

# Northern Messenger

Wm. Bronscombe 30206

VOLUME XLII. No. 14

MONTREAL, APRIL 13, 1906.

40 Cts. For An. Post-Paid



## 'He is Not Here—He is Risen.'

At sunset on the day when Jesus was crucified a rich man named Joseph of Arimathea, who had begged Pilate to give him the body of Jesus, came with a friend, Nicodemus, and took it down from the cross. They laid the precious body in a white linen sheet and strewed spices upon it, and carried it away into a garden. And here they buried it in a cave, and rolled a great white stone before the door of the cave, while some women who loved Jesus watched them and saw where He was laid.

As soon as it was known where they had buried Jesus, Pilate sent soldiers to guard the tomb, lest the disciples should come and take Him away.

But at night, as the soldiers were watching, suddenly the earth shook, and the great white stone rolled away from the tomb, and an angel was before them, seated upon the stone. And seeing this, the soldiers were frightened, and rushed headlong away.

At daybreak the women came back to the garden. One of them was Mary Magdalene, to whom Jesus had been very kind, and she said, 'Oh, if we can only roll away the stone and put more sweet spices upon our dear Lord's body!'

But when she saw that the grave was already open, she ran off to tell the disciples, crying bitterly,—

'They have taken away my Lord, and I know not where they have laid Him.'

But the other women stayed behind, looking all around for Jesus.

'Fear not,' said the sweet voice of the angel. 'He is not here; He is risen. Go quickly and tell the disciples.'

So they too hastened from the garden.

When Mary came again, bringing with her Peter and John, and the disciples saw the empty grave, and the linen sheet lying on the ground, they were so astonished and cast down that they went away without saying a word.

And now Mary was quite alone and weeping bitterly.

So Mary rose up and went and found the disciples and said, joyously 'I have seen the Lord.'



'LOOKING UP, SHE SAW JESUS.'

'Why weepest thou?' said the angel.

'Because they have taken away my Lord,' sobbed poor Mary.

'Woman, why weepest thou?' said another voice.

Thinking perhaps it was only one of the gardeners speaking, Mary, without lifting her head to see, said,—

'Oh, if you have carried Him hence, tell me where you have laid Him, and I will take Him away.'

Then the voice said, oh, so softly and sweetly, 'Mary.'

And, looking up, she saw Jesus! But so radiant was this risen Lord, so unlike that sorrowful Man who had suffered upon the cross, that Mary could not look upon His face; so she fell down before Him and clasped her hands lovingly about His feet, and whispered, 'Master!'

'Cling not to Me,' said Jesus, 'but go unto My brethren, and tell them I ascend unto My Father, and your Father; and to My God, and your God.'