

just released from the icy grave of winter; she will bid you mark the enlivening sap coursing through the veins of the leafless trees, or the bursting buds that shew life renewed, in branches which, during winter, shewed only signs of death. And as the reviving influences of spring pass like an angel of life over a dead creation, the noisy arguments of the infidel ought to be hushed into silence, and he should blush in shame to think that he denied to Man what Nature does not deny to her dominion—a resurrection from the dead.

But the Christian is not left to form his decision on this mystery from the voice of Nature, clear though it be: the voice of God declares, in terms still more unmistakable, that life does not end in time,—that the soul never dies,—that the body must rise again, and that soul and body must live eternally. What an overwhelming mystery is this! what an argument for pure and holy lives, in time! Life only begins on earth, and yet the brief span of man's days in time, determines how life eternal is to be passed. We admit at once that if God had never done anything for us since our first parents won, by disobedience, the miserable heritage of God's displeasure, the burden of this certain immortality would be too heavy for us to bear; but in view of what He has done,—in view of the lessons of the week past,—in full sight of the Cross, and Him who died thereon,—in the knowledge of what that death won for us—the hope of glory,—in view of an open sepulchre from which as on this day our Saviour emancipated Himself and us;—knowing that we have been redeemed from the penalties of a violated law, and that the Kingdom of Heaven is open to all believers, we can accept our destined immortality with a cheerful, glad heart; and knowing that our Redeemer liveth, we need not fear life with Him,—life in His presence,—life eternal gladdened by His approbation. And this is the day on which the Saviour, having by His death and passion earned for us forgiveness of