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### RESURRECTION!

BY MRS. A. H. EATON.

I have stood where the wondering women stood  
In the early morning light,  
By the empty tomb with its lifted stone,  
And its angel watchers there alone,  
In robes of white!

I have heard them say, in their tones of joy,  
"He is risen, He is not here!  
Why seek ye the living among the dead,  
Remember ye not the words He said,  
Why do ye fear?"

And I know that the Christ who died on the cross,  
Is the Christ who rose to-day,  
Vain was the strength of the guarding stone,  
Vain was the power of watch or throne,  
To bid Him stay.

And my heart exults with a holy joy,  
And swells with a glad surprise,  
For sure as my Christ in the grave hath lain  
And risen, unharmed, from its dust again,  
I, too, shall rise!

Baltimore, Md.

### A TRIP TO JAPAN.

want you, my dear young friends, to take a trip with me today, far away from home and friends, for you have been resting content there long enough, and a little thought of what lies beyond, will only render home all the dearer to you.

Come! jump on board that train marked C. P. R. and soon we'll be rolling away, past cities and rivers and farms, until some morning we'll awake to find ourselves winding along the shores of wide, shining lakes, and trying to count their little green islands.

Then out on the boundless prairies we glide, where thousands of little gophers play hide and seek among the bright flowers that nod at us as we pass.

But we speed away and away, till three times the great red sun sinks out of sight, and then one morning we find ourselves at the very portals of the sunset,

where mountains tower up to the clouds, and the streams roar angrily at us from their rocky caverns.

But still we go on and on, over mountains as well as the prairies, till we reach the verge of the land, and the grand old Pacific casts its tribute of shells at our feet.

But here is our ship awaiting us, and now with a moan and a shriek from her iron throat, she bears us away, and we watch our friends on the shore, till they fade from sight in the distance.

We will walk the deck and sing and talk, or stand and watch the seagulls about the ship, or the whales spouting far out at sea, as day after day, through storm and calm, through fog and sunshine, our good ship bears us on; until at last away on the hazy horizon we can trace dim outlines of mountains, and one bright day we steam up into the harbor, past warships of every nation, which show their colors as we pass, and then we cast our anchor and are at rest, for "He has brought us into our desired haven."

Queer little bronze-colored men bring their boats alongside our ship, and we must get in one and go to shore.

Oh, what quaint-looking children are playing about the wharves! They look like little old men and women about five or six years old, for all the girl's dresses hang down to their feet, and their hair is done up on the tops of their heads. They wear wooden clogs instead of shoes, and their shiny black eyes turn up at the corners. They have no hats, and ever so many of them are carrying baby brothers and sisters on their backs.

But see, they are laughing at you, with your red hair,—for they call all light hair red,—and your big round eyes, they say are put in wrong side up. Oh!