

sins,—by His resurrection robbed the grave of its power to retain within its prisons the bodies of any of mankind. His work of redemption was incomplete until He had subdued the power of death. The travail of His soul was not seen by Him with perfect satisfaction, until with life wrested back from the spoiler, He once more trod our earth, and with his own voice proclaimed our souls free from sin—our bodies emancipated from corruption.

We therefore think that Christian in a most unenviable temper, who awaking this morning from his sleep, the type of death, and arising with the consciousness that the light on which his eyes were opened was the light of Easter, did not in spirit, if not in words, greet it with the declaration, "This is the day the Lord hath made, I will rejoice and be glad in it,"—did not with a feeling akin to exultation enter on the day, made glad with the certainty embodied in the text, "I know that my Redeemer liveth." For the Christian who has faithfully with prayer, with the sorrow of sympathy, with the sadness of penitence continued with the Saviour in his trial, commemorated and represented during Lent, and more especially in Holy Week, cannot but feel a sense of relief when the worst is past, and the agony and passion of his unoffending, loving Saviour is ended.

So touching has been the recital of the sufferings of Jesus, so evidently has He been set forth as bearing our sorrows, overwhelmed with the chastisement of our sins, and finally tortured to death, that He might stand between us and our offended God, that even the thoughtless must have been arrested, and their minds sobered in viewing such an unparalleled scene of woe—for only the utterly heartless could hear unmoved, and view with indifference, sorrows so unexampled, so undeserved. And then when at last our hearts are filled with shame for our sins, and with love and sympathy for that Being who relieved us from them,—when our emotions have