

Great dramatic vivacity is thrown into the account of the raising of Lazarus. The "prelates," however, think "that lurdén Lazarre should be slayne." The merchants' whom our Lord drove out of the temple complain to Bishop Caiaphas, who with the priests seek to arrest Christ; but fearing to do so, they offer money to him who will betray Him. Judas accepts the bribe, and arranges the time and place.

The awful scenes of the Passion are delineated with a coarse and rugged strength, and with a painfully realistic power. But amid the rudeness of the ruffian soldiery, and the ribaldry of the mocking multitude, is heard the gentle falling of woman's tears:

Alas! alas! and woe is me!
A doleful sight is this to see;
So many sick saved has He,
And goeth now this way.

The soldiers disrobe the Divine Sufferer with many a wanton jibe and jeer.

"Be thou wroth, or be thou fain,
I will be thy chamberlain.
This coat shall be mine,
For it is good and fine."
"Nay, fellow, by this day,
At the dice we will play;
This coat withouten seam
To break it were a shame."

The anguish of the Virgin Mother is exceedingly pathetic.

Alas! my love, my life, my dear,
Alas! now mourning, woe is me!
Alas! thieves, why do ye so?
Slay ye me, let my Son go.

The Harrowing of Hell is a very popular Mediæval legend, according to which Christ descends into the regions of the dead, vanquishes Satan, and delivers the patriarchs, prophets, and ancient worthies, who have been waiting for His coming. They greet Him with rapture, and He leads them in triumph; while in lofty strophe and antistrophe the angels chant a psalm of victory. Our Lord's greeting to His disciples after the resurrection is very tender and gracious:

Peace among you, brethren fair,
My sweet brethren lief and dear.