

daily service. But the material question for each of our readers is "How do you propose to spend HOLY WEEK?" The cry still echoes throughout the world: "Is it nothing to you all ye that pass by? Behold, and see if there be any sorrow like unto My sorrow."

Family Department.

PALM SUNDAY:—HOSANNA.

BY M. A. T.

Hosanna to the Son of David!
Hosanna in the highest!
O Zion, boughs of palm thou waviest,
And yet for grief thou sighest.

Hosanna to the Son of David!
Hosanna in the highest!
Ho! thorns are springing up to crown Him,
While songs of praise thou criest.

Hosanna to the Son of David!
Hosanna in the highest!
See that thou mourn the sins that pierce Him,
While at His feet thou liest.

Hosanna to the Son of David,
Hosanna in the highest!
O let thy heart and soul adore Him,
While thou Hosanna criest.

Hosanna to the Son of David!
Hosanna in the highest!
Already, Lord, we see Thy Passion;
Thou, groonest, bleedest, diest!

Hosanna to the Son of David!
Hosanna in the highest!
Hail, Thou Who comest unto Zion
And all her need suppliest!

—Philadelphia, *Passiontide*, 1891.

A Silver Dollar.

BY DEXTER CARLETON WASHBURN.

'Hallo, Ralph! Get you dollar yet?'

'No; have you?'

'Yes, she just paid me. She wanted to know where you were—said you hadn't brought your water yet.'

'Are you going to put all of yours in?'

'Yes, ain't you?'

'No. I guess there won't be anyone else have a dollar, so I'm going to spend a part of mine.'

'Didn't she give 'em to us to put in?'

'No; we earned 'em. She don't have anything to say about them after they're ours. I'm going coasting, after dinner, over on Rutter's Hill. Fine sliding there.'

And the two boys parted at the corner.

It was Saturday noon, of the day before Easter, and the way the boys happened to be talking was this:

On the Sunday before Lent, Mr. Wilson, the rector, had spoken to the Sunday-school, and asked them to see if each class couldn't save, or earn (which, in reality, he said, amounted to the same thing, for to 'save' anything they would have to 'earn' it by going without what it would buy; and a 'penny saved was a penny earned') something for an Easter offering; and he had said that each class might devote it to some special object. He told them of different ways they could use it; and, amongst others, how his friend, Mr. Taylor, the missionary at Fort Fairfield, needed a horse to go round to his stations, in the deep snow, as Black Dolly, the missionary horse, had grown too old, and had to be superannuated.

So Miss Fanshaw's class had decided to send what they could get to him, to help buy him a

horse. The boys had been quite taken with the idea that saving and earning were the same thing, and had gone to work to see what they could do.

Fred and Ralph, who were chums, had at last got a job of the Widow Gordon to bring water, shovel paths, and cut kindling-wood till Easter, for a dollar apiece.

When the old lady had given Fred his money, the morning before the conversation just mentioned took place, he had been a little disappointed, as she had promised them silver dollars, and Fred had been thinking of a bright, shining one, which would have such a pleasant look. The one she gave him, however, was an old, blackened one, of a different die from all he had ever seen, and dated, as Fred thought, a hundred years ago. Mrs. Gordon said that that and the one she was going to give Ralph, were two her husband had laid by, years ago, when silver dollars were not as common as they are now.

But it wasn't so much the coin, after all, Fred thought, he wanted, as the money there was in it; so he said nothing.

On Easter day, at the Sunday-school in the afternoon, they all put their offerings in the box. Fred dropped his old, tarnished silver dollar in with the satisfied feeling that he had *earned* it every cent; for drawing ice-water from a crazy old well these cold mornings, and splitting knotty sticks of kindling-wood and your fingers at the same time with the Widow Gordon's old hatchet, (Fred sometimes had an idea it might be the same one "George" used when he cut down his father's cherry tree,—it was old enough, at any rate,—) was no play as he knew from experience. It must be confessed, too, that he felt a secret pleasure in finding that no one else, except Walter Conley, whose father had given him a dollar to put in, had as large an offering as himself.

Ralph put in a bright silver half-dollar and some small change, which he thought, made as much show and a good deal more rattle than Fred's old black dollar, with its big heavy thump.

The class was a large one, and as they all had something, their offering, all together, amounted to nearly ten dollars—quite a start, Mr. Wilson said, for one class to give toward a horse. He promised to send it to his friend at once. But it so happened that a nephew of Mr. Taylor's, Will Taylor, from New York, was making a visit at Mr. Wilson's, and was going up to his uncle's in a few days, on a hunting excursion; and Mr. Wilson concluded to send the money by him, just as it had been collected from the class.

