

HAPPY DAYS

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No. 7.

O SACRED HEAD, NOW WOUNDED.
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 shine for
ever,
And, should I fainting
be,
Lord, let me never, never
Outlive my love to thee.

DRUNKEN PIGS.

A man rolled a barrel out of his door and emptied something out into the road. An old mother pig with her little ones came running up and began eating them. Soon one little pig began to stagger and tumble about as if his legs were weak. He stumbled over the others as if he was going blind. At last he fell down, and could not get up again. So he lay there stretched upon a pile of fruit looking like something dead. Before long all the other little pigs were running about like crazy things, and grunting and quarrelling; but they always came back to the heap, and ate, and ate, and ate, till they fell down so, and lay there in a pile. Last of all the old mother fell down on top of all her little pigs, and there they were, not able to help themselves or get out of the way. What was the matter with them? Those cherries had been soaking all winter in poison; they were full of it; the pigs ate

them; they were poisoned; so they lay there sick and helpless.

Night came on. There was light in the house and singing and laughing; but in the road it was very, very dark. Late in the night a man came out of the house and tried to cross the road; his legs were weak, too; he staggered and groped, and did not seem to know where he was going. All of

daylight came, and people passed that way, they found them there—cherries, pigs, men, all in a heap together! O shame! But what was the matter with the men? They had been drinking some of the very poison in which those cherries had soaked. That man who had the barrel had poured the poison off into a pitcher before he emptied the cherries into the road. The

pigs ate the cherries, the men drank the poison. It hurt them; it made them drunk.

What was that poison? It was brandy—cherry brandy. That man kept a saloon.—*Water Lily.*

SMALL THINGS.

Great good is sometimes accomplished from very small beginnings. What we do may seem of no consequence; but results may follow long after the act is forgotten. We should not despise the day of small things. "In due season we shall reap, if we faint not." Bread cast upon the waters shall be found after many days. The following will illustrate the power of small things—of what seem but trifles:

"A little blooming plant was given by a kind-hearted neighbour to a poor invalid girl. In trying to take care of it, the family made changes in their way of living. First they cleaned the window, that more light and sunshine might come to its blossoms and leaves; then, when the day was not too chilly, they opened the window, that fresh air might help it to grow. The clean window through which the clear light shone made the room look so untidy that they washed the floor and walls, and began to arrange the poor furniture to make it look better. This encouraged the father, and led him to mend some of the broken chairs, which



O SACRED HEAD.

a sudden he stumbled over the pigs and fell flat among them. He tried to crawl over them, but he only got more and more mixed up among them. At last he lay still and fell asleep, right there! That was not all! Another man came out and tried to cross, and another, and another. They fell down on top of each other; they were not able to get much farther. When

then, when the day was not too chilly, they opened the window, that fresh air might help it to grow. The clean window through which the clear light shone made the room look so untidy that they washed the floor and walls, and began to arrange the poor furniture to make it look better. This encouraged the father, and led him to mend some of the broken chairs, which