

Happy Days

CHRIST CROWNED WITH THORNS.

O LAMB of God, once 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, hast
 suffered
 Was all for sinners' gain;
 Mine, mine was the trans-
 gression,
 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 bor-
 row
 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 LIMPET AND THE ROCK.

WHILE I was walking . . . the seashore,
 says a clergyman, I saw a number of limpets
 on a rock, and I determined to have one.
 So choosing a very pretty one, I tried at
 first to pull it off with my hand, but no, it

against the side of the limpet, I tried, with
 all my weight and strength to push it off.
 But no! not a hairbreadth could I move it,
 more than I could the rock to which it
 clung. Though so weak a little thing, it
 stuck so fast that it seemed as strong as the
 rock itself—just as chil-
 dren clinging to Jesus, the
 Rock of Ages, have al-
 mighty strength and can
 never be moved.

"Well, my little friend,"
 thought I, "I'll see whether
 I cannot have you yet, as
 one way won't do, I'll try
 another." So, having
 plenty of time to spare, I
 sat down very quietly up
 on another rock close by
 and watched, a woe mov-
 ing my eyes off the limpet
 for one moment. For long
 I watched in vain, there
 stuck the little limpet.

But presently I thought
 I saw it move a little.
 Oh! how eagerly I watch-
 ed it then! Another min-
 ute, and—yes, there it
 was actually moving off
 the rock!

"Ah!" thought I, "I'll
 have you now." And,
 with one sudden grasp, I
 had it in my hand, because
 it was not clinging to
 the rock.

Dear friend, whenever
 Satan tempts you to get
 away from Jesus and

clung to the rock so tightly that I could not
 move it.

"What!" thought I, "a little thing like
 you to be stronger than I! I'll try my
 walking-stick."

And so I did. Putting one end of it

wander into sin, cling fast to the rock—
 cling to Jesus.—*Selected.*

A LITTLE girl who was watching a sunset
 of crimson, orange, and purple, said, "Is
 that the power and the glory?"



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