

## Our League.

BY H. W. ALLYN.

We are a band of children  
With a leader good and true,  
Trying in our humble way  
A little good to do.  
We meet each week together,  
And loud our voices raise  
To Christ our own Redeemer,  
In joyous, thankful praise.

We love our league-work dearly,  
And try whate'er we do,  
To please our leader every time,  
And to the work be true.  
We are but young, yet 'tis soon  
We shall be old and gray,  
We want to do a little good  
While on this earth we stay.

"Look up; lift up" our motto,  
We prize it very dear;  
We're looking up in numbers,  
Increasing every year.  
We will lift up the fallen  
And lead them by the hand,  
Till they are worthy members  
Of this our Epworth band.

Why Christ loved little children!  
He took them in his arms,  
And always tried to shield them,  
From every care and harm.  
We know our dear Redeemer  
Is watching from on high,  
His children may be like him  
If we will only try.

—Epcworth Herald.

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## Pleasant Hours:

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK

REV. W. H. WITHEROW, D.D., Editor.

TORONTO, APRIL 15, 1893.

## SAD LIFE-PICTURES.

"I LOVE every one but my mother!" It was a little English girl ten years old who said that. She wasn't such a bad girl, either; and she was not "mad" at her mother for punishing her, as ill-bred American children sometimes are. But her mother was so cruel, Ada couldn't love her. When her teacher told her she must honour her mother she said, "Does your mother drink, and throw glasses at you? Mine does." This is a true story. Kind friends have taken the child from her cruel mother, and are teaching her what it is to love and to be loved.

I have seen the picture of a five-year old baby named Jim. His father was dead, and his mother worked out. When she went away in the morning she tied him to a table leg, and left him there all day. When she came home at night, tired or drunk, she drubbed Jim with a stick or picked him up by his hands and swung him around. Some ladies found him out, and had him put in a hospital. He was thin and sickly. His arms were out of joint and his legs twisted; and he was scared almost to death when anyone spoke to him. The

nurse said it would probably be the death of him to go back to his mother.

There are dozens of true stories just as pitiful as these. The visitors who seek out orphans and ill-used children in cities for the orphan asylums and mission schools find this same sort of misery and wickedness every day. It doesn't take long for beer and rum to make the best of mothers as bad as Jim's or Ada's; and some of the drunken fathers are worse yet.

There was Alice, a pickpocket of ten, whose father had been in prison thirty-two times, who was proud of her little hands. "You see, they are so small I can slip 'em into folks' pockets," she said. And what does the editor mean by telling you these horrible things? Can't he find prettier stories to tell us? Indeed, he can; but these stories that aren't pretty have to be told. They sometimes set people to thinking. And that is what we want you to think about. What a great difference there is between your mother and these! She loves you, and you love her. Every night you pray to God to bless her. But do you ever thank God for giving her to you? A good mother is about the best blessing a child can have. And we keep on asking God for things, never stopping to thank him for what he has already given us. —Sunday-School Advocate.

## THE CHRISTIAN TEMPERANCE WOMAN.

BY MRS. HELEN E. BROWN.

PICTURES teach us a great deal. Esther Milman was a plain, everyday sort of woman, a dressmaker by trade, but so full of the Lord's love that she gave one day every week to his work, trying to win souls for Jesus.

She was walking up the street one evening on her way to meeting when she saw Henry Arms, a young man who well knew, in a very sad plight at the door of a liquor saloon. He had been in to get a drink, but he had no money to pay for it, and the bar-tender had turned him out. He was very angry, and doubled up his fist in a threatening way, and said some wicked words.

"Poor Henry!" said Esther to herself, as she drew near; "he is drunk; he has lost his head."

