He breaks the bread and blesses it, This is my body," "eat:"
How soon the cruel nails will bruise Those sacred hands and feet !

He takes the cup; come, "drink ye all,"
"For many" this "is shed;"
"This is my blood "—Oh ne'er before Has guest such banquet spread !

Still giving thanks that he may bear For as a heavier woe had human thought can e'er conceive, His blood will gladly flow.

Thanks for thine anguish, dearest Lord, In that mysterious hour, When thou, the suless One, must feel The carse of sin's fell power !

O melt our souls with living fire ! Knodle our tongues to sing The glory of our suffring Lamb, Our Saviour, Priest, and King!

An offering without recall

Our grateful hearts be given
To Him who given thanks to die
That we may give in heaven - hristian Advocate.

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Pleasant Hours:

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK. Rev. W. H. Withrow, D.D., Editor.

TORONTO, APRIL 20, 1895.

A TALK TO AWKWARD BOYS

THERE is a time in the life of many a lad when during the course of a year, or perhaps even a shorter period, he changes from a little fellow into a big loy. It is marvellous how fast he grows; before his friends know a he is taller than his father. He has to have as many new suits as a silkworm does to keep him looking respectable, and in spite of every care there is apt to be a gap between the bottoms of his trousers and the tops of his shoes, and a wide strip of wrist between his sleeves and his hands. Sometimes they call this season the "awkward age," and a very hard time it often is to a lad; many are the jokes that are cracked at his expense, and in some families many are the sighs and critical remarks which he hears about his looks, his carriage or behaviour, from friends who ought to know better; while the poor boy himself feels, more than anyone else can feel, that his feet and hands are more than he can manage, and that when he sits down he seems to have as many joints as a grasshopper, and he always appears to himself to be ten times more clumsy and awkward than he does to

anyone else.

I number more than one such boy among my friends, and the other day one of them was telling me how queer and shy he felt, just like Hans Andersen's ugly duckling—how he never could bear to get into company because he did not know what to do or to say; and one would think, to hear the boy talk, that life under the circum-

stances was scarcely worth living.
I have a friend who when he was a lad was certainly the most awkward and angular boy that I ever saw. His face was plain to the verge of ugliness; he stammered so hadly that it was only by speaking with the most painful slowness and precision he was able to control his speech so as to make himself understood, and he had absolutely but two good points about him: one was a nobly-shaped head, and the other was a gentle and agreeable tone of voice. In spite of all of these draw-backs, he has not only won a most enviable rank among the scientists of this country, but he is distinguished for his beautiful manners as well. He has learned to behave so charmingly and with each to behave so charmingly, and with such unconsciousness of self, that people forget his looks when they have been in his company ten minutes, and only notice the rare and noble attributes of mind and character which he possessos.

Some boys, perhaps, who chance to be reading this, may have the lot to go through life halt or maimed, not equal physically in some way to their comrades.

To such I would say with great gentleness and sympathy, be careful not to let any over-sensitiveness keep you back or prevent you from taking your share of work or play whenever you can; and cultivate steadily the habit of forgetting yourself and entering heartly into the hopes and pursonts of others. For it is a fact that a physical peculiarity or defect, if its owner For it is a fact that a allows it to trouble him, can mar or even ruin the usefulness and happiness of a hie; but if it is bravely and cheerfully borne it never fails to give a peculiar no-bility to the spirit of the one who so takes

When the late William Pawcett, of England, was a young man of eighteen, he England, was a young man of eighteen, ne was out shooting, and his eyesight was destroyed by the accidental discharge of a gun which was in the hands of his father. The agony of the poor father when he found, after weeks of suspense, that his found, after weeks of suspense, that his doar son was hopelessly bland, was almost unendurable, and the brave boy to confort him said, "Father, don't grieve so. I promise you that this accident shall not run my life. Everything that I had planned to do before a happened I will accomplish still. You shall see,

As soon as he was able he returned to college and took his degree. Then he came home and practised vigorously all sorts of manly exercises, even to riding horseback—a pastime in which he delighted as long as he lived. When his not over firm health was fully restored he began to consider what he could best do to help his fellow-men; he turned his attention to politics, and was elected to Parliament, and for many years his name was identified with every needed reform and with all legislation which was for his country's good. Finally he was made Postmastergood. Finally he was made a filled that high General of England, and he filled that high counoffice to the satisfaction of the whole counonce to the satisfaction of the whole country, and when he died, a few years since, England mourned him as one of her best and bravest sons. And the man who did all this was perfectly blind.

