

### Good Friday.

"Is it nothing to you, all ye that pass by? Behold, and see if there be any sorrow like unto my sorrow."  
—*Lam. 1: 12*

I DREAMT that all the world made holiday;  
The Spring had come, and every hill was  
fair;  
Upon the grass the folk had met to play;  
I, too, methought was there.

But as the day wore onward, fierce and loud  
Their mirth became; and I, in heart oppress'd,  
Halted upon the outskirts of a crowd,  
And turned aside to rest.

I looked around me: know ye what was  
there?  
A rounded hill, a rugged cross of wood;  
A Man was nailed thereon; his wounds were  
bare,  
And slowly trickled blood.

As I crept near, I heard Him speak and sigh  
(His patient eyes were sad with love divine):  
"Behold and see, all ye that pass me by,  
What sorrow is like mine!"

"What have I done, my people, unto thee?  
And wherein have I wearied thee? O stay!  
Turn for a moment's space and look at me,  
Before the close of day."

Whene'er He spake, the soldiers mocked  
afresh:  
Here had He hung thro' all the heat of  
noon.  
Thorns pressed His forehead; rods had torn  
His flesh;  
All would be over soon.

"This is for you, my people: look; for I,  
Because I love you, did my heaven resign;  
Behold and see, all ye that pass me by,  
What sorrow is like mine!"

Then I, with tears, and head bowed low, and  
hand  
Stretched out with reverent haste, bewailed  
their loss,  
And cried: "They see Thee not, or they  
would stand  
With me beside Thy cross.

"Forgive us, that we saw not." Then said  
He:  
"Child, they have passed me oft, upon  
this hill.  
Are their eyes holden? will they never see?  
Yet do I love them still."

The earth grew dark, as though the sun had  
set:  
I saw no more the nails, the thorn-crowned  
head.  
And then I woke—and found my pillow wet  
With tears that I had shed.

I woke, but found my dream was truth in part:  
The Spring was here; the folks kept holiday;  
I passed through crowded streets and busy  
mart,  
Where every face was gay.

Till, in the throng, one raised his voice, and  
said:  
"Bethink ye, careless people, what ye do:  
This is the day whereon Christ's blood was  
shed:  
To-day Christ died for you."

As in my dream, then some passed scornfully,  
But others said, "Yea, we will turn aside  
Upon this day, dear Lord, to look on Thee,  
How Thou wast crucified!"

"Bend from the cross Thy patient face of woe:  
Teach us the triumph of Thy Calvary!  
Beneath this hill the crowd may come and go,  
But we will stay with Thee."  
—*Wesleyan Methodist Magazine.*

### The Salvation Army.

IT is still attracting much attention in England. It is but a short time since a large number of the best and influential journals in London discussed the methods of this religious organization, and without exception, we believe, denounced the attacks of the "roughs" upon the processions. These attacks had become frequent all over the country. The hoodlums of the towns did not hesitate to worry the rank and file, applying all sorts of epithets to them; but frequently attacked them

with stones and kicks, the soldiers of the Salvation Army, who were often women, making no resistance, except by an appeal to the protection of the law by the prosecution of the assailants. The work of the Salvation Army is a good work, so far as it goes. That is the testimony of every one competent and candid enough to give a valuable opinion. It deals with the lowest class: wife beaters, drunkards, street-thieves, and the pariahs of society generally, and redeems very large numbers from their crimes and vices, and makes them respectable, good citizens through the power of the religion which its soldiers preach.

The methods of the Salvation Army are wholly unique and startling; and the opposition to it arises almost wholly on this ground. The aim of the leaders of the Army seems to be to make its work striking, and in this effort it succeeds. Processions of men and women march through the principal streets headed by a big drum, a fife, a bugle, and sometimes a fiddle, making much noise and little music, but compelling all eyes to observe the strange sight. The demonstration terminates by entering the hall into which, usually, a considerable number of idle curiosity hunters also enter. The religious exercises consist largely of the relation of the experiences of the soldiers, told in few but forcible words, and there are few meetings where some souls are not converted and express a desire to join the Army. The organization is military throughout. It has in Great Britain 240 stations under nearly 500 officers, who hold nearly five thousand services each week. General Booth, the commander-in-chief, is making an effort to purchase the London orphan asylum, at a cost of about \$100,000, to be used as a training-house for cadets, or those who shall be taught to carry on the work. This asylum contains a great central hall, capable of accommodating nearly five thousand persons.

A short time spent in reading *The War Cry*, the organ of the Salvation Army, will give a good idea of the methods of work employed. This paper is published in London, claims to have a circulation of 300,000, and is full of reports from captains, sergeants, majors, colonels, of the battles, skirmishes, reconnaissances and victories of the various detachments of the Army. At Peckham, the procession had a fight with "mud larks," on the Sunday before Christmas, and Capt. Luke Robinson reports: "After I had been three or four minutes in the ranks, one side of my face was covered with mud, but I was still able to say 'hallelujah;' it was the first time that I had had my eye full of mud, for the sake of Christ. I expect to see some of these people fighting under the Army flag. We got the side-drum smashed in both sides, and one or two of the soldiers with eyes and faces out and blood flowing. The soldiers stood to it nobly, singing, 'We're Marching on to War.' In the old Kent road I got knocked down by seven or eight men, and kicked about in a most cowardly and brutal manner. Thank God, he was able to bring me out all safe, with only a few knocks and plenty of mud. The reason we conquered was, we had God, and they only had the devil and drink." These people never return blows for blows, having adopted the New Testament teaching of non-resistance.

