

er mighty servants of God in the Old and the New Testament, and they are important to our life as they were to Christ's. When we shall arise from our graves God will send his angels to greet us as he sent his angels to greet Christ. We may be pardoned for wondering if the heavenly messengers who shall stand by our open graves will be those dear ones who have gone beyond and have come back to earth to take us to our celestial home. We wonder if the messenger who will open our closed eyelids on our first Easter morn shall be mother or father or brother or little child. Lord Jesus, who art thou going to send to us at that time? Will it be one of our loved ones who is to be thy messenger?

But there is still another startling fact about this Easter tomb to which I would call your attention. That is the garden surrounding it. In ninety-nine times out of a hundred, when you have pictured this tomb of Joseph of Arimathea, it has been in the midst of a garden. Then you have turned to the books of Biblical lore and studied the flora of the springtime in the Holy Land. These writers have told you that in March and April there are flowers everywhere about Jerusalem. The valleys are covered with them; the hillsides are covered with them. They push their golden heads between the crevices of every rock. And when you think of this angel of my text greeting Mary Magdalene and Mary, the mother of James, you think of him with piled up banks of roses on every side and amid great white calla lilies, as sentinels lifting up their heads to keep watch, and amid great hosts of carnations and bluebells and sweet violets and jonquills and tulips and orchids and dahlias and asters and pansies and heliotropes and wistaria. You say to me: "I do not care whether there are oriental flowers or no. When I think of the garden surrounding Christ's tomb I think of the most beautiful of all flowers, and then I say Joseph's garden was like those flowers and not only like them, but far more beautiful than they."

You are right, my brother. No garden of the western hemisphere can be as beautiful as the garden of the Pal-