

HAPPY DAYS

VOL. XVI.

TORONTO, MARCH 16, 1901.

No. 6.

O SACRED HEAD, NOW WOUNDED.

O sacred Head now wounded,
With grief and shame weighed down,
So scornfully surrounded
With thorns, thine only crown;
How art thou pale with anguish,
With sore abuse and scorn!
How do those features languish,
Which once were fair
as morn!

What language shall I
borrow
To thank thee, dearest
Friend,
For this thy dying sor-
row,
This love that knew no
end?
Oh, make me thine for
ever,
And, should I fainting
be,
Lord, let me never,
never
Outlive my love to
thee.

RICHES.

"Yes, if I had lots of money, I know what I'd do!" said a little boy one day, and he gave his head a knowing shake as if he thought a great deal more than he chose to tell.

"Poor child!" said a friend, who overheard, "you don't know everything yet; you'll be a great deal wiser when you are older."

"Let me tell you the story of the Duke of Brunswick and his diamonds. He had more than four hundred thousand pounds' worth of diamonds, and they made a prisoner of him. He never dared leave home, even for a night, lest some one should steal them. He lived in a house built so he couldn't take any comfort in it. It was much like a prison, it was made so thick and strong, with the doors and windows barred and bolted. A very thick, high wall was built outside the house all around it, and on the top of the wall was

an iron railing tipped off with sharp points that would cut like a knife, and so contrived that if a person touched one of them a chime of bells would instantly ring. This railing cost a great deal of money, what would seem a large fortune to us.

"He kept his diamonds in a safe built

"He had but one window in his bedroom, and that so high up he could not see out, and no one could get in. The door was made of the stoutest iron, and no one could get in without understanding the very curious lock. Besides all this he kept a case of pistols on his table. "What a room! What comfort could that man

take, although he was so rich? Poor man! Poor rich man! He didn't have half the enjoyment in life that you children have, who have no diamonds to take care of, and can run in and out and play as you have a mind to.

"You see that it is not money that makes a person happy. No, indeed. Holy Scrip'ure says: 'Better is little with the fear of the Lord than great treasures and trouble therewith.' It tells us also to lay up for ourselves 'treasures in heaven, where thieves do not break through and steal.'"

SHE PLAYS LIKE A CHRISTIAN.

"I heard of two little children," said a great speaker, "a boy and a girl, who used to play a great deal together. They were both converted. One day the boy came to his mother, and said: 'Mother, I know that Emma is a Christian.'

"What makes you think so, my child?"

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

"Plays like a Christian?" said the mother. The expression sounded a little odd.

"Yes," replied the child. "If you take everything she's got, she doesn't get angry. Before, she was so selfish, and if she didn't have everything her own way she would say: 'I won't play with you; you are an ugly little boy, and I won't have a thing to do with you!'"



"O SACRED HEAD, NOW WOUNDED."

in a thick wall in his bedroom, where he could look at them whenever he wished. And his bed was placed against this wall, so that no thief could get at them without waking or killing him. The safe was very strong, made of stone and iron. If any one should try to pry it open a number of guns would go off that would kill the person at once, and at the same time bells would be set ringing in every room.