

Golden Bowls.

God's service is all things great;
To him there's nothing small,
A throne and lives we cannot see,

So for his holy house he gave
A pattern fair of old;
Not only for the horubim,

Anointing oil in the should glow,
In these the purple wine,
The first fruits of the ripening field,

Symbol of human life were they,
Ever before the Lord,
Of lowly labours manifold,

Humble and menial was their place,
And so perchance is mine;
Yet is the halberd of my days

OUR PERIODICALS:

PER YEAR—POSTAGE FREE.

The best, the cheapest, the most entertaining, the most popular.

Table listing various periodicals such as Christian Guardian, Methodist Magazine, and Pleasant Hours with their respective prices.

WILLIAM BRIGGS,

Methodist Book and Publishing House, Toronto.
C. W. Curran, S. F. H. Ross,
21 Henry Street, Wesleyan Book Room,
Montreal, Halifax, N.S.

Pleasant Hours:

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK

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

TORONTO, JULY 9, 1892.

THE TRAINING NEEDED.

THE training young persons need is not for the accomplishment of great things, but for the best performance of small things.

The comfort and happiness of life depend greatly upon small things; and the largest success of life comes often from careful attention to things that seem smallest.

and the thorough mastery of what may have the appearance of small things. And so it is in the thousand things that make up the sum of life.

THE ENGINE-MAKER.

BY REV. WILLIAM M. THAYER.

GEORGE STEPHENSON was a poor boy—poor as the poorest. His father worked in a coal mine...

George was a smart, driving little fellow, with almost as much steam in him as there was in his father's engine.

Not a very bright prospect for George, my reader will say. And yet there was a bright side for that poor family.

When George was nine years old he went to live with a farmer. He was not old enough to chop, shovel, or build walls, but he could watch the cows while they grazed.

As he grew older he was promoted to other farm work, such as milking the cows, driving the horses, hoeing corn and digging potatoes.

George had a taste for wind-mills and water-wheels, and he began to make them before he went to live with the farmer.

When George was fourteen years old, his father removed to another township, to work in another coal mine, and George was taken thither to act as assistant fireman.

As the school for the children was opened about this time, and he attended it, every day his thirst for knowledge grew stronger and stronger.

shoes, and cut out clothes for them, and did almost anything he was asked to do, so that he was regarded as a "genius."

Thus he went on, step by step, until he made a locomotive engine in 1814, which was run on the Killingworth Railway.

A high aim, doing things well, patience, perseverance, and all those other good qualities that are found with them, made them successful.

Martin Luther was the son of a poor miner; Zwingle was the son of an obscure shepherd; John Bunyan's father was a travelling tinker.

THE BOY MARTYRS.

BY SOPHIE S. SMITH.

TEACHER—Belle, what have you been reading?

Belle—A story about a poor man who was burned to death because he was a Christian. It was dreadful!

Mary—I am glad they don't burn and kill people now for being Christians.

Teacher—I heard of three Christian lads who were put to death last year.

Belle—Not in a Christian country?

Teacher—No, but in Central Africa, where the missionaries have been teaching the people, and some of them have become the followers of Jesus.

Mary—Couldn't the missionaries have saved them?

Teacher—No; the chiefs had accused the missionaries of making trouble in the country. This made the king and people so angry that the missionaries told those who came to be taught to stay away until the trouble passed.

Belle—Were they not frightened and ready to give up everything that they might be saved?

Teacher—They may have been frightened at first, but Jesus gave them strength and courage, and they calmly stood and sung a hymn while the flames slowly crept up around them.

Mary—What a brave, beautiful spirit they showed.

Teacher—Yes; and their courage and patience gave others strength to come and confess that they were Christians, and ready to die too.

Belle—Were any more put to death?

Teacher—No; the chiefs who were the cause of the trouble seemed to be satisfied, the king begged the missionaries to remain, and told them he was their friend.

PARTNEERS.

BY KATE W. HAMILTON.

A sturdy little figure it was, fringing bravely by with a pail of water. So many times it had passed out gate that morning that curiosity prompted to further acquaintance.

"You are a busy little girl to-day?" "Yes'm." The round face under the broad hat was turned towards us.

"Oh, we have it—the cistern mostly, only its been such a dry time lately."

"And there is nobody else to carry the water?"

"Nobody but mother, an' she's washin'."

It was not a well-considered compliment, and the little water carrier evidently did not consider it one at all.

We looked after her as she picked up her pail and walked on, heading under her load a little, but resolute, and with a thought of complaining or shirking.

Did you ever think of taking your mother into partnership, girls, of letting it be "our work" instead of "mother's," and "our vacation" instead of "mine?"

Try Becky's plan, and go into partnership with the dear mother in work and in pleasure, in cares and in confidences, and see if both members of the firm are not the happier for the union.

A THANKSGIVING SURPRISE.

BY CHARLES M. SIMMETT.

Two ladies at Elkton were getting money with which to surprise Parson Upright on Thanksgiving day.

They had talked together about it only a low tone when no one was near.

And how secretly they had approached those whom they wished to contribute to the fund!

Yet little Minot Beal had somehow overheard what was going on, and his big hat thumped loudly.

"To think that they shouldn't ask the boys to give anything," he said. "Parson Upright always speaks to me on the street. We picked strawberries together in the back field—we two did. He talked right at me two or three times Sundays, when I'd been naughty during the week—don't see how he could tell! And when I give him a fish sword he'd got for me down on the coast, he said 'twas a—a—buster.'"

MUST NEVER FORGET.

"It is my way," says a boy, who never remembers anything he is told, who leaves open gates, who forgets errands, and mislays every tool and every book, with which he is trusted; and for all the trouble he causes he thinks it excise enough to say, "It is my way."

"It is my way," says a girl who snaps and snarls and scolds at her little brothers and sisters, who falls into sulks at the least word of reproof, however kindly given, and who keeps the family in hot water with her temper. "I can't help it; it is only my way."

Have no such "ways," children. Compel yourself to think you "must not forget." To forget when the business or health, or comfort of another is at stake, is a crime.