

they believe him not. He tells them of his resurrection, but they do not understand what he means. They accept him as their king, who shall redeem Israel and save it from its many foes.

The Jews plot to put him to death, and with his death, as they think, and as his disciples also think, his power and glory shall come to an end. He will pass from the scene like other mortals, leaving his stamp upon humanity, to be sure, but nothing more. And true enough he dies—dies the most shameful death—dies the death of a conspirator and criminal, forsaken by his friends, denied by his disciples, and apparently abandoned by that God whose Son he had claimed to be. Can pen describe the shame, the humiliation, the sorrow, the regret of those who had followed him either to be deceived with him or by him. Is it any wonder that they should hide from men? All their yearning hopes that Jesus had been the Great Prophet who should redeem his people, had been dashed to the earth and all his mighty deeds before God and the people had ended two days back on the shameful cross. And who can describe the joy, the malicious, sarcastic, sardonic joy of those who did not believe and had opposed Jesus to the bitter end? He was dead, he was conquered, and Jerusalem was divided into two parties. The one rejoiced beyond measure, whilst the other was down in the deepest abyss of humiliation and shame. The first and second day pass and the tomb remains silent, because death is still there. The disciples and the devout women, who through a strange inconsistency still retain their affection for their dead and conquered master, cannot complete the embalment because of the Sabbath, but the latter early on Easter morn, repair to the sepulchre, not to find the risen Lord, but to take care of his dead body. But they are filled with amazement by the sight of angels in white raiment who inform them that he is not there but is risen from the dead.

My brethren, you have seen those gathering storms which sometimes visit our earth. You have witnessed the disappearing of the sun and the sudden darkness in which nature was wrapped. The heavens presented a weird appearance, and the whole surroundings were such as to fill you with fear. Then came the forked lightning, followed by the sharp clap of the thunder, and the rain poured down like a torrent upon the earth. The whole of nature seemed, for a time, convulsed. But gradually the storm subsided, the rumbling of the thunder grew fainter and fainter, and the bright rays of the sun once more broke through the clouds to flood