

"And all my pitiless deeds came up before me,
Gazed at me from His face.
What if he now should rise, and I should meet him?—
How awful is this place!"

Surely that thought was a prophecy which hastens to fulfilment. The "moanings" which, like sounds from the invisible world, smote upon the inner sense of the watching Gentile, burst into a deeper wail as from the rent womb of Hades the mighty deliverance struggles into birth. Far up in the zenith the "unearthly lights" have gathered into an intenser focus,—and lo! from the bending heavens a glorious angel—prince of heaven's hierarchy—flashes into sight. His countenance, "like lightning," sheds around a radiance brighter than the sun, and at sight of it the soldiers fall prostrate to the earth as though stricken suddenly in battle. Pausing reverently a moment's space before the sepulchre, the mighty angel touches the sealed stone. At that touch—God's summons at the gates of Death—the conscious earth shudders in the birth-pangs of her first resurrection; the stone rolls back from the door of the sepulchre, revealing the dread secrets of the grave; the seal of authority is broken in fragments, and the herald of the rising Saviour, clad in shining garments of victory, sits in triumph upon the stone. But see! he rises quickly again, and shading his face behind his glittering wings, bows reverently as though before some mightier power: and lo! by the light which still streams from his shining raiment, we behold issuing from the open sepulchre a human form, "like unto the Son of Man." Head, and hands, and feet, still bear the traces of suffering. His brow is scarred by the piercing thorns, and in his hands and feet are the prints of the nails. And yet that face, "marred more than any man," bears the stamp of a kingly majesty the very lion would crouch to in his lair. By these tokens we know him,—the Man of Sorrows, the conquering King. The mighty truth bursts upon us—JESUS IS RISEN! He that was dead is alive for evermore. Prophecy has received its accomplishment; types and shadows are fulfilled; the old dispensation is ended; law passes into love; the curse is reversed; the reign of death is abolished; life and immortality are brought to light.

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The heavenly light has faded, and the angel has vanished from sight. The terror-stricken soldiers have hurried from the awful spot; and as we turn again to look for Jesus, he, too, has disappeared among the trees of the garden. We stand alone beside the empty sepulchre, beneath the paling stars; and as we slowly turn to leave the hallowed place,—lo! above the summit of Olivet the first rosy tinge of morning flushes in the eastern sky. The last Jewish Sabbath is ended: the first Christian Lord's Day dawns upon the world!

(To be continued).

THE longest pole may fail to reach the fruit that hangs on the topmost bough, but if we wait awhile until it is mellow it will fall into our lap. God never sends us green fruit, unless to rebuke covetousness, and then there is no joy in the possession.