

## On Easter Day.

BY SUSAN COOLIDGE.

We light the Easter fire, and the Easter lamps we trim,  
And the candles on their chalice cups in churches rich and dim.

And chapel low and minster high the same triumphant  
stands  
In city and in village wise, and on the lonely plains.

"Life is the strain, and "endless life" the chiming bells  
repeat

A word of victory over death, a word of promise sweet,  
And as the great good clasps the less, the sun a myriad  
rays,  
So do a hundred thoughts of joy cling round our Easter  
days.

And one, which seems at times the best and dearest of them  
all,

Is this that all the many dead in ages past recall,  
With the friends who died so long ago that memory seeks  
in vain

To call the vanished faces back, and make them live again;

And those so lately gone from us that still they seem to be  
Beside our path, beside our board, in viewless company—  
A light for all our weary hours, a glory by the way—  
All, all the dead, the near, the far, take part in Easter day!

They share the life we hope to share, as once they shared  
in this;

They hold in fast possession one heritage of bliss;  
There is the sure, near Presence toward which we reach  
and strain.

On Easter day, on Easter day, we all are one again.

O fairest of the fair, high thoughts that light the Easter  
dawn,

O sweet and true companionship which cannot be with-  
drawn,

"The Lord is risen!" sealed lips repeat out of the shadows  
dim.

"The Lord is risen," we answer back, "and all shall rise  
in him!"

## Dr. Sutherland on Missions.

At a recent missionary meeting the indefatigable Secretary spoke at length on the Indian work. This is a very large field, taking in the North-West Territory, and as far west as the Pacific coast. He said the change that had come over these people was marvellous—that in many cases they had risen from the very depths of heathen darkness to a high standard of Christian civilization. If any one wanted to see heathenism in its worst form let him go among these Indians before the missionaries went among them, in their rough mountainous country, along the Pacific coast, where all their journeys had to be made in canoes, or along dangerous trails over the mountains, and there was only here and there a level place where they could build a village. These villages were composed of houses forty or fifty feet square and sometimes larger, built of logs and all in one room, and in these houses they herded (for you could not say they lived) together, from ten to thirty or forty Indians existing in every form of filth and vice and degradation until the very expression of the countenance had become more like that of some beast than that of a man—that through their lust and passions the Divine image had become almost obliterated. Such a place was Port Simpson before the missionaries came to that place, but now through the teaching of the missionaries and the influence of the gospel of Christ it is a far different place, as every trace of the old heathen houses has disappeared, and instead there are neat little houses built by their own industry where each family live by themselves. In answer to the question: "Do these Indians make good Christians?" he said that there were better specimens of Christians among the Indians than was to be found among a great many white men. In some places the change is now going on; on one side you will see some of the old heathen houses with their sin

and vice and indescribable filth—on the other, the clean little houses of the Christian Indians. One proof of their conversion is found in their cleanliness and their devotion to the cause of Christ, as these Christian Indians often go long journeys in their canoes in bands of eight or ten to other Indian villages, and they will go into the houses if they can get in, if not, they will kneel down in the streets and pray for the Indians of that place, and then they will sing the hymns they have learned, and then they will tell to any that will listen how great things God has done for their souls, in this way they help to spread the good news. Now, said he, if the Christians of this congregation were to begin to do this thing to-morrow they would have more converts in the next six months than they have had for the last ten years.

He then spoke of the work in Japan, which had steadily grown, until that nation had come to acknowledge its influence and power. Instead of the old forms of idolatry they were now embracing the Christian religion, and although infidels and sceptics mock and sneer, this work will steadily go on until it shall embrace the entire race of man.

The Rev. Mr. Huxtable told of the condition of things in the Bahama Islands when he went there as a missionary in 1855. These islands being the refuge of all sorts of criminals, who were evading justice, the waters were infested with pirates. He also gave reminiscences of the slave trade, and of the wrecking system, the horrors and cruelty of which no man could describe; but now through the influence of the Gospel of Christ, and the enforcement of Christian principles, the pirates and the slave trade, and the wrecking system were absolutely a thing of the past. He also told of a hurricane in which eight hundred vessels were destroyed, and in the city of Nassau three thousand people were left without shelter, their houses and churches being levelled to the ground.

