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PLEASANT HOURS

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK

ENLARGED SERIES.—VOL. IV.

TORONTO, JUNE 28, 1884.

No. 13.

ON TO VICTORY.

REV. JOHN A. McMILLAN.

YE sons of liberty!
Ye who would your country free,
From its hated enemy,
On to victory!

Now's the day and now's the hour!
Stand like men who never cower!
See the cursed rum-tien's power,
Worse than slavery!

Who would be a party slave?
Who would be a traitor knave?
Who would dig a drunkard's grave?
Let him turn and flee!

Who's for God and native land?
Who for home and hearth would stand?
Who would now the traffic brand?
Let him vote with me!

best thing that can be done with the vicious beast in the picture, which has destroyed so many lives, and ravaged so many homes, would be to cut his ugly head off. This we hope that total prohibition of the liquor traffic will shortly do. In the meantime the next best thing is to keep it tightly chained by the firm restrictions of the Crooks Act. The rumsellers are making desperate efforts to have the prohibition of sales on Saturday night removed; and when they can, evade them and sell on Sunday as well. Let the Act be rigidly enforced till we get a better one. Such is the voice of the General Conference, and such should be our effort.

do, so he hastened up to Salem, where his son lived, and tried by prayer and entreaty to turn him from his shameful work. Although the son seemed touched by his aged father's appeal, yet he went on with his vile traffic as before. The old gentleman now tried to buy his saloon, offering him the sum of two thousand dollars, which was all the money he had in the world.

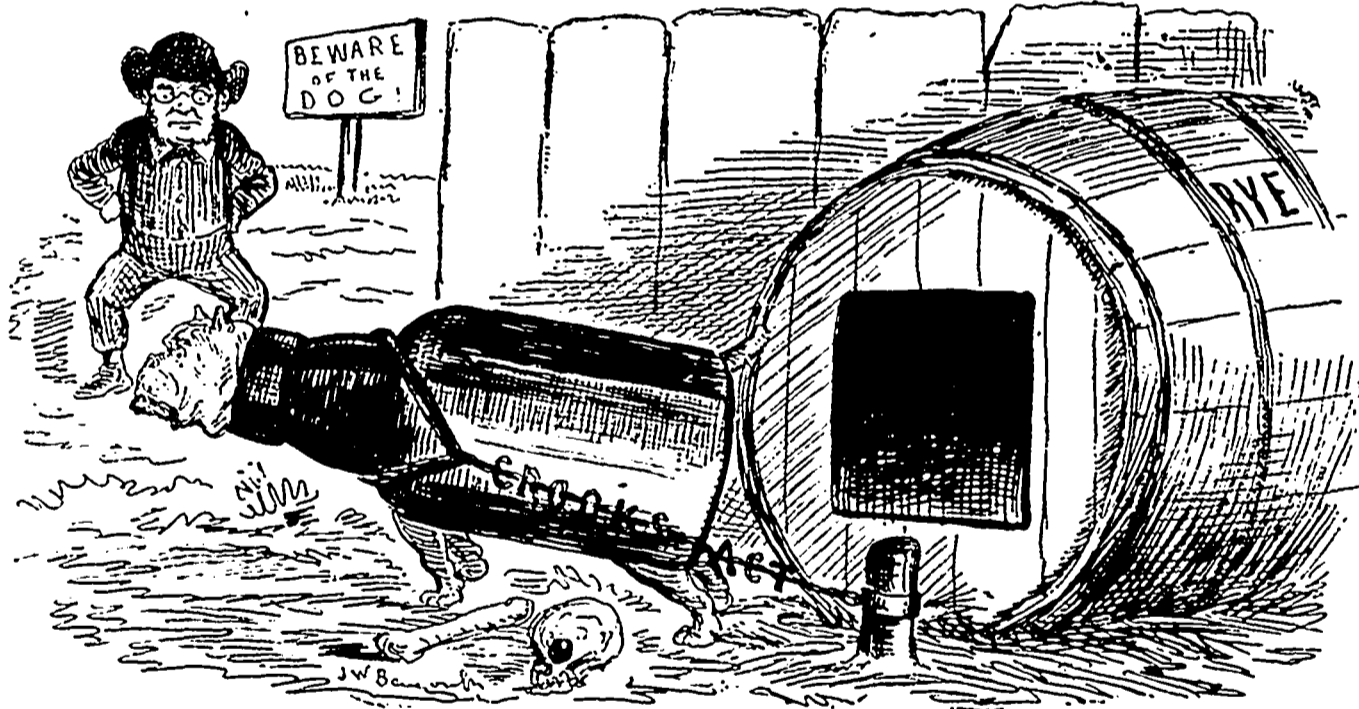
"You don't want to run this thing yourself, do you, father?" said the son, in a mirthful tone.

"Yes, if you'll let me have it, I'll run it off the face of the earth," was the old gentleman's ready reply. But the son would not sell, and the old gentleman's next move was to follow

them and the subtle poison that robbed them of strength and will!

"Don't come here!" said the old man, as they attempted to pass him. "It's the gateway to death and destruction; think of—" "I'm thinking of a drink just now!" yelled an old toper in an angry tone, and as he said this he caught the old man by the arm and threw him on the pavement with great force.

Before the bar-tender could realize what was being done, he saw his father lying bleeding and senseless on the sidewalk. He was over the counter and out of the saloon in a moment, and picking his father up, he carried him tenderly across the street to a doctor's



DON'T LET THE DOG LOOSE.

See oppressions, woes and pains!
See your sons in servile chains!
See! the curse our life-blood drains!
But we shall be free!

O'er our homes must rum gloat!
Rise and grasp the monster's throat!
Liberty's in every vote!
On to victory!

DON'T LET THE DOG LOOSE.

It is an ugly brute, isn't it? But not a bit uglier than the hideous whiskey traffic it represents. The picture reminds us of Bunyan's description of Giants Pope and Pagan sitting at the mouth of their cave among the bones of their victims, and growling with rage that they cannot get at the pilgrims in the king's highway, as they used to. The

HOW A SALOON WAS CLOSED.

BY LYDIA A. HERKETT.

"MY son a saloon-keeper! dealing out draughts of poison, death and destruction to his fellow-men. O, that I have lived to see this day!"

The speaker was an old gray-haired man of eighty years, who had tried to bring up his children to be respectable men and women; and to a certain extent he had succeeded. But now when he was so near life's setting sun, this bitter knowledge must be thrust upon him, to rob him of that calm content which the aged Christian alone can feel when all is well. The love of God was strong within him, and he felt that there was still a work for him to

do. his son up town the next morning, and when the saloon door was unlocked, he stationed himself, with cane in hand, in the doorway. The saloon was on the corner, and men began to flock around it as bees do around the hive; but the old man who stood there, leaning heavily on his cane, with sadness depicted on every lineament of his kind old face, his hair white as the snow, presented such a sad picture of age and helplessness, that the would-be tipplers turned away in shame.

But there was another class of debauchees who were not able to be out so early in the morning as the former. They came at last, with unsteady step and blood-shot eyes. What did they care for this little old man, who stood as a barrier between

office. Seeing that he would receive proper attention, he rushed out of the office, like a lion let loose in its rage, hurrying hither and thither in search of the villain who had committed the outrage; but this monster in human form was not to be found, and it was well for him that he could not. The old gentleman was soon restored to consciousness. There was a slight cut on his temple. This and the shock that he sustained to his nervous system, rendered him incapable for a time. But when he was again able to be out, he took his stand in the saloon-door again, saying to his son:

"I shall stand here until I am again thrust out, or, if need be, until I drop dead in my tracks, if God so wills it." The saloon was closed.

SONG OF THE DRINK.

BY MRS. F. M. TERWILLIGER.

WITH garments faded and worn,
With eyes that with weeping were
red,

A woman sat till the hours of morn,
Waiting his coming with dread.
Wait! wait! wait!
Till the heart is ready to sink,
And still in a sad, despairing tone,
She sang the song of the Drink.

"Drink! drink! drink!
While the sun is rising high,
And drink! drink! drink!
Till the stars are in the sky.
It is oh! to be carried in strife
Away by some barbarous band,
Rather than live, a drunkard's wife,
In the midst of this Christian land.

"Drink! drink! drink!
Till the brain is all on fire,
Drink! drink! drink!
Till he wallows in the mire.
Rum, and brandy, and gin,
Gin, and brandy, and rum,
Till down the gutter he falls asleep;
And I wait,—but he does not come.

"O men, enriched by the drink,
Men whose coffers are filling up,
Not drunk alone are you dealing out,
But a skeleton in the cup.
You sell! sell! sell!
Though its victims downward sink,
Swallowing at once, with a double gulp,
Grim Death as well as a drink.

"But what is there fearful in death?
To me it would be a relief,
And better far for my little ones
Were their time on earth but brief.
They suffer with pinching cold,
They supperless go to bed.
Ah me! so much for the father's drink,
And so little for children's bread.

