

Which Are You?

BY ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

THERE are two kinds of people on earth to-day;
Just two kinds of people, no more, I say;

Not the sinner nor saint, for 'tis well understood
The good are half-bad, and the bad are half-good.

Not the rich and the poor, for to count a man's wealth
You must first know the state of his conscience and health.

Not the humble and proud, for in life's little span
Who puts on vain airs is not counted a man.

Not the happy and sad, for the swift-flying years
Bring each man his laughter and each man his tears.

No; the two kinds of people on earth I mean
Are the people who lift and the people who lean.

Wherever you go you will find the world's masses
Are always divided in just these two classes.

And oddly enough, you will find, too, I ween,
There is only one lifter to twenty who lean.

In which class are you? Are you easing the load
Of overtaxed lifters who toil down the road?

Or are you a leaner, who lets others bear
Your portion of labour and worry and care?

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Pleasant Hours:

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK.

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

TORONTO, NOVEMBER 3, 1895.

DIME NOVELS FOR FAMILY READING.

A CLUB of boys once gathered a number of dime novels of the most sensational type and were reading them on the sly. One mother who had discovered a volume of this sort of literature in her son's pocket committed the book to the flames and threatened to whip him if any more were found. Another boy, according to this story from the *Ladies' Home Companion*, was treated in a quite different manner:

When Harry heard his mother's voice he sprang up and intended to hide the book, as he had been thoroughly cautioned to do by the others.

"Why, Harry, what is it?"

"Oh, only a book a boy lent me."

"Is it a good one?"

"Yes, it's awfully interesting."

"Well, I'm glad of that, for if there's anything I do enjoy it is a good book. Just lay it by till after supper, and this evening we'll read it together."

Harry complied, but feeling all the time as if there was something wrong about it

somewhere. After supper Mrs. Nelson got her sewing and said: "Now, Harry, you read and I'll sew."

So Harry began. He read a little while, but somehow the book didn't seem the same to him; things came up in the story that he did not just like to read to his mother.

"Do you like it?" he asked.

"Well, I can tell you as you go on; if you are interested in it I think I will be."

So Harry read on. It wasn't quite as interesting as it had been for some reason. Finally his interest flagged, he told his mother all about it and where they were reading them.

"And can you get them all?" Mrs. Nelson asked. "What a treat there is in store for us! We'll finish this one and then you can get another, and they'll last us most of the winter."

Harry winced. He was tired of it already. He had expected his mother to act a little as Rob's mother had. Mrs. Nelson went on with her sewing and Harry read until about nine o'clock. Finally, Harry laid down the book and with some anxiety said: "What do you think of it, mother?"

"Oh, it's very thrilling; don't you think so?"

"Well, yes; but do you s'pose these boys really did these things?"

"Why, you must just think how you would do under such circumstances."

"I should be scared to death," admitted Harry.

"Mercy! Would you? Why, I was just congratulating myself that if a bold, horrid man was to step in on us now and say, 'Madam, your money or your life,' you would bravely spring up to my rescue and say, 'Hold there, villain! Unhand that woman or your life's blood shall pay for the outrage, and that you would immediately draw out that immense knife you got a short time ago and made so sharp, and stab him."

Harry's eyes were luminous by this time; he couldn't understand his mother at all.

"But go on, Harry; I must hear the rest of that before I go to sleep." And Harry read a little longer.

Ten o'clock came, and Mrs. Nelson began making preparations for bed. For their evening lesson she read the first Psalm. In guarded language she drew Harry's attention to the climax of the verses, first, walking with the ungodly, then standing, stopping a little longer to listen, and finally being so taken up with the attractiveness of evil as to sit down and stay with it. She did not attempt to moralize but just sowed the seed and let it alone, then, pressing him to her heart, she kissed him fondly. "God keep you, my boy, in the time of temptation. Good night."

When Harry awoke the next morning he lay thinking quite busily. As he started off to school his mother called, "Be sure and get another book, Harry, and tell the boys to come here to-night and read them if they want to."

The boys were thunderstruck at the invitation. Rob Ellis, who was leader of the crowd, who disposed to scold; "Such a cad as you are, Harry Nelson, to blab everything to your mother."

"Well, what of it? She enjoys them. I guess if I can read them, mother can."

Rob was a little confused at Mrs. Nelson's literary taste, but next evening Harry coaxed Rob around for the evening. The reading began, and, although the boys took turns about reading, it flagged. The colour would creep up into Rob's face when he read some of the tall, bragging talk that some of the characters indulged in; it didn't seem just the thing before Mrs. Nelson. Before the evening was well over both boys were completely nauseated with the book. When they were alone Harry said, "I don't believe I'll finish that book, mother; I don't think it's nice."

AN HONEST MAN'S DECISION.

"WHEN I was a young man," said President Finney, "almost every man used tobacco, and I among the rest. After I was converted I continued to use it. The practice was so common that the question as to whether it was right did not occur to me. I was as innocent as a baby about it. But once when I was holding

revival meetings in New York City, I was one day filling my tobacco box from a paper I had just bought, when the gentleman in whose house I was stopping came into the parlour and said, 'Brother Finney, do you think it is right to use tobacco?' 'Right?' I said; 'right? Of course it isn't right. Here, you take this tobacco and keep it till I call for it.' The minute the question was presented to me, I knew it wasn't right, and I have never touched tobacco from that day to this. And I believe what success I have had in life has been due in a great measure to my manner of settling every such question. When I saw a thing was wrong, I gave it up at once and forever; and when I saw a course was right and my duty, I entered it without stopping to confer with flesh and blood."