What a sad thing it is, dear children, to lose one's head. It is a dreadful thing to lose a hand or leg or an eye; but to lose one's head is the worst thing in the world. It is a bad thing to have a fever, or measles, or small-pox; but even with these diseases, though we may suffer much, our heads may be clear. But to lose our reason, to be insane, crazy, not to know what we do or say, is the worst evil that can befall us. And yet that is just what strong drink does for us. It goes right to the head, and causes disease there, and we lose our reason; we are crazy.

Some people are afraid of a man crazed with drink; some people would laugh at him. But not so with Miss Milman. She pitied the young man, and longed to help him out of his trouble.

She put her hand gently on his arm, and said:

"Henry, come along with me: come."

Her gentle voice reached him; he turned, looked at her, and suffered her to lead him away. She had to steady his steps, and hold him up when he was ready to fall, but she managed to get him along to a door which stood open, into which she went, drawing Henry after her. There she gave him a seat.

They were in a mission meeting, and as they went in the persons gathered in the little room were singing:

"We have heard the joyful sound:  
Jesus saves! Jesus saves!  
Spread the tidings all around:  
Jesus saves! Jesus saves."

As the music fell upon the young man's ears, the Holy Spirit seemed to fasten the words in his heart, as "a nail in a sure place." "Jesus saves! Jesus saves," they repeated, and, "I wish he'd save me," muttered Henry.

Soon the speaker at the desk rose and asked, "Is there anyone here who wants to be saved?"

"Yes, here is one," spoke Miss Milman,

"who has just come in. He needs to be saved, and I do believe he wants to be."

Henry staggered to his feet, and held off to the seat before him.

"Yes, I do," he said, and dropped back.

They prayed for him. One, two, three, four offered short prayers that this poor young man might be saved. Then a man arose and said, "I was just like that young man once, but Jesus saved me. Another rose and said nearly the same words. A third stood up and said, "I was the worst fellow that ever lived, and Jesus saved me."

Before the meeting was out, Henry had prayed himself, "God be merciful to me a sinner!" new strength and courage came into his heart, and he resolved, God helping him, that he would let strong drink alone. He was saved, and the bells of heaven rang out a joyous peal, because this poor lost soul had been found.

He went home quite sobered, and Miss Milman went with him. She would not leave him till she saw him safely in his own house. His poor wife sat in her cheerless room, with a sick baby in her arms, crying.

Henry opened the door, and went up close to her, as he said:

"Jesus saves, Mary, and he has saved me."

"He is not crazy," said Miss Milman. "He means it; he has been to the mission, and—"

"Found Jesus, and I am never going to drink any more," interrupted Henry.

They cried together, and then they knelt down and prayed together, and the good Christian temperance woman went home, thanking God that he had let her do this precious work for him.

Little girls who read this we hope will grow up to be Christian temperance women. Christian temperance is the best kind of temperance; for it leads the poor drunkard right to Jesus, who alone can truly save. Let us all sing often and aloud, and let the drunkard hear:

"We have heard the joyful sound:  
Jesus saves! Jesus saves!  
Spread the tidings all around:  
Jesus saves! Jesus saves!"

## ONE BOY'S WORK.

Six years ago a little boy, ten years old, fell into the East River and barely escaped drowning. This accident was followed by a long illness, during which the little fellow, who was of a devout nature, made a vow to himself that, if his life was spared, he would spend it in the service of the poor. For six years the boy has been carrying out the pledge made at that time.

What first appealed to him was the needs of little bare-foot children, and thus was started *The Sunny Hour*, a little monthly magazine, now in its fifth year, whose profits were devoted to the purchasing of shoes and stockings. Tello d'Apery, publisher and editor, is at present at school at Chappaqua; but through his pluck, perseverance, and sanctified common sense his mission has grown surprisingly.

