



THE FIRST PALM SUNDAY.

THE LORDS LOVE TO CHILDREN.

WHEN, his salvation bringing,
To Zion Jesus came,
The children all stood singing
Hosanna to his name;
Nor did their zeal offend him,
But as he rode along,
He let them still attend him,
And smiled to hear their song.

And since the Lord retaineth
His love to children still,
Though now as king he reigneth
On Zion's heavenly hill,
We'll flock around his standard,
We'll bow before his throne,
And cry aloud, "Hosanna
To David's royal Son!"

For should we fail proclaiming
Our great Redeemer's praise,
The stones, our silence shaming,
Would their hosannas raise.
But shall we only render
The tribute of our words?
No, while our hearts are tender
They too shall be the Lord's.

HARRY'S SLIDE.

BY NATALIE LORD RICE

HERE'S Rosie with her ma's washing.
Wait for her. We'll have some fun."
This was Harry's idea. The other boys
thought it a good one. They stood out in
front of the store and watched Rosie as
she came up the road, dragging her heavy,
rickety sled with the bundle upon it. The
boys began to whistle and call. "Give us
a ride. Lend us your sled." But Rosie
kept bravely on to the store. She was not
really afraid of the boys, for sometimes
they had been good natured and given her
bits of candy. Besides, her elder brother
Dan was just inside the store. So she
dropped the sled string and ran into the
store to do her errand.

"Come on," said
Harry. "let's have
a slide."

"You'll hurt the
bundle," said an-
other boy.

"I guess she's
only taking 'em
home to be wash-
ed," said Harry,
"it won't hurt
'em any. Come
on!"

He picked up the
sled string and
scampered off a-
cross the snow to
the top of the hill.

The other boys
followed him. The
hill was icy and
smooth. The bun-
dle made a nice
soft cushion for
the sled. But it
was Harry who

did most of the

sliding. In a very few minutes the bundle
was quite flattened down upon the sled.

By-and-bye Rosie and Dan came along.
When they saw the sled, and Harry, and
the bundle, they stopped and began to
laugh. Rosie's bright black eyes twinkled.
"Good 'nough for him," said Dan. "Come
on home, Rosie, and leave him to take care
of the clothes. He'll get a scolding for
that."

But Rosie remembered the pieces of
candy. She ran to the top of the hill and
called to Harry:

"Harry!" she said, "you better stop
your sliding, 'cause those are your ma's
clo'es you're a-sliding on. They're starched."

Harry jumped up in a flash.

"Good 'nough," said one of the boys.

But Harry picked up the sled string and
dragged home the bundle without saying a
word and Rosie and Dan trudged home.—
The Child's Hour.

FRED AND JOE

FRED and Joe are boys of the same age.
Both have their way to make in the world.
This is the way Joe does: When work is
before him, he hates so to touch it. Then
he does not half do it. He is almost sure
to stop before it is done. He does not care
if fault is found. He says, "I can't help
it," or, "I don't care."

Fred's way is not the same. He goes
straight to his work, and does it as soon as
he can. He never slights work for play,
though he likes play as well as Joe likes it.
If he does not know how to do a piece of
work well, he asks someone who does know,
and then he takes care to remember. He
says, "I never want to be ashamed of my
work."

Which boy do you think will make a
man to be trusted? Which boy's way do
you think it would be well to imitate? If
you do not know, then you must be already
a rather sad case.

WHAT THE SPONGE SAYS.

I WAS born in the shallow water near
the Florida reefs. I had a very happy
time looking at the beautiful things all
about me,—pretty fishes, sea-fans, sea
feathers, coral, sea-porcupines, and many
curious things which live under the water.
But one day a small boat, holding two
men, came floating along on the water.
One tall, dark man stood up in the boat,
holding a long oar, and the other man bent
over the side of the boat, with his head in
a water-glass. Soon he spied me, and then
he reached out his hook, with its three
curved teeth, and jerked me out of my
comfortable home and threw me on the
deck.

There they left me for several days, and
the sun beat down upon me until I thought
I should be scorched. After a while some
one came, and oh, such a pounding and
washing! By the time I was a light
yellow colour they thought I was clean
enough, and then I was put up in a big
bundle with some others that looked just
like me and sent to a store.

One day a boy came into the store and
bought me, and now he keeps me for his
bath-tub. I could tell him some queer
stories of what I saw in my first home if I
wanted to.

THE EYE OF LOVE.

THE mother whose boy becomes dissi-
pated, and a criminal, never ceases to love
him. She does not love him for what he
is, but for what he has been and for what
she hopes he may yet become. Nobody
can see as mother sees, and when she looks
upon the bloated features of her wayward
boy she sees something the world cannot
see: she sees a sweet-faced little one cooing
in her arms and making glad her mother
heart. She does not remember the pain
and the sorrow and the anguish, the sleep-
less nights and the days of anxiety his
wandering course has caused; but she re-
members only the sunny spots in the past
—the days of peace and hope and love,
when the child was like the water of life
to her soul. She forgets everything that
he in his wrecked manhood thinks she will
always remember, and treasures up in her
heart only those sweet memories of her
darling which feed her love. If she could
only go back again and lead him from the
cradle out towards the mountains of life,
how much more careful she would be to
point out the paths of pleasantness and
peace, and warn him against those which
lead to danger and death!

As it is with a mother's love, so it may
be with the love of God. We cannot under-
stand why it is he loved us all so much,
for surely there is no good thing in us now.
"All we like sheep have gone astray; we
have turned everyone to his own way; and
the Lord hath laid on him the iniquity of
us all." He has not condemned us, but has
done all that even God could do to save us.

Surely it must be that God loves us, not
for what we are, but for the purity that
was in us before the Fall and for that which
he would restore.