



THE ENTRY TO JERUSALEM.

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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.

## WORKING DOGS.

I ONCE heard a gentleman say, that during a long stay in Holland he never saw a single dog idle, that was old enough and big enough to do any work.

All sorts of barrows and carts are built on purpose for them, and they gallop along at a great pace.

They are used to carry the fish, wood, vegetables, and anything else which their owner wishes, and when it is all sold, and

you think the poor dogs might reasonably expect to go home with an empty cart behind them, the master jumps in, and rides back in state.

But this is not the worst part of the story, for a certain amount of work never hurts any animal, any more than it does boys and girls; but it makes us sad to know that as a rule, the poor dogs are miserably fed, and are often driven till they drop down from exhaustion. Still they are wonderfully patient and persevering, and will lick their master's hands gratefully if he treats them kindly.

## THE FIRST WRONG BUTTON.

"DEAR me!" said little Janet, "I buttoned just one button wrong, and that made all the rest go wrong;" and Janet tugged away, and fretted as if the poor buttons were quite at fault for her trouble. "Patience! patience!" said mamma, smiling at the fretful face, "and next time look out for the first wrong button, then you'll keep all the rest right. And," added mamma, as the last button was put in its place, and the scowling face was smooth once more, "look out for the first wrong deed of any kind; another and another is sure to follow."

Janet remembered how one day, not long ago, she struck baby Alice. That was the first wrong deed. Then she denied having done it. That was another. Then she was unhappy and cross all day because she had told a lie. What a long list of buttons fastened wrong, just because one went wrong—because her naughty little hand struck baby!

## PRAYING IN A HALF ROOM.

Is a large and respectable school near Boston, two boys, from different States, and strangers to each other, were compelled by circumstances to room together. It was the beginning of the term, and the two students spent the first day in arranging their room, and getting better acquainted. When night came, the younger of the two boys asked the other if he did not think that it would be a good idea to close the day with a short reading from the Bible and a prayer. The request was modestly made without whining or cant. The other boy, however, bluntly refused to listen to the proposal.

"Then you will have no objection if I pray myself, I suppose," said the younger. "It has been my custom, and I wish to keep it up."

"I don't want any praying in this room, and I won't have it," retorted his companion.

The younger boy rose slowly, walked to the middle of the room, and standing upon a seam in the carpet which divided the room nearly equal, said quietly: "Half of this room is mine. I pay for it. You may choose which half you will have. I will take the other; and I will pray in that or get another room. But pray I must, and I will, whether you consent or refuse."

The elder boy was instantly conquered. To this day he admires the sturdy independence which claimed as a right what he had boorishly denied as a privilege. A Christian might as well ask leave to breathe as to ask permission to pray. There is a false sentiment connected with Christian actions which interferes with their free exercise. If there is any thing to be admired it is the manliness that knows the right, and dares to do it without asking one's permission.—*Youth's Companion*.

## A GOOD SIGN.

A BOY and girl, who played a good deal together, both learned to love the Saviour. One day the boy said to his mother, "Mother, I know that Emma is a Christian."

"What makes you think so?"

"Because, mother, she plays like a Christian."

"Plays like a Christian," said the mother, to whom this sounded very odd. "Why, what do you mean?"

"You see," said the child, "she used to be selfish and get angry at any little thing; but now she is not selfish any more, and don't get angry if you take every thing she's got."

You see that dear child has become a little bud or branch in the true Vine, and this was making her fruitful in doing good.