### How She Contrived It.

IN a certain Sunday school, no matter where, there was a class which had been the despair of successive teachers. One after another was frozen out by the elegance, or was it by the stiffness of the half-dozen beautiful girls who composed the exclusive circle. Bound together by congenial social relations, the young ladies remained, apparently indifferent as to whether they had a teacher or not, and equally polite and uninterested with the new teachers who came from time to time, as they had been with the old.

The Superintendent grieved over their lack of class feeling. They were in the school, and not of it. It was suggested to him to press them into service as teachers. They one and all declined the office. During the opening and closing exercises, they behaved with propriety, as grown up girls should, and when they had no one to teach them, they spent the time appointed for study in talking to each other, with evident enjoyment, but as evidently about anything else rather than the lessons.

One day, a little, dark-eyed woman entered the school and offered her services as a teacher. She stated that she had recently come to live in the neighbourhood, and wanted to work for Christ.

"We have a young ladies' class," said the superintendent, with some hesitation—thinking, good man, of the rich and rustling silks worn by the class in question, and of the plain attire of the woman before him. "It is an unpopular class," he continued; "nobody succeeds in it; but you might try for to-day."

Looking in her direction a little later, he could hardly believe his eyes. The ice had melted. The class had forgotten itself over the Bible, and was a unit in its eager attention to the lady, who was speaking to them in a low, soft voice, and as if what she had to say was worth their hearing. And, yes indeed, he could see that they were asking questions as well as replying to them.

Sunday after Sunday, the stranger who soon grew to be a friend, was in her place; but ere long the six had grown to twelve, and then to twenty; and in three months the number had increased to thirty-five. A little unused room, not much more than a recess, was set apart for the class, which could no longer establish itself in its old quarters.

The original six were as well dressed as ever, but very much less exclusive. For, among the additions to their ranks was a pretty German Bertha, who was a nurse in a neighbouring family; a Swedish Katrine, who was a seamstress; and Irish Nora, who lived as a maid of all works in the home of one of the deacons; and at least a dozen young women who earned their living in shops and factories.

There was besides, a teacher in one of the public schools, a young art student who had come from the country to pursue her favourite branch, and a pale girl who was writing for the papers.

A more miscellaneous set could not have been imagined. Yet they did not seem ill-assorted. There was no patronage in the manner of Floribel N., the judge's daughter, not the least servility in the air of Dulcie W., who was folding sheets for books daily from eight until five.

"Tell us your secret," said some of the teachers one day to Miss ———. It was at a little afternoon meeting of the lady teachers, informally assembled to talk over methods. "How do you contrive to hold those girls?"

"I have no secret," was the reply. "I pray for my girls daily. I name each individual at some time, every week, to my Master, and I also study the lesson with my whole heart and soul. I try to make it a living lesson, not a story of the past, but a vivid stirring story for to-day. I try to find out what is back of each girl—what home influence she has, what are her surroundings, and to what key her life is set. Then I seek to discover whether she is happy or discontented, whether she feels herself of use, and what work she can do, and my constant refuge in every doubt and perplexity is my Saviour. I know these young lives are very precious to Him, and I cannot be satisfied to let them slip in worldliness, when they ought to be consecrated to Him."

"But how do you conquer the caste feeling so completely?"

A light came into her dark eyes, kindling the expressive face into rare beauty.

"I think nothing about it. Caste must go down when the cross is the central thought. Why, Elsie D. brought Katrine in, having asked permission of her friend, who was Katrine's employer; and Nora came because Katrine, who lived next door, asked her to; and Miss Jenny F., a gifted young creature who is very much alone in the vast city, was invited by Carrie P., who also studied with Professor ———. Once we had set the ball rolling, there was no trouble. The only secret," said the little woman, smiling, "is that I bear my scholars on my heart night and day, and I set them at work, and that I get them to be wide awake with interest in the Bible, which is the most interesting book in the world. And then I trust in one who never breaks His word. He is with us always."—*S. S. Times.*

### The Scott Act.

REFERRING to the above subject the *Georgetown Herald* says:—"Since the enforcement of the Scott Act our Magistrate's Court has had scarcely anything to do, and the falling off in fines is so great that our council calculated for the shrinkage in making an estimate of the available revenues at their disposal. Our town has certainly improved morally. Business has not suffered. Drunkenness has been decreased to a minimum, and the benefit to our homes and churches cannot be properly estimated."

Similar statements to the above are made in every part of the county. The temperance people of Halton are more determined than ever to enforce the Scott Act, and the success which has attended their efforts during the past few weeks, is certainly satisfactory.—*Acton Free Press.*

The gales of free thought toss its branches, and now and then a dead limb falls, but the heart of the Methodist-tree is sound, and it is striking its roots deeper and still deeper into the confidence and affection of mankind.

It is what the child does, and not what is done for him, that makes him what he becomes.