

# PLEASANT HOURS

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK.

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## Palm Sunday.

When, his salvation bringing,  
To Zion Jesus came,  
The children all stood singing  
Hosanna to his name;  
Nor did their zeal offend him,  
But as he rode along,  
He let them still attend him,  
And smiled to hear their song.

And since the Lord retaineth  
His love to children still,  
Though now as king he reigneth  
On Zion's heavenly hill,  
We'll flock around his standard,  
We'll bow before his throne,  
And cry aloud "Hosanna  
To David's royal Son!"

For should we fall proclaiming  
Our great Redeemer's praise,  
The stones, our silence shaming,  
Would their hosannas raise.  
But shall we only render  
The tribute of our words?  
No; while our hearts are tender,  
They, too, shall be the Lord's.

## HEROIC DEEDS.

BY RUBY MACFARLANE.

Among the many heroic deeds recorded on the historic roll, very few were performed so bravely and with such presence of mind as those executed by devoted, God-fearing and God-trusting men; and the following scene, which took place in Manitoba, is included in the latter class.

A few months before this incident happened, a settler, with a large family, had taken up his abode near Dauphin Station; and, on this particular occasion, his son, accompanied by his four-year-old sister, Myrtle, had been out working in the field, burning the old stumps which here and there made their appearance. Myrtle watched the fires with childish curiosity and delight, both of which were very aggravating to her brother, especially when he discovered that his work would take him a few rods across the field. His sister not being able to accompany him, he placed her on the ground, charging her on no account to leave the spot until he returned.

As she readily promised to obey his injunctions, he felt no further anxiety until about five minutes after when, happening to look up from his work, he saw that she had, by some means,

climbed over the logs to gather some flowers, the former having now taken fire. At a glance he took in the situation. Myrtle was almost surrounded by the flames, but on one side stood a tree which had not yet caught fire.

The boy's first impulse was to rush in to her, regardless of the fire, but, upon second thought, he evidently considered discretion to be the better part of valour, for he had common sense enough to know that in that case it would be



LAIN IN THE SEPULCHRE.

"Greater love than this no man hath, that a man lay down his life for his friends."—John 15. 13.

utterly impossible to return with his burden. Still, he had one hope, and that was the tree, so, sulking the action to the word, he dashed over and climbed it with a quickness equal to that of a sailor, but, even as he did so, he realized that he was running a great risk, as it was liable to take fire at any moment. However, he kept on, never for an instant faltering. In his hand he held a rope, in the form of a lasso which he threw down around his sister's waist and drew her up.

He was about to descend when the fire began to encircle the trunk of the tree. The first thing he did was to lower his sister to the ground, but how to manage himself was difficult to understand. He could see no chance of escape, and every moment the flames were mounting higher and higher. He was already almost suffocated, and had just given up in despair, when he heard a voice shouting, and, looking up, he saw a number of men hastening toward the spot.

He was soon rescued, and when they reached home, Myrtle exclaimed, "Oh mamma, such a dreadful, dreadful thing happened. I went and burnt my dress." And her mother, smiling through her tears, kissed her fondly, and thanked God that her darling had been safely restored to her.

Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friend."

Mount Forest, Ont.

## Calvary.

Under an Eastern sky,  
Amid a rabble's cry,  
A Man went forth to die  
For me.

Thorn-crowned his blessed head,  
Blood-stained his every tread,  
Cross-laden, on he sped,  
For me.

Pierced glow his hands and feet,  
Three hours o'er him beat  
Fierce rays of noontide heat  
For me.

Thus wert thou made all mine;  
Lord, make me wholly thine;  
Grant grace and strength divine  
To me.

In thought and word and deed  
Thy will to do, Oh, lead  
My soul, e'en though it bleed,  
To Thee!



AT THE FOOT OF THE CROSS.