"Drink! drink! drink!
The thirst is still the same.
And what does it cost? An aching head,
A weakened trembling frame;
A comfortless home, where cowering forms
Shrink from his presence with fear;
A body debased, a polluted soul,
And no hope the dark future to cheer.

"Drink! drink! drink!
Each day, and all day long.
To drink! drink! drink!
A captive fast and strong.
Gin, and brandy, and rum,
Rum, and brandy, and gin,
Till the heart is hardened, the reason be-
dimmed,
And the conscience seared to sin.

"Down! down! down!
With none to pity or save,
Down! down! down!
Into a drunkard's grave,
While the busy, thoughtless world
Goes whirling, flaunting by,
With never a thought of the soul that's lost,
Or the widow's and orphan's cry.

"O but to grasp once more
The hand of friendship sweet,
To feel again that human hearts
With sympathy can beat.
O but once more to know
The happiness I knew
When the light of love was in his eyes,
And his heart was brave and true.

"O but for once again,
That welcome voice to hear,
That used with kindly words to greet
His wife and children dear.
Smiles and caresses then were ours,
But curses, now, and blows.
O the bitter life of a drunkard's wife,
No one but a drunkard's wife knows."

With garments faded and worn,
And eyes that with weeping were red,
A woman sat the hours of morn,
Waiting his coming with dread.
Wait! wait! wait!
While the heart is ready to sink,
And still, with a sad, despairing mean,
(O that its desolate, heart-rending tone
Could reach and soften each heart of stone!)
She sang this Song of the Drink.
—The Morning and Day of Reform.

WHY is a frog like some men
opposed to Prohibition?—Because he
is a croaker.

HOW MR. ISHAM CHANGED
HIS MIND.

BY MRS. ANNIE A. PRESTON.

MR. WILLIAM ISHAM was
a wealthy New York grain
dealer, who had come up
into New England, and
bought a quiet summer re-
treat for himself and family
—a large and picturesque
hill farm, whereon were a
trout brook, a pickerel pond,
partridge coverts, and a substantial,
roomy house, quite comfortable, though
somewhat old, and large enough to
accommodate the parties he annually
brought up with him from the city for
the hunting and the fishing.

Mr. Isham was a pleasant, social
man, who always had a cheery word
for his new rural neighbours, and
asked so many questions about farming
stock and crops that he became very
popular in that region.

One mild April morning, as his
neighbour, Farmer Stoddard, was driv-
ing past "Isham Farm," as the rich
merchant's was called thereabouts, he
was surprised to see the owner come
bowing and smiling towards the gate.
"I ran up from New York last night
to see if it was beginning to thaw out
here," he said, "and to carry out a
little project which I have had in my
head all winter. I have thought that,
in a place like this, some sort of busi-
ness that would make a local market
for the products of the neighbouring
farms, would be a great benefit to the
owners. It has occurred to me that
I would put up two or three cider
mills and a distillery or two over on
Stony Brook. That would make a
demand for all the superfluous grain
hereabouts, as well as for all the apples
which I hear are frequently left in
great quantities on the ground to decay
in the numerous orchards."

"There were cider mills and a dis-
tillery here in town when I was a lad,"
replied Farmer Stoddard, gravely.

"Is that so?" queried Mr. Isham,
still chirk and pleasant in his manner.

"Did they do a good business?"
"I will show you what they did if
you will step into my buggy and ride
with me two or three miles out to my
brother's."

"All right," replied Mr. Isham.
"I am glad to go with you. I thought
I would speak to a few of the leading
farmers about this project of mine, and
you are the first one I have met since
my return. I don't know that I have
ever met your brother whom you are
taking me to see."

"Quite likely not," replied Mr.
Stoddard. "He owns a farm in a
retired locality in the north part of
the town. He was chosen overseer of
the poor at our last town meeting, and
all our paupers are now quartered
there. Here we are," said the intelli-
gent, thrifty farmer, as he drew up
his sleek bay filly in front of a long,
low, red house, on the south side of
which a dozen or so wretched samples
of humanity were out sunning them-
selves. They looked tolerably clean
and well kept, but were very decrepit,
and gazed out from sore, red eyes set
in very sodden and blotched faces.
Two, one man and one woman, were
insane. The woman, who was known
as "Aunt Huldah," was greatly taken
with the handsome, finely-dressed,
portly city man, and ran after him, as
he, Mr. Stoddard, walked through the
door-yard towards the large barns,

calling on her fellow-paupers to "see
what a beautiful lover" had come for
her at last.

"Poor, demented creature!" said
Mr. Isham pityingly, as he passed
through a gateway and escaped from
her repeated and vehement protesta-
tions of affection.

"It is a sorrowful sight, indeed,"
said Mr. Stoddard. "She lived near
the distillery I was speaking to you
about. In those, her younger days,
she used to board the help then em-
ployed about it. By degrees she her-
self came to like the cider brandy
made there, and of which nearly every-
body in the vicinity drank as freely as
of water. Finally the doctors said her
brain had become paralyzed. She is
harmless, and so is kept here rather
than at the asylum, where, for a year
or two, she was homesick and very
unhappy. She has no near relatives
and, of course, no property.

"This is Captain Ball, one of our
former businessmen," continued Farmer
Stoddard pausing before a thin, bent,
pallid-faced old man, who was sawing
wood in a weakly way, in front of the
woodshed. "When I was a boy the
captain carried on a driving business."

"Yes, yes, to be sure," spoke up the
poor creature, in a wheezing voice,
vainly endeavouring to straighten him-
self up. "I owned a distillery and
did do a driving business, and no
mistake—but somehow I lost money.
My wife used to say I was the best
wholesale customer I had. Perhaps I
was, for I never went dry in those days
—although I've had to since I came
here. He! he! A good many folks
used to say that the old still was no
benefit to the town. Perhaps it wasn't,
but I made a market for what was
raised about here. I tell you, I made
a prime article of cider brandy, and
corn whiskey, too; yet there were
always some folks in town that cursed
me for it."

"Where are the men who worked
for you in your distillery, your neigh-
bours who had money invested in it,
and those in this region who were the
largest consumers of your fine brands
of whiskey and cider brandy?" asked
Farmer Stoddard in his grave, quiet
way.

"He! he!" sickly laughed the
captain again. "Those who are not in
the burying ground are here, waiting
to be carried there."

"It is a fact," said Overseer Stoddard,
coming up now and greeting his brother,
and, after an introduction, Mr. Isham,
"that every one of these 'boarders' of
mine here was brought hither directly
or indirectly by that old distillery. That
little hunchback girl over there by the
door is a grandchild of the old captain
with whom you were just now talking.
His only son married a daughter of
'Aunt Huldah.' They were both
burned to death one midnight not
many years ago, through the careless-
ness of the drunken husband, who set
the house on fire. That poor little
creature, who was badly mutilated by
burns, but was saved alive, is the
unfortunate offspring of that union.
Oh, it was hell upon earth over there
in the 'Still village,' when I was a boy!
At last the more respectable part of
the community would stand such work
no longer, and one dark night the
distillery was levelled to the ground.
The old captain there was promptly
and fully paid for his loss—in fact,
much more than the property was
worth—but he soon drank up the

money, as well as the rest of his
property, and he and his sole living
descendant are here to-day."

"I am a man of the world, and have
seen some of the ill-effects of rum in
my day, especially in the various forms
that come across one's path in a great
city, but not exactly in this light,"
said Mr. Isham, as he and Farmer
Stoddard were driving homeward. "I
like this old town, however, and really
want to do something to benefit it in
the way of business."

"Build a cheese factory for us,"
suggested Farmer Stoddard.

"Good!" cried Mr. Isham. "And
what is more, I will start a vinegar-
making establishment. Your rich
Vermont cheese and pure cider vinegar
will find a ready market in New York."

And so to-day the gracious cereals
that are raised in the fertile meadows
and plains in the old town of W—,
feed the sleek, Juno-eyed cows that
graze on the rich pasture fields of its
hillsides, and the luscious milk goes
into the best of cheese; while the cart-
loads of apples that were formerly left
to decay in the large and prolific
orchards, are utilized by the vinegar
factory. The farmers are more pros-
perous than ever, and bless the day
when the wealthy New York merchant
first came to pass his summer there,
and put a little vim into them, withal.
They are also thankful for good Farmer
Stoddard's instrumentality in biasing
Mr. Isham's business projects to their
benefit.—Church and Home.

THE FOOL'S PENCE.

A POORLY-DRESSED man,
whose looks plainly showed
that he was a good customer
at the saloon, was one day complimen-
ting the mistress of a fine gin-palace
which she had newly fitted up. He
praised the chairs, the paper, the lamps,
and even her gay attire. Through the
open door he caught a glimpse of the
gay parlor where her daughter was
drumming on the piano. He could
not see how she could afford it, and
asked, "How do you manage?" She
looked scornfully around upon the
group of half-starved tipplers who had
just come in, and answered: "Tis the
fool's pence that does it all."

