



SACRED HEAD!

O SACRED Head! now wounded,
With grief and pain weighed down,
Thy sacred head surrounded
With thorns, thine only crown!
O Lamb of God, what glory,
What bliss, till now was thine;
Yet, though despised and gory,
I joy to call thee mine.

What thou, my Lord, has suffered
Was all for sinners' gain;
Mine, mine was the transgression
But thine the deadly pain.
Lo, here I fall, my Saviour!
'Tis I deserve thy place;
Look on me with thy favour,
Vouchsafe to me thy grace.

What language shall I borrow
To praise thee, dearest Friend,
For this thy dying sorrow,
Thy pity without end?
O make me thine forever;
And should I fainting be,
Lord, let me never, never,
Outlive my love to thee.

Be near me when I'm dying,
O show thyself to me;
And, for my succour flying,
Come, Lord, and set me free;
These eyes, new faith receiving,
From Jesus shall not move;
For he who dies believing,
Dies safely, through thy love.

THE BEST PLACE FOR IT.

SOME time ago there was a dray going along the street, and a cask fell down, and the beer was spilled. Somebody passing by at the time said,

"Oh, what a pity that the beer should be wasted!"

"No pity at all," said a little boy who was standing near; "better that it should be on God's earth than in God's image."

LITTLE WIND AND BIG FIRE.

FIVE little people were in high glee in the playroom. All the chairs and stools were ranged in a row and made a train of cars bound for California.

Mamma sat at work in her room smiling to herself at the sounds of glee, but suddenly the sounds changed:

"Willie Ray, you horrid boy! you've torn my dress!"

"Well, didn't mean to do it, Miss Spitfire Jane."

"Jane ain't a spitfire at all; it's just you old rough boys that spoil things."

"Oh yes, you are made of sugar and spice and all that's nice; that's what makes you look so sweet just now!"

And so angry words flew about like bombshells. Mamma laid down her work and went to the playroom door.

"Come here, little travellers; I want to show you something."

They crowded into her room. She gave them seats and told them to be very quiet and watch what would happen. Then, going to a little closet, she brought out a basketful of chips and kindling-wood and shavings. She laid them in a high pile on her pretty grate, where the children hardly ever saw a fire made, and with a pair of tongs brought a coal from the nursery fire and dropped it in the midst of this pile.

"Now, Rosy-posy," she said to the wee-est of the little ones, "blow that coal."

Rosy got off her chair with a rather solemn face and blew as hard as such a little girl could. In an instant a very pretty red flame started, and while the children looked and wondered what mamma meant, the whole pile caught, and a great, roaring brightness flashed up the chimney.

"Now, all of you together blow that fire out," said mamma.

All five pairs of little cheeks were puffed in an instant, and they blew and blew till there was no breath left in them.

Did the fire heed their blowing? Not a whit. On it went, roaring and snapping and sparkling, looking almost as if it were laughing at their red faces.

"Oh, mamma, we can't blow it out," they all cried.

"No, I see you can't," said mamma; "and there is another fire that one little breath can start and fan until it gets so hot that all together you can't blow it out. What is it, little daughter?"

"I 'spect it's getting mad," said Jane with downcast eyes.

"Then go back to your play," said mamma, "and be careful not to start that blaze by an ugly word."—*Advocate.*

A SONG FOR EASTER MORNING.

Why do all the flowers rejoice
On Easter morning early?
See, they bloom on all the hills,
Breaking through the tender green!
Windflowers shake their bells of snow,
Violets fringe the laughing rills,
Bloodroot peeps where soft winds blow,
Dandelion's golden sheen
Wakens at the robin's voice
In the dawnlight pearly,
Ah! the sweet world surely knows
Christ, the flower of earth, arose
On Easter morning early!

Why are little children glad
On Easter morning early?
When the first sweet morning light
Blushes through the shadowy gray.
Open myriad happy eyes;
Flower-like faces, fresh and bright,
Like dew-laden lilies rise;
Hearts that harbor nothing sad,
Soaring, track his heavenly way,
In the dawnlight pearly.
Sing, O children! all earth knows
Christ, the children's King, arose
On Easter morning early!

BESS AT CHURCH.

BESS was going to church. She had been there before with mamma. This time she went with her brother Harry. It was in winter, and Bess was wrapped up warm. Bess saw Harry take a hymn-book, and she said she must have one too. So Harry gave her a picture book. When the people sang, Bess opened her book. She found a picture of a little girl and a lamb. She knew what the picture meant. So she began to sing,

"Mary had a little lamb,
Its fleece was white as snow."

Harry said, "Little girls don't sing at church." But pretty soon Bess sang again:

"It followed her to church one day."

Then Harry said, "Bess, if you don't keep still, I must take you home." Then Bess was quiet and looked at the minister.

I am afraid Bess was not very well trained. I think my little readers would know better than to do as she did.

A GOOD man will find friends everywhere. Joseph did in prison. So the prisoner Paul found a friend in the governor of the island. There is no better capital for a young man entering life than a faithful though modest Christian character. Even the noblest in rank respect such a man, and he finds friends.