So, my boy to whom God has thought best to send some similar attribute.

best to send some similar affliction, never repine, never despair; but remember that with God to help you, and your own determined will, there is no limit to the things which you may accomplish if you try.

ON TEASING.

Ir seems to me that one of the most annoying traits of character which one can possess is a disposition to tease, for when that disposition is freely indulged there is nothing that can cause nore unhappiness to others. To be obliged to spend one's life with an inveterate tease is like living. in a bramble bush, or suffering constantly from the torture of innumerable pin-pricks. To be sure, one pin prick is nothing much, but when one has to bear ten

thousand of them it is quite another matter.

"Pshaw!" says the tease, "I did not hurt you any. I wouldn't make such a fuse about nothing. fuss about nothing. I did not mean anything. I was easy teasing."

Exactly. And it is just because there

is no meaning in it nor necessity for it, because it is "only teasing," that poor torbecause it is "only teasing," that poor tor-mented, insulted human nature cries out sometimes in a passion against it. It is astonishing what an uncering ingenuity a born tease will show in choosing his vic-tim's weakest point and in sticking his little pin straight into it. Is his victim timid, quick-tempered, or has he some infirmity of speech or peculiarity of person about which he is sensitive? That is the about which he is sensitive? very place which the tesse selects for his thrust; and a tease never misses a chance. If he cannot find anything else to annoy, he will tease an animal or torment a little child, and he thinks it is fun; but it is the most malicious, most dreadful, and most dangerous fun in this world.

think that a genuine tease is always a coward, for he never attacks his equals: his victims are the helpless animal, the little child, the timid women. If you will notice, it is never the smaller boy who teases the larger one. And then a tease can never bear to be teased himself. Nothing makes him angrier than to be paid back in his own coin;

But really, the most distressing thing about the whole matter is the effect which the habit of tensing has upon the nature of the one, who includes the name of tensing ass upon the nature of the one who indulges in it. A confirmed tease becomes positively heartless. He can look upon mental or physical distress quite unmoved. Indeed, he is net satisfied quite unmoved. Inqued, no is necessarily with the results of his tensing if he does with the other. That is the

part he enjoys, and it is why he teases.

If there is a boy who reads these lines who likes to tease his little sister until she runs in tears to her mother, or who tor-ments some little fellow at school just to see him flush crimson and bristle with impotent indignation—if you want to make a man of yourself, stop it. For it is a most ignoble and unmanly thing to take delight in eatising pain to any living creature, especially if it is smaller and weaker than

EFFIE'S EASTER SUNSHINE.

Errie was rocking slowly in her little chair, with her dimpled chin in her chubby

hand.
"What is it, dearie?" asked her mamma,

"What is it, dearie?" asked her mamma, as she came into the room.
"I'm having a fink, mamma, 'n it's a hard one, too," answered Effic soberly.
"Well, tell mamma all about it, and perhaps she can help you."
"You see, Miss Field told us to-day at Sunday school that next Sunday'll be Faster, 'n' that's the next happy day to Christmas, 'n' if any of us forgot to make somebody else happy at Christmas time, p'r'aps we could think up something for Easter. Ser you know I. was arread didn't remember 'bout poor lame Jenna Snow. I was tryin' to think what I could do."

Well, dear, I'm glad you thought of it.
How would you like the tryin's to the like the lamb and the lamb

How would you like to take a basket of good things to poor Jennie on Easter morning? I'll have something all ready for you, said her mamma, stroking the curly head lovingly.