One of the men, more manly than
the rest, was struck with the answer,
and, contrasting her surroundings with
those of his own home, mentally
resolved he would be a fool no longer,
for his pence hereafter should go to
his wife, and not in her till. He left
the saloon and never entered it again.

THE SCOTT ACT FIGHT.

A T recent meeting of brewers,
distillers, and others con-
cerned in the liquor traffic,
between \$30,000 and \$40,000 was sub-
scribed to a fund established for the
purpose of fighting the Scott Act in
the coming campaign. Of this money,
Mr. George Gooderham, head of the
firm of Gooderham & Worts, subscribed
\$10,000. A rumour has gained circula-
tion to the effect that the brewers
and distillers will press the Dominion
Government to bring on the Scott Act
elections not all upon the same day, as
it is understood they will be petitioned
for, but in groups of four or five coun-
ties at a time. The object of this
would be to enable the liquor interest
to concentrate its forces.

"FOR GOD'S SAKE, SAVE THE BOYS."

A hard drinker of many years said, as he signed the pledge: "I won't do any good; I can't reform; it's too late; but for God's sake, save the boys!"

LIKE Dives in the depths of hell,
I cannot break this fearful spell,
Nor quench the fires I've madly nursed,
Nor cool this fiery raging thirst.
Take back your pledge, ye come too late;
Ye cannot save me from my fate,
Nor bring me back departed joys,
But ye can try and save the boys.

Ye hid me break my fiery chain,
Arise, and be a man again,
When every street with snares is spread,
And nets of sin where'er I tread.
No, I must reap as I did sow,
The seeds of sin bring crops of woe;
But with my latest breath I'll crave
That ye will try the boys to save.

These bloodshot eyes were once so bright
This sin-crushed heart was glad and light;
But by the wine-cup's ruddy glow
I traced a path to shame and woe.
A captive to my galling chain,
I've tried to rise, but tried in vain;
The cup allures, and then destroys,
Oh, from its thraldoms save the boys!

Take from your streets those traps of hell
Into whose gilded snares I fell.
Oh! freeman, from those foul decoys,
Arise and vote to save the boys.
And ye who licence men to trade
In draughts that charm and then degrade,
Before you hear the cry: "Too late!"
Oh! save the boys from my sad fate!

—*Union Signal.*

BILLY MYERS' MARE.

ONE day, Mr. Hunt, the temperance lecturer, was making a hard assault on rum drinking, in a neighbourhood where a Dutch distiller named "Billy Myers" was a sort of king. This man was present and continually interrupting the speaker by saying in a loud voice: "Mr. Hunt, money makes the mare go!" At first this raised a laugh which Mr. Hunt took in good nature.

At last he stopped for a personal colloquy with his tormentor, and said: "Look here, Mr. Myers, you say money makes the mare go, and you mean that I lecture on temperance for money, don't you?"

"Yes, that is what I mean, Mr. Hunt."

"Well, Mr. Myers, you carry on a distillery, and you do it for money, don't you?"

"To be sure I do, Mr. Hunt; money makes the mare go."

"And so, Mr. Myers, you say I have a mare, and you have a mare also; suppose we trot them out together, and see how they compare?"

The meeting was in a grove, and the sharp lecturer knew a thing or two, and so the old distiller found out; for Mr. Hunt pointed to a young fellow who was quite drunk, and was steadying himself by a tree, and said:

"Mr. Myers, who is that young fellow?"

The distiller started as if stung, as he answered:

"That is my son."

"Your son, is he, Mr. Myers! He has been riding your mare and got thrown, hasn't he?"

"And who is that young fellow sitting so drunk on that log out there?"

The distiller uttered an exclamation of real pain, as he said:

"That is my son, too."

"He is, is he?" said Mr. Hunt;

"I guess he has been riding your mare, also, and she has kicked up and thrown him over her head, hasn't

she? Your mare must be a vicious, dangerous brute, isn't she, Mr. Myers?"

The distiller could not stand it any longer, but said:

"Look here, Mr. Hunt, I won't say another word if you will let me off."

Billy Myers' mare is a very dangerous beast. She steps off very gaily at first, but she is sure to kick up before you are through with her. The man who starts out on that beast is pretty sure to come home on foot, if he comes home at all, which is by no means certain. Don't ride Billy Myers' mare.

—*Boston Christian.*

PARRY SOUND.

FROM the English *Alliance Journal* we take the following: No one can purchase or transfer property in Parry Sound without subscribing to the doctrine of prohibition; and thus Mr. Beatty (the founder of the settlement) has, with one stroke of the pen, given to his town the great boon of entire prohibition. What is the effect? Good, and only good. The citizens are law-abiding, self-respecting; the churches flourish; an air of freedom and friendliness pervades the place; all seem bent on mutual improvement. The gaol is small, and holds no "drunks" except such as stagger in from outside districts.

A few years ago a learned Toronto professor, now deceased, was visiting the town. He was not a believer either in abstinence or prohibition. One day Mr. Ansley determined to give him a practical lesson. Inviting him to a seat in his carriage, he drove him into the adjoining village, called Parry Harbour, a settlement so near that a stranger would suppose it was a suburb of the town. The professor was driven through its main street, along its back streets, up lanes and down alleys, in and out, where the peculiarities of the home life as well as the business life might be seen. He observed all the treeless streets, dirty alleys, drunken men, untidy women, dirty children. Then, crossing back over the boundary line marking the separation of the townships, a similar view was had of Parry Sound, front and back, up and down, in and out. Here the marks of neatness, thrift, industry, sobriety, intelligence, were so marked that the professor, with an emphatic ejaculation, confessed that he was convinced, overwhelmingly convinced, that prohibition was an unmixed good, and the licence system an unmixed evil.

WATER OR WINE.

IT is well known that merchants are rated in certain books for the use of traders according to capital, business ability, promptness, and the like; and one who searches the books may find even still more about them. A number of years ago a firm of four men in Boston were rated as A 1, rich, prosperous, young, prompt. One of them had a curiosity to see how they were rated, and found all those points on the book and was satisfied; but at the end it was written: "But they all drink." He thought it was a good joke at the time; but to-day two are dead, another a drunkard, the fourth poor and living in part on charity. They would far better have "dared to be a Daniel."—*Peloubet's Notes.*

THE DISTILLERY.

YOUNG America has been reading the famous account of "Deacon Giles' Distillery," and the result is, when no one is looking, he visits the distillery-yard near his home and tries his artistic skill upon the fences and sheds.

You can imagine the feelings of the owner when, on going into the yard the next morning, he sees upon the side of barrel, written in red:

"A portion from the lake of fire and brimstone;
Enquire at Beck & Waller's Distillery."

And upon a door:

"Weeping and wailing and gnashing of teeth;
Enquire at Beck & Waller's Distillery."

And, worse yet, upon the side of a white-washed shed, a huge black demon, hooped, tailed, and horned, and out of his mouth running the legend:

"You are doing my work;"

while the artist, that no mistake might be made, had put underneath:

"This is the Devil."

As to the question "Who did it?" no one could tell, and well for Young America that he was beyond the reach of the infuriated man. His was mean work, and he knew it.

Is a distiller's or brewer's conscience clear? John Wesley says of them all they "are poisoners-general," and further adds:

"And what is their gain? Is it not the blood of these men? Who, then, would envy their large estates and sumptuous palaces? A curse is in the midst of them; the curse of God cleaves to the stones, the timber, the furniture of them? The curse of God is in their gardens, their walks, their groves; a fire that burns to the nethermost hell! Blood, blood is there; the foundation, the floor, the walls, the roof, are stained with blood! And canst thou hope, O thou man of blood, though thou art 'clothed in scarlet and fine linen, and farest sumptuously every day'—canst thou hope to deliver down thy fields of blood to the third generation? Not so; for there is a God in heaven; therefore thy name shall soon be rooted out. Like as those whom thou hast destroyed, body and soul, 'thy memorial shall perish with thee!'"

THE PLACARD AND THE JUG.

A WEALTHY gentleman once issued a large number of temperance placards, which he desired should be posted up on fences and put in conspicuous places in public thoroughfares, and when practicable put in the windows of the various stores.

A worthy tailor who was interested in the good cause said to himself: "I cannot help the cause by public speaking—I have no talent for that; but as hundreds of people pass my store every day, I will put one of these placards in my window. I will devote this large pane to placards, tracts, or papers which, by the blessing of God, some may be induced to stop and read."

Near him lived a man noted for his hard drinking. Every day he might be seen with a brown jug in his hand on his way to the whiskey saloon. He had to pass the tailor's store. His eye rested on the placard. He stopped and read it, and passed on to the saloon. This occurred several morn-

ings, and the tailor from within could scan the man's face without himself being observed. He noticed that the man's interest in the placard increased, and by the twitching of his face it was evident that the words were making a deep impression on his mind.

