

between Christ and the souls of his true disciples on this day, and what mysteries of divine love will he not reveal to them, and what fire from Heaven will he not enkindle in their hearts, so that they can truly say with the disciples of Emmaus, 'Was not our heart burning within us whilst He was speaking to us on the way, and explaining to us the Scriptures?' And in a delirium of love like Magdalen they will think of nought but Jesus—seek for nothing but their beloved Master, and imagine the whole world must be similarly occupied. For when she who anointed his body whilst living, and brought her spices to anoint it in the tomb, found that it had been removed, she said as the spouse in the canticles, 'I shall arise and go round the city, and seek for the beloved of my soul.' She went in quest of Jesus without mentioning his name. She fancied every heart must be absorbed by the one great object of her own thoughts and affections. Sir, said she to the gardener, tell me I beseech you if you know where they have laid him, and I will go and will take him away.

But if we have risen with Jesus, our resurrection must be real and permanent like his. We must rise to die no more. We must prove 'by many arguments' as He did, that we are really risen. We must forsake the dangerous occasions of sin, the fatal sources of death. It will not suffice to shew a faint animation for a few days, to sit up

merely in the grave of sin, and then to lie down again in the lethargy of spiritual death. Perseverance must crown the glorious work. We must steadily and constantly walk after Christ in the newness of life. 'If we have risen with Him we must seek the things that are above, and mind the things that are in heaven, and not those of earth.' If our evil companions, the partners and witnesses of our guilt, should search for us in the old haunts of sin, the graves of our degradation, they should be truly told, '*He is risen. He is not here!*'

But alas! what shall we say on this of joy and life, to those who are still in sadness and in death? What share can the sinner have in all these glories? How can *he* rejoice who is still the slave of Satan? Jesus has risen and *he* is still in the grave. Jesus 'has died for his sins, and risen again for his justification' whilst *he* derives no benefit from his death, no portion of his righteousness. For *him* the blood of Christ has been shed in vain. For *him* the spouse of Christ has exhorted in vain, sighed in vain, fasted in vain, prayed in vain. *His* heart is harder than the rocks which were rent asunder at the death of our God, more insensible than inanimate nature which was covered with universal mourning for this barbarous tragedy.

Oh obdurate sinner whom neither the death of a God, nor the tears nor joys of the Church can move to repentance, blush for your degraded state on