

abandoned his soul in hell, nor suffered his holy one to see corruption.' The earth is shaken and the stone is rolled away from the monument; hell trembles to its centre, and the gates of Heaven, which forty centuries saw closed, are re-opened by the 'King of ages.' He has gone out of Egypt, laden with its richest spoils—he has passed through the Red Sea of his own precious blood—he has traversed the desert of sin, the valley of sufferings and tears, and entered into the promised land! Yes: 'Christ our Passover is sacrificed.' Alleluia! His immolation is complete, superabundant. In the blood of this victim Lamb the world is washed. Therefore let us rejoice, and 'let us banquet on the unleavened bread of sincerity and truth.' Alleluia!

The Feast of Easter is the image of Heaven. Our eternal Pasch will be celebrated there. The Alleluias between Easter and Pentecost, the joyful Paschal tide are but the first faint notes of that canticle of gladness which we hope one day to sing for ever to the Lamb, with the angels of his Father. Whilst we chaunt these joyous strains on earth, let us think of the Heaven that awaits us. Whilst we strive to tune our harps in the midst of this Babylon to the sounds of gladness, let us not forget 'Mount Sion,' let us turn our eyes and our hearts to 'the new Jerusalem, our Mother, the City of the Saints, the Court of God.' It is for the everlasting echoes of those vaults above, that we practise our Alle-

luias in this vale of tears. Oh, may our hearts and voices be one day found worthy to associate with the angelic choirs, in singing Alleluia. Praise, honour, glory, benediction, and power to our God for ever and ever!

Happy souls who have risen with Christ, this is your day of triumph. Faithful Souls who have 'remained with him in his temptations,' who have not refused the bitter 'chalice which he drank' nor the bloody 'baptism with which he was baptized,' this is your day of exultation and glory. Easter is for you, the foretaste of heaven. You have fasted, prayed, wept and suffered, as Jesus did. You have listened to his invitation, and cheerfully taken up your cross, and followed him to Calvary. You have died with him to sin, and risen with him to a new life. You have 'suffered with him' and may now hope to be 'glorified with him.' Oh rejoice with Jesus because you have mourned with him. Rejoice, because 'the winter is now past, the rains and storms are gone, the vines in flower have put forth their sweet smell, the voice of the turtle dove is heard in your land,' and Jesus, the spouse of love, has invited you from the hard cedars of Libanus which he has broken by his voice, to the summit of Golgotha, the Mount of lovers, there to merit and receive an immortal crown. O all you faithful lovers of Jesus rejoice on this great day of the glorification of your Lord. Rejoice without fear; for in his resurrection every thing speaks of triumph to Him and of consolation to you. Rejoice exceedingly, exult without measure, indulge in all the purest transports of holy joy, for this is the glori-