

HYMN FOR GOOD FRIDAY.

BY KRISTOFFER JANSON.

High upon the cross suspended,  
Truth is hanging undefiled,  
Shelterless and scorned indeed,  
Hate rejoices through the nation;  
From the cross comes supplication,  
"Pardon them, for whom I bleed."

Not in lightning or in thunder  
Comes a truth of love or wonder:  
In a manger it is born;  
And the crowd, its light unheeding,  
Nail it ever, torn and bleeding,  
To the cross with laughing scorn.

But the light, by men rejected,  
Glow with power unsuspected,  
And the cross becomes a star;  
Beckoning through the mists of ages,  
Through the blood-stained martyr pages,  
Witnesses from near and far

Jesus! Saviour! Hail forever,  
Throned on Calvary, dying never!  
Crucified as Truth must be:  
Each red drop of life blood flowing  
Shows new thought, forever growing,  
Calling all mankind to Thee.

ORGANIC UNION OF THE CHURCHES.

"At the Ministerial Association of this city, Hamilton," says the *Canada Christian Advocate*, "an able and interesting paper was read by Rev. Mr. Carson, pastor of Centenary Methodist Church upon this subject. The writer argued in favour of such union, and believed it might be brought about in the next ten years. The spirit of Christian fraternity of course largely prevailed in the meeting, but all the members present were not quite prepared to go the length of organic union of all the Churches.

"Much is now being said and written on the subject of Christian union among the members of the various sections of the Church, and all good men must rejoice in this fact. Christian people are becoming better acquainted with each other, and, as a consequence, they understand each other better, and mingle more freely. As a result of this, there is a stronger spirit of fraternity developed and a heartier co-operation in all religious work. This, we repeat, is exceedingly pleasant, and may be taken as an evidence of the fact that Christianity, instead of losing its power over mankind, is gradually diffusing the leaven of Christ's spirit among all who accept His Gospel as the revelation of God.

"We are in profound sympathy with much that was said during the discussion, which followed the reading of Mr. Carson's paper. We are not, however, quite prepared to say the doctrinal differences, which now keep denominations apart, are unimportant and unessential. There are, if we read correctly the various creeds of Christendom, some doctrinal questions, on which we differ, of the most vital importance, and on which, it seems to us, it would be quite impossible to harmonize. The best, therefore, we can do, under such circumstances, is to agree to differ, and still love each other as brethren in the Lord."

We rejoice at the progress of this feeling of fraternity. We hope that it will grow more and more. We do not think an organic union likely to be soon accomplished. What we desire is, to see such a spirit of Christian unity as shall lead to the most fraternal intercourse, and shall prevent the unseemly strife, and controversy, and rivalry and uncharitableness that

has so often marred the unity of Christ's Church and made the infidel triumph. We need to be more united at home, that we fight as one army against infidelity and intemperance and vice of every kind, and that we may present an unbroken front to the hosts of heathenism and false religions.

WHAT HELPED THEM.

AN exchange tells the following story of how three children were helped in a long journey from Germany to America:

Three little German girls, whose friends were in America, wanted to go thither. They were from 8 to 12 years old, and the question was how to get them across the great ocean, and away into the interior of America. There was no one to go with them, they must go alone; and no one could tell what trouble might assail them, or what dangers might surround them. But their friends had faith in God, and before they sent them out they got a book, and on the fly-leaf of it they wrote a sentence in German, in French, and in English, and they told the little children when they started: "If you get into any trouble, or need any help, you just stand still and open this book and hold it right up before you."

Then they started off on their long journey by railway and by steamship, from place to place, and from port to port; and wherever they went, if any trouble occurred or any difficulty arose, the children would stop and open the book, and hold it before them, and they always found some one who could read German or English or French, and who was ready to help them on their way. And so in due time they reached their friends far off in the interior of America.

And what were these words which proved such a talisman protection to these children among strangers and in a strange land? What were the words that made the careless civil and thoughtful, and the rough and reckless kind, that gave them protection and help in every hour of need, and opened doors before them? They were the words of One who lived on earth long years ago, and who, though He has passed away from human vision, yet holds His grasp upon the minds of men. These were the words: "And the king shall answer and say unto them, Verily I say unto you, Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto Me."

THE MAGNETIC NEEDLE.

THE magnetic needle is one of the most sensitive and delicate of instruments. It quivers like the aspen leaf at the approach of any object that repels or attracts it. It shakes with every tremor of the earth or sea. It is seldom at rest; almost as if alive, it wanders around its limited circle. It seems to have its likes and dislikes, its feelings and its impulses. Sometimes a magnetic storm sweeps over it and drives it from its course. Sometimes it seems roused to a wild excitement by some repelling influence. But soon again rest comes, and the delicate, feeble needle points forever to the north.

