

THE FIRST EASTER.

No sound of shouting men with victors' palms,
No singing maidens with triumphant lay,
No splendid priests with offerings and psalms,
Went forth to keep with Christ first Easter Day.

Poor Mary's sigh,
Her joyful cry,
Her flying feet,
Her message sweet

Unto the brethren in their bitter need:
"The Lord is risen! The Lord is risen indeed!"

This was the pealing song, the Easter cry,
The thunder in the trumpets that should blow
The joyful news to lands both far and nigh,
Till every sky with Easter light shall glow.

And every race
Know Easter grace,
In every tongue
Be sweetly sung

The Easter song that Mary still doth lead:
"The Lord is risen! The Lord is risen indeed!"
—Selected.

THE EASTER BUTTERFLY.

George and Ella were in the garden, helping to gather the last of the fruit from the big apple-tree under which they had played all the summer. One large red apple fell on the walk, and rolled away under the gooseberry hedge, and Ella knelt down to look for it. But as she was about reaching under the bushes, she suddenly started back with a scream. "Oh, Georgie, such a horrid, horrid caterpillar!"

George, who hated caterpillars, and thought that they did a great deal of harm in gardens took up a stick to kill this one. "Stop, George; let us see what he is doing."

It was a very large and very ugly caterpillar, hanging to a twig of the gooseberry bush. He was curled up in almost a circle, and moving his head busily from side to side. A great many fine threads were twisted all around him.

"He is trying to get out of that cobweb," said Ella.

"No; he is making the web himself," said George, looking closely. "See how he is spinning out the threads, and winding them round himself."

"Yes," said Aunt Kate, quietly, "he is spinning his shroud. Don't disturb him, and to-morrow we will come and see what he has done."

So next day they came again into the garden, and looked under the gooseberry bush. But instead of the caterpillar, they found, hanging to the twig, a little dry brown case, or cocoon, which George said looked very much like the stump of an old cigar.

"He is in there," said Aunt Kate. "That is his coffin."

"Why, Aunt Kate! a caterpillar burying himself in a shroud and a coffin?"

"Yes; he has spun himself a fine silken shroud, and fastened himself up in a coffin."

"Is he dead?" asked Ella.

"You would think so if you could see him. He is nothing now but a little hard, dry shell, which neither moves nor breathes. He can neither see nor hear."

"Then he must be dead," said George.

"No, not dead; there remains a spark of life in the little dried-up body. By-and-by, when the right time comes, you will see him burst out of that shroud and coffin, but not as an ugly caterpillar; he will be a beautiful butterfly with lovely wings."

"Why, Aunt Kate!" they both exclaimed, in surprise.

But Aunt Kate was standing with a dreamy, far-away look in her blue eyes, and a soft sweet smile on her lips. George said she looked as though she saw the air full of beautiful butterflies. And at that Aunt Kate smiled, and kneeling down, tied a bit of silk thread around the little cocoon, and took it gently off the twig. "It shall hang on a nail in your room," she said to Ella, "and in the spring we shall see what will happen."

So all through the winter the poor caterpillar, in his shroud and coffin, hung on the wall, near the ceiling, where he might be out of harm's way. More than once George and Ella were tempted to take the cocoon gently off the nail; and feeling how light it was, and how it rattled with a dry, hollow sound, they could not believe that any life remained in it. But Aunt Kate told them to have faith in what she said, until they should see with their own eyes.

On Easter-eve the children were seated before the fire, coloring eggs. Aunt Kate was explaining to them that the festival of Easter was in remembrance of our Lord's resurrection from the tomb.

"It was wonderful, when He had been three whole days dead," said Ella, solemnly.

"Yes, but we shall all rise from our tombs as our Saviour did," said George; "Mr. Danton told us so last Sunday. I know it must be true. But, Aunt Kate, it seems such a wonderful thing to believe."

"Do you believe, George, that that poor dried-up insect on the wall there will ever come out of its tomb a beautiful creature with wings?"

"I don't know," said George, doubtfully. "He seems too dead ever to come to life again."

"I believe he will, because Aunt Kate says so," said Ella; and Aunt Kate smiled. "That is having faith," said she.

Next morning was Easter-Sunday—a bright, lovely day, almost as warm and bright as summer.

