

THE BOY WHO BORROWED TROUBLE.

BY F. B. OPPER.

THOUGH extremely fond of coasting, this most peculiar lad,
While flying swiftly down the hill,
would wear a look of pain,—
For already he was thinking,—and it really made him sad—
That very soon he'd have to climb the whole way up again.

A VISIT FROM THE PASTOR.

"ANDY and James, I want you to come right home from school, for the new pastor is coming to call, and wants to see you," said Mrs. Hardy to her two bright-faced boys, as they started to school one morning.

The faces clouded instantly. "We don't want to see him, anyhow. Don't know what he wants to see us for," grumbled Andy. While James edged off and looked frightened.

"Never mind; do as I tell you," said their mother.

All the way to school, the boys talked over the dreaded visit, but there was no way of evading it.

That afternoon the two boys sat up very stiff and straight in their chairs, with clean, red faces, when the pastor was ushered in.

Somehow, those boys forgot to sit straight when the new pastor began to tell them stories of his own boyhood; of his tobogganing; of how his school team beat the other school team in baseball; and of the mock battle with snow forts and snowballs. They forgot that he was a minister as he drew them close to him, until after awhile he said, "I was a captain in that little army, and now I am a captain in the Lord's army, to battle against wrong. I am looking for volunteers. Jesus wants just such boys as you. Think about joining, boys."

"I tell you, he's a brick," said Andy, with sparkling eyes, after he had gone.

"Makes a fellow feel as if he ought to join that army," said James.

A CUP OF COLD WATER.

ONE day, seven years ago, when a preacher went into the pulpit to preach, he found that the sexton had forgotten to put a glass of water on the pulpit table. His throat was dry and he felt that he could hardly preach without a drink of

water. He was in a strange church, and did not know how to get the water without interrupting the services.

Just then one of the little girls in the congregation noticed the empty glass. Without disturbing any one, she rose and brought a full glass of water to the preacher. It relieved his throat, and helped him to preach a better sermon.

That preacher has never forgotten that cup of water, nor the little girl who brought it. And sometimes he says that if he can remember one cup of water so many years, it will be very easy for Christ to remember the little things that his little ones do for him.

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.

FRANK'S GARDEN.

FRANK'S papa gave him a nice little piece of ground for his garden. There were some shrubs and rosebushes in it, and his papa gave him some seeds with directions how to set them out.

Frank was very industrious for a time. He took his pretty red wheelbarrow and cleared the garden of stones. This occupied some time. He then dug up and turned over the soil and put in his seeds. By this time he began to feel tired, but he remembered to water the seeds before going into the house.

For several days he watched his garden with care, but it was not until some weeks that he discovered little green shoots pushing through the ground. He ran then to tell his father that the seeds were coming up.

"You will have to watch them now, Frank, and not let the weeds kill them," said his father.

The next day Frank went on a picnic and did not think anything about his garden. For several days after that he was riding his wheel.

All this time the weeds were pushing up, and growing tall, till at last, when Frank remembered his little garden, the young

flowers were quite hidden by the tall weeds.

Frank began to dig and pull, but, alas, he rooted up as many flowers as weeds!

"I can't do anything with this garden, papa," said he.

"If you had begun a little sooner, my boy," said his father, "you would have had no trouble. The duty of to-day cannot be done to-morrow."

As God's light shines into your heart, you will see more and more of your depravity, and of your absolute need of Christ.



THE FIRST PALM SUNDAY.

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BY J. KING.

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,