TALES OF THE JURY ROOM

By Gerald Griffin

THE LAME TAILOR OF MACEL

CHAPTER V

For some time after I returned to my own country, where I set up a little shop in the far-famed city of Maraca, a man paid no small penalty for the possessing a pair of ears You must know that the Arians had begun to get footing in the place, and thenceforward there was scarce a tongue in the city but when from morn to night like the mouths of so many village dogs at sight stranger. And it were well if all the discourse about religion had tended at all to improve the manners of the inhabitants; but the case was woefully the reverse, it had merely the of disturbing the general peace. These Arians had made their appearance, within my own time, on the occasion of a dispute re specting the election of a bishop in Alexandria, and, for the time they were in existence, had made astonish ing progress. They had already gained over the Emperor Constantius, and Gallus, his cousin, whom he had made Cæsar, and carried it with a high hand over the Catholics, through many of the chief towns cities of the empire, under the wing of the secular power.

Both parties were, however, soon led to forget their immediate dissen sions, in the dread of a more appal ling foe. An event which occurred about this time, and which I learned in the following manner, occasioned change in the position of public affairs, the importance of which was soon felt throughout the empire.

I had been fatigued almost to death by an Arian goldsmith who came into my shop, ostensibly to have a rent in his cloak repaired, but in reality to worry me with theology. When he had departed, I walked some distance outside the city, where; in a little grove near the river, a Christian church had been erected. It was a festival day with them, and numbers were crowding towards the walled enclosure that surrounded the consecrated building. Never having entered one of those churches in my life, I felt desirous to see the interior and mingled with the throng. On entering the court, or open space before the front of the building, I was much struck by the neatness and (even with my remem brance of Athens) elegance of the structure. A handsome peristyle ran along the walls of the enclosure, supporting galleries, access to which was afforded through a wooden trellice which connected the columns of the peristyle. In those galleries numbers of catechumens, as they were called, or persons who received the first instructions. In the centre, opposite the entrance of the were fountains, in which many washed before they entered. front of the building itself, fac ing the east, rose to a majestic eight, and gave admission to the people through three doors, that in middle much loftier and wider than the others, all adorned with minute and elaborate sculpture. Within a double row of columns, loftier than those without, separated the centre of the church from the two narrow passages, or galleries, on either side, where numerous windows of open trellice work admitted abundant light without excluding air. At the further end was a semi-circular balustrade which separated the altar and the seats of the clergy from those of the rest of the people. Before the porch witnessed the whole scene before. He was lying on his left side, beseeching the prayers of those who

entered or came out.

I remained standing near one of the columns of the peristyle without. While thus placed, the conversation of some persons, who sat within the adjoining recess, was heard distinctly where I stood. Perceiving that related to public affairs. I made no difficulty of listening.

Hast thou heard the news that

arrived in Maraca this morning? said one. "They say that Gallus Cæsar has been put to death."

"I heard so," replied a second.
"The Arians have had something to

do with that." 'Not an iota. It was a matter of treason. They said the emperor suspected him of some design upon the government. The Arians have no

cause to rejoice at it. It is well known he was their friend, though not so open as Constantius himself. "Few will grieve for him at Antioch," said a third. "He was begin-

ning to lean heavy enough upon the towns around him, when Constantius sent for him."

"And who, is it thought, will be

Cæsar in his stead?"

"Most like, his brother Julian, if Constantius be still disposed to place any trust in his own blood."

Why, they say he is a Hellenist. (A Pagan.)

'Nay that was but talk, because he wore a beard, and loved to converse in the manner of the philosophers. Betwixt ourselves, there may be more reasons than one for his disrelishing the rumour. It would be a somewhat dangerous part for him to play before Constantius, although he | tumult an Arian; aye, or Gallus either, while he was alive, and wielded the power of the Cæsars."

The opening of the church doors

put an end to their conversation. I took little notice, but ere long the course of public events began to reit to my mind. Julian, the brother of Gallus, was created Cæsar in his room, and sent to Gaul. From day to day, and year to year,

my open shop door gave me opporof hearing how matters were carried on.

There were strange rumours re specting the new Cæsar. He had married Helena, the sister of the emperor, and many said he enter-tained designs similar to those for which Gallus lost his life. But the sequel is known to the world Julian rebelled in Gaul, the army de clared him Augustus, in opposition to Constantius : the latter died leaving him in peaceable possession of the title which he had already usurped by violence.

