

ral Celebration in the Dutch language in Abbotsdale Church, and a special service in the cemetery before sunrise.* So I was up early, at 4 a.m. next morning. At 5.30 a.m. an Easter hymn was sung in Dutch, as an Introit to the Celebration in the Church. A colored congregation of 200 people, men and women, completely filled the little building. After the Prayer for the Church Militant, the Rector and I went out to the Vestry, and the people filed past through the west door. Soon, with others waiting outside, who joined them, they formed an immense processional line, stretching almost the whole way from the Church to the cemetery, a distance of about 500 yards, up a sloping gravel pathway cut through the heather-clad unfenced ground. With great skill and very quietly the Catechist, Mr. Zeeman, marshalled the procession, and when all was ready we began to move forward, singing an Easter hymn.

It was a thrilling time and scene for the joyful melody of the Festival of the Lord's Resurrection. The cold night wind still blew across the open country. Afar off on the slope of the wild hillside lay the cemetery, surrounded by a trench and sandy rampart. Two white portals guarded the entrance, and a great solitary gum-tree, standing like a sentinel close behind them, lifted its foliage, partly dark and partly silver, against the starry sky, its trunk gleaming in the dim shadowy light before the dawn. Then, as the procession began to advance towards that distant point, suddenly from end to end along its ranks there rose in the perfect stillness of that twilight morning the sweet notes of Easter joy. And so we reached the cemetery "early, when it was yet dark," like those who visited the Sepulchre in the Garden of Joseph of Arimathea on the first Easter Day.

As soon as we had passed within the gates, the crowd of 300 people fell back on either side in the shade of the letter V, open towards the east, where shone already the first faint glimmer of the daybreak. The Rector, the Catechist, and myself took our stand at the apex, facing the dawn. Another hymn was sung, and the Creed was repeated by all

present, and then the latter part of the Burial Service was read by the Rector, beginning with some of the words, usually said at the graveside, about fifteen names being substituted instead of "our dear brother here departed," the names of those who had been buried at this spot during the past year. Very beautiful and very touching, at such an hour and on such a day, were the words. "I heard a voice from heaven, saying unto me, Write. From henceforth blessed are the dead which die in the Lord: even so saith the Spirit: for they rest from their labors." And no less full of beauty and meaning sounded the Lord's Prayer, in which all the throng of people around us fervently and devoutly joined.

Meanwhile a dome of light, quite unlike anything that I had ever seen before, emerged above the mountain range on the horizon in the East, where the sun was rising. As the hymn was being sung which followed the final words of the Burial Service, rays of light shot upward from this luminous dome; and whilst the hymn was proclaiming that Christ "like the sun hath risen," at that very moment, by a curious coincidence, the rim of the sun's orb came up over the outline of the mountains.

The hymn ended, and the Catechist gave the word to form the procession anew, *paar en naar*, (two and two) to return to the Church. We clergy stood still, whilst the people's went past us in a sort of spontaneous rhythmical march, four to eight abreast, and then fell into order, two and two, down the slope of the pathway leading towards the Church. The sun by this time was fully risen, its bright glancing rays reminding one of the quaint old English belief that the sun itself every Easter morning dances for joy because of the Lord's Resurrection, even as it once hid itself in the darkness for sorrow at His Crucifixion.

Re-entering the Church we resumed the Communion Office at the point where we had left it when we went out to the cemetery. The whole service was choral throughout, and in the Dutch language. Hymns were sung during the Communion of the people, and after the Blessing; and as we left the Altar, the *Nunc Dimittis* began, which came as a sin-

* Sanctioned by the Archbishop.