

Knock in vain to come and feast us !
Open, open, hearts and hands,
And as surely His best blessings
Shall o'erflow all hearts, all hands.

—Selected.

EASTER VISIONS.

St. Matt. xxvii. 42, xxviii. 6.

I STAND in thought upon lone Calvary,
Where hangs the Man of Sorrows on the tree !
I see the pierced hands, the drooping head,
Then weeps my doubting heart—"Ah, he is dead ;
Himself he could not save. O Love, thy cost !
This was not Christ, and man is lost,
Oh, lost, lost, lost !"

But now I stand before the empty tomb,
Within, the folded clothes, the silent gloom ;
Without, a voice to speak thy name, my soul,
Cry to Him, "Master," yield thyself, in whole,
For He is risen—O power of Love undreamed !
This was the Christ, indeed—Man is redeemed,
Redeemed, Redeemed !

—Hattie Horner.

AGENTS of the South American Missionary Society of the English Church have recently been laboring among the Indians of Gran Chaco, in Paraguay. The public land surveyor of the republic lately addressed a letter to the president of the nation, in which he refers to an expedition into the interior from which he had that day returned. He writes: "I am surprised at the security and tranquillity with which we can now travel among them; thanks to the effective measures taken by the missionaries of the South American Missionary Society to Christianize those savages. The last time I traversed the same ground, five years ago, I took with me fifteen specially selected men, all armed with Remington rifles and revolvers, and I never allowed any one to go alone to seek water or to explore our road. We always rode in company and armed, and never went far from our encampment. At night we set sentinels and slept with our weapons at hand. When measuring, if we saw smoke, we fell back on our main body, and any signs of Indians made us advance with redoubled caution. In the *toldo* (Indian village) of the chief, called Michi, near the Montelindo River, our horses disappeared, and while a portion of our party sought them, the remainder, who were in camp, were surprised by a company of naked Indians, painted and adorned with feathers, who certainly had no peaceable or friendly intentions.

"To-day this spirit of hostility has entirely disappeared. I made my present survey with Indian assistance and have not carried a single firearm. At night we slept tranquilly at whatever spot our labor for the day had ceased, no watch being set, and several times in the vicinity

of stranger Indians whom we met on the road. We sought the villages instead of avoiding them as formerly."

This public land surveyor concludes his letter to the president by commending specially a "fair, delicate, and young English lady, who, in connection with others, has for some time been fearlessly visiting these savages, giving them her medical and surgical skill, etc., instructing them in civilization, and teaching them from the sacred words of the Bible how to live, with the sole desire and hope of lifting them from the sorrow and degradation of heathenism into the happy and pure life of Christianity."

A PLEASANT writer tells us of a Texas gentleman who had the misfortune to be an unbeliever. One day he was walking in the woods, reading the writings of Plato. He came to where the great writer uses the phrase "geometrizing." He thought to himself, "If I could see a plan and order in God's works, I could be a believer." Just then he saw a little "Texas star" at his feet. He picked it up, and thoughtlessly began to count its petals. He found there were five. He counted the stamens and there were five of them. He counted the divisions at the base of the flower, there were five of them. He then set about multiplying these three fives to see how many chances there were of a flower being brought into existence without the aid of mind, and having in it these three fives. The chances against it were one hundred and twenty-five to one. He examined another flower, and found it the same. He multiplied one hundred and twenty-five by itself to see how many chances there were against there being two flowers, each having these exact relations of numbers. He found the chances against it were fifteen thousand six hundred and twenty-five to one. But all around him there were multitudes of these little flowers; they had been growing and blooming there for years. He thought this showed the order of intelligence, and the mind that ordained it was God. And so he shut up his book, and picked up the little flower, and kissed it, and exclaimed: "Bloom on, little flower; sing on, little birds; you have a God, and I have a God; the God that made these little flowers made me."

God give us men ! A time like this demands
Great hearts, strong minds, true faith, and willing hands.
Men whom the lust of office does not kill ;
Men whom the spoils of office cannot buy ;
Men who possess opinions and a will ;
Men who have honor, men who will not lie ;
For while the rabble, with their thumb-worn creeds,
Their large professions and their little deeds,
Wrangle in selfish strife—lo ! Freedom weeps,
Wrong rules the land and waiting justice sleeps.

—Oliver Wendell Holmes.