One morning the tailor was surprised at seeing the man with the jug again reading the placard, and then heard him say: "I'll do it; I will! I will!" at the same time, raising the jug high over his head, he dashed it down on the pavement into a thousand pieces. This drew the tailor to the door, when he kindly spoke to the man and invited him into his store, where he encouraged him, and, as he was a Christian man, prayed with him, and ere long the noted drinker became a converted man. A very silent worker was this placard, but it was the means, by God's blessing, of stopping the man from further drinking. Surely we can use to as good purpose the printed page.

HOW THE HABIT GROWS.

DURING the prevalence of cholera in Cincinnati, a gentleman, a member of the church, and, up to that time, a rigid teetotaler, desired his wife to put a table-spoonful of brandy in his glass every day at dinner. The wife was surprised; but deemed it the result of wise professional counsel, she complied, and the husband filled up the glass with water and drank it. A week passed by, and he said to his wife while at dinner, "My dear, you have been cutting off my supply of brandy. This has lost its taste! It does not produce the same effect as at first."

His wife assured him she had given him the full amount, and he said no more.

Another week passed by, and he repeated to his wife the conviction that she had lessened the quantity of brandy. It did not produce the same effect as at first. He could scarcely taste it, and the effects on his stomach were not perceptible.

"My dear," said his wife, "you have been taking two table-spoonfuls every day, for a week past, since you found fault with me for stinting you."

He was thunderstruck. He sat a few moments in deep thought; then desired the decanter of brandy to be brought to him. He seized it and shook it, as much as to say, "I am your master," and then hurled it from the window.

He had been playing with a serpent which was fast winding its deadly coils about him. He did not suspect his danger at the beginning, but fortunately for himself, he saw it before it was too late. A little is sure to lead to more.

THE WINDOW.

THE Ontario License Inspector for the city of Hamilton has intimated his intention to make an inspection in view of the following amendment adopted on the 31st of March last:—The bar-room of every such licensed tavern or saloon within the said city shall have at least one window facing upon a street, and such window or windows during said prohibited hours shall not be covered by any blind or shutter, but shall be left wholly uncovered and exposed, and during said period the bar-room itself shall be closed.

THE DRUNKARD'S DAUGHTER.

BY GEORGE W. BUNGAY.

OUT in the street, with naked feet,
I saw the drunkard's daughter,
Her tattered shawl was thin and small;
She little knew, for no one taught her.

Her skin was fair - her auburn hair
Was blown about her pretty forehead,
Her sad, white face, wore sorrow's trace,
And woe and pain that were not borrowed.

Heart broken child, she seldom smiled,
Hope promised her no light to-morrow;
Or if its light flashed on her night,
Then came darker clouds of sorrow.

She softly said, "We have no bread,
No wood to keep the fire a-burning,"
The child was ill, the winds so chill,
Her thin cold blood to ice was turning.

But men will feed, and warmly clad,
And ladies robed in richest fashion,
Passed on the side, where no one cried
To them for pity or compassion.

That long night fled, and then the light
Of rosy day, in beauty shined,
Set dome and spire and roof on fire,
And shone on one beyond repining.

Asleep - alone - as cold as stone,
Where no kind-hearted parent sought her;
In winding-sheet of snow and sleet,
Was found the lifeless drunkard's daughter.

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Pleasant Hours:

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLKS:

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

TORONTO, JUNE 28, 1884.

"GRIP" ON TEMPERANCE.

OUR humorous *confrere*, Grip, has always lent its staunch and able assistance to the temperance reform. As much as ten years ago, it published a striking cartoon on "The Curse of Canada," which is still remembered as a vigorous indictment of the liquor traffic, and whenever an opportunity offers it does valuable service to the same cause. To the courtesy of Mr. Moore, manager of the Grip Company, and of Mr. Bengough, the accomplished artist, we are enabled to present the cut on the first page and that on this page. During the campaign for the separation of the grocery and liquor businesses, Grip was again found on the right side, rendering important service to the temperance cause. It is gratifying to know that in five years the whole province shall witness the divorce of these businesses, and that in Toronto that separation takes place next March or May.

TEMPERANCE FACTS AND FIGURES.

WE give our whole space in this number to the important subject of temperance. We hope that every scholar in every school will become a pledged abstainer. There is a pledge in all the class-books printed by the Rev. William Briggs. We hope each teacher will get the signature thereto of every member of his class. Such an army of pledged abstainers will grow up soon to be temperance voters; and will, we hope, sweep the accursed drink traffic away. We trust this number of PLEASANT HOURS will be very widely scattered. "Sow the country knee-deep with temperance literature."

A SORROWFUL EXPERIENCE.

CHARLES LAMB, the genial and gifted writer, was addicted to strong drink. He tells his sorrowful experience in the following words:—

"The waters have gone over me; but out of the black depths, could I be heard, I would cry out to all those who have but set a foot in the perilous flood. Could the youth to whom the flavour of his first wine is delicious as the opening scenes of life, or the entering upon some newly-discovered paradise, look into my desolation, and be made to understand what a dreary thing it is when a man shall feel himself going down a precipice with open eyes and passive will; to see his destruction, and have no power to stop it, and yet feel it all the way emanating from himself; to see all goodness emptied out of him, and yet not be able to forget a time when it was otherwise; to bear about the piteous spectacle of his own ruin; could he see my fevered eye, feverish with last night's drinking, and feverishly looking for the night's repetition of the folly; could he but feel the body of the death out of which I cry hourly to be delivered—it were enough to make him dash the sparkling beverage to the earth in all the pride of his mantling temptation.

"Oh! if a wish could transport me back to those days of youth, when a draught from the neat, clear spring could slake the heat which summer suns and youthful exercise had power to stir up in my blood, how gladly would I turn back to the element, the drink of my childhood and of childlike, holy heroism!"

THE FAMILY PLEDGE.

A CITY missionary relates the following incident, which illustrates the value of the Family Pledge:

In one of his walks about the poorer portion of the city he came upon one family which was quite destitute on account of the drinking habits of both husband and wife. The poor little children were uncared-for and left much of the time to themselves. He pleaded earnestly with the parents, for the sake of the children if not for their own good, to abandon the drink, and after much persuasion prevailed upon the mother to sign her name to a pledge. The father firmly refused, though again and again urged to do so.

The gentleman resolved to try a new plan. He procured a neat family

pledge, suitable for framing, with space sufficient for five signatures, one line for each member of the family. He desired the wife to sign her name on the second line, leaving the first line blank; and explaining the matter clearly to the three children, they were only too glad to promise to have nothing to do with the hateful drink and put their names under their mother's.

The card was fastened up over the mantel. The father was urged to fill up the blank line, but moodily refused. The card remained there several days, preaching silently to the man and telling him his duty. It needed only one name to make a perfect card, and he knew it. At last one morning he said to his eldest daughter, "Give me that card!" The poor girl appeared as though she did not hear the request, for she feared he meant to destroy it. A second time he demanded it, when she tremblingly obeyed, expecting the next minute to see it torn into pieces and cast into the fire. But no; he went to the table, took up pen and ink, wrote his name on the blank line, pinned up the card on the wall, and marched out of the room without saying a word.

The appearance of both family and home soon changed for the better, and comfort reigned where had been only poverty and strife.

A SAD STORY.

PROF. GOODRICH, when connected with Yale College, said, "I had a widow's son committed to my particular care. He was heir to a great estate. He went through the different stages of education, and finally left Yale College with a good moral character and bright in prospects. But during the course of his education he had heard the sentiment advanced, which I then supposed correct, that the use of wine was not only admissible, but a real auxiliary to the temperance cause. After he had left the college, for a few years he continued to be respectful to me. At length he became reserved; and the next I heard was, he rushed one night unceremoniously into my room, and his appearance told the dreadful secret. He said he came to talk with me. He had been told, during his senior year, that it was safe to drink wine, and by that idea he had been ruined. I asked him if his mother knew this. He said no; he had carefully concealed the secret from her. I asked if he was such a slave that he could not abandon the habit.

"Talk not to me of slavery," said he. "I am ruined; and before I go to bed I shall quarrel with the bar-keeper of the Tontine for brandy or gin to slake my burning thirst."

"In one month this man was in his grave. It went to my heart. Wine is the cause of ruin to a great proportion of the young men in our country. Another consideration is, that the habits of conviviality and hospitality are now directed to the use of wine. Once it was the use of distilled liquor. Toddy, and sling, and bitters were the fashion."

It does not follow that you must do a mean thing to a man who has done a mean thing to you. The old proverb runs, "Because the cur has bitten me, shall I bite the cur?"



DIVORCE OF THE GROCERY AND LIQUOR BUSINESS.

"What God has separated let no man join."

SIXPENCE A DAY.

