



EASTER.

PERILS OF MISSIONARY LIFE IN
NORTHEASTERN INDIA.

"It was an Easter morn. Fair rose the sun,
And waked the world to beauty and to light;
But, as I knelt beside my grave, within
My hungry, longing soul it still was night.

"Where is my Lord? Where is my Christ?" I moaned,
When suddenly there fell upon my ear
A faint sweet sound, like distant angel tones,
Which every moment seemed to draw more near.

"The children, chanting loud their Easter hymn!
Outrang the clear, glad sound, 'He is not here!
Once and again, and yet again it came,
'He is not here! Our Christ, he is not here!'

"Not here! Then I can never find my Lord:
Where have they laid him? Master, help, I pray!"
The answer came, my grave seemed open wide,
As though an angel rolled a stone away.

"And, looking in, I saw no light, no life,
It was a dark, a cold, a dreary prison—
Then rose again these childish voices sweet,
'He is not here, not here: he is arisen!'

"And lifting up my eyes I saw once more
The Sun, the Day-star fair, the world's pure Light,
Blinding these fear-dimmed eyes, so used to see
Nought but the tomb's dark loneliness and night.

"'Rabboni, Master!' penitent, I cried,
'Forgive!' And still the silvery voices sang,
'But go your way, and my disciples tell.'
And I—while yet upon the air it rang—

"Obed my Master's order, and went back,
His poor to feed, to clothe; to show the way
To wandering ones, his little lambs to lead,
And so I found my Lord that Easter day."

MISS KITTY SCUDDER writes: I have quite a
thrilling story to tell you of our good Dr. Louisa
Hart.

Late one afternoon a native jutka was driven up to
our door, and a call for Dr. Hart to come at once, as a
poor woman had fallen on a sharp stone and had injured
herself seriously, and they feared fatally, unless help was
soon rendered. As Sholuopu is fifteen miles away, and
there was no time to send out and get post ponies, Dr.
Hart got into the jutka that had been sent for her, with
one of our Christian women as a companion for the night,
as it was then 5.30 p. m., and she could not return till
the next day.

Jutkas are two-wheeled carts with a bamboo top
covered with coarse matting. My brother saw to a mat-
tress being put in, ropes woven across the centre for a
back, and a rubber carriage apron tied across the end to
keep out the rain. The driver and the Brahmin who
had come to call Dr. Hart sat in front, back to back to
our good lady and her attendant, while a carriage lamp
was added to light up the way.

Dr. Hart expected to reach Sholyopu about 8 or 8.30
p. m., and find comfortable quarters in the bungalow of
the Scotch Mission. But when some few miles from the
town, they met the tappel or mail carrier who showed
wounds he had received from wayside thieves, or dacoits
as we call them here. Consultation was held, but Dr.
Hart urged the driver to go on, saying that the poor
woman was suffering and she must try to get to her. So
on they went, but took the precaution to obtain two