



"O SACRED HEAD, NOW WOUNDED."

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 sorrow,
 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.

The saloon is a temptation to a great many. It is very hard work for men who have the love of strong drink to pass by. One little boy who does not mean to be caught has adopted this plan. He says: "Papa, I'll tell you how I go by the saloon. I go first as near to the outside of the walk as I can, and I hold my nose and shut my mouth; and then, after I have got by, I spit before I swallow."

A great many boys like that, grown up, would be an untold blessing to the land.

ONA BLANKETS.

The Ona tribe live along the coast of Tierra del Fuego, and perhaps have as low a standard of comforts as any uncivilized people in the whole world. Their home is a saucer-shaped hollow scooped out of the ground. In the ridge around this hole some brushwood is placed, and a skin is hung up on the side from which the wind blows. The fire is built just outside the hole; but it is only used for cooking, not for warmth, though the cold is intense.

The Onas keep themselves warm in a very simple way: they all lie down on the ground, with the children in the middle of the huddle, and then call to their dogs to come and lie around and over them. An Ona family that has not enough dogs to cover it out of sight is indeed a poverty-stricken household.

These dogs are very hairy, and they certainly make capital substitutes for blankets, as they keep the family both dry and warm.

It was the doings of these Onas that caused that part of South America to be called Tierra del Fuego, which means "Land of Fire;" for it is the habit of these people to communicate with their friends at a distance by means of fires; and when they first saw the marvellous appearance of the ship of the navigator,

Magellan, sailing along their shores, the amount of fire-signalling that went on from one tribe to another was very great. Seeing all the various smokes rising up all along the coast, Magellan declared it to be the "Land of Fire."

THE BIRD THAT SINGS.

You dear little birdie, who taught you to sing
 Among the green branches and blossoms of Spring,
 I wish you would tell me, for then, don't you see,

I'd ask the same person to try to teach me.
 I wonder, whenever I hear you, if you
 Have to sit in a tree for an hour or two,
 And practise your dear little twitter and trill,
 When it is so dreadfully hard to keep still.

When you want to play in the sunshine all day,
 Does somebody hold up a finger and say
 So solemnly: "Now, little bluebird, stay so,
 And carefully practise your do, re, mi, do?"

Do you have to learn about octaves and thirds?
 And chords and arpeggios and other hard words?
 And those terrible scales! Why, of all that I do,
 I think them the hardest to practise, don't you?

Well, however you do, I am sure of one thing,
 That I have to practise before I can sing.
 And with all I may learn, and the best I can do,
 I never shall sing, little birdie, like you.

BROWN BETTY.

Mr. Smith always hitched Brown Betty to the hitching post when he got out of the carriage to go into the house. One day he was in a hurry. He drove her up to the post and jumped out of the buggy, saying: "I'll trust you to stand still without being hitched this time, Brown Betty."

He hurried into the house for the package he had forgotten, and when he came out, there stood Brown Betty holding the hitching rope in her teeth. She looked at him wisely, as if to say: "I know how to behave when I'm trusted."

WORK AND PLAY.

The busy sun got up to-day.
 "Now while the children are at play,
 I'll do my work," he said.
 At six their play was still not done,
 "Tut, but I'm tired!" said the sun;
 "It's time to go to bed."