

"Whatsoever He Saith Unto You, Do It."

If you've any task to do,
Let me whisper, friend, to you,
Do it.

If you've anything to give
That another's joy may live,
Give it.

If you know what torch to light,
Guiding others through the night,
Light it.

Whether life be bright or drear,
There's a message, sweet or clear,
Whispered down to every ear;
Hear it.

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Pleasant Hours:

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK.

Rev. W. H. Withrow, D.D., Editor.

TORONTO, OCTOBER 17, 1896.

TO EVERY MAN HIS WORK.

A man who has a desire for work, as well as a fitness for it, will find a field somewhere or make one for himself. This has been specially exemplified in the work of Thomas Barnardo, of London. Thirty years ago, when he was a young medical student, he sheltered a wretched little street boy in an East London room. That was the beginning of a work which has resulted to the present in forty different homes for neglected children. He now has the largest family on earth. It is composed of five thousand "mother's children," who stray from garrets and gutters into this fairy land in London, Edinburgh, Ontario, and Manitoba.

If you should go to London to-day and, taking a 'bus, go out into what is called Stepney, you would find an abundance of children along the docks. In a certain part you would see a sign suspended, reading, "Home for Working and Destitute Lads." On the right of this is another interesting sign, as follows: "An Ever-Open Door." All night and all day this door is open for every boy who claims to be "destitute." While open for the destitute, it is no place for impostors. The boy's story is heard and examined, and if found to be true, his photograph is taken and a physical description of him is kept in the great register. After this is done he is taken to the lavatory, his hair cut, a uniform given him, and he assigned a bed in one of the dormitories. "The baby boys go to the 'Babies' Castle,' Hankfurt; the little boys, to Leopold House; those from twelve to sixteen remain at Stepney; and the older ones are placed in the Tabor House on Commercial Road."

There are four hundred boys at Stepney, who are called every morning at 5.30 by a bugle. They then have a half-hour drill in the yard, which is also their ball-ground. In the work-shops they are taught fourteen different trades. Those who have been there for some time, and who have been taught to work, show fine physiques and intelligent faces. In each of the shops where work is done there is a kind, Christian master in charge. They have a gymnasium, swimming-baths, musical instruments, and a playground, to furnish play for their leisure hours.

In 1893 there were sent away seven hundred and fifty of these trained men. They are never lost sight of, but on leaving stationery is furnished them with

which to report their progress. It is said that ninety-eight per cent. of those who go out are a credit to their helper. One of the most remarkable things in connection with this home is that the expenses are from \$1,000 to \$1,500 daily, and these are met by the free-will offerings of the benevolent. There are no debts incurred. This work was commenced thirty years ago, before slumming became a fashionable fad. Dr. Barnardo practiced what Luther taught: "No greater harm is done to Christendom than by the neglect of children; therefore, to advance the cause of Christ, we must begin with them."

WAMPUM.

This is the English name for the shell beads used for ornament and as currency among the northern tribes of Indians previous to the settlement of the country. They were made chiefly on Long Island and around New York Bay, and were of two kinds, one made of conch, or periwinkle, and the other of hard clam-shells.

The making of wampum to be sold for ornaments, has been carried on for nearly a hundred years by the Campbell family at Pascack, N.J., and they are now said to be the only persons who know how to bleach and soften the conch-shells used in making white wampum or to drill holes through the still harder clam-shells that are made into the more valuable black or deep purple wampum.

The conch-shells are brought from West Indian ports by schooners. The clam-shells are of the largest size obtainable, the smaller ones being too thin for the purpose.

The white wampum and hair pipes are, according to the New York Sun, made from the lip of the shell, which is cut into suitable sizes after being detached from the body and put through a softening process that also bleaches it white.

The hair pipes are somewhat thicker than a clay pipe stem, tapering from the centre to both ends, and are graduated in length, by half inches, from one to six inches. They have a hole through the centre lengthwise. They were used to ornament the long hair of the chiefs, which was run through the holes and secured with gaudy coloured strings.

