

the language used by the stripling David when he accepted the defiance of the proud Philistine. The civil polity of the Jews was changed, and a Roman governor was upon the throne of Solomon.

"Mary why this delay—knowest thou not that the Governor expressly commanded your attendance?"

The speaker was one of the young nobles of Israel. His commanding form and noble countenance could not but engage the affections of one of the fairest of the daughters of Israel.

She to whom the question was addressed was the proudest of an haughty and aristocratic race—of a noble and opulent family: every gratification she could desire was lavished upon her.—Her form would shame the noblest monuments of Grecian art, and her tresses dark as Egyptian night, shaded a brow of exquisite beauty, and her features were moulded in the loveliest sympathy. She was robed in the plainest manner. Her diamond necklace and jewelled bracelets lay beside her. She had thrown them off forever. Meekness beamed from her dark and lustrous eyes which were wont to flash with pride and scorn.

"I go not to the festival, David," she replied. "The daughters of Israel have more need to mourn than to rejoice."

The young man stood a moment in deep thought then suddenly exclaimed—

"Hast thou seen the Nazarene?"

"Yes, David, and he has given peace to my wayward, troubled, mind."

"The witchery of that strange man will steal thy heart from David. Go with me Mary, and we will live where wild flowers bloom—where sweet-toned birds upraise their songs of gladness, and love, shall join our hearts in one, and joy and peace shall dwell forever there."

"No, David, I may not. He of whom our prophets spake, has come.—His words give peace and happiness and in his presence is joy unspeakable.—This night—this hour, his little band of followers meet and pray. Go with me, David, and join the happy throng."

"Mary, the Nazarene is not our Prince. The nobles of Judea would scorn to join themselves to fisherman. Our ways are different—henceforth farewell."

And the youth left her presence, her mind was agitated by a thousand agonizing thoughts. He who was nearest her heart had bidden her adieu; how gladly would she have knelt with him at the feet of Immanuel—but, this was denied her; she opened the casement and the sweet notes of music could be heard from the palace of the Roman Governor. She knew all was splendor and magnificence there; that the eyes of beauty flashed with joy and happiness, and as the song and the dance went on, the fierce passions again raged in her bosom—she knelt at the open window and addressed the throne of the Eternal. She arose calm and composed, and then sought the room where were assembled the followers of the Prince of Peace. Mildness and love beamed from his meek eyes as he spoke of the rest and happiness in the bright mansions of his Father. The hymn of thankfulness and praise went up and the benediction was pronounced by the sinless lips of the Saviour of the world.

The scene is changed: Jesus is arrested. The veteran legions of Pagan Rome guard him to the hall of justice. When his disciples had all forsaken him, Mary Magdalene followed, to learn the fate of her Master, undismayed by the clash of armour and the rude gaze of the soldiers. She saw him calm and collected in the midst of his enemies; she saw him insulted, spit upon, mocked, crowned with thorns, and led away to die. She saw him faint beneath the cross, and forsook him not, when nailed to the fatal tree.

Such is woman's constancy. Though bereft of every earthly hope, she adheres to her faith with undying fortitude.—Man may quail beneath the tempest, but woman is his comforter. But what was Mary's reward? She saw the Son of God first after He had triumphed over the king of terrors, and, the sweet-