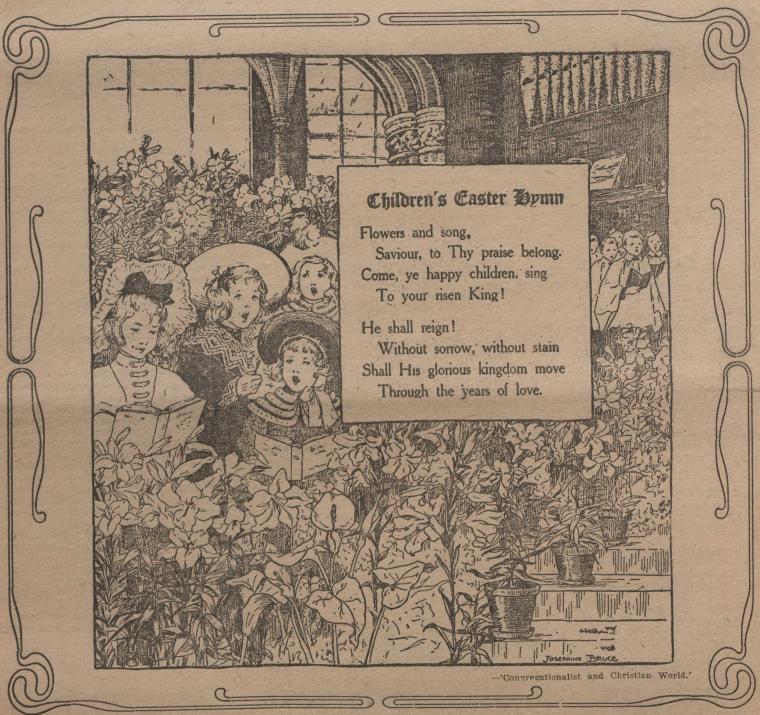
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'For a bit of Sunday reading commend me to the "Northern Messenger."-W. S. Jamieson, Dalton, Ont.



Not Death, But Life.

'Consider the lilies of the field.' We must take our Lord's words exactly. He is speaking of the lilies, the bulbous plants which spring into flower in countless thousands every spring over the downs of Eastern lands. All the winter they are dead, unsightly roots, hidden in the earth. But no sooner does the sun of spring shine upon their graves than they rise into sudden life and beauty, as it pleases God, and every seed takes its peculiar body. Sown in corruption, they are raised in incorruption; sown in weakness, they are raised in glory; delicate, beautiful color, perfuming the air with fragrance; types of immortality, fit for the crowns of angels.

'Consider the lilies of the field, how they grow.' For even so is the resurrection of the

dead. Yes, not without a divine providence yes, a divine inspiration—has the blessed Eastertide been fixed by the Church of all ages as the season when the earth shakes off her winter's sleep; when the birds come back and the flowers begin to bloom; when every seed which falls into the ground and dies, and rises again with a new body, is a witness to us of the resurrection of Christ, and a witness, too, that we shall rise again; that in us, as in it, life shall conquer death; when every bird that comes back to sing and Luild among us, every flower that blooms, is a witness to us of the resurrection of the Lord and of our resurrection. * * * They obey the call of the Lord, the Giver of life, when they return to life, as type and token to us of Christ

their Maker, who was dead and is alive again, who was lost in Hades on Easter eve, and was found again in heaven forevermore.

And so the resurrection of the earth from her winter's sleep commemorates to us, as each blested Easter-tide comes round, the resurrection of our Lord Jesus Christ, and is a witness to us that some day life will conquer death, light conquer darkness, righteousness conquer sin, joy conquer grief; when the whole creation, which groaneth and travaileth in pain until now, shall have brought forth that of which it travailed in labor, even the new heavens and the new earth, wherein shall be neither sighing nor sorrow, but God shall wipe away tears from all eyes.—Charles Kingsley.