



CHRIST CROWNED WITH THORNS.

THE MAN OF SORROWS.

Hail! thou Head, so bruised and wounded,
 With the crown of thorns surrounded,
 Smitten with the mocking reed;
 Wounds which may not cease to bleed,
 Trickling faint and slow:
 Hail! from whose most blessed brow
 None can wipe the blood-drops now;
 All the bloom of life has fled,
 Mortal paleness there instead;
 Thou, before whose presence dread
 Angels trembling bow.

All thy vigour and thy life
 Fading in this bitter strife,
 Death his stamp on thee hath set,
 Hollow and emaciate,
 Faint and drooping there:
 Thou this agony and scorn
 Hast for me, a sinner, borne;
 Me, unworthy, all for me!
 With those wounds of love on thee,
 Glorious Face, appear!

Yet, in this thine agony,
 Faithful Shepherd, think of me;
 From whose lips of love Divine
 Sweetest draughts of life are mine,
 Purest honey flows:
 All unworthy of thy thought,
 Guilty, yet reject me not;
 Unto me thy heart incline—

Let that dying head of thine
 In mine arms repose!

Let me true communion know
 With thee in thy sacred woe,
 Counting all beside but dross,
 Dying with thee on thy cross;—
 'Neath it will I die!
 Thanks to thee with every breath,
 Jesus, for thy bitter death!
 Grant thy guilty one this prayer,—
 When my dying hour is near,
 Gracious God be nigh!

When my dying hour must be,
 Be not absent then from me;
 In that solemn hour, I pray,
 Jesus, come without delay;
 See, and set me free!
 When thou biddest me depart,
 Whom I cleave to with my heart,
 Lover of my soul, be near;
 With thy saving cross appear;
 Show thyself to me!

HOW JACK WORE HIS CLOTHES.

Jack was cross; nothing pleased him.
 His mother gave him the choicest morsels
 for his breakfast, and the nicest toys; but
 he did nothing but fret and complain. At
 last his mother said: "Jack, I want you

to go right up to your room and put on
 all your clothes wrong side out."

Jack started. He thought that his
 mother must be out of her wits.

"I mean it, Jack," she repeated.

Jack had to mind; he had to turn his
 stockings wrong side out, and to put his
 coat and trousers and his collar wrong
 side out.

When his mother came up to him, there
 he stood—a forlorn and funny-looking
 boy, all linings and seams and ravellings
 —before the glass, wondering what his
 mother meant; but he was not quite clear
 in his conscience.

Then his mother, turning him round,
 said: "This is what you have been doing
 all day—making the worst of everything.
 You have been turning everything wro:
 side out. Do you really like your things
 this way so much, Jack?"

"No, mother," answered Jack shame
 facedly. "Can't I turn them right?"

"Yes, you may, if you will try to speak
 what is pleasant and do what is pleasant.
 You must do with your temper and man-
 ners as you prefer to do with your clothes:
 wear them right side out. Do not be so
 foolish any more, little man, as to persist
 in turning things wrong side out."—
Selected.

KINDNESS WINS.

BY JOHN A. CAMPBELL.

It was a very little donkey to have such
 a will of his own. You wouldn't have
 thought, unless you knew donkeys, "at
 the small brown animal with the bright
 eyes and long ears could be so stubborn.
 He stood there in the road and refused to
 go a step farther; neither would he turn
 his head towards home.

"Oh, dear! What a bad donkey!" ex-
 claimed little Bertie, in despair. "How
 shall we ever be able to make him move?"

Her brother Lloyd, with the confidence
 of eight years, ran to the side of the road
 and brought back a short stick, with
 which he industriously prodded the ob-
 stinate animal's sides. Alas! the donkey
 bore it better than he did and he soon
 stopped, breathless.

After a moment's thought, Bertie, as a
 last resort, drew an apple from a basket
 in the little cart, and held it up in front
 of Dick's nose. For a single instant he
 sniffed at the rosy fruit and then moved
 forward obediently and took it in his
 mouth.

"All aboard!" cried Lloyd, and he and
 his sister clambered upon the seat.

And if you will believe it, whether be-
 cause he had forgotten his late ill temper,
 or because the kindness of his good little
 mistress had conquered him, Dick set off
 at a lively pace, still munching the apple,
 and they had no more trouble with him
 during the remainder of the drive.