It was some years after that a forced levy was held throughout the provinces, in order to assist the war which Julian had declared against the Persians. As not even the aid of a tailor was to be despised in such a crisis, I was one of the new con-scripts. It was an unpopular war. long concealed sentiments Julian had burst out soon after his elevation to the throne, and by pen, and by the sword, by all the means that a crafty genius and powerful self-command could furnish nim with, he exerted himself to overturn the rising edifice of Christianity to re-establish Papanism, Hellenism (as it was the fashion then to call it), upon its ruins. The Christians, however, were entirely hisheartened by attempts. When he prohibited them from reading the old classic authors, through which alone a knowledge of grammar was acquired, the Apollonarises wrote dramas to supply the want, and to his more direct persecution they opposed the shield of an invincible endurance. The ex pedition to Persia had for a time compelled him to put a period to his designs, but he did not engage in it without menaces which made his re turn an anticipation full of terror to the larger portion of his subjects.

It was on the 26th of June, that our forces were attacked in the rear by a large body of the enemy. part of the legion to which I be onged, was amongst the first who felt the shock, and I grieve to say for a space yielded to it. Our troop was dispersed, many of them dis or killed, and the rest compelled to fly. I make no apology for saying that I was amongst the latter. Before the sounds of pur suit had ceased, I reached a small grove or the banks of a running stream. Here I sat on the ground exhausted in mind and body, and be gan to mediate on my wasted years on a life merely occupied in con suming day after day, without hav ing any settled or definite object in view, without labouring for any certain end. But then came th old query, what that aim should be? Money I cared not for; fame—what historian. Their demeanor, as they should a lame tailor do looking for t-or do with it when he had got it and what else-

While I mused, the sounds of battle again drew nigh-I started up and beheld at a distance, a horse man, apparently wounded, galloping at full speed in the direction of the little grove where I stood. As he approached the effects of his hurt began to be more apparent, for he bent forward over the neck of his steed. Fearing he was an enemy, I lay concealed, but soon recognized the armour of the Roman soldiery As he passed the grove, the horse staggered and fell, and the rider was thrown forward to some distance on the plain. Instinctively, I ran to his His attitude and appear assistance. ance, as I drew near, struck me with a kind of bewildered recollection, as if it suddenly floated on my mind that I had somewhere, on some with one hand he strove to pluck Jovian, a successor in every way forth a Persian arrow, which was next fell upon the countenance. It was one, though disfigured with Julian first raised the standard gore, pale from loss of blood, and hundred dreadful passions, which and himself. At thy desire I send could not be mistaken. It was my this narrative as a parting gift. old acquaintance of Macel and of Athens, my unknown friend and

benefactor.
I raised him from the earth, and Tailor of Macel. supported his head for some time upon my knee. By degrees, recol lection returned, and he gazed wildly and fixidly for some moments on my

"What has happened!" he said, 'what place is this?

"Be at ease," I answered, "thou art in the hands of a friend. Thou art safe-

"From what?" he asked suddenly clasping my hand and looking eagerly into my eyes. "Who art thou? What! Chenides? Methought—O what a dream! or was it a dream ?"-he continued, waving one hand before his eyes, as if to dispel a mist which gathered upon them, while with the other he still clutched mine, with the iron grasp of death. "But now, I thought I was a conqueror—hosts fled before me-I tell thee it was no dream-I saw it-I saw the Persian banner fall be fore me-I heard the shrieks of their wounded—the tramp of their flying cavalry—I saw the host in rout and tumult — and our eagle soar triumphant amid the storm of the battle. I exulted—I cast myself loose upon the tide of conquest

— 'twas mine — 'spite of the false Armenian treachery, and the prayers of the Galileans—all was mine-O misery and death !-even in the very whirl of triumph-I felt a something graze my arm—and a pain upon my side—and my horse pain upon my side—and my horse turned short—and—he! there it is bog in this unfortunate country,

again-here-here-behold !"-ar feeling the shaft with one hand, while he gazed with a horrid smile dabbled and upon the "I knew it was no dream thou art there yet-messenger ruin — fast — fast fixed — ah! ha

And with a burst of frantic laughter, he endeavoured to tear it from the wound—but his arm lacked strength, and he sank back exhaust after wounding his fingers to the bone, in the effort to draw forth the steel.