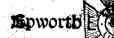
Effic looked pleased, but her mamma says

I've got. See, this lovely pink one will be all out by next Sunday; don't you b'lieve

"Yes, indeed; that well be just the thing for a little girl who has to stay in the house; and it will make her happy, I

On the bright Easter morning, when the birds were singing their sweetest songs, Ellie set out with a little basket in one hand and her precious hyacinth in a pretty red pot in the other.

And what do you think little lame. And what do you think inthe mine Jennie thought about it? I shall leave it for you to guess; but this I know that when Edie skipped home again with empty. hands, there were two very happy little girls instead of one, and Jennie thought she had left behind her a whole roomful of





JUNIOR LEAGUE

PRAYER-MEETING TOPICS

APRIL 21, 1895.

Driven Out. - Genesis 3. 23-24. The garden of Eden was a beautiful place which contained everything calculated which contained everything calculated make our first parents happy. Had they been content with such things as were provided for their happiness, they might have remide there during their entire life. But, also an act of disobedience they were driven as a count, "driven away," compelled it ever unwilling, they are forced to go such were the barriers erected that there such were the barriers erected that there had been account. The sprittual Eden, the heavy be known. The sprittual Eden, the heavy be known. The sprittual Eden, the heavy be known. The sprittual Eden, the heavy be known to the least possible to all, and when we there we shall go no more out forever. The garden of Eden was never be driven out.

BOB'S VIEW OF IT.

BY KATH W. BAMILTON.

"No, sir! There's a difference." The newsboy looked back at us with a laugh, and answered the remark he had overheard, as if it had been addressed to the control of the contr him. He had a manly air, a bright face, and his clothes, if a trifle too large for him were clean and whole. There was something in his manner and appearance which made us say to each other that the not an ordinary specimen of his class," and he promptly, though very unexpectedly, assented to the statement.

'Course there's a difference ! Most of 'em's all alone chaps, an' I'm a partner

It is quick eye saw a possible customer, and he was off in a moment, with a ringle cry of "Chronicle! Evening Chronicle! But presently, as he paused near us ways in a moment of leisure; one of our part asked:

"What kind of a partnership 7" are the other members of the firm?

are the other mombers of the firm?

"There's only one; that's sis my sister Jinny. Most of the other feller hain't got nobody to take care of euithey live nowhere in particular and any how it happens; but Jinny had to have place to hive an some fixed. place to hve, an' so we've got a room fixed up for a home. She's a little thing, four years years younger'n me, an' she's lame; she years younger'n me, an' she's lame; she can't do much, so I had to git into the way of doin' things an' sorter cleanin' up the party agent, an' it makes a feller more corful. But Jinny's prime bout tewing rips, an' patchin, an' buttons, Itell ye! "But you have one more to support then, and that leaves you less money began the quostioner, but the newsboy interrupted him with a decisive shake of the head:

No, it don't; no; sir! I jos had the No, it don't; no; sir! I jos had the No, it don't; no; sir! I jos had the land the that there was something else in her mind. Shustle round an' git more business, that's Yes, that would be nice; but that all an' that pays. Jinny's a'help a low wouldn't be my present, you see, 'cause of help. Course, I can't leave help any you'd send it," she answered slowly. "I wish— Oh, I know mamma," she cried, jumping up and clapping her hands in glee.

"I'll just take her the prettiest hyacinth I've got. See, this levely wink one will." In things, I've taken to carin her tellin' me things, I've taken to carin. spend money that way. An'hom shut up so, she likes readin'; an' what with her tellin' me things, I've taken to carin for it myself. On I'I tell be, bein' in partnership makes a sight of difference. Why—Chromotel'?

Ile was off again, and we looked at each other and smiled.

"A helpless sister to support—one who makes extra work necessary," and holds.

makes extra work necessary, and holds him back from the pleasures his companions thiny would stein to nost boys burden; and doe of the listeners.

"But fint is only one side of it—the selfah side answered stether. Most things that we call intricus and infill makes hive their controls in the listeners."

linve their compensations, if we only look for them, and can be surned into liels, we choose to make them so. Bob is right. The 'partnership fall and the latter of The 'partnership fellers' are far better of than the 'all-alone, chaps' in this world, where every life in the half where every life is intended to be a help to some other life."