## The Bicycle.

THE bicycle is a curious horse, and a useful one. He has lately come to earth, and he has come to stay. He has two wheels instead of four legs, and these are of unequal size. He eats no oats, he drinks no water, but now and then he takes a few sips of oil, and if he does not get it he squeaks with every foot of ground he travels over. He never gets tired, though his rider may; and if he ever goes crooked, or shies into the ditch, he is not to blame. To the rider who masters him he is ever obedient, and will go fast without the whip, or slow without the guidance of the voice.

He is all skeleton, and the air has free circulation through his bones of steel. He requires to be rubbed down like other horses; but he never goes to sleep, and you do not need to build a stable for him, for you can keep him in the hall-way of the house.

The most curious thing about him is, that though he can go a mile in three minutes he cannot stand alone. If he is not in motion he drops down, unless you take the precaution to lean him against the wall. He never runs away of his own accord. He has a great objection to a stranger mounting him; and if you doubt this, make the trial. To walk up the mountain side, to climb up the steps of the Pyramid in Egypt, is an easy task to mounting a bicycle for the first time. It cannot be done unless a friend holds with a firm grip the ugly beast. He goes to the right and to the left, and at the first chance drops himself and you. Then he goes straight into danger when you want him to stop, and he stops when you want him to go on. You wildly steer all sorts of ways, and he goes no ways at all. He tries to throw you so you will

strike your head, and then so you will break your back. But oh, when you have learned to guide and govern him, then the world is before you!

## An Easter Song.

BY SUSAN COOLIDGE.

A SONG of sunshine through the rain.  
Of spring across the snow,  
A balm to heal the hurts of pain,  
A peace surpassing woe.  
Lift up your heads, ye sorrowing ones,  
And be ye glad of heart,  
For Calvary and Easter Day,  
Earth's saddest day and gladdest day,  
Were just one day apart!

With shudder of despair and loss  
The world's deep heart was wrung,  
As lifted high upon His cross  
The Lord of Glory hung.  
When rocks were rent, and ghostly forms  
Stole forth in street and mart--  
But Calvary and Easter Day,  
Earth's blackest day and whitest day,  
Were just one day apart!

No hint or whisper stirred the air  
To tell what joy should be.  
The sad disciple grieving there,  
Nor help nor hope could see  
Yet all the while the glad, near sun  
Made ready its swift dart,  
And Calvary and Easter Day,  
The darkest day and brightest day,  
Were just one day apart!

Oh, when the strife of tongues is loud,  
And the heart of hope beats low,  
When the prophets prophecy of ill,  
And the mourners come and go,  
In this sure thought let us abide,  
And keep and stay our heart,  
That Calvary and Easter Day,  
Earth's heaviest day and happiest day,  
Were but one day apart!

## Bits of Fun.

—Gentleman (exhibiting his paintings to a party of visitors)—"Fine picture—yes, very fine. Painted by Rosa Bonner (Bonheur) daughter of Robert Bonner."

—"An' f'what's become of the coolander?" asked Mrs. McGuire, as she missed that utensil from its place by the sink. "Have any of yees seen it?" she inquired of her boarders.

"I don't know f'what ye call a coolander," replied Paddy Moran, "but I took up the wash-hand-basin last night, and it laked like a riddle, and I threw it out the windy."

And down in the back-yard Mrs. McGuire found her lost colander.

—A lady called at a first-class book-store in New York City, and inquired of the clerk if he had Blackmore's *Maid of Sker*?

"No," was the reply; "but we have them made of silicate."

He had understood her to ask for blackboards.

—This story is told of Brigham, a rich restaurant-keeper in Boston. One of his acquaintances was asked:—

"How did your friend, Mr. Brigham, make his money? Was it not through a patent?"

"Yes," replied the man; "his fortune was derived from a method he discovered of dividing a pie into five quarters."

—Brown—What's the matter with you and Robinson, Dumley? I hear that he has threatened to pull your ears the first chance he gets."

—Dumley (jumping up and down)—"He will, will he? Pull my ears? Well, I can tell you, he'll have his hands full!"

—Child (about to be spanked)—"Oh, mamma dear, do wait till winter; it makes me so warm in summer!"