Hitherto his chief aim has been to provide shoes and stockings for bare-foot children by means of the profits of his little paper; but as the work has become more widely known, contributions have come in, and on the 23rd of January the "Permanent Bare-foot Mission" was opened at No. 59 West Twenty-fourth Street, a few doors from Sixth Avenue, New York city. Of this house and his increased responsibility the young editor wrote in his January issue:

"The basement is even with the sidewalk, and you have to go up steps to the parlour floor. Just how the arrangements will be made about the offices, etc., I cannot say yet. The rent is \$1,400 a year, a very large sum, but I could not get a place cheaper anywhere within the limits that I had set. I may be able to rent one of the upper floors to reduce the expenses, or perhaps the front basement."

The mission now open permanently will provide more than shoes and clothing, as it includes on its second floor a room for games and a reading-room with bookshelves which are to be filled in a few days by a gentleman in Cambridge, Mass., and the room opened on his son's birthday. A large motto on the wall of one of these rooms reads: "Christ is the Head of this

Howe, the Unseen Guest at every Meal the Silent Listener to every Conversation.

On the parlour floor a young woman who wears the badge of the King's Daughters, is in attendance to receive applicants for aid, to investigate their credentials, letters from pastor, priest, or teacher, and to supply their needs from the back room where cloths, shoes, and stockings, old and new are stored. A little child, evidently one of Tello's proteges, is at hand to wait on the door and run errands. A woman canvas ser for the paper is also employed. Besides the distribution of shoes which goes on all the year, it is Tello's custom to distribute Christmas gifts. Last Christmas season 1,200 tickets were given out to any poor person who came recommended by some responsible person, and on Christmas afternoon, from a large empty store on Sixth Avenue, clothing, toys, dolls, stockings, mittens, and 1,500 pairs of shoes were given away to needy children.

## HAVING EYES BUT NO SIGHT.

A few miles out of Toronto is a tree having two trunks about eight feet apart, united by an arch ten feet from the ground and from the upper side of this uniting trunk three great stalks grow, each with broad branches and abundant foliage. It is a remarkable growth, and worth journeying some distance to see.

Under the tree there is a path leading from a farmhouse to the village post-office. Living in this farmhouse is a man who is nearly fifty years old. Since boyhood he has been in the habit of going along that path to the post-office and back again two or three times every week. He has, therefore, passed close by that tree thousands of times.

Two or three years ago a neighbour pointed out to him the extraordinary formation of the tree. Looking at it in amazement, he said that he had never noticed it before. During forty years he had been passing back and forth under the branches of the tree, and yet had failed to discover that there was anything peculiar about it. This fact is more remarkable than the tree.

This is a parable. Many there are who having eyes see not and having ears hear not. As they follow the path of life their eyes are constantly downward. The leaves of the healing trees of God's grace bow so low they touch them as they pass, and yet they are blind to all these.

Happy is he who, having found the wonders of God's grace, with winning zeal and skill points these out to those who have never seen them. —Young People's Union.

## THE VALUE OF A TRADE.

I REMEMBER years ago, when I was a very young man, meeting John Roach, the great ship-builder, in his ship-yard at Chester, Pennsylvania. I remember, too, what he said then about the value of a trade to the average boy.

"Young man," he said, laying his great, broad hand on my shoulder, and looking at me earnestly with his keen, steel-blue Irish eyes, "next to a clear conscience, a trade is as good a thing as any young man can have in this country. You can carry it with you all your life long; you have to pay neither rent nor taxes upon it, and it will help you around a sharp corner when most other things will fail."

I have never forgotten that utterance from a man who started in life—after landing in New York from Ireland—as a helper to a machinist, who became the leading ship-builder of his time, and who, up to the hour that he was stricken with a fatal illness, could take the place of any of his workmen, whether it was a man driving rivets, or an expert putting together the most delicate parts of a steamship's machinery.

Something very like what John Roach said, I heard another great man, who is now dead, say. This was Peter Cooper, a man of whom American boys cannot know too much, and whom they certainly cannot too much admire.

"If I had my way," said the venerable philanthropist, on the occasion to which I refer, "I would give every boy a trade. Then I would have him stick to it, love it and be good to it. If he does, it will be good to him."