

JALVARY.

Under an Eastern sky,
Amid a rabble's cry,
A Man went forth to die
For me.

Thorn-crowned his blessed head,
Blood-stained his every tread;
Cross-laden, on he sped,
For me.

Pierced glow his hands and feet,
Three hours o'er him beat
Fierce rays of noontide heat
For me.

"That will be made plain," said mamma,
"and when you have decided I will add
a bouquet and something else."

Now, next door to Elsie lived Mrs. Denton, the widow of a minister who had served long and faithfully in the — Conference, receiving less than any man in the community, but always willingly and the small sum yearly was all that remained, and this morning Mrs. Denton stood by the window neither seeing the beautiful flowers just bursting into bloom, nor hearing the robins thrilling a welcome to spring as they sung of their joy in returning to the old apple-tree.

into a life struggling to make a very little go a great way. Our Epworth Leagues, our Knights of St. Paul and our young people's societies everywhere are helping to make this earth nearer Heaven by *living* the Gospel—not in words but in deeds.
—Ex.

TRIUMPHAL HYMN.

BY HENRY HART MILMAN.

(Matthew 21. 8-11.)

Ride on, ride on in majesty,
Hark! all the tribes hosanna cry;
O Saviour meek, pursue thy road



AT THE FOOT OF THE CROSS.

Thus wert thou made all mine;
Lord, make me wholly thine;
Grant grace and strength divine
To me.

In thought and word and deed
Thy will to do. Oh, lead
My soul, e'en though it bleed,
To Thee!

ELSIE'S EASTER OFFERING.

BY KATE W. MEIGS.

"But you know I am planning this myself, mamma, and I can't quite make it come out even, that's all," said Elsie Robertson solemnly, as she counted her pennies for the twentieth time at least. "I want half to go across the ocean, but the other—Uncle Will's present to me—must help make some one here at home happy. Who will it be?"

Friends were coming to spend Easter—friends of her husband—the visit would be greatly enjoyed, but she had not the amount necessary to provide for their entertainment. But some one was coming up the walk and no one but Elsie could call to the robin in tones he could scarcely distinguish from his own, and then, what was she saying?

"Mrs. Denton, I want you to share my Easter present with me. Mamma sends the bouquet," and the dear child was gone.

"Bless the loving heart that thought of a poor lonely woman," she said, as happy tears fell on the generous packages of tea, oranges and other gifts, and with light steps she arranged the flowers and began preparations for the Easter guests.

This is a true story of a little girl who just wanted to bring a ray of sunshine

With palms and scattered garments
strewed.

Ride on, ride on in majesty,
In lowly pomp ride on to die;
O Christ, thy triumphs now begin
O'er captive death and conquered sin.

Ride on, ride on in majesty,
The winged squadrons of the sky
Look down with sad and wondering eyes
To see the approaching sacrifice.

Ride on, ride on in majesty,
Thy last and fiercest strife is nigh;
The Father, on his sapphire throne,
Expects his own anointed Son.

Ride on, ride on in majesty,
In lowly pomp ride on to die;
Bow thy meek head to mortal pain,
Then take, O God, thy power, and reign.