

SUNDAY SCHOOL BARRER

for
TEACHERS
AND
YOUNG PEOPLE.

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Ecce Homo.

A HYMN FOR GOOD FRIDAY.

BY MRS. A. MACGILLIS.

Look back, my soul, along the years,
And see thy Saviour on the tree,
For thee He dies, and bitter tears
Cannot assuage His agony;
Though Zion's daughters wail and mourn,
They cannot take from Him one thorn.

Full wearily His sacred feet
Had toiled up Calv'ry's rugged hill,
For to my blessed Lord 'twas sweet
Ever to do His Father's will;
He drank the cup of wrath that I,
Though death deserving, might not die.

He bears it all, the I amb of God,
The grief, the shame, the anguish; now
Is laid on Him the mighty load
Of a wor'd's sins; His sacred brow,
Pierced by the thorns encircling round,
With precious blood bedews the ground.

Oh! King of Glory! can it be
That Thou for me art hanging there!
Fainting and anguished; Lord, I see;
I hear my Saviour's dying prayer:
"Father, forgive them!" Oh! may I
Yet hope for mercy ere I die.

Oh! blessed Christ, I come to Thee;
Prostrate before Thy cross I fall.
Oh! turn Thy dying gaze on me
With looks of love, which tell that all
My sins are cleansed in that pure tide,
Flowing so freely from Thy side.

Thou wilt, I know, Thy loving eye
Is fixed upon me where I kneel;
Thou hear'st my spirit's mournful cry,
Save Jesus! all my sorrows heal.
Have mercy, Lord, my sins forgive,
And in Thine arms of love receive.

Oh! when my last dread hour shall come,
When heart and flesh shall fail for fear
Of the dark valley's gathering gloom;
Oh! then, my dying Lord, be near,
And hold me with Thy pierced hand,
And lead me to the Promised Land.

WINNIPEG, MAN.

Athens.

To dwellers in a young country like Canada, where one can scarcely see anything much older than himself, there is a peculiar fascination in a visit to those classic lands which have so largely moulded the world's thought and the world's destiny. See, for instance, the influence of little Attica and of Athens—

The eye of Greece, and mother of arts
And eloquence—

on the civilization and literature of all Christian lands. Macaulay, in a noble passage, thus speaks of the influence of Greece:

"All the triumphs of truth and genius over prejudice and power, in every country and in every age, have been the triumphs of Athens. Wherever a few great minds have made a stand against violence and fraud in the cause of liberty and reason, there has been her spirit in the midst of them; inspiring, encouraging, consoling—by the lonely lamp of Erasmus, by the restless bed of Pascal, in the tribune of Mirabeau, in the cell of Galileo, on the scaffold of Sidney. Wherever literature consoles sorrow