Golden Bowls.

Copy with e real oth all things great; To tem the 10x nothing small, A tho search lives we cannot see, Each within sub; how wondrously He . weth for them all.

So for his hely house he gave A pattern fair of old; Not only for the herublin, Or layer with its filly born, But for the bowls of gold.

Anoming oil in the e should glow, In these the purple wine.
The first fours of the repence field,
And we are addeds to it it scaled. A coverant divine.

Symbols of Laman life were they, Ever before the Lord,
Of lowly labours manifold,
These processes assets formed to hold
Man's offering to God.

Humble and menial was their place, And so perchance is mine; Yet is the chalice of my days. An alter bowl for work and praise, My life a thought divine.

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Pleasant Hours:

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK

Ray, W. H. WITHROW, D.D., Editor

TORONTO, JULY 9, 1892.

THE TRAINING NEEDED.

THE training young persons novel is not for the accompashment or great things, but for the best performances of small to ugs. It is the ability to do thoroughly well the minor things of life that its one for the greater. Take as an illustration the sermon of Jesus to the lone woman at Jacob's well. It was wonderfully well chosen in every part. To some ministers it would seem a small thing to preach to a single hearer. Jesus did not think so. But he who preaches well to a single hearer may

preach also to a multitude on the mount.
The comfort and happiness of l'adepend greatly upon small things; and the largest success of life comes often from careful attention to things that seem smallest. The ability to cook properly, to sweep rooms nearly, to mend garments, to look after the stall details of house keeping. brings thuit, condout, ease, independence to our homes, while the lack of these quali-ties result in line, wheat, often loss of health, and not indrequently in poverty. In the attainment of an education the difference in success of two young persons will often be determined by the difference in attention to small details in study. It is one thing to work a problem to a solution, it is mother thing tog again over the ground until every step another solution is grasped with a perfect clearness of perception. In drawing, in painting, in music (whether social and process of the social and the difference on the state of the social and the difference on the state of the social and the difference of a test to the minute details trades.

and the thorough mastery of what may have the appearance of small thanks. And so it is in the thousand thank to make up the than of life. Five a difference run all through, and every young person will do well to subant to a careful and often tedious training in this direction. Tieres differen es 10

THE ENGINE-MAKER.

BY REV. WILLIAM M. THAYER.

George Stephenson was a poor hoy-poor as the poorest. His fach a worked in a coal many being from an of the punging on, he that kept the more day. He was a en, no that hept the more day. He was a steady and industrious man, and by hard Labour managed to support his family after a money, thereis he was not able to send his children to school.

George was a smart, driving little fellow, with almost as much steam in hou as there was in his father s engine. Ho was a good was in his father s engine. Ho was a good boy, tog, ready to lead a helping hand to the larce family when he was the merest lad. In the brothers and sisters sat with him around the family board, and he was the oldest but one. Just food and clothing enough to keep soul and body together was the most that his father could provide; no books, no schooling, no luxuries.
"Not a very bright prospect for Geor-

gie, my reader will say. And yet there was a bright side for that poor family. There was real worth under father Stephenson's old coat, of more value than wealth to the household. If his actual value had be a re his clothes, as is the case with disdies, the family would have been poor indeed. But since "worth makes the man," the family was rich in everything but

When George was mine years old ho went to live with a farmer. Ho was not oder the to chop, shovel, or build walls, but he could watch the cows winde they grazed, and that was his business. He rec well two pence a day for his labour, less than some boys of his age pay for candy now n-da,s. It was quite a sum to George; however, who had never owned five coppers before, and he entered upon his new business with a zeal that would quite celipse some of the prim-looking clerks who strut in great warehouses now.

in great warehouses now.

As he grew older he was promoted to other farm work, such as milking the cows, driving the horses, hoeing corn and digging potatoes, in all of which he did the best he could. He never thought that milking the cows or digging potatoes was small business; he would as soon have thought it small business to be a baby or a boy, when he must be both before he could be

Georgo had a taste for wind-mills and ater-wheels, and he began to make them before he went to live with the farmer; nor did he cease to show his skill in that line after he went to the farm. He made httle engines, too, as near like that which his father tended in the coal mino as he could. Indeed, he had quite a passion for miniature engines, and he grew ambitious to tend a real working engine like his father's. He meant to have one of his own by-and-by

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 a assault treman. He was glad to quit the farm, because he wanted to be an engineer; and he took hold of his new business as one who was determined to do well in it. By the time he was eighteen years of age, he was well acquainted with every part of an engine. the could take one to pieces, and put it to-gether again as readily as the most accom-plished engineer. And still be could not read not write, as he I, he did not know a saction terror tow an event. He had a some result in a ser, or you knowledge.

