



THE CHILDREN CRYING HOSANNA.

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This picture represents Jesus riding into Jerusalem in triumph. We are told in Matthew's account that there were children among those who cried "Hosanna."

Perhaps some of them had felt Jesus' tender hand laid on their head when he said, "Suffer the little children to come unto me and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of heaven."

How glad they must have been to show their love for him.

If you try to serve Jesus you will one day behold him in far greater glory than that in which he rode into Jerusalem. What will you then have to offer him? Not earthly palms, which these children waved in expression of their love and admiration. He will look for that beauty of character which results from obedience to his precepts and love of his words.

### THE PRAYING BOY.

A little boy in New York, who attended a prayer-meeting, was convicted of sin, went home, and began to pray aloud in his room. His father, a wicked man, heard him, and told him he must stop that or leave his house. The boy thought it over, and decided that, as much as he loved his father

and mother, he loved Jesus better. He gathered and tied up a few things in his handkerchief, and then went to say good-bye. His mother, surprised, asked him where he was going. He replied: "I don't know. Father says I can't stay here if I pray; and I can't stop praying." The father said that if this was his religion he wanted it too. The boy prayed with both parents, and soon all three were serving God together.

"No music," says Secker, "could ever equal the heaven-born cries of newborn babes. When the snowdrops of youth appear in the garden of the Church, it evinces that there is a glorious summer approaching."

### EASTER THOUGHTS FOR OUR WEE WORKERS.

Jesus died that we might live.

This is the day our Saviour arose from the dead.

Let us learn a sweet lesson from the flowers. In the winter they die, but in the spring they come again. So Christ will raise our bodies from the grave unto life eternal.

Sing your joyous songs to-day, little workers, for Christ our Lord has conquered our last enemy, death, and gone to prepare a beautiful home for us in heaven.

### EASTER.

BY ARTHUR CLEVELAND COX.

Christ is arisen,  
Joy to thee, mortal!  
Out of his prison,  
Forth from his portal!  
Christ is not sleeping,  
Seek him no longer,  
Strong was his keeping,  
Jesus was stronger!

Christ is arisen,  
Seek him not here.  
Lonely his prison,  
Empty his bier.  
Vain his entombing,  
Spices and lawn,  
Vain the perfuming,  
Jesus is gone!

Christ is arisen,  
Joy to thee, mortal!  
Empty his prison,  
Broken its portal.  
Rising he giveth  
His shroud to the sod;  
Rising he liveth  
And liveth to God.

A tiny traveller, looking from a car window at a foaming waterfall, called out: "O, mother, see the soda water running down the mountain!"

