

peace,—yet beneath their shadows the mysterious anguish of the Son of Man; and now the garden near to Calvary, and in the garden a sepulchre! And yet this very association has a bright as well as a gloomy—a heavenward as well as an earthward—side. If it saddens us to think how death invades the fairest scenes, and sepulchres are to be found in the loveliest gardens; it comforts us to know that flowers *will* bloom even upon graves, and that around the sepulchres of the dead these emblems of the resurrection glory utter their silent prophecy to cheer our sorrowing hearts.

This garden belonged to Joseph of Arimathea. The slopes of Olivet and the sides of the Kedron Valley were thickly studded with such enclosures; and it was no uncommon thing for a wealthy Jew to prepare in his garden a sepulchre where he might rest at last. This Joseph had done; but little did he think, at the time, for what a distinguished guest that sepulchre was being prepared. Now, however, the providence of God in its construction is fulfilled in its occupancy. The new tomb receives its appointed trust, while death stands sentry at the gloomy portal.

“There laid they Jesus.” Thank God for that! It has transformed the very grave; it has hallowed forever the resting-place of the sainted dead. Our dear departed ones sleep not in the dark, hopeless graves of heathenism, nor in the isolated and rocky sepulchres of Judaism; but gathered together by Him who has sanctified these quiet chambers—they *rest* from their labors in *Christian* graves. It is to this precious historic fact that we may trace the rise of that beautiful sentiment which leads Christians to-day to seek out the fairest spots, and consecrate them as the resting-places of the dead.

And now the hasty rites of sepulture are ended. They have laid the body of Jesus in the new tomb, they have “rolled a stone unto the door,” while watching love beholds where he is laid, that it may come again when the Sabbath is ended and give the body a more careful anointing. It is the closing hour of the week, and again, as at the end of the first creation, Jesus “rests from his labors on the Sabbath day.” The faithful few—the first “Church of the Holy Sepulchre”—turn sadly away. We turn with them, leaving behind us the quiet grave and the peaceful sleeper, and carrying away one last lesson from the hallowed spot: As the dead Christ lay in a new tomb, so the living Christ will dwell only in a new heart.

(*To be continued.*)

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To the soul resting on Jesus there is always peace in believing; but to those who have to learn the fellowship of suffering, understand something more of conformity to His death. The fruit of the Spirit is brought forth according to its season; and if the call is for meekness, patience, and long-suffering, it may be borne with love, from which parent root it springs: but He has not asked for joy; grieve not that you cannot give it. Suffer his will; in this there is rich compensation; for those that wait on Him shall not be ashamed (Rev. ii. 3; Matt. xii. 50).