



## Jesus and Magdalen Together—Just as of old



ow beautiful must have been the first Easter dawn!

On the Friday before, as if with instinctive sympathy, Nature veiled herself in the sombreness of her nightly robe, as her Creator, in all the darkness of abandonment and pain, died upon the cross.

On the morning of His Resurrection we feel that the brightness of His triumph must, too, have found response in that silent, eldest daughter of the Most High.

Nature never robed herself in fairer beauty than when the rays of her rising sun lingered, as if in holy caress, upon the rocky tomb of Him who had bidden her, long years before, come forth from nothingness. But Magdalen found only desolation in that sacred spot. She stood weeping beside the empty sepulchre. And then "He whom she loved" came Himself to comfort her. How did He greet her?