WHAT GOD GIVES A BOY.

A BODY to live in and keep clean and healthy, and as a dwelling for his mind and a temple for his soul.

A pair of hands to use for himself and others, but never against others for himself.

A pair of feet to do errands of love, and kindness, and charity, and business, but not to loiter in places of mischief, or temptation, or sin.

A pair of lips to keep pure and unpolluted by tobacco or whiskey, and to speak true, kind, brave words, but not to make a smoke-stack of, or a swill-trough.

A pair of ears to hear the music of bird, and tree, and rill, and human voice, but not to give heed to what the tempter says or to what dishonours God or his mother.

A pair of eyes to see the beautiful, the good, the true—God's finger-prints in the flower, and field, and snowflake, but not to feast on unclean pictures or the blotches that Satan daubs and calls pleasure.

A mind to remember, and reason, and decide, and store up wisdom, and impart it to others, but not to be turned into a chip-basket or rubbish heap for the chaff and sweepings of the world's stale wit.

A soul pure and spotless as a new-fallen snowflake, to receive impressions of good and develop faculties of powers and virtues which shall shape it day by day as the artist's chisel shapes the stone, into the image and likeness of Jesus Christ.—*Youth's Temperance Banner*.

A LESSON.

THE eccentric George Francis Train, while travelling in a parlour car, was annoyed by the many oaths with which several men interlarded their conversation. Determined to rebuke them, he joined in the talk, exclaiming again and again:

"Shovel, tongs, and poker!"

"Mr. Train," said one of the men at last, wearied with the recurring exclamation, "why do you use that nonsensical phrase?"

"That is my way of swearing," answered Train; "and it is no more nonsensical and far less blasphemous than your oaths. I'll quit if you will."

There was no more swearing during the journey.—*Youth's Companion*.

DOING AND NOT DOING.

"Sir," said a lad coming down to one of the wharves in Boston, and addressing a well-known merchant: "Sir, have you any berth on your ship? I want to earn something."

"What can you do?" asked the gentleman.

"I can try my best to do whatever I am put to do," answered the boy.

"What have you done?"

"I have sawed and split all mother's wood for nigh on two years."

"What have you not done?" asked the gentleman, who was a queer sort of a questioner.

"Well, sir," answered the boy, after a moment's pause. "I have not whispered in school once for a whole year."

"That's enough," said the gentleman, "you may ship aboard this vessel, and I hope to see you the master of her some day. A boy who can master a wood-pile and bridle his tongue must be made of good stuff."

Two Little Maids.

BY MRS. C. D. H. THOMPSON.

Two little maids I met one day—
The one in carriage grand
On cushioned seat sat prim and sweet
With mamma close at hand.

In dainty lace and dainty fur
The little miss was clad,
Her eyes were blue, and smiled at you
In a way to make you glad.

The lashes dark, the rosy cheeks
Kissed so t, and golden brown
Was hair so fair that waved in air
As carriage rolled toward town.

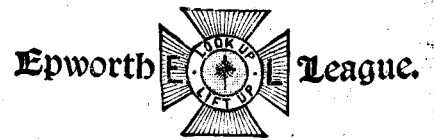
The other maid in alley dark
Trudged cold and lone and sad,
And her eyes, too, were heaven's blue
But no light made them glad.

Her little limbs and feet were bare
And winter's breeze so chill,
About her face of native grace
Made locks to play at will.

Her mamma's heart was broke one day—
Not even baby love
Could stay the hand from "other land"
That beckoned her above.

Dear little maids I met that day!
Canst tell why heart of one
Was light and gay and bright as day,
The other sad and lone?

A shadow dark stood in my path
And shut away the sun
It told me true as I tell you,
A drunkard's child was one.



JUNIOR LEAGUE.

PRAYER-MEETING TOPIC.

December 1, 1895.

THE HEART LIFE.—Matthew 22, 37-40.

Every word spoken by Jesus Christ is worthy of serious consideration, seeing that he spake as never man spake. The words of the present lesson are of special importance, seeing it is said that on them hang all the law and the prophets. By the term "law" is meant all the requirements of the Mosaic dispensation. By the term "prophets" we are to understand, "the prophetic writings." The Law and the Prophets were divisions of the Old Testament which were read daily in the synagogues of the Jews.

The heart is the seat of physical life and means here the soul, where thoughts and actions are first conceived. The soul, therefore, resembles a fountain which supplies streams and rivers with the important element. Thus the soul is the most important part of man. If it be right, all the parts of man will also be right. God should certainly be the object of supreme adoration. He is worthy of all our love because from him proceeds every good and perfect gift. He truly giveth us all things to enjoy.

By the term "our neighbour" is not merely meant those that reside near to us, but every member of the human family, no matter where they may reside, or what their occupation or social position. We are to put ourselves on an equality with them, and assist them in every matter as we would have them to do unto us. We are members of one family and no member of a family would injure another member unless he is either insane or flagrantly wicked.

Obedience to this twofold commandment would do away with strife and animosity. The whole family of mankind would be united together in one common brotherhood. How desirable is this! Let every member of all our Junior Leagues seek thus to act. Let love to God and love to man inspire every action, and we may expect the smile of heaven to rest upon us continually. So note it be.

Sunny-Day Sermons.

THE sun's text is: "Begin the day With shining purpose, any way";
The rain's: "Let tears fall only where They'll make the world more bright and fair."
The wind says: "Let your voice be sweet, And only pleasant things repeat."
The flowers whisper, hid apart: "Show to the world a perfect heart."
The white thistle from up above,
Shines down the sermon: "Heaven is love."