

PLEASANT HOURS

PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK.

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[No. 16.

Passion Hymn.

[From the Latin of Bernard of Clairvaux, 1150, and of the German of Paul Gerhardt, 1639, and J. W. Alexander, D.D., 1849.]

O SACRED head, now wounded,
With grief and shame weighed down;
Now scornfully surrounded
With thorns, thy only crown.
O sacred head, what glory,
What bliss till now was thine!
Yet though despised and gory,
I joy to call thee mine.

O noblest brow, and dearest,
In other days the world
All feared, when thou appearest,
What shame on thee is hurled!
How art thou pale with anguish,
With sore abuse and scorn;
How does that visage languish
Which once was bright as morn!

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 Saviour!
'Tis I deserve thy place,
Look on me with thy favour,
Vouchsafe to me thy grace.



"O SACRED HEAD, NOW WOUNDED."

Calling on thy Father's name
Thy last breath was spented;
And thy spirit in his hands
Gently was commended:
With a loud and mighty cry
Then thy head was bended,
And the work that brought thee down,
Of Salvation, ended.

Wherefore, sinner, haste to these
Fountains of Salvation:
Life thou mayest draw therefrom,
And illumination:
Cure thou mayest find for sin,
Strength to meet temptation,
Refuge may'at thou gain against
Satan's condemnation.

THE LAST SUPPER.

We present herewith a copy of the wonderful bas-relief by the self-taught English artist, George Tinworth, of whom we recently gave a short account in this paper. This picture of "The Last Supper," while it will not compare with Leonardo da Vinci's wonderful group, is still profoundly impressive. It is at the moment when our Lord utters the words, "One of you shall betray me, and they were exceeding sorrowful, and began, every one of them, to say unto him, 'Lord, is it I?'" The eager remembrance is well shown in the action of the figures. The gentle heart of John cannot endure the thought, and he hides his face on his Lord's shoulder, while Judas clutches his bag, and seems to rudi- tate his deed of arch-treachery.

"HE TOOK THE CUP, AND GAVE THANKS."

(Matt. 26, 27.)

BY CAROLINE L. SMITH.

But wherefore thanks! The hour draws nigh
Of keenest agony:
The Father turns his face away,
The Lamb of God must die!

The Crucifixion.

[A hymn of the twelfth century, translated by John Mason Neale.]

With the soldiers, straitly bound,
Forth the Saviour fareth:
Over all his holy form
Bleeding wounds he beareth;
He a crown of woven thorns,
King of glory weareth,
And each one, with bended knee,
Fresher taunts prepareth.

They thy mild and tender flesh,
O Redeemer, baring,
To the column bind thee fast,
For the scourge preparing:

Thus the ransom of our peace
Cruel stripes are tearing,
As the streams that flow therefrom
Fully are declaring.

After passed he through the street,
As the morn grew older,
And the heavy, bitter cross
Bare he on his shoulder:
Through the windows and the doors
Many a rude beholder;
But he found no comforter
There, and no upholder.

Him, in open sight of men
Manifestly shaming,

To the wind and cold they bare
Utmost insults framing;
Guiltless, on the cross they lift
With transgressors naming,
Him, as midmost of the three,
Chief of all proclaiming.

On the wood his arms are stretched,
And his hands are riven;
Through the tender flesh of Christ
Mighty nails are driven:
In like wise his blessed feet
Are to torture given,
As the hands that had so oft
In our battles striven.



THE LAST SUPPER.