A is a some the cances children was opened about this time, and he attended it. Every day his thirst for knowledge grew stronger and stronger. His let are moments be employed in studying, and in two years he could read, write and open were worked. The more knowledge be accounted to more he wanted to somere. The more he know the more he wanted to know He was determined to be a man

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.

About the same time, also, he is vented a safety lamp, to be used in the coal-mines. He knew that he could make a much better engine than the one he had already com-pleted, and he did. He keptat work, until, in 1829, he received a prize for an orgino that could run twenty nine nules per hour, its average rate being fourteen niles. He named it "The Rocket," because it hot over the ground with such speed. It is the wonder of those times, and Stepheson became renowned at once throughout. Europe and the world, as the author of the great English railway system. Within grad Enguen ranway system. Within forty years from the time he went to watch the farmer's coweat two pence per day, he became one of the most useful and removed men in Europe, and the reader can be be seen to be seen to

A high aim, doing things well, patience, perseverance, and all those other good qualities that are found with them, made them successful. Money did not help him, for he had none. A distinguished father for he had none. A distinguished father did not lift him into favour, for his father was obscure—only a collier. It was not luck that achieved his fortune, for luck never brings success to any one. He made himself, just as other poor boys now can rise, by dint of perseverance.

Martin Luther was the son of a poor

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; Columbus was the son of a weaver, and Henry Kirk White of a butcher; Bloomfield, Gibbon. Dr. Carey and Roger Sherman began life as shoemakers, Joremy Taylor was the son of a barber, Scott of a glazier, and John Hunter of a carpenter; Cowley's father was a grocer, and Collins' was a hatter. Thus all useful and honourable pursuits open the way to success and true fame. way to success and true fame.

THE BOY MARTYRS.

EX SOPHIE S. SMITH.

TEACHER-Belle, what have you been

reading?

Belle—Astory 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—Cou -Couldn't the missionaries have

Teacher-No; the chiefs had a 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 un-til the trouble passed. But one of the missionaries took some of the baptized boys down to Lake Nyanza. The captain of the king's body guard came after them with a band of soldiers. They were taken back, and three of them carried outside the

town and burned to death.

Belle—Were they not frightened and ready to give up everything that they

resay 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.

Bello—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. He attended the services on Sunday, while some of the men who were sent to bring the lads back came to be taught and were He mended their clocks and more good by their death than by their life.

PARTNERS.

BY KATE W. HAMILTON.

A stungy little figure it was, 'tru lging bravely by with a pail of water. So many times it had passed our gate that morning that curiosity prompted to further requaint

"You are a busy little girl to-day?"
"You are a busy little girl to-day?"
"Yes'in." The round face under the "Yes'in." The round face under the broad hat was turned towards us. It was freekled, flushed, 'and perspiring, but cheery withal. "Yes'in. It takes a heap of water to do a washin."

"And do you bring it all from the brook down there?"

"Oh, we have it—the eistern mostly, it is a let the content."

only its been such a dry time lately."

"And there is notody else to carry the

water t"

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

** Well, you're a good girl to help her."

It was not a well-considered compliment

and the little water carrier evidently did no consider it one at all : for there was a look of surprise in her gray eyes, and an almost "Why, of course I help her. I always help her to do things all the time. She ham't anybody else. Mother'n me's part

We looked after her as she picked up he bail and walked on, bending under he load a little, but resolute, and with me thought of complaining or shirking. I stout, old-fashioned homely little body he was; but we called her mother a rich and the stout of the stout of

happy woman.
Did you ever think of taking your mother into partnership, girls, of letting it be "or work" instead of "mother's," and "or vacation" instead of "mine?" Did yo ever notice how many demands there an ever notice how many demands there an upon her in a day, and how many you might take upon yourself? Isn't it possible that if you went into partnership wither in regard to the mending basket, skinght be very glad to form a partnership with you in some of the mending you enjoy! Did you ever think how much of regret and in the mending with a night because of her thanks a second to the control of privation might be covered by that gentle, "I haven't time, dear, which you hear so

Try Becky's plan, and go into partner-ship 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 N. SINDRIT.

Two ladies at Elkton were getting mone with which to surprise Parson Upright at Thank, iving day.

They had talked together about it only is

low tones when no one was near.

And how secretly they had approached those whom they wished to contribute a the fund ! Yet little Minot Beal had someliow or

heard what was going on, and his big he

thumped loudly.
"To think that they shouldn't ask the boys to give anything," he said. "Parasi Upright always speaks to me on the street. We picked strawb'rios together in the bad field—we two did. He talked right at me two or three times Sundays, when I'd ben naughty during the week—don't see her he could tell! And when I give him a set aword pa'd got for me down on the coat he said 'twas a-a-busier."

MUST NEVER FORGET.

"It is my way," says a boy, who need remembers anything ho is told, who learns open gates, who forgets errands, and mis-lays every tool and every look with which he is trusted; and for all the trouble causes he thinks it excuse enough to say,

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

May.

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