Upon its firmness and unchangeable nature rests the most important human affairs. It guides the steamers that

cross the Atlantic, and brings them safely to their harbour. Without this feeble instrument the *Alaska* would never venture to rush over the ocean in cloud, mist, or night, or the *Servia* reach her destined aim. It leads the great hosts of immigrants safely to the land of plenty; it carries back the crops of America to feed the people of Europe. Without it Columbus could never have found the New World, and centuries might have passed before the two hemispheres were united. Its delicate guidance leads the explorer through tropical forests and over the polar ice.

No one can tell when the magnetic needle first came in use. It was once thought that it was invented at Amalfi, a famous seaport of Italy, about the year 1302, but it was known in Europe long before. A French poet, Guyot, about 1150, sang of the wonderful needle that always pointed to the north star when the sea was dark and gloomy. It was known in Sweden in 1250. It seems to have come first from Holland. But the Chinese assert that they used the mariner's compass before the tenth century, and it may have been brought to Europe from that singularly inventive people.

The Western races took up the invention, and have made it the foundation of a new science. They have built upon the magnetic needle the science of electro-magnetism. Magnetism not only guides great steamers over the seas and explorers by land, its delicate vibrations are made to carry knowledge around the world, and enable nations to converse with each other, however far apart. The system of electric telegraphs depends upon the peculiar properties of the magnet. The strange, mysterious power that was first unfolded in some Eastern city by the shores of the Pacific has been turned to new uses. It lights our streets, conveys messages, writes, and may one day drive the rail car and conduct most of the operations of labour. The steam engine has found a rival.—*Harper's Young People*.

*Harper's Weekly* pays the following tribute to Her Majesty's latest literary production:—Queen Victoria's new book, a journal of a trip to the Highlands, is a fresh revelation of the deep womanly instinct of the first lady of the British Empire, abounding in expressions of love for her dear husband and her six orphans, and of consideration for her dependents, chief among whom was the much-talked-about John Brown. "His loss to me," she says of the Scotch gillie, "is irreparable, for he deservedly possessed my entire confidence. He served me truly, devotedly, untriflingly. To say that he is daily, nay, hourly, missed by me, whose life-long gratitude he won by constant care and devotion, is but a feeble expression of the truth." The throne of so true a woman may well be said to be "firm fixed upon a people's will." Who expected that her book would be an authority on political intrigues?

"Mamma, what's a bookworm?" "One who loves to read and study and collect books, my dear." The next night company called. Miss Edith, who wears rings innumerable, was present. "Oh mamma, look at Miss Edith's rings. I guess she's a ringworm ain't she?"—*Ex.*

GOOD FRIDAY.

GAZE upon the thorn-crowned brow,  
I see the pierced hands;  
It seems in vain, I cannot yield  
The love such love demands.

Thou givest to my weary soul  
Far more than angels' food.  
The Body offered for my sake,  
Thine own most precious blood.

Thyself in me, and I in Thee,  
A mystery divine,  
That so the fire of Thy dear love  
May kindle warmth in mine.

Yet even thus my heart is cold,  
And holds aloof from Thee:  
I have the wish but not the will  
To love Thee fervently.

Thou dost not quench the smoking flax;  
I will not then despair:  
Thou knowest all my heart, and Thou  
Wilt fan the embers there

Until they rise an upward flame  
Of heavenly, perfect love,  
And in that light I see Thy face,  
And worship Thee above.

BOYS

DEAR me, how many kinds there are, and what a nuisance a boy can make of himself, if he chooses. Take, for instance, the big-feeling boy. Perhaps you know just how he comes into the house, loud-voiced, important, giving out his orders, telling what he wants and doesn't like, what he will have and won't have, snubbing his mother and sisters, domineering over the little ones, speaking rudely to the hired help, disturbing everybody. You can't hurl a bootjack at him, for such is not the custom, but a bootjack would do him good if it could let him know what a nuisance he is. Some boys seem to think it makes them manly to act in this way. Poor, ignorant simpletons! They do not know that the greatest and noblest men are surest to be gentlest in manner, respectful to women, to reverence their mothers, and to treat everybody well; *everybody*, the poor, and poorly-clothed not excepted. Clothes do not make the man or the woman, or the boy, or the girl. Neither does the occupation. A poor laborer, poorly clothed, may be a much nobler person than a rich idler, finely clothed. Boys do not always think of this.

I will tell you what kind of a boy I like. The boy that I like is wide awake, spry, eager for outdoors and for all sorts of sport, always plays fair, will not lower himself so much as to cheat, is not big-feeling, is not a sneak, is not afraid of pain, speaks the truth, no matter how much it goes against him; would hate to get into bed with himself if he had done a mean thing, is willing to do anybody a favor even if it cause him some trouble, is well-mannered at home, kind to the little ones, respectful to the elder ones, and treats *everybody* well. And all this is just as true of the girl that I like as of the boy. I know girls that I like, and I know boys that I like. Some of them are in my audience, and were I acquainted with you all, very likely I should like you all. I hope so.

As the sun does not wait for prayers and incantations before he rises, but straightway shines forth and is hailed of all, so do not wait to do good for applause and noise and praise, but do it of your own desire, and, like the sun, you will be loved.