"Chenides!" he continued more calmly after a pause. "I remember thee now — thou wert with me in Gaul—among the Parisii-

'In Athens," I replied - "and earlier in Cappadocia-Cappadocia ?—ah !—I remember -there it was first-this woundwhat says the Tuscan—the presages still unfavorable? then, hark you-Mars is no god-I call Jove to witness, that I will never sacrifice to him again—nine victims die without a blow-and the tenth unfavourable. No-Mars is false and powerless. I will break his images when the war is ended. Is it Eusebius that should twit me with rebellion?" he contin ued, with the same hurried and tumultuous utterance. "Eusebius the Arian ?-ha !-Thou proud bishop ! go wash thy hands at the fountain of Nice, and when thou seest no taint of the Arian impudence upon them, then come and taunt me with forgetting what I learned at Macel. Away with thee paricide! What, thou shalt lift thy heel against Rome and yet bid me not sacrifice? What care I for thy taunts?" Here he was hurried forward into a part oxyism of fury, which rendered it impossible to follow him with any distinctness. "They dream of tri-umph now," he said, after another but I will baulk them yet. Tell me," he added, with a look of hardness, mingled with anxiety, how do they name this place? I was once advised to beware of Phry-

gia, we are free from Phrygia."
"Not so far," said the voice of a peasant, whom the sight of the wounded man so far from the scene of contest, had attracted to the spot. This place is so named of long

standing. The sufferer, aghast with terror, turned to look upon the speaker, but the latter perceiving the Roman cavalry approach at a distance, disappeared amongst the trees. In a few minutes a number of horsemen galloped to the spot, amongst whom I peheld some ennuchs of peror's palace, as I afterwards learned (for being a new conscript I had as yet seen little of the camp) and Ammianus Marcellianeus his drew nigh enough to recognize the wounded soldier, was sufficient to confirm the suspicions which the appearance and language of the un-known had now excited within my mind. He who had so long per plexed me as a friend and benefac tor, was indeed the all-dreaded Julian, at whose very name the Christians of the province and of the state had learned to shudder-the Apostate Augustus—he who had torn down the labarum of Constantine, to restore the blood-stained eagle of the

Cæsars in its stead! With looks and exclamations of astonishment the attendants raised him from the ground and proceeded to convey him slowly to the camp. I saw him no more, but the memory of his dving looks and his last tones of agony and passion, for a long time haunted my mind with an influence which I vainly strove to banish.

Thou knowest my subsequent history, and the peace and joy which He was lying on his left side, were soon diffused throughout the apparently motionless, except that empire, under the happy reign of entirely the opposite of the much buried in his right, half way up the shaft, and immediately over the situation of the liver. My glance phant labarum, thou art now about phant labarum, thou art now about distorted with the workings of a so brief, and so disastrous, to others of rebellion and commenced a career Even a centurion may sometimes derive instruction from the adventures of so insignificant a being as the Lame

> "Well gentlemen," exclaimed one of the company, as the ninth juror took off his spectacles and returned the manuscript to his coat pocket, I think we have had quite enough of Greek. 'Tis, a very learned story, and with many hard words, and we ought to be thankful that 'tis over.'

> "Oh, certainly," said another, "I protest I don't know when I felt more pleasure at the conclusion of any story, and if that be not a sign of a well wrought catastrophe, I don't know what is."

"But what I'm most uneasy about," said a third, with a sly wink at his neighbor, " is the condition of the poor concierge at the Palais des Thermes, if the minister of the Interior should ever come to hear that so valuable a document was purloined by a tourist!"

place between the French and Eng-"Oh, I trust not," replied a fifth, I'm sure our friend would readily

restore the manuscript, rather than that it should endanger the national 'It is all a proof," added a sixth,

without lighting on so valuable and entertaining a relic of departed times !"

Aye," exclaimed the seventh, but what good would all that be, without a classical education?"

for some time, in good humored silence, "you are pleased to be merry upon my tale, and you are heartily welcome; but a man can only do his best. All I have to say is, that I hope you may hear no worse.'

The ninth Juryman then pro claimed his incapacity to sing, and was preparing to acquit himself by the payment of the fine, when the attention of the whole party was suddenly arrested by a disturbance in the street, which at so early an hour naturally awakened their cur-The noise which iosity. tracted the attention of the Jurors proceeded from a house, which though at a considerable distance was yet partly within view of the window. Crowding around the latter, the Jurors were enabled by the faint light of morning, (which seemed to indicate that the sun was thinking of rousing himself and be-going his day's work) to descry a section of a hall door before which stood a section of a chaise, drawn up as if awaiting orders from within. Lights gleamed occasionaly in the windows, passing rapidly to and fro, as it preparations were on foot for a journey of unusual length. The interest of the Jurors was heightened to the utmost, when one of them announced that the house in which they saw the lights was the residence of the fair plaintiff. In a short time the hall door opened, the figure of a gentle man attired in a fur collared frock and travelling cap appeared, followed by a slighter figure, closely muffled. which, imperfectly as it was seen by our incarcerated story-tellers, there was no mistaking for that of a lady Could it be the plaintiff herself And if so, where was she going at that hour in the morning, leaving her suit still subjudice—a suit, too, which involved so many more important interests than the mere priv ate happiness of the parties immedi ately concerned. These were questions of that very extensive which are much more easily asked than answered, so that after a few conjectures, which, like most conjectures, left the matter in the same condition in which it stood before they were made, the Jurors philosophically dismissed the subject from their minds, and sitting once more around the fire, proceeded to pay attention to the tale of the tenth Juror. This he delivered in the following