Black or dark purple wampum has always been more costly than the white, because it was worn only by the chiefs and medicine-men, and because of the difficulty of drilling the holes. But a small portion of a clam-shell yields material of the proper hue, and when it is cut in sections there is so much waste by breakage that only the most expert workman can be entrusted with the task.

The dark shell is cut in lengths like the white. A number of sections having been drilled, they were, according to the old process, strung on a wire and placed in alternating grooves running around a fine grindstone. As the stone revolved, Rockaway sand and water were dropped on it and a piece of hard board was rubbed back and forth across the face, thus moving the wampum and rounding its outer surface. Then it was washed, dried, dipped in olive-oil to give a gloss, and afterward made into strings for market. The clam-shell could not be softened without ruining its colour.—Scientific American.

CIVILITY AT SEA.

An American steamer anchored off the port of Nassau early one morning, and transferred all her passengers who wished to go ashore, with one exception, to a steam tender. The exception was a traveller who had not heard on the previous night the warning that every one who wished to go ashore for the morning must be on deck by six o'clock. He appeared upon the scene a moment after the tender had cast off. His fellow-passengers waved their handkerchiefs and laughed at him. The captain undertook to discipline him roughly.

"There is always one fool left behind!" he shouted, angrily. "You didn't know enough to get up when I warned you it would be your only chance of going ashore."

"But I received no warning," meekly answered the traveller.

This protest called out a volley of oaths from the captain. The traveller bristled in his turn.

"It is my misfortune to be left behind," he said; "but it is not a brave officer who abuses a passenger for his hard luck. I have travelled under many flags, and I am sorry that the first captain to treat me with discourtesy should be an American."

Before half an hour had passed, a sail-boat ran in close to the steamer, and in response to a signal from the passenger

carried him ashore. Soon after, he turned the tables upon the captain and the passengers.

He had letters of introduction to present to the Governor of the Bahamas, and was hospitably received by him. When pressed to remain over night he explained that the steamer was to sail at one o'clock for Cuba. The governor turned to his secretary.

"Tell the agent that the steamer must not sail until he hears from me," was the order.

Then the governor explained to his guest that by virtue of a mail subsidy he could detain the ship for twenty-four hours. "You can stay over night and get off in the morning," he added.

It was a complete reversal of conditions. At sunrise the traveller had been alone on the ship, looking regretfully after his fellow-passengers who were on their way to the shore. At noon they were back on the steamer, and he was on shore, holding the ship for his own convenience with the governor's permission.

The traveller, however, was merciful to the captain. He did not detain the steamer longer than six hours, and returned to it at nightfall to meet the captain's flashing eye.

"Always behind time!" exclaimed the martinet. "You've kept all hands waiting since noon."

"Long enough, I hope," was the cool reply, "for you, sir, to learn that civility should be one of the rules of the sea, and that the use of abusive language may be at least injudicious."—Youth's Companion.

STAND ASIDE.

Robert Burdette has a son he is pleased to call Telemachus, to whom now and then he gives pretty sound advice. Recently he said to him: "Get away from the crowd a little every day, my dear boy. Stand one side and let the world run by, while you get acquainted with yourself; find out all you can about yourself. Ascertain from original sources if you are really the manner of man people say you are; and if you are always honest; if you always tell the square, perfect truth in business details; if your life is as good and upright at eleven o'clock at night as it is at noon; if you are as good a temperance man on a fishing excursion as you are at a Sunday-school picnic; if you are as good a boy when you go to the city as you are at home; if, in short, you are really the sort of man your father hopes you are, and your sweetheart believes you are. Get on intimate terms with yourself, my boy, and, believe me, every time you come out of one of these private interviews you will be a stronger, better, purer man. Don't forget this, Telemachus, and it will do you good."

RESISTED.

Four young men, clerks and students, while on a summer vacation tramp through northern New England, engaged for a guide to a certain romantic waterfall a boy named Forrest Leo Graves.

Forest was a fine, athletic fellow, who could outwalk and outclimb any amateur in the mountains; and his moral courage was quite equal to his physical health and strength. After he had guided the young men to the waterfall, and they had satisfied themselves with sight-seeing, they invited him to lunch with them.

"Thank you: I have my own lunch," and the boy went away by himself.