A LONDON paper recently furnished the following: There is now an old man in an almshouse in Bristol who stated that for sixty years he spent sixpence a day in drink, but was never intoxicated. A gentleman who heard this statement was somewhat curious to ascertain how much this sixpence a day put by every year, at 5 per cent. compound interest, would amount to in sixty years. Putting down the first year's savings, (three hundred and sixty-five sixpences,) nine pounds sterling eleven shillings and sixpence, he added the interest, and thus went on year by year, until he found that in the sixtieth year the sixpence a day reached the startling sum of three thousand two hundred and twenty-five pounds sterling nineteen shillings and ninepence.

Judge of the old man's surprise when told that, had he saved his sixpence a day, and allowed it to accumulate at compound interest, he might now have been worth the above noble sum; so that instead of taking refuge in an almshouse, he might have comforted himself with a house of his own and fifty acres of land, and have left the legacy among his children and grandchildren or used it for the welfare of his fellow-men.

BEER A DECEIVER.

THE statement that beer is a harmless beverage and an excellent "temperance drink" is proven false by thousands of instances all about us. Only a few days ago a stranger called into the office of the National Temperance Society to enquire about a "Home for Intemperate Women." It was a sad and heartrending story of a refined and beautiful woman who, through the drinking of beer, had become a confirmed and helpless drunkard, neglecting her family and home and disgracing her friends by her constant drunkenness. "Oh! she never drank anything but beer," was the statement of her friend, who desired some quiet retreat where she might have a chance for reform. Beer was the serpent which had ruined both her and her home. More and more it is seen that beer is one of the most dangerous and delusive of drinks, containing all the elements of drunkenness, disease, and death. Nine-tenths of the drunkards commence on beer. Those who favor beer-drinking are responsible for the drunkenness which arises from it. It is the devil's kindling-wood.



THE DRUNKARD'S CHILD.

THE DRUNKARD'S CHILD.

IS not this a pitiful picture—the bare-footed, bare-headed, half-clothed drunkard's child shivering in the cold night wind, while her unnatural father is squandering in drink the money that should buy food and clothing for his little one? What but the soul-benumbing curse of drink could so harden a father's heart and deaden a father's love. Small wonder that we ask you, in the name of the great army of drunkards' children, to wage eternal war against this appalling evil.

DRINK IN DUBLIN.

THE Recorder of Dublin said recently: "I have been for a whole week trying cases such as no Christian judge ought to have to try—cases of outrage and violence. I marked the evidence in every single case, and every one of them began in the public-house. It is the dark system, and the drink alone, that leads to all this crime and misery and sorrow. Yesterday I went through a mile and three-quarters of miserable, wretched streets, manifesting on every side the penury and wretchedness of the unfortunate people who lived in them. The only bright spots were the public-houses, which, brilliantly lighted up, reflected and contrasted with the surrounding misery. I hate this magnificence. I looked upon it with horror. I know it but too well. As each case of crime and violence comes before me the same wretched story is told—the Drink Demon is as necessary a part of every case as the police or myself."

WHICH IS BETTER?

A COAL-MINER, in Pennsylvania, quit work on a Saturday night, treated the boys at the saloon, went to the butcher-shop and stood aside while the saloon-keeper bought a roast for Sunday's dinner and a sirloin steak for Monday's breakfast. The miner took two pounds of liver. The following Monday the miner made a speech to his fellow-miners, and they agreed to buy no beer for a week at the saloon. They kept their word. Next Saturday the miner went to the butcher-shop. The saloon-keeper came in, and the miner stood to one side. The saloon-keeper said that as business had been very dull, he would take liver for his Sunday dinner and Monday breakfast. The miners took roasts and steak. Which is better for the butcher, the farmer, the merchant,—one roast and forty livers, or one liver and forty roasts?

A GOOD ANSWER.

THAT pious Christian, wise philosopher, and celebrated physician, Dr. Rush, of Philadelphia, was once consulted by a minister who was somewhat unwell. The doctor prescribed a medicine that was extremely unpalatable. The patient inquired if he might not take it in a little good old Jamaica rum. "No, sir," was the decided reply. "Why, sir," said the other, "what harm will it do me?" "Sir," said Dr. Rush, "I am determined that no man shall rise in the day of judgment and say, 'Dr. Rush made me a drunkard.'"

MALT LIQUORS.

MALT liquors, under which term we include all kinds of porter and ale, produce the worst species of drunkenness; as, in addition to the intoxicating principle, some noxious ingredients are usually added for the purpose of preserving them and giving them their bitter. Cider, spruce, ginger, and ale-beers, in consequence of imperfect fermentation, often produce the same effects, long after their briskness has vanished.

Persons addicted to malt liquor increase in bulk enormously. They become loaded with fat; their chin is double or triple; the eye prominent; the whole face bloated and swelled. The circulation is clogged, while the pulse feels like a cord, and is full and laborious, but not quick. During sleep, their breathing is stertorous. Everything indicates an excess of blood; and when a pound or so is taken away immense relief is obtained. The blood, in such cases, is more dark and sizzly than in others. In the generality of cases, malt-liquor drunkards die of apoplexy or palsy. If they escape this hazard, swelled liver or dropsy carries them off.

The effects of malt liquors upon the body, if not so immediately rapid as those of ardent spirits, are more lasting, more stupefying, and less easily removed. Spirits have enlivening influences; but the other can in a short time render dull and sluggish the gayest disposition.

Both wine and malt liquors have a greater tendency to swell the body than ardent spirits. Forming the blood with greater rapidity, they are much more nourishing. The most dreadful effects, on the whole, are brought on by spirits; but drunkenness from malt liquors is the most speedily fatal. The former break down the body by degrees; the latter operate by some instantaneous apoplexy or rapid inflammation.—*Dr. Macnish.*

WHAT ONE DRINK COST.

THERE are men so constituted that the mere taste of liquor will kindle within them a burning desire for more.

A physician and his friend were conversing together in front of a tavern, when a master-mechanic, a man of most amiable and excellent character, a superior workman, full of business, with an interesting family, respected by every body, and bidding fair to be an ornament to the city, came up to them, and laughingly commenced the following conversation:

"Well," said he, "I have just done what I never did before in my life."

"Ah! what was that?"

"Why, Mr. — has owed me a bill for work for a long time, and I dunned him for the pay until I was tired. But a minute ago I caught him out here, and asked him for the money. 'Well,' he said, 'I'll pay it to you if you'll step in here, and get a drink with me.' 'No,' said I 'I never drink—never drank in my life.' 'Well,' he replied, 'do as you please; if you won't drink with me, I won't pay your bill—that's all!' But I told him I could not do that. However, finding he would not pay the bill, rather than lose the money, I just went in and got

the drink." And he laughed at the strange occurrence as he concluded.

As soon as he had finished the story, the physician's companion, an old, discreet, shrewd man, turned to him, and in a most impressive tone, said:

"Sir, that was the dearest drink that ever crossed your lips, and the worst bill you ever collected."

And terribly did time verify that prediction. In less than twelve months he was a confirmed, disgraced sot, a vagabond in society, a curse to those who loved him, a loathing and a shame wherever he went. At last he died a horrible death in an infirmary from a disease produced solely by intoxication.

THE LITTLE CUP-BEARER.

THE little cup-bearer entered the room, After the banquet was done; His eyes were like the skies of May, Aglow with the cloudless sun. Kneeling beside his master's feet, The feet of the noble king, He raised the goblet. "Drink, my liege, The offering that I bring."

"Nay, nay," the good king, smiling said, "But first a faithful sign That thou bringest me no poison draught, Taste thou, my page, the wine." Then gently, firmly spoke the lad, "My dearest master, no, Though at thy slightest wish my feet Shall gladly come and go."

"Rise up my little cup-bearer," The king, astonished, cried; "Rise up and tell me, straightway, why Is my request denied?" The young page rose up slowly, With sudden paling cheek, While courtly lords and ladies Await to hear him speak.

"My father sat in princely halls, And tasted wine with you; He died a wretched drunkard, sire"— The brave voice tearful grew, "I vowed to my dear mother, Beside her dying bed, That for her sake I would not taste The tempting poison red."

"Away with this young upstart!" The lords, impatient, cry; But spilling slow the purple wine, The good king made reply: "Thou shalt be my cup-bearer, And honoured well," he said, "But see thou bring not wine to me, But water pure instead." —*The Morning and Day of Reform.*

THE DRUNKARD'S WILL.

I LEAVE to society a ruined character, wretched example, and memory that will soon rot.

I leave to my parents during the rest of their lives as much sorrow as humanity, in a feeble and decrepit state, can sustain.

I leave to my brothers and sisters as much mortification and injury as I could well bring on them.

I leave to my wife a broken heart, a life of wretchedness, a shame to weep over my premature death.

I give and bequeath to each of my children poverty, ignorance, a low character, and the remembrance that their father was a monster.

