temperance reform, which, if triumphant, would bring untold blessing to the tolling millions of America. May God hasten this day.—National Temperance Advocate.