

# HAPPY DAYS

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## THE CRUCIFIXION.

BY HENRY HART MILLMAN.

Bound upon th' accursed tree,  
Faint and bleeding, who is he?  
By the eyes so pale and dim,  
Streaming blood, and writhing limb;  
By the flesh with scourges torn;  
By the crown of twisted thorn;  
By the side so deeply pierced;  
By the baffled, burning thirst;  
By the drooping death-dewed brow:  
Son of man, 'tis thou! 'tis thou!  
Bound upon th' accursed tree,

By the lifeless body laid  
In the chamber of the dead;  
By the mourners come to weep  
Where the bones of Jesus sleep;  
Crucified! we know thee now:  
Son of man, 'tis thou! 'tis thou!

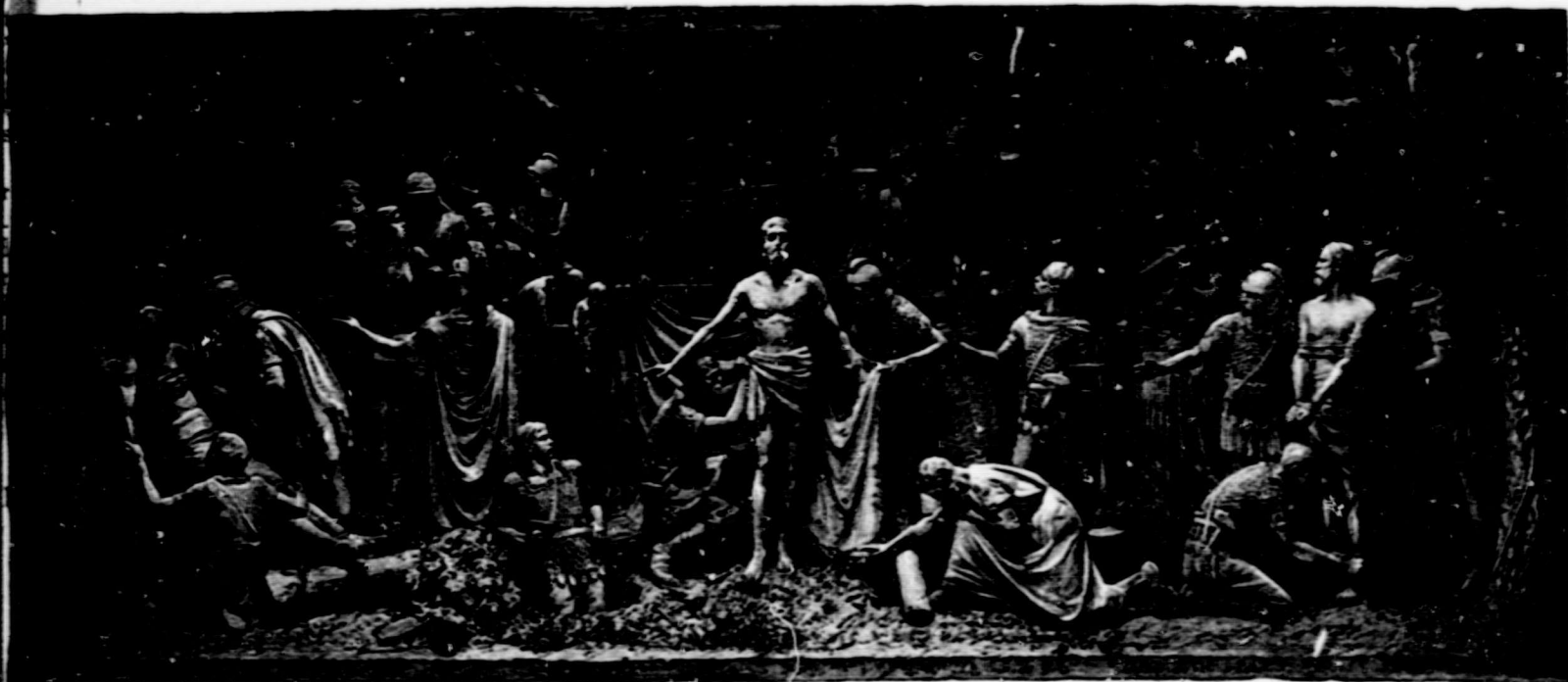
Bound upon th' accursed tree,  
Dread and awful, who is he?  
By the prayer for them that slew—  
"They know not what they do!"  
By the spoiled and empty grave  
By the souls he died to save;  
By the conquest he hath won;

is forcing back the tumultuous mob. The divine dignity of the meek Sufferer is conspicuous, even at this hour of doom.

## SPEAK KINDLY.

A poor boy went to a house to ask if they would please buy some matches. Harry, who lived there, happened to see the boy, and to hear what he had said. Harry simply said: "Go away." The poor boy turned away with his matches, looking very downcast.

Soon after Harry thought he should like



"THE CRUCIFIXION."

Dread and awful, who is he?  
By the sun at noonday pale,  
Shivering rocks, and rending veil;  
By earth that trembles at his doom;  
By yonder saints who burst their tomb;  
By Eden promised, ere He died,  
To the felon at his side;  
Lord, our suppliant knees we bow;  
Son of God, 'tis thou! 'tis thou!

Bound upon th' accursed tree,  
Sad and dying, who is he?  
By the last and bitter cry;  
The ghost given up in agony;

By the saints before his throne;  
By the rainbow round his brow;  
Son of God, 'tis thou! 'tis thou!

## "THE CRUCIFIXION."

George Tinworth's bas-relief of "The Crucifixion" is one of tragic pathos. On either side are bound malefactors in the hands of the rude soldiery, in the rear the weeping women are gazing with tearful sympathy on our Lord, while one holds her presumably sick child as if asking his touch of healing. The soldier in the rear

to have a run with his hoop; but he remembered that he had lost his stick. He must have a good stick for a good hoop. He would go and ask his father for some money to buy one. He found his father very busy reading. He made his request; but his father did not answer him. Presently he asked again, when his father said: "Go away."

Poor Harry now remembered that it was just the answer that he had given the poor boy with the matches, and felt how much better it would have been to have spoken kindly. He still wanted a hoopstick, and