

A Child's Easter.

Across the windy slopes sweet bells were ringing;
A skylark's song came downward, clear and gay,
And my full heart broke forth in joy and singing,

This Easter day.

My risen Lord, I felt thy strong protection!
I saw thee stand among the graves to-day;
'I am the Way, the Life, the Resurrection,'
I heard thee say.

And all the burdens I had carried sadly
Grew light as blossoms on an April spray;
My cross became a staff; I journeyed gladly
This Easter day.

—Selected.

The Message of the Lord's Resurrection.

(The Rev. H. C. G., in 'Thoughts for the Sundays of the Year.')

If we believe that Jesus died, and rose again. (I. Thess. iv., 14.)

'I am not clear what you mean by spiritual experience; I am bewildered by the conflicting thoughts of our time. But I try, amidst them, to keep my mind settled on the fact of the resurrection.' So said an able and highly cultivated layman, long years ago, to his friend, my dear father. They were partners in many thoughts and plans for the material help and benefit of the needy around them, and my father could not rest without seeking to secure their partnership also in the living faith of the gospel. The words I quote were spoken in a conversation thus occasioned. And the reply to those words was this, as I remember the report: 'Keep your mind settled on that fact, and you are straight on your way to spiritual experience.'

Let us move onward from the fact of the resurrection, or rather with it, to some of the great matters of the spiritual experience of the believer, that is to say, his personal and conscious contact with the things unseen and eternal. True, the fact of the resurrection cannot merely by itself work the deep inward miracles of spiritual experience. But He who does and will work them, 'the Holy Spirit of the promise' can and will use the fact of the resurrection, the fact of the Risen One, in the blessed process.

First, then, let us, with great simplicity, take the sacred fact as our vast, our all-sufficient assurance that in this universe of ours, after all, spiritual power is the conquering power. Like my father's friend, we may often find ourselves very seriously 'bewildered by the conflicting thoughts of our time.' But, like him, let us at least 'keep our minds settled on the fact of the resurrection.' Let us, if I may again use the better phrase, keep them settled upon the fact of the Risen One. For never be it forgotten that 'the resurrection' means, not an isolated story of 'some man's' escape from death, but the victory over death won by "this" Man, the Jesus Christ of the gospels, this mysterious, glorious personage, the more supernatural the more you study him; impossible to be invented by a Luke, aye, or by a John; certain, by the deepest sort of self-evidence, to have been really such as they depict. Keep your mind settled upon the fact of 'His' victory over the inexorable grave, the seemingly omnipotent grave. Watch him down, and watch him up. See him, on his return, passing on into a life which must now indeed be endless, 'indissoluble'; identically 'this same Jesus,' in his love, in his holy sympathies, in his witness to his Father, in his witness to his Father's Word, in his promise of his own return from heaven. Let all this sink into the mind, as it considers, as it accustoms itself to take in, the greatness of the fact. Whatever else can or cannot take place, this has taken place—Jesus has overcome death, and is alive evermore. He stands beside us, yet on the other side of the grave, saying, 'I was dead, and am alive, and have the keys of death.'

Wherever are tears and sighs,
Wherever are children's cries,
Where man calls man his brother,
And loves as himself another,
Christ lives! The angels said,
'Why seek ye the living among the dead?'

Easter Day.

(Annie Trumbull Slosson, in the 'Northwestern Christian Advocate.')

Had I been there, when Christ, our Lord, lay sleeping
Within that tomb in Joseph's garden fair,
I would have watched all night beside my Saviour—
Had I been there.

Close to the hard, cold stone my soft cheek pressing,
I should have thought my head lay on His breast;
And dreaming that His dear arms were about me,
Have sunk to rest.

All through the long, dark night when others slumbered,
Close, close beside Him still I would have stayed,
And, knowing how He loved the little children,
Ne'er felt afraid.

