

Which Are You?

BY ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

Now 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
Into 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 toll down the road?

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

OUR PERIODICALS:

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Table listing various periodicals and their prices, including Christian Guardian, Methodist Magazine, and Pleasant Hours.

WILLIAM BRIGGS,

Methodist Book and Publishing House, Toronto. C. W. Coombs, S. F. Hastings, 2176 St. Catherine St., Wesleyan Book Room, Montreal, Halifax, N.S.

Pleasant Hours:

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK.

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

TORONTO, JULY 24, 1897.

JUNIOR EPWORTH LEAGUE. PRAYER-MEETING TOPIC.

AUGUST 1, 1897.

The Messiah's reign righteous.—Psalm 72, 1-7.

SUBLIME PSALM.

Some have entertained the idea that this Psalm refers to Solomon, but there are several reasons which can be given in opposition to this theory.

OBJECT CONTEMPLATED.

Verse 1. Righteous judgment or faithful administration of the law. There was often misinterpretation of the laws, and an administration which was unjust and tyrannical.

UNIVERSALITY.

Kings of nations and administrators of law could not continue by reason of death, but the Psalmist here contemplates the perpetuity of the mild reign of the Son of God.

HAPPY PEOPLE.

Verse 7. Righteous monarchs make righteous people, who prosper under

righteous administration. Other kings inflict unjust taxation, and involve the people in war with other nations, but Christ, as the righteous monarch, rules in such kindness that his principles spread and permeate all classes of the community to such an extent as to excite the admiration of all other nations.

STEADY PROGRESSION.

Verses 5 and 7. His dominion is to spread as long as the sun shines and continue as long as the moon is seen. This is a figure of speech which implies perpetuity of existence.

THE BOYS OF INDIA.

The boys of India that go to school leave home for school at six in the morning, and stay there studying until about nine. Then comes a recess, when they go home and get something cold to eat; then school again from ten until noon or later; and after a second recess they come and stay until dark.

A Hindu teacher does not try to teach very much. He has one of the older children repeat the letters or multiplication table, or some lines of poetry, and then has the others say them after the leader. Instead of slates they get clean sand and cover the floor and write the letters in that with their fingers.

As they commit most of their lessons to memory, the teacher has not much to do but sit by and see that they make plenty of noise. If this is accomplished, he and the parents think that the school is doing well.

The boys that do not go to school are usually kept at work. Many of them take care of cattle. All the cows and oxen and buffaloes of the village are let out every morning, and the herd boys take them off over the fields wherever they can find grass.

HOW TINY DICRAN LEFT ARMENIA.

The Boston Herald tells the following story of a boy six years of age, who came to Boston, Massachusetts, from Armenia, a few months ago.

His brother, a robust, rosy-cheeked fellow of twelve years; his father, and a cousin, twenty-five years old, came with him, but their experience was quite unlike that of their little companion, Dicran Dichtchekanian, who left Armenia in a barrel; and a not very large-sized one, at that.

The father was certain that he and his boys would be murdered if they remained in Armenia another week, so he made a careful survey of his surroundings and hit on a plan of escape. It is a well-known fact that many Armenian refugees have allowed themselves to be packed like so much beef in barrels, and then rolled over the hard, hilly roads to the shore, where they were transported out to the ships in the bay by small boats.

The father had a small amount of money left for the crisis. He bribed the Turkish officials, and they allowed him and his elder son and nephew to go aboard a ship in the bay that was bound for England. They were, of course,

permitted to carry their barrel of old clothes with them, for such were the contents of the barrel, so far as the Turks knew.

After all were safely on board the good ship and she was far out on the ocean on her voyage to this land of freedom the head was knocked out of the barrel and the little Jack-in-the-box was tenderly lifted out. He was almost crippled by his close confinement, but after a good rubbing and the proper exercise little Dicran was all right and just as playful as he ever was in his life.

After the little party arrived in Boston, the father soon got work, but his pay was but six dollars a week. Little Dicran proved so bright that he speedily won recognition, and he has been taken to the home of Mrs. C. M. Cleveland, in Newton, where an almost complete change has been made in his make-up. He has pretty clothing, and attends the public school. Already he speaks good English, and, being fluent in French, he is quite a little lion, socially, in that city of culture and refinement.

One of the remarkable things surrounding this boy's individuality is the literal translation of his Turkish name, which is Dichtchekanian. The "Dicht" means "tooth;" the "cheken" means "puller," and the "ian" means "son of." Thus the vocation of his ancestry is explicitly told by the translation of the name. He is the son of a tooth-puller.

COURTESY.

It is related that in Germany there stood a castle having two towers, and the old baron to whom it belonged stretched wires from one tower to the other, thus constructing a harp upon which the winds could play, making music for the inmates of that home. Soft winds made gentle harmonies, and the strong tempests, rushing down the mountain side, hurled themselves against the wires, and they began to roll out the most majestic strains.

There is sweet music in every home where the heart strings are touched by gentleness and courtesy.

The mild word, the gentle answer, the tender act, the patient consideration, will touch chords of kindness and make sweet melody in the family life, as everywhere.

A desolate, dreary place is a home devoid of those little courtesies which are practiced in the best social life.

