

cause a Saviour, Christ the Lord, was born for us in the City of David. But whilst we rejoiced at our own deliverance, we could not be insensible to the humiliations of our loving Redeemer. The wretched stable, the narrow crib, the poor swaddling-clothes, the piercing cold, the suffering members of our Infant King, the amazing humiliation with which he is almost annihilated for the love of us, must fill our hearts with confusion and sorrow, and extract tears of compassion in the midst of all our joy. But on Easter day all is joy, and triumph, and glory, for the Crucified Jesus. The bitterness of death is past, the humiliations of mortality exist no longer. The great work for which he was sent by his Father is accomplished, all the prophecies are fulfilled, the type has been succeeded by the reality, the shadow by the substance. All is consummated;—all the malice of his enemies, all the agony of his sufferings, all the measure of his excessive love. He who was subject to the law of mortality, has now risen an immortal God. He who expired as a slave, has now risen a glorious King. He who died as a malefactor ascends from the tomb by the majesty of his own power, the great Prince of Justice, ‘Holy, innocent, undefiled, separated from sinners, made higher than the Heavens.’ He who humbled himself unto death is exalted to life everlasting, and receives a name that is above all other names—a name so holy, so terrible and so sublime that it excites not only the profound veneration of earth and Heaven, but even the deepest caverns of Hell are shaken with terror at its sound. What was mortal has put on immortality, what was corruptible has been clothed with incorruption, and what was sown in weakness has sprung up in glory. ‘The Lord hath reigned, invested himself with beauty. The Lord hath put on strength and girded himself with might to execute judgment on the world, to cast forth ‘the Prince of this world,’ and therefore death is swallowed up in victory! Alleluia, Alleluia, Alleluia! O death where is thy sting? Alleluia! O grave where is thy victory? Alleluia! Thy fatal sting is taken away: thy victory is over, for Life, by dying, has triumphed over thee, and ‘the Lord has really risen.’ Alleluia!

Holy souls who come to embalm the precious body of Jesus, in the tomb where it has been laid, you seek it in vain. Your costly and odorous unguents are not necessary for this glorified Body. It has been embalmed in immortality. You seek Jesus of Nazareth who was crucified. An angel from heaven will proclaim to you *He is risen, He is not here!* You come in search of the lowly, humble Jesus, who lived in obscurity with his poor parents, Joseph and Mary, at Nazareth, who was rejected, condemned by his countrymen, and crucified as a malefactor. *He is risen, He is not here!* His Eternal Father has fulfilled what was spoken by his prophet, and has not