Later, when full justice had been done to their repast, and a flask of brandy had furnished each of the young men with a stimulating draught, Graves was called. "You must drink with us, if you will not eat with us," now said the owner of the flask, and the most reckless of the party.

"No, sir; thank you," was the boy's courteous response.

"But I insist upon it," said the young man.

"You can do as you please about drinking, but I cannot drink," replied Graves.

The young man sprang to his feet, and with a bound stood beside the boy, too much absorbed in his own purpose to heed the quivering lips and flashing eyes of the other. "Now you are bound to try my brandy. I always rule," he exclaimed.

"You can't rule me," was the brave reply. These words were scarcely uttered when the flask was seized and hurled into the stream. Then a clear, defiant tone rang out: "I did it in self-defence! You had no right to tempt me. My father was once a rich and honourable man; but he died a miserable drunkard, and my mother came here to live to keep me away from liquor till

I should be old enough to take care of myself. I have promised her a hundred times that I wouldn't taste it, and I'd die before I'd break my promise!"

"Bravely said. Forgive me, and let us shake hands. My mother would be a happy woman if I were as brave as you. I wouldn't tempt you to do wrong. I shall never forget you, nor the lesson that you have taught me."

The most reckless was the most generous, and, seeing his error, apologized frankly. How many boys need to be kept from strong drink! and, alas! how many men and women! Who dare tempt them! Let it not be you nor I.—Our Young Folks.

Is This Your Motto?

For our Lord Jesus Christ's sake—
Do all the good you can,
To all the people you can,
By all the means you can,
In all the places you can,
As long as ever you can.

—Selected.

JUNIOR EPWORTH LEAGUE.

PRAYER-MEETING TOPIC.

OCTOBER 25, 1896.

"For her my tears shall fall."—Psalm 137. 6.

TRUE PATRIOTISM.

The Jews revered the very dust of Jerusalem, which was known by the name of the Holy City. The Temple was there, which was the most gorgeous sanctuary in the world. Nothing can exceed the language of the text. There is a beauty and terseness in the words which touch the heart, and arouse all the sensibilities of the soul. No words in ancient or modern tongues can surpass it for beauty. The text is the true expression of every Jewish heart.

STRONG AFFIRMATION.

No earthly attachment was equal to the attachment of the Jew for Jerusalem. This illustrates the love we should feel to Christ's kingdom.

Hear the next verses of the hymn mentioned in the last lesson, which are to be committed to memory.

"For her my tears shall fall,
For her my prayers ascend;
For her my cares and toils be given,
Till toils and cares shall end.

"Beyond my highest joy
I prize her heavenly ways,
Her sweet communion, solemn vows,
Her hymns of love and praise.

"Sure as thy truth shall last,
To Zion shall be given
The brightest glories earth can yield,
And brighter bliss of heaven."

PERSONAL INTEREST.

A moment's reflection will convince us of our deep obligation to the kingdom of Christ. There is safety for life and property where the kingdom of Christ is established. Those nations whose people are the subjects of this kingdom are the best nations in the world. They do not rob nor steal. They are guided by the golden rule, hence men do not dwell in fear where the Gospel is preached. Those are the best citizens who fear God and work righteousness.

OUR OBLIGATION.

Christ is sometimes wounded in the house of his friends. Dishonour is brought upon his sacred name when men act contrary to his laws, and do those things which are not well-pleasing in his sight. We are in duty bound to spread Christ's kingdom. By kind words, upright actions, and self-denying labours we are bound to seek to win our fellowmen to Christ, and to convert a sinner from the error of his way is to save a soul from death. This can sometimes be done by speaking a word in honour of the Saviour, or giving a kind warning when we see others going astray. We also, by so doing, promote our own happiness, for there is a luxury connected with doing good which is known only to those who do good. Do not forget that such sacrifices are well-pleasing to God.

A young man just home from college, wishing to inspire his little sister with awe for his learning, pointed to a star and said: "Do you see that bright little luminary? It's bigger than this whole world."

"No, 'tisn't," said she.

"Yes, it is," declared the young collegian.

"Then why don't it keep off the rain?" was the triumphant rejoinder.