

On the wonderful day of the Resurrection, He who created the elements of the body out of nothing will cause it to rise once more, uniting it in an everlasting marriage to the soul that gave to it its highest dignity.

Only then will the body receive its recompense for the labors, the weariness, the sufferings of its mortal life. From the law of compensation alone we might gather the fact of a future bodily resurrection. Mere ceasing to be, mere loss of sensation, would not be compensation to the body. It must be *conscious* of its rest, of its freedom from weariness, fatigue, and pain, to be truly compensated for the labors *consciously* endured in union with the soul.

He who thought it worth while to call us into existence, making us true, though necessarily faint images of Himself, loved us too well to remain a stranger to the beings His wisdom thus created. Making us rational, responsible creatures, He has bestowed upon us the supreme dignity of destining us to a supernatural end. Finite, imperfect though we are, we crave the Infinite. Nothing can still the yearning of our heart, our mind, our soul for Him. Strive as we may—erring, foolish children that we are!—to still that ardent desire, silenced it will not be. It fills us with restlessness, a vague disquietude that gives us no truce until we turn to Him, our eternal destiny. He alone can fully satisfy, even in this world, and God is too merciful to have planted in our souls this longing for Him without granting us the knowledge and means whereby it may find fulfilment. God's revelation to man culminated in Christ. He is "our Way, our Truth, our Resurrection, and our Life."

In His risen, as well as His earthly, life, He is the pattern upon which the Divine Artist models all creatures.

Glorified, impassible though Christ is, His delight is still to dwell among the children of men. He knows it will be a great consolation to us to feel His human, as well as His divine, Presence near. At every hour He waits to welcome us not only in the audience chamber of heaven, but also in that silent earthly court of His—the altar throne.

—JOSÉPHINE MARIÉ.