

They took the crucifix to the old cathedral, and there they took down from the cross, the form that man's hands had fashioned, and laid it in a sort of tomb until the following Sunday, then the little ones hold "Christo è risuscitato!" "Christ is risen!"

A wooden cross and a marble Christ! What a substitute for the living Son of God, the Saviour whose heart beat in love for His mother even in the agonies of death. A figure fashioned by man laid in a brick and mortar cavern to be taken out and put again upon the cross until next Good Friday: what a substitute for the risen Jesus who said to Thomas, "reach hither thy finger and behold my hands; and reach hither thy hand, and thrust it into my side." (John xx. 27). Who said, "a spirit hath not flesh and bones as ye see me have." (Luke xxiv. 39). Dear ones, what have you? A marble Christ and a golden cross, or no Christ and no cross? Have you seen Him crucified for you? can you say as you look at Him, "Who *loved me* and *gave Himself for me*." And then does your heart ring out the echo of the music of those sweet golden bells of old, as the priests served in the tabernacle, "He ever liveth to make intercession for us."—God grant so. You will have to tell Him *one day* how you watched, and do watch the cross, the resurrection and the living, glorified Christ who is still calling from His place on high, "come unto *Me* and I will give you rest," "I give unto them eternal life, and they shall never, never, (a double negative in the original) perish, neither shall any pluck them out of my hand." (John x. 28).