It is hard to act a part long, for, where truth is not at the bottom, nature will always be endeavoring to return, and will peep out and betray herself one time or another.

THE Bishop of Manchester said: Anything more frightful than that which anyone may see in the streets of Manchester, where public-houses and spirit vaults most abound, it was impossible to conceive.

THE BOTTLE AND ITS VICTIM.

More people have been slain by the bottle than by war, pestilence, and famine. The bottle still stands erect, while its victim lies in the gutter unable to rise. There is a way which seemeth good to man, but the end thereof is death. At the last it biteth like a serpent and stingeth like an adder.

BY night, by day, in fetters bound,
Through weeks and months, from year
to year,
We find Drink's victims fall around:
Oft in life's prime they disappear,
As swallowed in a flood. Who'll dare
In thought to follow their course? Where?

And, as the years roll on, again,
Drink gathers in its raw recruits—
At first to taste the "sweets" of sin;
At last to eat its bitter fruits.
Oh! what a mighty host has he;
Shall we not work to set them free?
Oh! should a Christian fold his arms,
And silent watch them as they go,
Unthinking, led without alarms,
The way to everlasting woe!
When just a warning, given in love,
The dawn of brighter days might prove?

Christian, lift up thy voice! These men
Are not the devil's own by right;
Thy God who made them, bids them seek
And bring his lost sheep to the light;
However far they've gone astray,
They yet may find the narrow way.

TWENTY YEARS AGO AND NOW.

BY A WESLEYAN MINISTER.

WE take this from the *Methodist Temperance Magazine*. We think Canada has always been ahead in temperance. During the twenty years of my ministry, the change in Methodism in relation to temperance has been very great. Twenty years ago, fully three-fourths of the families I visited pressed their visitors to drink alcohol; but to-day very few offer the dangerous compound, and not one in a hundred urges his guests to partake, while those who take it nearly always make an excuse for their habit, as they give lengthy details of disease, weakness, and doctor's orders which must be obeyed.

Occasionally a venturesome disciple of Bacchus challenges his guests to drink by taunts, saying, "Ah, you dare not touch it;" but there is an immediate and complete collapse when anyone replies, "Yes, and you dare not leave it alone."

Sometimes they assure us that they have tried total abstinence, but it does not agree with them; whilst the fact is, they do not agree with it, for they have not learnt the first great law of self-denial. They remind one of the old Irishwoman, who, when urged to become teetotal, said, "Shure, and there's no use in me trying. I've tried as many as a dozen times a day, and it doesn't agree with me at all, at all."

Twenty years ago the preacher's coming was often the signal for the bringing forth of an extra supply of tobacco, clean pipes and the decanters well filled of wine and spirits. To-day this is seldom the case, for a constantly increasing number of preachers abstain from both tobacco and alcohol. Now, there is rarely the going to bed of the family, to leave the host and preacher to have a long chat and smoke far on into the night, necessitating the opening of windows and door to purify the room for the morning.

Twenty years ago, temperance was frequently a byword and a reproach,

and its devotees were the sport of witless remarks and silly mirth. To-day, many a parent thanks God that the teetotal preacher has won the lads from wrong and ruin, and that his example as well as his preaching has laid hold upon the wandering ones.

Twenty years ago, it was frequently affirmed that temperance would wreck the Connexion, and that the next great split would be on the cold water question. Most lustily they shouted "breakers ahead," and dismally assured us that teetotalism was the "Goodwin Sands," where our "dear old snip" of Methodism would inevitably go to pieces. To-day temperance is recognised as the coastguardman, who, seeing the imminent peril of our noble ship, hoists the danger signal, and saves the ship, so that not "a plank has sprung," and not a spar has been broken. Instead of going to pieces, and becoming a forlorn wreck, temperance has "caulked" her tighter, and made her taut and trim, and she now sails forth on her voyages of mercy, under the smile of heaven, and amidst the plaudits of men. She never cut her way through the waters more cleanly, and was never more buoyant than she is to-day.

Twenty years ago, the stewards had the decanters ready in the vestries of most large chapels, and after service, the invariable question was, "Port or sherry, sir?" Intense astonishment followed a refusal, for it was felt that exhausted nature would certainly yield without a stimulant. To-day, thank God, it is almost unknown in our vestries, and for the last five years, though I have preached in many of our largest chapels, wine has never been offered. Very soon, the decanters and glasses which used to form an essential part of our vestry arrangements will be as rarely met with as tinder boxes are in the homes.

Twenty years ago, beer and tobacco were often provided on "Quarter Days," and a room specially set apart for the smokers, who considered themselves the nabobs of the circuit. To-day, they are rarely provided on Methodist trust property, and the fumes of the narcotic weed seldom offend the members when they "come to class."

Twenty years ago, the result of the conflict was deemed uncertain by those who looked from the watch-towers of "Meroz;" but there have been "great searchings of heart," and to-day there are victories along the whole line. We are recruiting the moral chivalry of our schools and congregations, and the latest development of the "Blue Ribbon" movement is another evidence of our triumphant march.

The battle is far from over, and there is urgent, imperative need that our ranks should be serried, that our onslaughts should be well directed and resistless, and that our hearts should be full of the love of Christ; then we are sure to win, and twenty years hence will find our land as sober as she is free.

AN old negro at Weldon, North Carolina, at a recent lecture, said: "When I sees a man going home with a gallon of whiskey and half a pound of meat, dat's temperance lecture enuff for me, and I sees it ebbery day. I know's dat ebbery ting in his house is on the same scale—gallon of misery to ebbery half pound of comfort."

FOLLOW YOUR QUARTERS.

MRS. JULIA P. BALLARD.

THE best speech made was by Peter Brand," said a half-tipsy man to his companion as they left the hall. "I tell you the sight of that money just stabbed my heart; and yet, Jim, I felt right there as if I could snatch those very silver quarters from his hand and go to White's for rum."

"It's a tormenting tempter! I doubt if we could stop getting our glass if we know we should die when we drank it."

"That's the very secret that helps the rumseller. We don't care about it at first. He knows how we shall get caught if we once get begun. This same Peter Brand sold me the first glass of whiskey I ever drank. Oh! how bland and polite he was. 'No matter about the change. Any time would do.' And he to give up selling, and tell his experience in a temperance meeting!"

Just here the speakers were overtaken by Peter himself.

"So you've shut up shop, Peter," said Jim Brown, familiarly.

"As sure as silver is silver," replied Peter, shaking the quarters which had made his evening text in his closed palms.

And just because you found one woman starved, and her husband's money in your till! Why, man alive!—pardon me, but I can't help it—if you'd happened to have stepped into some other houses, as well as Sam Hughes', you might have seen sights that would have stopped you sooner. I tell you, you sellers don't often follow your quarters!"

"I'll be bound," said Jim, "you like best to look in any other direction. I reckon it would be rather a curious and solemn sort of a meeting if the coppers and dimes and quarters and half-dollars should get together and have an experience-meeting. Let them tell their story. What crying children they left in an empty room, where even the bread-can and the salt-box were empty! What music to the ear of the rumseller as they fell into his greedy till!"

"That'll do, Jim. I'll have you for one of our next speakers. I want you both to sign the pledge; and as I've stopped my part in this dreadful business, I want you to stop yours. It was not only poor Sam's "quarters" that mastered me. I'd had misgivings before. But the sight of that empty hovel—empty of all but what death had seized—that finished the job! I hope to be forgiven; and as I do, I want you two men as stars in my crown—and the first stars, too. I'm going to have your names on this pledge, and then I'm going to help you keep it. You shall each have a present of a new suit of clothes, and a place at my counter in a dry-goods store, with a fair salary. I shall send your wives a big box of Java coffee, and I'll warrant they'll cream and sugar it well for you before you set out in the morning; and instead of one murderer and two miserable victims we shall have three men. And with God's help we'll retrace every downward step, and come out clear and strong at the top."

"I FEAR NO MAN!" he said. And about that time his wife came along and led him off by the ear.

THE RED LIGHT.

HAVE you seen the red light,
So glaringly bright,
That is hung every night
At the door of the rum-seller's den?
There's a leer in its glow
Like the smile of the foe
From the regions below,
As he gloats o'er the ruin of men.

On the darkness it streams
With its death-luring beams,
And its evil-eyed gleams,
Tempting betraying the wills
Of your brother and mine,
With an evil design,
To drink of the wine
That curses, and ruins, and kills

We've always heard said,
The light that is red
Means there's danger ahead—
So this beacon they properly place
At the entrance to sin,
Where they gather them in,
Their money to win—
In this low haunt of crime and disgrace.

Still the drink victims weep,
And our citizens sleep,
While rum-sellers sweep
In their gold and their ill-gotten gains;
And the red light still glares
At the doors of their lairs,
Till our work and our prayers,
Shall crush out its soul-killing flames.

—Belcast Record.

