

## ALIVE FOR EVERMORE.

## A MEDITATION FOR EASTER-TYDE.

Jesus lives, no longer now  
 Can thy terrors, Death, appal us;  
 Jesus lives, by this we know,  
 Thou, O Grave, canst not enthrall us.  
 Alleluia!

"Alive for evermore."—*Rev. i. 18.*

**H**EN Friday last a great King died.  
 On Friday last a great King was  
 buried. With great weeping and  
 lamentation He was laid in His  
 tomb. Around Him to the last  
 were His faithful followers, taking their  
 long last look of Him they loved so well.  
 And there they left Him, all alone, in the  
 dark gloomy cave, which had been hewn  
 out of the rock.

It is all over now,—that day of gloom, of  
 sadness and mourning,—to Him for ever.  
 Nevermore can that dear body of the dear  
 Lord, which was "clad in the purple rai-  
 ment," be racked and torn with suffering.  
 Nevermore can that dear face be marred with  
 the spitting. Those dear hands can never  
 more feel the sharp nails, which had once  
 themselves handled the workman's ham-  
 mer; or those wearied eye-lids again be  
 closed in death, or that tongue, "which  
 spake as never man spake," be parched  
 with the biting thirst. Yes, they have  
 done their worst, aye, all that man could  
 ever do. The great Captive, our true  
 Samson, can no more grind in the prison-  
 house, for the great temple of Dagon has  
 been cast down; and now o'er the ruins  
 thereof another Temple has arisen, "made  
 without hands," which riseth ever to the  
 everlasting hills. The foe is vanquished,  
 and lo! He that was dead, behold He  
 liveth. Death is overcome by death. The  
 earthen pitcher is indeed broken, and in  
 its stead the brightest form that ever  
 man saw, "the brightest and best of all  
 the sons of the morning." Yes, "weep  
 not." Away with earthly sorrow: cast  
 away all sadness. The Lion of the house  
 of Judah has conquered: He couched, He

lay down; He submitted Himself to the  
 spoilers,—to be humbled, to be trampled  
 on, and overcome. Yet henceforth from  
 very humbling has arisen this Easter Tri-  
 umph and this Easter Victory. Strange,  
 is it not? aye, contrary to all earthly law,  
 He that was overcome prevailing still,—  
 He that was conquered, the Conqueror.  
 Yes, "Death is life's beginning rather than  
 its end." Yes, through this Queen of  
 festivals, this day of all days,—of which  
 the holy Psalmist spake, when he said,  
 "This is the day which the Lord has  
 made, we will rejoice and be glad in it,"—  
 of ourselves also, when we, too, enter into  
 the grave and gate of death, we may  
 say,—

"Soon shall warmth revisit  
 These poor bones again,  
 And the blood be flowing  
 In each tingling vein."

O great mystery, that this should be.  
 That little dust, those few ashes,—living  
 spirits, living bodies, "alive for evermore."  
 But so it will be, through the all-powerful  
 efficacy of the one Great Sacrifice on the  
 sad day,—through the might of the rolling  
 away of the stone of the sepulchre, through  
 Jesu's love, through the power of the ever-  
 blessed Sacrament, through the care of the  
 angels of the Resurrection.

Ah! picture to yourselves the happiness  
 of that most joyful day, the day of the  
 Great Resurrection; dear friends meeting  
 dear friends; dear relations those they have  
 missed in life,—here the father, there the  
 mother; here the daughter, there the son;  
 here the wife, there the husband; all safe  
 in Jesu's love, "alive for evermore."

This will be the day "which the Lord  
 has made." Shall we not then rejoice and  
 be glad in it beyond all earthly gladness?  
 Ah! the angels' music! Ah! the palms  
 of victory! the fond embraces, the sweet  
 kisses of sweet love. You know it not  
 now; the glories of that Resurrection,