TO BE CONTINUED

THE RESURRECTION

By Very Rev. Thos. N. Burke, O. P. And when the Sabbath was past, Mary Magdalene, ad Mary, the mother of James and Silome, bought weet spices, that, coming, they might anoint Jesus, and very early in the morning, the first day of the eek, they came to the sepulchre, the sun being now sen. And they said one to another, Who shall roil back the stone from the door of the sepulchre? I have the stone from the door of the sepulchre? I have the service of the sepulchre as very great. And entering into the sepulchre ev saw a young man sitting on the right s de, othed with a white robe. And they were astonied. And he said to them; Be not aff ighted, You ke I seus of Nazareth, who was crucified. He is sen, He is not here. Behold the place where they did Him. But, gr.; tell His disciples, and Peter, at He goeth before you into Galilee. There you all see Him, as He told you."

Dearly beloved brethren :- We are told, in the history of the Passion of our Lord Jesus Christ, which have been considering during the past few days—that after our Saviour had yielded up His spirit upon the cross, Joseph of Arimathea went to And yet, if he had only consulted his own memory, and remem-bered how the life was almost have seemed to him so wonderful have closed that life. He sent to ingave orders that, in case He was dead, Joseph of Arimathea and Nicodemus were to take possession of His body. They came, sorrowing, and again climbed the Hill of Calvary; and, lest there might be any doubt that the Master was dead, the soldier drove his lance once through the heart of our Lord Jesus Christ, Then the Body was taken down from the cross. They took out the nails, gently and tenderly; and they handed them down and they were put into the hands of the Virgin Mother. They took the Body reverently from Its high gibbet, and laid the thorn-crowned head upon the bosom of the Virgin, who waited to receive It. With her own hands she removed these thorns from His brow and the fountain of tears, that had been dried up because of the greatness of her sorrow, flows now, and rains the Virgin's tears upon the stained and disfigured face of her Child. Then they brought Him to a garden in the neighborhood; and there they laid Him in the tomb. was another man's grave; and He, the Lord had no right to it. died so poor, that, even in death, He had no place whereon to lay His "I shouldn't wonder," cried a fourth, "if it were the ground of something very unpleasant taking laid Him; and, covered with blood and with wounds—all disfigured and deformed, they laid Him down, like the patriarch of old, with a stone for His pillow; and upon that stone they laid the wounded and the blessed head of the Lord. They mother, gathered up the thorns, the nails, the instruments with which "of the great advantage of travel-ling. How long might one of us her Child was so cruelly maimed and behold the light of day. Death, input to death; and with them pressed

newly-found son John, she returned to her sad home in Jerusalem; and all having adored, silently dispersed, for the evening was coming that brought the Sabbath. One only re-"Gentleman," said the ninth
Juror, after listening to these jests
her head upon the stone which they
had rolled against the Master's grave. lay down outside the tomb, and laid There, she knew, He lay; and the instinct of her love, and of her sorrow, was so strong that she could not go away from the tomb of her Lord, but remained there, weeping and alone. Whilst she wept, evening deepened into night; and, alone, the heart-broken lover of Jesus Christ saw that she must rise and depart. She rose. She kissed, again and again, that great stone that enclosed her Divine Saviour; and turning to the city she heard the heavy, measured tread of the soldiers, who came with the night to guard the tomb. They closed around the tomb. With rude ness and with violence they drove the woman away-wondering at her tears, and the evidence of her broken heart. And then, piling their arms and their spears, they settled down to the night-watch, cautioned not to sleep—cautioned to take care not to let a human being come near that grave until the morning light. Excited by their own superstitious fears and emotions (for it was, indeed, a strange office for these warriors to be set on guard over a dead man), agitated by the strangeness of their position, excited by their fears, they slept not, but, waiting the night, watch fully, diligently, and with vigilance, they guard on the right hand and or the left; scarcely knowing who was to come, fearing with an undefined fear; thinking that, perhaps, it was to be a phantom, a spirit, an evil thing of the night coming upon them; and ever ready to grasp their arms,