MISSPENT MONEY.

"WAR NEWS" gives the following statement as to what Canada's drink money would buy: The money usually expended for strong drink in the Dominion of Canada averages about \$5,000,000. This sum would furnish all the real and personal property to each of three thousand one hundred and twenty-five families:—

1 Cleared farm of 100 acres, with dwelling house, barn, stabling, etc.,	\$5,000 00
1 Team of horses	200 00
6 Cows, at \$50 each	300 00
25 Sheep, at \$5 each	125 00
8 Pigs, at \$5 each	40 00
1 Waggon	100 00
1 Sleigh	50 00
1 Scotch Cart	40 00
1 Scotch Plough	40 00
1 Set Harrows	20 00
1 Set Team Harness	40 00
1 Set Plough	20 00
1 Set Cart	20 00
1 Cooking Stove, furnished	40 00
1 Self-feeding Coal Heater	30 00
1 Carpet	50 00
1 " " " " " "	40 00
1 " " " " " "	25 00
1 Bedroom Set	50 00
1 " " " " " "	40 00
1 " " " " " "	30 00
1 Parlor Set	125 00
1 Book Case	15 00
100 Volumes Standard Works, at \$1 each	100 00
A working capital for each family	1,460 00

Total for each family. \$3,000 00

"BITING LIKE AN ADDER."

A FRENCH medical writer states that the practice in the Hotel Dieu, when leeches refuse to suck blood, is to wrap them for a few moments in a linen cloth wrung out of undiluted wine. This renders the most sluggish of them so fierce and carnivorous, that they will pierce the skin instantly, and gorge their bloodthirsty bodies till they can drink in no more.

A great many men, who are amiable and unprejudiced naturally, become as blood-loving as leeches, and manifest an irresistible propensity to bite, after being steeped in wine, either undiluted or mixed.

A SUMMONS.

BY GEORGE S. BURLEIGH.

O ye righteous! O ye strong!
Armed for battle on the wrong,
Where the rum-ranks gather black,
Charge for God and bear them back!

For the hearts that weep and wail
Where the hopes of manhood fail,
Withered by the mocker's curse,
Strike, and lower his front perverse!

For the tears that cannot dry
In the moaning mother's eye,
As her sons are lured to shame,
Lash the fiend with lightning flame!

For the pangs that, deep as life,
Wring the loathsome drunkard's wife,
In the wrath of pity rise
And avenge her agonies!

For the miseries yet untold
That makes childhood sadly old,
With indignant heart and hand
Sweep the tyrant from our laud!

Lurking demon of the bowl,
Ruiner of heart and soul,
Let not name or place avail,
Nor his arms of golden mail!

O ye righteous! O ye strong!
Armed for battle on the wrong,
Where the rum-ranks gather black,
Charge for God and bear them back!
—N. T. Advocate.

THE ENGINEER'S REMEDY.

MY engineer was a gray-haired, thick-set, man of fifty, quiet and unobtrusive, and deeply in love with his beautiful machine. He had formerly run a locomotive, and now took a stationary engine because he could get no employment on the railroads. A long talk with the superintendent of the road from which he had been removed, revealed only one fault in the man's past life; he loved strong drink.

"He is," said my informant, "as well posted on steam as any man on the road; he worked up from train-boy to fireman, from fireman to engineer, has rendered us valuable services, has saved many lives by his quickness and bravery; but he cannot let liquor alone, and for that reason we have discharged him."

In spite of this discouraging report I hired the man. During the first week of his stay I passed through the engine room many times a day, in the course of my factory rounds, but never found aught amiss. The great machine ran as smoothly and quietly as if its bearings were set in velvet; the steel cross-head, the crank-shaft, the brass oil-cups, reflected the morning sun like mirrors; no speck of dust found lodgement in the room. In the "fire-room" the same order and neatness prevailed; the steam-gauge showed even pressure, the water-gauges were always just right, and our daily report showed that we were burning less coal than formerly. The most critical inspection failed to find anything about either engine or boilers that showed the faintest symptoms of neglect or carelessness.

Three weeks passed. The man who had been recommended as "good for five days' work and then two days' drunk," had not swerved a hair from his duty. The gossips were beginning to notice and comment upon the strange affair.

"I should like to speak with you a moment, sir," said he one morning as I passed through his sanctum.

"Well, John, what now?" I said,

drawing out my note-book. "Cylinder oil all gone?"

"It's about myself," he replied.

I motioned him to proceed.

"Thirty-two years ago I drank my first glass of liquor," said the engineer, "and for the past ten years, up to the last month, no week has passed without its Saturday night drunk. During those years I was not blind to the fact that appetite was getting a frightful hold upon me. At times my struggles against the longing for stimulant were earnest. My employers once offered me a thousand dollars if I would not touch liquor for three months, but I lost it. I tried all sorts of antidotes, and all failed. My wife died praying that I might be rescued, yet my promises to her were broken within two days. I signed pledges, and joined societies, but appetite was still my master. My employers reasoned with me, discharged me, forgave me, but all to no effect. I could not stop, and I knew it. When I came to work for you I did not expect to stay a week; I was nearly done for; but now!" and the old man's face lighted up with an unspeakable joy, "in this extremity, when I was ready to plunge into hell for a glass of rum, I found a sure remedy! I am saved from my appetite!"

"What is your remedy?"

The engineer took up an open Bible that lay, face down, on the window ledge and read,

"The blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth us from all sin."—H. C. P., in the *Christian*.

A TALK TO BUSINESS BOYS.

A BOY'S first position in a commercial house is usually at the foot of the ladder; his duties are plain; his place is insignificant, and his salary is small. He is expected to familiarize himself with the business, and as he becomes more intelligent in regard to it he is advanced to a more responsible place. His first duty, then, is to work. He must cultivate day by day habits of fidelity, accuracy, neatness, and despatch; and these qualities will tell in his favour as surely as the world revolves. Though he may work unnoticed and uncommended for months, such conduct always meets its reward.

I once knew a boy who was a clerk in a large mercantile house which employed as entry clerks, shipping clerks, buyers, book-keepers and salesmen, eighty young men, besides a small army of porters, packers and truckmen; and this boy of seventeen felt that amid such a crowd he was lost to notice, and that any effort he might make would be quite unregarded. Nevertheless he did his duty; every morning at eight o'clock he was promptly in his place, and every power that he possessed was brought to bear upon his work. After he had been there a year he had occasion to ask for a week's leave of absence during the busy season. "That," was the reply, "is an unusual request, and one which it is somewhat inconvenient for us to grant; but for the purpose of showing you that we appreciate the efforts you have made since you have been with us, we take pleasure in giving you the leave of absence for which you ask." "I didn't think," said the boy when he came home that night and related his success, "that they knew a thing about me, but it seems they have watched

me ever since I have been with them." They had, indeed, watched him, and had selected him for advancement, for shortly afterwards he was promoted to a position of trust with appropriate increase of salary. It must be so, sooner or later, for there is always a demand for excellent work. A boy who intends to build up for himself a successful business will find it a long and difficult task, even if he brings to bear efforts both of body and mind; but he who thinks to win without doing his very best will find himself a loser in the race.—N. W. *Christian Advocate*.

THERE are some marriages which remind us of the poor fellow who said: "She couldn't get any husband, and I couldn't get any wife, so we got married."

LESSON NOTES.

THIRD QUARTER.

B.C. 1046.] LESSON I. [July 6.

DAVID KING OVER ALL ISRAEL.

2 Sam. 5. 1-12. Commit to memory vs. 10-12.

GOLDEN TEXT.

I have found David my servant; with my holy oil have I anointed him. Psa. 89. 20.

OUTLINE.

1. The King Chosen, v. 1-5.
2. The Capital Won, v. 6-9.
3. The Kingdom Exalted, v. 10-12.

TIME.—B.C. 1046.

PLACES.—Hebron, in the tribe of Judah, and Jerusalem.

EXPLANATIONS.—*Then came*—This was after the death of Ishbosheth, Saul's son, who had tried to set up a kingdom and failed. *Unto Hebron*—The city where David was reigning over the tribe of Judah. *We are thy bone*—They meant that David belonged to the same race and people with themselves. *Thou... leddest*—David led the army while Saul was king. *The Lord said*—It was generally known that God had promised the kingdom to David after Saul's death. *Thou shalt feed*—As a shepherd of the people. *A captain*—To lead in war. *Made a league*—An agreement. *Anointed David*—This was his third anointing: the first by Samuel, the second as king over the tribe of Judah. *All Israel and Judah*—There were twelve tribes, of which Judah was one. *To Jerusalem*—Then a city held by the Jebusites, a heathen people. *Take away the blind and the lame*—The city was so strong in its place on a precipice that in contempt for David they placed blind and lame men on its walls, as if these could defend it. *Stronghold of Zion*—A hill in the western part of Jerusalem. *The gutter*—This means the summit of the wall. *Shall be chief*—Joab was first to mount the wall and became chief. *Into the house*—Some think that this means the temple of God. *Fort*—The castle which he built. *Grew great*—Because God was on his side. *King of Tyre*—Who ruled over a country on the north of Palestine by the Mediterranean Sea. *Cedar-trees*—From the Lebanon mountains. *An house*—This was David's royal palace. *For his people*—God chose Israel that all the world might be blessed through them.

