

earth's weary, waiting children are asking us to-day, as the old Indian asked some time ago—"why are we so long in coming with the *Book* and its wondrous story?" What answer will we send to them this year?

R. D. G.

Christ's Appearance to Mary.

AN EASTER EXERCISE FOR SEVEN CHILDREN.

FIRST.

But Mary stood without at the sepulchre, weeping, and as she wept she stooped down and looked into the sepulchre.

SECOND.

And there she saw two angels sit;
In robes of white arrayed;
As if to guard the empty tomb,
Where Christ the Lord had laid,

THIRD.

And they say unto her, "Woman why weepest thou?" She said unto them, "Because they have taken away my Lord and I know not where they have laid him."

FOURTH.

She turned and left the empty tomb,
With eyes that scarce could see;
When lo! she saw her Saviour there,
But knew not that 'twas He.

FIFTH.

Jesus saith unto her, "Woman why weepest thou? Whom seekest thou? She, supposing him to be the gardener, said unto him, "Sir if thou hast borne him hence tell me where thou hast laid him and I will take him away.

SIXTH.

Mary! the Master's voice replies
In tones so wondrous sweet,
Master! the mourning woman cries,
And turns her Lord to greet.

SEVENTH.

Jesus saith unto her, "Touch me not for I am not yet ascended unto my father. But go to my brethren and say unto them I ascend to my Father and your Father; to my God and your God."

ALL, IN CONCERT.

Christ the Lord is risen to-day;
He burst the bars of death away;
He rose triumphant from the grave;
He lives on high the lost to save;
By love's resistless power.

B. W.

Rambles among our Missions.

As our Pullman moved out of Union Station Toronto, it was with a strange feeling of expectancy, mingled with very pleasant anticipations that we realized we were fairly started for a trip to British Columbia and far off Japan. Night concealed the

passing scene and it was not till morning when we found ourselves near North Bay, that we could discover the railroad winding through a great wilderness of rocks, covered for the most part with green spruce trees, and revealing, here and there, beautiful little lakes nestling among the hills.

Through all this region you would wonder if this stillness were ever broken except by the shrill whistle of our train, for here there were no animals, no men, no steeples, no settlements, and the only buildings were the little railway stations. Now winding through deep cuts we reached a high elevation overlooking lake Superior and as it lay before us we had a charming view of the shore, with its peninsulas jutting out into the lake, forming beautiful bays of all shapes and sizes. We would skirt along the shore of one of these bays, then, dashing through a tunnel emerge and coast around another bay until we ran into the little town of Port Arthur. Just a few miles beyond Port Arthur on the bank of the narrow but deep Kamenistiqua river lies the very energetic town of Fort William. Here are situated the head quarters of the C. P. R., and with its busy workshops and great grain elevators, it fails not to leave with you a very favourable impression of its importance.

Leaving Fort William behind, you feel that you are once more beyond the bounds of civilization, for all around is but a continuation of rocky hills, lakes, trees, and streams, with not a house to indicate the presence of a solitary human being. In the midst of this desolation on the shore of the lake of the Woods the brisk but scattered town of Rat Portage forms a very acceptable break in the monotony. A noisy spluttering little river with numerous falls furnishes first class water power for large grist and sawmills. As we near Manitoba through deep cuts in the rocks we pass a more richly wooded district, and then the great rocky hills give place to the wonderful expanse of prairie and Winnipeg is in sight.

Song by a "Temple Builder."

When the sunshine of the morning
Drives away the gloom of night;
When each heart is filled with gladness,
And rejoicing hails the light;
Oh! remember that before you
Lies the harvest of the Lord,
Waving white unto the reaping,
Only waiting for the word.

Every moment, as it passes,
Draws us nearer to our King;
Bids us help some needy brother;
To the weak God's comfort bring.
Let us strive with purpose earnest,
Standing firmly for the right;
In the strength of Christ our master
We shall conquer in the fight.