"Auntie," cried Ella, rushing into the room with her hands full of white and yellow crocuses, "see what I have found in the garden! These dear flowers poking their little yellow heads out of the ground, and looking as if they were staring around to see if spring had come. Isn't it wonderful how they could come up out of the earth so clean and bright?"

"So the little dry balls which have lain all winter in the cold dark ground have come to life again," said Aunt Kate. "But now put them in water, and let us go to breakfast."

Ella went into her own room, which was next to Aunt Kate's, to get a little blue china vase for the flowers. But in a moment she called out; "Oh, auntie, come and see! There is a hole in the cocoon!"

Sure enough, when Aunt Kate came, she saw that a large hole had been made in one end of the cocoon, and that it was empty. Then she looked carefully all over the room, and while she was doing so, Ella suddenly gave a cry of wonder and delight. On the window-seat in the bright sunshine was a large and beautiful butterfly, lightly balancing himself, and slowly waving his gold and purple wings to and fro.

"Oh, Aunt Kate, can that be our ugly caterpillar turned into such a beautiful butterfly?"

"Yes, this is the poor ugly worm which once crawled on the ground, and did nothing in all its life but search for food. He has broken his tomb, as you see, and come forth a lovely winged creature, to fly in the air, and rest upon flowers, and sip dew and honey from their fragrant blossoms."

"How he trembles!" said Ella; "and why does he wave his wings so?"

"He is getting them ready for flight. And perhaps he trembles from joy to find himself what he is."

"Auntie," said Ella, in a low voice, and with a very grave look, "do you think we shall be as beautiful and as happy when we come out of our graves, and find ourselves angels with wings?"

"No doubt of it," Aunt Kate replied, softly. "A thousand times more beautiful and happy."

"If we are good while we are caterpillars."

"Yes, if we are good."

Ella stood a long time looking at the beautiful insect. Her heart was full of a solemn wonder and awe at this great miracle, as it seemed to her.

"If the caterpillar could have known," she said, "while he was a poor ugly worm, that he would some time be a beautiful butterfly, I think he would have been glad to bury himself up in that coffin. And, Aunt Kate, it seems strange that he should have come out of his grave on Easter day, our Lord's resurrection day. Perhaps it was to teach Georgie and me an Easter lesson. George will believe it now."

Just then the butterfly slowly lifted himself on his wings, fluttered around in a circle, and settled quivering and trembling on the crocus blossoms. So they left him there while they went down to breakfast.—Selected.

TOTAL ABSTINENCE is a closed issue. No intelligent man now, in face of the record of life assurance societies, dares recommend anything like moderate indulgence. I hold that this century has settled it that total abstinence is the only safe thing. Eighteen states of this Union are now teaching their children that total abstinence is required by the latest light of science. And the same number of states, also, are giving instruction against all kinds of narcotics; and let the pulpit say Amen!—Joseph Cook.

Question Corner.—No. 7.

BIBLE QUESTIONS.

1. Can you name the prophet hired by two wicked men to frighten Nehemiah?
2. Who was David's grandfather's nurse?
3. Who slew a man having twenty-four fingers and toes?
4. Who was compared to a wild roe?
5. What man ruined a city and sowed it with salt?
6. Who slew his brother's murderer?

EASTER ENIGMA.

1. The apostle whom our Saviour rebuked for want of faith.
 2. One who, in endeavoring to ruin another, worked his own ruin.
 3. The name of a village near Jerusalem.
 4. A brother of Rebecca, Isaac's wife.
 5. The name of David's grandfather.
 6. The name of Jacob's wife.
 7. One of the gods of the Philistines.
 8. The country for which Paul sailed after his hearing before Agrippa.
 9. A fellow-prisoner of the apostle Paul.
 10. One of the sons of Jacob.
 11. The name by which God's chosen people were called.
 12. The father of Nachor.
 13. A king whom the children of Israel served eighteen years.
 14. A mighty hunter.
- The initials declare one of the most glorious facts of the gospel history.

ANSWERS TO BIBLE QUESTIONS IN NO. 6.

SCRIPTURE SCENE.—SHECHEM.