TEACHINGS OF THE LESSON.

Where may we see in this lesson—

1. Good deeds remembered?
2. God's promises fulfilled?
3. God's people honoured?

THE LESSON CATECHISM.

1. Where was David anointed king over Israel? At Hebron. 2. How long did David reign? Forty years. 3. Where did David and his men go from Hebron? To Jerusalem unto the Jebusites. 4. What stronghold did David take? The stronghold of Zion. 5. Who sent messengers to David? Hiram king of Tyre.

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.—The divine presence with men.

CATECHISM QUESTIONS.

65. Is there then any special Providence over men? Yes; our Lord said: "Behold the birds of

the heaven, that they sow not, neither do they reap, nor gather into barns; and your heavenly Father feedeth them. Are not ye of much more value than they?" (Matthew vi. 26.) And to His disciples He said: "The very hairs of your head are all numbered." (Luke xii. 7.)

[Psalm xxxi. 15; Proverbs xvi. 9; Romans viii. 28.]

66. Man was made to know, love, and serve God: have all men done so?

No; "for all have sinned, and fall short of the glory of God." (Romans iii. 23.)

67. Did our first parents continue in the state in which God created them?

No; they fell from that state into sin.

B.C. 1042.] LESSON II. [July 13.

THE ARK IN THE HOUSE.

2 Sam. 6. 1-12. Commit to memory vs. 11, 12.

GOLDEN TEXT.

He blesseth the habitation of the just. Prov. 3. 33.

OUTLINE.

1. The Ark of God, v. 1, 2.
2. The Joyful Procession, v. 3-5.
3. The Error of Uzzah, v. 6-9.
4. The Blessed Household, v. 10-12.

TIME.—B.C. 1042.

PLACES.—Jerusalem and Baale, or Kirjath-jearim, in the tribe of Judah.

EXPLANATIONS.—*The chosen men*—Not only the army, but the leaders in the nation. *David arose*—His purpose was to establish the worship of God by giving a place to the ark in his new capital. *From Baale*—Also called Kirjath-jearim. *The ark of God*—A chest covered and lined with gold, containing the stone tablets of the Ten Commandments. *The Lord of hosts*—So named as ruling the armies of heaven and all the universe. *Cherubim*—Two small figures on the lid of the ark, representing certain beings before the throne of God. *New cart*—This was wrong, for it should have been carried on the shoulders of the priests. *Out of the house*—It had been there for many years in neglect. *Played before the Lord*—Accompanying the singing of psalms. *Psalteries*—Something resembling harps of three sides, with strings struck with a hammer. *Tambrels*—Musical instruments like tambourines. *Cornets*—Here meaning the *sistrum*, an instrument shaped like a horseshoe and hung with bells. *Cymbals*—Two bell-shaped cups of metal struck together. *Threshing-floor*—An open place where grain was shaken by oxen treading upon it. *Put forth his hand*—It was forbidden for any one except the priests to touch the ark. *Anger of the Lord*—On account of Uzzah's careless treatment of the ark. *Breach*—A destruction. *Peretz-uzzah*—"The breach of Uzzah." *Afraid*—Because he saw that the removal had not been made according to God's will. *Blessed Obed-edom*—By peace and prosperity. *Brought up the ark*—This time it was done in the proper form.

TEACHINGS OF THE LESSON.

Where in this lesson are we shown—

1. That God's presence and dwelling-place should be sought?
2. That God's commands demand implicit obedience?
3. That his presence in a home brings a blessing on all within it?

THE LESSON CATECHISM.

1. From whence did David bring the ark of God? From the house of Abinadab. 2. How should the ark have been carried? By Levites. 3. What caused Uzzah's death? His touching the ark. 4. Where was the ark taken after Uzzah's death? Into the house of Obed-edom. 5. After being there three months where was the ark then taken? Into the city of David.

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.—The holiness of God.

CATECHISM QUESTIONS.

68. What is sin? Sin is disobedience to the law of God in will or deed. Romans viii. 7; 1 John v. 17; James iv. 17. [John iii. 4; Isaiah liii. 6; James i. 14, 15.] 69. What was the sin by which our first parents fell from their holy and happy state? Eating of the fruit of the tree of which God had forbidden them to eat. Genesis ii. 16, 17; Genesis iii. 6. 70. Why were they commanded not to eat of this fruit? To try them whether they would obey God or not.

CANADA'S LIQUOR BILL

COMPARED WITH VARIOUS OTHER LARGE ITEMS OF THE EXPENDITURE OF THE CANADIAN PEOPLE.

BASED ON THE CENSUS OF 1881 AND GOVERNMENT BLUE BOOKS.

SCALE Each perpendicular inch represents \$10,000,000.

(From the Toronto "Globe.")

LIQUOR	IRON & STEEL MANUFACTURES	MEAT	BREAD	WOOLLEN GOODS	SAWED LUMBER CONSUMED	BOOTS AND SHOES	COTTON GOODS	SUGAR AND MOLASSES	SCHOOLS	CHRISTIAN MISSIONS
\$27,625,000	\$27,000,000	\$22,175,000	\$21,675,000	\$21,100,000	\$19,797,000	\$18,000,000	\$13,803,000	\$9,757,000	\$9,000,000	\$400,000

The figures above given show that the Canadian people spend more for whiskey and other intoxicating drinks than for any other class of manufactures; five million more for liquor than for meat; six million more for liquor than for either bread or woollen goods. They spend more for destroying drinks than for all the lumber they annually use for building houses, and barns, and fences, and making furniture; one third more on the stuff that puts snakes in their boots than on the boots themselves; twice as much for alcohol as for cottons; nearly three times as much as for sugar; and while they spend \$8,000,000 for clearing their heads by education, they spend three and a half times as much for muddling them.

A single year of this baneful expenditure costs as much as would buy out the farms and stock of either of the wealthy counties of Hastings or Elgin. One month would buy up all the townships of the great county of Wellington. Thirty-two years of this annual drink bill would purchase the farms, stock, and implements of the whole Province of Ontario. Liquor costs the Dominion as much as a respectable war, and kills more than such a war generally does.

The indirect cost for the maintenance of prisons and asylums, and in the loss of labour, is another item in the drink bill of the country, which would swell the total financial loss caused by the liquor traffic to an even more enormous sum. And the financial loss, after all, is the smallest evil of the whole business.

WHISKEY AND TOBACCO.

"BY the help of the Lord I had given up my whiskey, but I thought there was no harm in tobacco. But one night I heard Tim Reagon say he'd give up his pipe because he wanted to be all clean before the Lord, and I asked myself: 'Tom Collins, sez I, 'don't you want to be all clean before the Lord?' So when I came out, I just pitched my tobacco over the fence, and the pipe I smashed when I got home. That week I put a dollar in the savings bank."

SMILES.

"I HAD covered up a great many of your sins," said a sexton to a tavern-keeper.

A FULL purse and a brandy-bottle rarely occupy opposite pockets in the same coat.

REFLECTION is an angel that points out the errors of the past, and gives us courage to avoid them in the future.

IF intoxicating drinks are proper and natural beverages, why do not horses and oxen and other mere animals use them in preference to water?

THE Rev. Miss Oliver says that every time a young man spends five cents for a glass of beer, he takes seven bricks from the pile of a snug little home.

A GOOD husband, like a good base-burner, never goes out nights. Because, like a base-burner, he knows he'll get a good shaking if he does.

DOCTOR—"There, get that prescription filled and take a table-spoonful three times a day before meals."

PAUPER PATIENT—"But, doctor, I don't get but one meal in two days."

"Is your mother in?" asked a visitor of a little Mormon boy who opened the door. "No, ma'am," the little boy replied, "but my brother's mother is in."

THEY tell us, said John B. Gough, that alcohol gives strength and nourishment. No, it does not, it gives stimulus. You sit down on a hornet's nest, and it may be quickening but not nourishing. A man once said to a friend of mine: "You are fighting whiskey. Whiskey has done a great deal of good. Whiskey has saved a great many lives." You remind me," said my friend, "of a boy who was told to write an essay about a pin, and in his boyish way he said: 'A pin is a very queer sort of thing. It has a round head and a sharp point, and if you stick them in you they hurt, and women use them for cuffs and collars, and men use them when their buttons are off. If you swallow them they kill you. For five cents you can get a packet of them, and they save thousands of lives.' The teacher said: 'What on earth do you mean? How have they saved thousands of lives?' 'By people not swallowing them,' answered the boy."

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