Accordingly, one cold afternoon, young Taylor alighted from the stage at the door of the rectory; and, after thawing himself out by the fire in the big open fire-place, opened his trunk and took out some of his hunting things, to get them ready for to-morrow. The bundle of money was near the top and he handed it to his uncle with a note from Mr. Wilson, explaining where it came from, what it was for, etc. As Will was about to resume his seat and the gun he was putting together, he happened to notice the odd looking dollar of Fred's in the package. Will had a collection of coins at home, and was quite interested in the study of coins, or numismatics as he was rather fond of calling it. He was always on the lookout for old and curious coins; so he began to examine this one.

'That's a pretty old dollar' he said, as he held it to the light to see the date; 'and one that I haven't in my collection, either,' he added. '1804—that must be a rare date; why, I declare I believe it is—yes, it must be the rare date that is worth so much, and there are only a few of them in existence, and collectors know where each one is, and—hold on, let me get my 'coin catalogue,' and find out.' And Will made a dive in his trunk, quite excited at the idea of a rare coin. 'Can't find it,' he remarked, at last

as he came up red in the face, after rumaging in vain amongst his hunting traps and clothes, 'must have forgotten it. But I tell you what I'll do,' he added to his uncle, who was counting the money. 'If you'll take another dollar for this one, when I get home I'll find out if it is rare, and if it is, send it back or pay you as much more as it is worth. It may be a counterfeit, you know—flinging it down on the edge of the table—but no, it has a good ring, or it might be an altered date; they're always up to those things with rare dates.' 'I'll give you a dollar for it, though, and run the risk; and more if it is worth it.' His uncle agreed; and so, when after a week's moon-e hunting, young Taylor went back to New York, he carried Fred's Easter dollar back in his trunk carefully wrapped up in tissue paper, and packed between his new globe sight and a patent primer.

A few weeks after Mr. Taylor received a letter from his nephew, which ran as follows:

'NEW YORK CITY, May 18, 18—.

'DEAR UNCLE: You remember the old black dollar I found in your collection, and promised to see about. I took it down to Scott & Co's., the other day, and asked them what they would give for an 1804 dollar in good condition. The man behind the counter smiled a rather incredulous smile, and said, 'For a genuine one, from \$500 to \$1,000; we have a plenty of reprints and altered dates, though.' That rather took me down, at first; but I showed it to him, and he went off into another room with it without saying anything.

'When he came back he brought another man with him, and they asked me all about how I got it, where it came from, etc., and even who I was, and if I could give references. I afterwards found out they had thoughts of having the police look after me. They asked me to leave it with them until the next day, saying they would tell me what it was worth, then. Well to make a long story short, it turns out to be a genuine one, of the very rarest date. There are only twelve others of the same year known to be in existence, and these are all in valuable collections. The company offered me \$600 cash for it, or will sell it at their next auction sale for whatever it will bring, at ten per cent. commission.

'Of course it belongs to you, so I write to know what shall be done about it.

'Hoping to hear from you soon, I am your affectionate nephew, 'WILL TAYLOR.'

The Rev. Mr. Taylor was naturally somewhat surprised on reading this epistle. After thinking it over, however, he could not agree with his nephew in believing that the money belonged to him. He accordingly wrote to Mr. Wilson, giving him the particulars of the case, and saying he supposed it must have been some keepsake that had been put in by mistake. Mr. Wilson saw Fred and asked him where he got it. Fred, after hearing with opened-mouthed astonishment of its value, started off for the Widow Gordon's and informed her of the wonder. She, however, said she had paid it to him, and whatever it might be worth it no longer belonged to her. Fred said he had put it in the Easter offering, and it didn't belong to him; he guessed Mr. Taylor better buy a span of horses with it.

And after much writing back and forwards, as no one could be found to own the money, he did. The silver dollar was sold at auction, and brought \$725. It was said to be a very fine one of that rare date, and a man came all the way from New York to see if he could hunt up the other one, which Mrs. Gordon had given to Ralph, and which, she said, was the same date. But after it had once got into circulation it was gone and was never heard of again.

Mr. Taylor now has two of the 'best horses in the country,' which he uses in his long journeys; and last fall when Will Taylor came back from his latest hunting expedition, he had