We are told in Genesis xii. 6, that "Abraham passed through the land, unto the place of Shechem, unto the plain of Moreh." This should be the oak of Moreh, a well-known tree or trees apparently, for we find in Deuteronomy xii. 30, "the plains (oaks) of Moreh." These oaks are said to be near mounts Ebal and Gerizim, on which Shechem was situated. Under such a tree the patriarch spread his tent on his first coming into Canaan. Possibly this is the oak under which Jacob hid the strange gods and earrings belonging to his family. Other oaks are mentioned in this neighborhood, as in Judges ix. 37, the plain of Meonenim might be rendered the oaks of the enchanters. It is a spot fitted for the growth of huge trees. Travellers in that country speak of the luxuriant growth of olive, mulberry, and fig, which are still found there, although Palestine is a much drier country than it was in Bible times. The places in England most resembling it, I should think, are the valleys of Derbyshire, where you sometimes walk along the bank of a stream, with cliffs rising straight up on either side, or as at Matlock, swelling hills replace the cliffs, and rise to a much greater height. Just in this way Ebal and Gerizim guard the vale of Shechem. We are told that near Shechem, in one place, the cliffs are not more than 300 feet apart. Hence when the Levites and people were arranged, half on one side, and half on the other, the voices of either party could easily be heard by the others, and they would know when to join in the loud Amen! that followed.

Jotham, Gideon's youngest son, spoke a parable to the men of Shechem, and it is to be noticed that in his parable he names the olive, the fig, and the vine, just the trees that are most abundant there now. Also, he was able to make himself heard by the men of Shechem, and yet run away in safety when he had done. In Switzerland, the inhabitants are able to pitch their voices so as to talk from one mountain-side to another. No doubt Jotham did the same; and if he spoke from the top of one of the precipices which overlook the modern town of Nablous, on Mount Gerizim, there would be no chance of catching him, however much his enemies might thirst for his blood.

Jacob's well is still shown at some distance eastward of the modern town. In the valley itself there are abundant springs of water; the streams run down the hill-sides, and along the valleys, keeping up a perpetual freshness in the heat of summer, while in winter the waters roar along the narrow streets. But Jacob's flocks were perhaps shut off from the hill-sides and the streams. He fed them on the plains, and had to dig a well, as his father and grandfather had done. The well is still of great depth, but very much of it has become filled up with loose stones and rubbish, so that there are but a few feet of water.

The foundations of the Temple may still be traced, and the few Samaritans who remain, cling to their ancient belief, though we have seen the fulfilment of Jesus' words, that "neither in this mountain, nor yet in Jerusalem, shall men worship the Father."

CORRECT ANSWERS RECEIVED.

Correct answers have been received from Herbert Goodove, Hannah E. Greene, Albert Jesse French, and Jennie Lygut.

CROSS WORD PUZZLE.

In three not in four,
In much not in more,
In wet not in dry,
In wheat not in rye,
In few not in many,
In Kate not in Fanny,
In weak not in day,
In milk not in whey,
In young not in old,
In meek not in bold,
In get not in gain,
In ease not in pain,
In bliss not in woe,
In come not in go,
In one not in all,
In great not in small,
In sweet not in gall,
In cry not in call,
And my whole will doubtless prove, a
paper which you love. S. MOORE.

THE PRIZE BOOKS.

A NUMBER DESPATCHED LAST WEEK—WHAT OUR WORKERS THINK OF THEM.

Last week we despatched several copies of the book earned by our workers, and hope to receive another consignment in a few days when they also will be immediately sent off. It is a disappointment both to ourselves and our canvassers that delays have occurred in the despatch of some of the books chosen, but the supply having been exhausted, we have to wait till the publishers can obtain more for us. Our friends express themselves as well pleased with the result of their labors, and are perfectly satisfied with the books they have received. Those who are entitled to a prize who have not yet had it are assured that there shall be no unnecessary delay on our part in such being forwarded to them.

We should like to receive a good many well filled lists during this and next month, and hope to be able to report that we have done so.

THEY ALL LOOK FOR IT.

"We have had it in our family for three or four years," writes a young lady from Clay Centre, Kansas, renewing some subscriptions for the *Northern Messenger*, "and to say we are pleased with it would hardly express our appreciation of it. We look for it from one number to another, not only the little ones, but papa, mamma and grand-ma." This capital little paper is alike suitable for old and young, and its extremely low price places it within the reach of all.

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