STORY OF THE QUEEN'S LIFE.

VIII.

LITTLE TRIPS.

Through the Queen's Journals we see frequent mention of John Brown. In 1849 he came into her service as "gillie," i.e., as a page or boy-servant. He was so faithful, so much to be trusted, that he was selected by Prince Albert to go with the Queen's carriage. In 1851 he was appointed to lead the Queen's pony, and so, through good conduct, he was promoted, step by step.

"He is singularly straightforward, simple minded, kind-hearted, and disinterested," writes the Queen. These are good qualities, whether in Queen or servant. For thirty-four years, John Brown was the Queen's good servant and "faithful friend."

The Prince and the Queen used to like to go off on trips with just one or two attendants—little trips among the hills, for a few days; going about just as other people do—having a "good time" all by themselves, without any parade. On these trips, John Brown always went with them, as one of their attendants.

The Queen tells in her Journals about a carriage accident that happened, once upon a time. It was after the death of the good Prince Albert. They had gone, the Queen, Alice, and Helena, for a little trip to Altnaghlinasach. (You need none of you try to pronounce that word).

After they got there, they had a little lunch. Brown was with them, and the coachman, and Alice's little black serving boy, Willem. They warmed up some broth, and boiled potatoes for lunch. After lunch they drove over the hills—green hills made white with slight snow showers. It was all very beautiful and very pleasant, although the poor Queen "felt very sad and lonely."

When they left the place with the long name, it was quite dark. The carriage lamps were lighted, but the coachman kept getting out of the road. At last over went the carriage on its side. They wore all thrown out, and the Queen had her face bruised.

The horses were thrown, and the Princess Alice held the lamp, while Brown cut the traces and helped them

up. Then the party had to wait while the coachman went back with the horses for another carriage.

Pretty soon they heard the sound of horses' hoofs and Kennedy, another good servant, appeared with the ponies. He had feared there was an accident, and so had come out to meet them. So they mounted their ponies, and Brown led the Queen's and Alice's ponies, and somebody else led Helena's and Willem's, while Kennedy carried the lantern in front. A sorry procession they were, and when they got home to Balmoral, the Queen says, "the people were foolishly alarmed and made a great fuss."

Queen Victoria never makes a "fuss" about things. She has fortitude. I suppose she is one of the bravest women in England.

ON THE CATHEDRAL RAFTER.

BY J. R. MILLER, D.D.

In one of the old cathedrals in Europe the guide bids the visitor watch a certain spot, until the light from a particular window falls upon it. There he sees, carved on a rafter, a face of such marvellous beauty that it is the very gem of the great building.

The legend is, that when the architects and masters were planning the adornment of the cathedral, an old man came in and begged leave to do some work. They felt that his tottering steps and trembling hands unfitted him for any great service; so they sent him up to the roof, and gave him permission to carve upon one of the rafters.

He went his way, and day by day he wrought there in the darkness. One day he was not seen to come down, and going up they found him lying lifeless on the scaffolding, with his sightless eyes turned upward. And there they saw, carved on the rafter, a face of such exceeding beauty that architects and great men bared their heads as they looked upon it, and recognized the master in him who lay there, still in death.

In the church of the living God we are all set to carve the beauty of the face of Christ; not on the rafters or on the walls of any cathedral, but on our own heart and life. Be it ours to do this work with such care and skill, that when our eyes are closed in death, men may look with reverence upon the beauty of the face our hands have fashioned.

Some of us may feel ourselves too feeble, or too unskilled, to do any great work in this world for Christ, but none are too feeble or too unskilled to carve the beauty of Christ on our life. And it may be that in the time of the great revealing, it shall appear that some trembling disciple among us, timid and shrinking, whose voice is not heard in our meetings, whose work is in some quiet corner, out of sight, has wrought the beauty of Christ-likeness in an exquisiteness which shall outshine all that any, even the greatest of us, have done. It is not the greatness of the deed that makes it acceptable to God, but the love for the Master that is in it.

A nautical mile is called a knot, from the method in which a vessel's speed is calculated by the log line, which has knots at certain distances, the number of which run off from the reel in half a minute, showing the number of miles the vessel sails in an hour. The ordinary mile is 5,280 feet, nautical mile, 6,086 feet. A furlong is one-eighth of a mile; a league, three miles; a fathom, six feet.

A proposition is at present in the wind to make the sails of ships of rubber instead of canvas. It is supposed that if roped strongly along foot, luff and leech, the result will be superior to the canvas sails. Surely, however, a sudden increase of wind power would expand the sail too much and cause some difficulty in governing the course of the boat. Paper pulp is again suggested as being an adequate substitute for canvas. When pressed into sheets and stitched together it would make a light and effective sail.

The X-ray has come to the relief of a woman who had bought, some years ago, in Thebes, what purported to be a hand stolen from a mummy. It was enveloped in resin, and her friends destroyed her delight in her acquisition by assuring her that it was counterfeit. She did not dare to open the wrappings, for fear the hand would crumble into dust, and she feels a debt of gratitude for the invention which enabled her to set her mind at rest. The photograph came out very clearly, showing the bones of the hand in their wrappings as they had been for three thousand years.