

Now that He had passed through the valley of death, was it a different Christ who stood beside her at the garden tomb? Was that human voice that had bidden her so tenderly: "Go in peace, thy sins are forgiven," forever silent? That sacred Body that had suffered such depth of pain—was it to be forever unrewarded, its precious Blood, the all-holy price of man's redemption, condemned to the ignominy of nothingness? Oh, no! It was the same Christ, with the tender human personality she loved so well, who sought her as she stood weeping there.

"Why weepest thou?" The question startled, almost hurt her. Deep sorrow is sensitive, and shrinks from questioning. Her mind absorbed in that one desolate thought—she had lost Him!—she did not not recognize in Him who addressed her the One she was so sadly seeking. "Sir, if Thou hast taken Him away, tell me where Thou hast laid Him, and I will take Him away."

She did not say whom it was she sought; there was but one *Him* in all the world to her.

"Mary!" The old, sweet name He had always called her. Ah! she knew Him then and, falling in her old place at His Feet, the adoring welcome of her heart found vent in that one glad cry—"Rabboni!"

Jesus and Magdalen together—just as of old! Only the Master's form was no longer disfigured by ignominy and pain. The majestic countenance was there, unspeakably commanding, the divine tenderness of which had drawn her, when only a poor outcast, to throw herself at His Sacred Feet, sure that she had found a resting-place at last.

He would not let her linger in her old place then. She must hasten with the glad tidings to the disciples. He had not yet ascended to His Father. His time was short to linger with His apostles, and He was eager to be with them—with Peter who, He knew, needed Him more than ever in the shame and sorrow of his fall.

Truly, it was the same Christ, with the same tender predilections as of old. And Magdalen hastened with the joyous tidings: "I have seen the Lord!—not changed, but glorified."

As it was with Christ, so shall it be with each glorified creature redeemed by His love—that mighty love which

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