

# PLEASANT HOURS

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK.

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## Sparkling and Bright.

Sparkling and bright, in its liquid light,  
Is the water in our glasses;  
'Twill give us health, 'twill give you  
wealth,  
Ye lads and rosy lasses!

Chorus—

Oh, then, resign your ruby wine,  
Each smiling son and daughter,  
There's nothing so good for the youth-  
ful blood,  
Or as sweet as the sparkling water.

Better than gold is the water cold,  
From the crystal fountain flowing;  
A calm delight, both day and night,  
To happy homes bestowing.

Sorrow has fled from hearts that bled  
Of the weeping wife and mother,  
cup.

Son, husband, daughter, mother,  
They have given up the poison'd

## FATHER MATHEW.

Father Theobald Mathew, known as "The Apostle of Temperance," was born in Tipperary, Ireland, October 10th, 1790. Educated for the Roman Catholic priesthood, he was ordained at Dublin in 1814. From Dublin he went to Kilkenny and Cork, making the latter place his permanent home. It was while he was at Cork that he began his great work in the cause of temperance. Seeing that half-way measures would not serve, he instituted total abstinence societies, and went about the country urging people to join them.

His success was marvelous. In nine months he enrolled no less than one hundred and fifty thousand names. This was only the beginning of his efforts to save his fellowmen from the curse of drink. From the year 1838 until his death, he gave most of his time and strength to the cause of total abstinence. He had not merely an eloquence which won him the rapt attention of great crowds, but possessed a moral influence over those who listened to him which it seemed impossible for them to resist. In Ireland he was looked upon as a saint, and people of all religious names regarded him with veneration. Nor were his labours restricted to Ireland. He visited England at different times, and always with the greatest success. He spent two years (1849-1851) in this country, and was of great service to temperance workers here. So faithful and unselfish was he, that he became heavily involved in debt; though Queen Victoria somewhat relieved this by giving him a pension of fifteen hundred dollars a year. He died in 1856, worn out with toils and cares. Few lives have been more useful.

It is probable that he was the means of the rescue of millions from intemperance and its evil consequences. Let us give him the honour due him, though we may not like the fact that he was in the priesthood of the Roman Catholic Church.

## "TURNED OUT RIGHT FOR ONCE."

BY JESSIE E. WRIGHT.

"Arthur was so smart  
He couldn't keep it in—  
He said that drinkin' beer  
Was a tremenjous sin."

"Come on, fellows, and leave that  
preachin' cad alone! He makes me  
sick!"

"Arthur's no cad—he's stronger'n you  
for his age," put in one boy, rather  
weakly.

"So you've got it, too, have you?  
Let's leave 'em, fellows! Here's a nice  
skiff; we'll go up to Crow's Island, and  
I've got a little keg of beer, and we'll  
have a regular blow-out!"

"It'll make us drunk, won't it?" said  
one boy, horrified at the daring of the  
proposal.

"Oh, you little dunce! Have some  
pluck! I'm treatin' 'cause I got that  
place with old Horton. Art, there, is  
mad and jealous 'cause he didn't get it.  
Come on, I say!" and Joe Cooper walked  
with a roll and a swagger to the flat-  
bottomed boat he called a "skiff," the  
other boys jumped in, and they rowed  
down the stream, watched gloomily by  
Arthur.

Arthur did feel sort of mad and jeal-  
ous. Several boys had applied for the  
office-boy's place with Mr. Horton. Joe  
Cooper was the largest boy and he was  
chosen.

"All bosh, those everlastin' stories  
about an employer looking at a boy's  
finger-nails, and watching him pick up

Ain't gona' to be bossed by nobody!"  
asserted Joe, and he began to sing a  
rowdy song. Mr. Horton's family were  
having a picnic on Crow's Island in  
honour of Robbie Horton's seventh  
birthday, and they were much an-  
noyed when some rough boys landed  
at the cove.

When the singing began Mr. Horton  
walked down to put a stop to it. He  
stepped around the bank and saw his  
office-boy elect holding a cigar in one  
hand, a tin cup of beer in the other, and  
shouting at the top of his voice.

"Well," thought Mr. Horton, "is that  
what I hired! Just because he was larger!  
Ought to have taken that Arthur, I  
guess."

Joe stopped singing as a thought of  
Arthur crossed his mind.

"That little preachin' Arthur Ball—

## WHO IS THE CRIMINAL?

A ragged, shivering little boy was  
brought before a magistrate for stealing  
a loaf of bread from a grocer's window.  
The grocer himself was the informer.  
The judge was about to pass sentence  
on the little wretch, when a kind lawyer  
offered the following considerations in  
mitigation of his offence:

"The child," he said, "was the eldest  
of a miserable group; their father lies  
low in a drunkard's grave. This morn-  
ing, when the act was committed, the  
mother lay drunk on the floor, and her  
children were crying around her for  
bread. The elder boy, unable to bear  
such misery any longer, rushed from the  
hovel, resolved to obey that paramount  
law of nature which teaches us the prin-  
ciple of self-preservation, even in dis-  
regard to the law of the land.