To-morrow, to my heart I would have whispered,
I will rise early in the morning hours,
And wandering o'er the hillside I will gather
The fairest flowers;

Tall slender lilies (for my Saviour loved them,
And tender words about their beauty spake),
And golden buttercups, and glad-eyed daisies,
But just awake;

'Grass of the field' in waving, feath'ry beauty,
He clothed it with that grace, so fair but brief,
Mosses all soft and green, and crimson berry,
With glossy leaf.

While yet the dew is sparkling on the blossoms,
I'll gather them and lay them at His feet,
And make the blessed place where He is sleeping
All fair and sweet.

The birds will come, I know, and sing above him,
The sparrows whom He cared for when awake,
And they will fill the air with joyous music
For His dear sake.

And thinking thus, the night would soon be passing,
Fast drawing near that first glad Easter light.
Ah, Lord, if I could but have seen Thee leaving
The grave's dark night!

I would have kept so still, so still, and clasping
My hands together as I do in prayer,
I would have knelt, reverent, but oh, so happy!
Had I been there.

Perhaps He would have bent one look upon me;
Perhaps in pity for that weary night,
He would have laid on my uplifted forehead
A touch so light!

And all the rest of life I should have felt it,
A sacred sign upon my brow impressed,
And ne'er forgot that precious, lonely vigil,
So richly blest.

Dear Lord, through death and night I was not near thee;
But in thy risen glory can rejoice,
So, loud and glad in song this Easter morning,
Thou'lt hear my voice.

Religious News.

An evidence of the part which our missionary colleges are to play in the reconstruction of Turkey is found in the appointment of two professors in Euphrates College on a committee to consider educational measures for one of the larger interior provinces. One, Prof. N. Tenekijian, several years ago served a term of six months in prison, being falsely accused

of disloyalty, and Professor Nahigian studied for a time under President Angell at Ann Arbor. Both are scholarly and earnest Christian men. The same governor has also asked Dr. H. N. Barnum, the veteran missionary of the American Board in Eastern Turkey, to suggest what in his judgment will promote popular education and social reform.

The growth of a real missionary spirit among the Indian Christians is manifest in the National Indian Missionary Society organized about three years ago. All its officers are active Christians, as also those by whom its operations are to be superintended and carried on. Each mission of the society is to be affiliated with some branch of the Christian Church in its vicinage. The first of these missions was started in the Punjab in Northwest India, and is affiliated with the Church of England. The second was in North India, and is affiliated with the Presbyterian Church of America. The Marathi Mission has offered the National Society a field between Ahmednagar and Sholapur districts, but work there has not yet been organized. Sunday, October 4, was a red-letter day in the history of the Christian community of Ahmednagar, for on that day the pastor of the First Church of that city, the largest Indian Christian church of western India, where about 1,300 people worship every Sunday, offered himself for missionary service in connection with the new society.—'Mission Herald.'

A Western exchange remarks: 'In Paris alone there are 50,000 drinking-places, and in 1906 there were in the provinces exactly 524,486 of them. That works out a tavern for every 20 male inhabitants of France. In the north of France there is a drinking-place for every 15 men. France has not yet awakened to the fearfulness of her state. White other nations are stirring the fires of temperance opposition, she is resting, apparently with no alarm, while the trade is on the increase. But the time will come when those people will rouse from their drunken stupor and snap the cords that are binding their country.' Opponents of total abstinence have declared that the wine-and-beer-drinking people of Europe show less drunkenness than the Saxon races. But it is now appearing that these are suffering from serious evils in consequence of regularly partaking of intoxicants.

A Celebrated Easter Solo.

Lovers of good music will be delighted to find that the triumphant Easter song, 'I know that my Redeemer liveth,' from Handel's great oratorio, 'The Messiah,' hitherto to be obtained only in copies of the entire work, or in expensive sheet music form, is to appear, words and music complete, in the Easter (April) number of the 'Canadian Pictorial,' which will be ready about April 1, and will cost, for the whole issue, only 10 cents. Further particulars of the contents of this Special Easter Number will be found on another page.

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