

# HAPPY DAYS

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## O SACRED HEAD.

O sacred Head! now wounded,  
With grief and pain bowed 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  
transgression  
But thine the deadly  
pain.  
Lo, here I fall, my Sa-  
viour!  
'Tis I deserve thy place;  
Look on me with thy fa-  
vour,  
Vouchsafe to me thy  
grace.

What language shall I bor-  
row  
To praise thee, dearest  
Friend,  
For it is thy dying sorrow,  
Thy pity without end?  
O make me thine for ever:  
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 fly-  
ing,  
Come, Lord, and set me  
free;  
These eyes new faith re-  
ceiving  
From Jesus shall not move;  
For he who dies believing,  
Dies safely, through thy love.

## THE POTATO BABIES.

One day last fall, when the children were at grandma's, it began to rain. Grandma always had something laid away

for a rainy day. After breakfast, the twins, Tommy and Daisy, got hold of grandma's hands and led her to the cupboard. She laughed and said she was Old Mother Hubbard going to the cupboard to get six little doggies a bone. She reached up to the top shelf and took down two boxes, one large and one small.

What do you think was in the large one?

and watched her make a potato baby. First the head must be fastened on. This was done by sticking one end of a match into a small potato and the other end into a larger one—for the body.

After that she stuck two matches in for legs and two for arms, and there was a man all done. Then, when she had shown them how to make a horse and a cow, grandma went back to her work and left them.

They had a good time making men and horses, cats and dogs. The rain got all through raining, the sun came out and the grass was dry before they thought of stopping. At last the dinner-bell rang, and they laid the potato-babies away for another rainy day.

Now comes the funny part of the story. The potato-dollies lay quietly in their dark box for three long months. Then the children were all there again, and wanted them to play with. Grandma brought the box down, opened it—and what do you think they saw? Their potato babies had begun to grow. Their bodies were dry and shrunken. Out of every one came long white roots, that looked like horns and arms and tongues and tails. The father potato had a trunk like an elephant. The fat boy had turned into some strange bird. The mamma, on horseback, had a real face, with nose, eyes, and tongue coming

out of her mouth. The cat and the camel were both turned into reindeer, and one man had two horns and a tail.

They looked so funny that they laughed and laughed, till all the mammas and aunts and uncles came in to see what was the matter. Aunty May made a picture of them the very next day just as they came out of the box.



"O SACRED HEAD! NOW WOUNDED."

Little potatoes. And in the small one? Burnt matches, with the ends rubbed on sandpaper to make a point. Grandpa had thought of the children when he dug his potatoes and had saved all the little—the "pig"—potatoes for them; and grandma had thought of them, too, and saved all her burnt matches.

The children gathered around her now