

not call me back. God is calling me and I must go."

"The hour strikes. Farewell! We shall meet again!" writes the dying Mozart to his wife.

"Oh, death, where is thy sting!" says Paul.

"Because I live ye shall live also," says Jesus.

Jesus has stamped immortality upon the best thought of the world. He has changed argument into fact. In the light of the resurrection we may look up into the very Face of God and see manhood glorified, death robbed of its sting, and the grave of its victory. "Thy dead shall live again. Together with my dead body shall they come." We shall see them as they are. We shall see Him as He is. In the words of Browning's *Easter Day*:

" Christ rises ! mercy every way
Is infinite."

In Him life's broken threads are united, earth's tears are dried, and the aching heart is satisfied.

A few years ago I stood by the grave of a little child. He was as dear to me as the red drops that warm my veins. And as I turned away, I blessed God for Him who is the Resurrection and the Life. I still see him in