He seized the penny loaf from the  
grocer's window, and returning to  
that wretched home, spread the  
unexpected morsel before his  
hungry brothers, and bade them  
'eat and live.' He did not eat  
himself. No. Consciousness of  
the crime, and fear of detection,  
furnished a more engrossing feel-  
ing than that of hunger. The  
last morsel was scarcely swal-  
lowed before the officer of justice  
entered the door. The little thief  
was pointed out by the grocer,  
and he was conducted before the  
public tribunal.

"In the midst of such misery as  
this," said the kind-hearted  
lawyer, "with the motive of this  
little criminal before us, there is  
something to soften the heart of  
man, though I deny not that the  
act is a penal offence. But the  
tale is by no means told. This  
little circle, now utterly fallen  
and forlorn, is the wreck of a  
family once prosperous, temperate,  
frugal, industrious, and happy.  
The father, strange as it may ap-  
pear, was once a professor of reli-  
gion. The very first drop of  
that accursed tincture of destruc-  
tion which conducted him through  
the path of corruption to the  
grave, was handed him by this  
very grocer, who now pursues the  
starving child of his former vic-  
tim for stealing a penny loaf.  
The farm became encumbered,  
the community turned its back  
upon the miserable victim of in-  
temperance—the church expelled  
him from its communion—the wife  
sought refuge in the same tremen-  
dous remedy for all distract-  
ing care, an oblivion of her do-  
mestic misery. Home became a  
hell whose only outlet was the  
grave.

"All this aggregate of human  
wretchedness," said the lawyer,  
"was produced by this very  
grocer. He has murdered the  
father—he has brutalized the  
mother—he has beggared the chil-  
dren—he has taken possession of

the farm—and now prosecutes the child  
for stealing a loaf to keep his brothers  
from starving!

"But—all this is lawful and right—that  
is, it is according to law. He has stood  
upon his license. The theft of a penny  
loaf by a starving boy, where his father  
laid down the last farthing for rum, is  
a penal offence!"—Amen.

A certain boy, who had been taught  
the nature of strong drink, and who had  
promised ever to shun it, was sent to a  
school the master of which was not a  
teetotaler. One day the master, being  
in a friendly mood, offered the boy a  
glass of wine, which he declined.  
Wishing to see how far he could be  
tempted, he urged the boy to drink the  
wine, and finally promised him the gift  
of a watch if he would only drink. The  
boy declined, saying, "Please don't  
tempt me; if I keep a teetotaler I can  
some day buy a watch of my own; but if  
I drink and take your watch I may later  
on have to pawn it to get bread." That  
answer taught the schoolmaster a lesson  
which he never forgot.



FATHER MATHEW.

a pin, and smelling tobacco on him,"  
growled Arthur as he kicked stones into  
the river. "There's that Joe Cooper—  
ain't a boy don't know what he is!  
Swears, and cheats at marbles, and talks  
dirty, and smokes, and here he is start-  
ing off with beer on a regular spree!  
No use bein' good. I might just as well  
gone along and had a racket too—might  
just as well learn to smoke and be nasty  
like the whole kit and caboodle of 'em!  
I'd like to, so there, if it wouldn't make  
mother so almighty tired! Well—don't  
suppose I'll stay a boy all my life"—  
and he walked on down the stream,  
keeping the boat in sight. He could  
hear the boys in the boat and recognized  
an occasional oath from Joe, who was  
trying to show off, and was acting much  
worse than usual. They reached the  
cove Joe had indicated and leaped out  
on the bit of beach.

"Now for the beer and we'll all have a  
smoke!"

"I think there's a picnic on the island,"  
said one boy.

"Who cares! we got a right here!  
We'll raise Cain and drive 'em out!

settin' up in morals and manners agin  
me! 'Tain't virtue gits the cake! Just  
wasn't he ravin' this morning when that  
old fool of a Horton took me!" Joe  
noticed that one of the smaller boys was  
as white as a sheet, and following his  
glance, he saw Mr. Horton standing look-  
ing at him.

"Allow me to inform you that you  
need not come to my office to-morrow,"  
said Mr. Horton freezingly. "You boy  
there, empty that beer into the river!  
Every one of you get into that boat!—  
Now go!"

Without a word the boys climbed into  
the boat and started.

On the other bank Arthur came out to  
view the scene.

Mr. Horton saw him.

"Is that you, Arthur Ball?"

"Yes, sir."

"Come to my office to-morrow at nine,"  
and Mr. Horton went back up the path,  
while Arthur said, "I do row! Turned  
out right for once! Virtue rewarded  
—but such virtue, Arthur Ball—you a-  
wishing you were in that very crowd—  
I'm clear ashamed of you!"