> The night fell, deep and heavy, over the tomb of Jesus Christ. The whole of that night, and of the following day, they kept their watch. Mary, the mother, was in Jerusalem Kneeling before these instruments of the passion, she spent the whole of that night, and the whole of the following Sabbath-day, weeping over those thorns and over those nails; contemplating them, examining them. seeing, from the evidence of the blood that was upon them, and how deeply they had been struck into the brow, and into the hands and feet of Jesus, her divine Child ; her heart breaking within her, as every glance at these terrible instruments of the Passion brought up all the horrors which she had witnessed on that morning of Friday, on the Mount of Calvary. The women kept watch and ward round her, and so terrible was the mother's grief, that even the Magdalen was silenced and hushed, and dared not obtrude one word of consolation upon the Virgin's ear.

The Sabbath passed away. Dull and heavy the black cloud that had

settled over Calvary and over Jer-

and put themselves on their defence.

usalem, was lifted up. about with fear and with trembling The sun seemed to have scarcely risen that Sabbath morning. The dead who started from their graves the moment Jesus gave His last cry on the cross, flitted in the darkening night to and fro in the silent streets of Jerusalem. Men beheld the awful vision of these skeleton bodies the that rose from the grave. A fire of vengeance and of fury seemed glare in the empty sockets in their heads. They showed their white teeth, gnashing, as it would seem over the crime that the people had committed. They flitted to and fro. Pilate and demanded the body of the All Jerusalem was filled with fear Lord. Pilate was surprised to hear and terror. No man spoke above his that our Divine Lord was already breath, and all was silent during that long Sabbath day, that brought n joy, because the people had called down the blood of the Saviour, upon scourged out of the Saviour by the their heads. The Sabbath day and hands of the soldiers, it would not evening had closed; and again night was recumbent upon the earth. that the three hours of agony should guard is relieved. Fresh soldiers are put at the doors. They are quire if He was already dead; and again cautioned that this is the im portant night when they must watch with redoubled vigilance, because this night will seal the Redeemer's fate. He said, "I will rise again in three days;" and if the morning sun of the first day of the week Sunday-rise upon the undisturbed grave of the dead Man, then all that He has preached was a lie, and all the wonders that He wrought were a deception upon the people. There fore the guards were trebly cau tioned to keep watch. Then, filled with fear and with an undefined alarm, they close around the sepul chre, resolved that so long as hand of theirs can wield a spear, no hu man being shall approach that grave. The Magdalen lingered round, fascinated by the knowledge that her Redeemer and her Lord was there in that tomb which she was not allowed to approach. And the guards watched patiently, vigilantly, with sleepless eyes; and the night came down and all the city was silent and darkened. Hour fol lowed hour. Slowly and silently time rolls away. The night was deepening to its deepest gloom. The midnight hour approached. The moment comes when the third day in the tomb is accomplished. The moment comes when the Sabbath was over—the Sabbath which it was written, that "the Lord rested on the seventh day from all His works." That Sabbath had That Sabbath had Jesus Christ made in that dreary, Wounds and blood silent tomb. were upon Him. The weakness of closed the sepulchre. Mary, the death had fastened upon Him. Those lifeless limbs cannot move deed, seems to have rioted in its to her heart, and leaning upon her triumph over the Eternal Lord of humble our souls (humiliabam in corruptible, material body of ours

midnight hour approaches. The guards hear the rustling of the comlight flashes upon them, and, dazzled, voices: Gloria in Excelsis Alleluia to the risen Saviour! great stone comes rolling back from triumph? And truly I may the mouth of the monument into the midst of them! Save yourselves, O men! Save yourselves or it will crush you! The men are frightened and alarmed. It is the power of heaven! Or is it a force from hell? Presently, forth from that tomb bursts the glorified and risen Saviour! Their eyes are dazzled risen with the spectacle of the Man that lay in that cold, silent, dark grave, A voice was heard: "Arise, for I am come for Thee !" And the glorified soul of the Saviour, entering that moment into His bodybursts triumphant from the grave! Death and hell fly from before His face. Fly, for a Power is here that you cannot command! Fly, you demons, who rejoiced your triumph, for death and hell are conquered. Arise, glorious sun, from the tomb! Oh, what do I behold? Where, O Saviour, is the sign of the agony? Where is the disfigurement of Blood? Where is the sign of the executioner's hand upon Thee? gone-gone! No longer the blood-stained thorn defiles brows! No longer Thy sacred flesh hanging torn from the bones! But now triumphant, glorified, incorruptible, impassible. He has resumed the grandeur and the glory which He put away from Him on the day of His incarnation; and He rises from the tomb, the conquerer of death and hell, the God and Re

deemer of the world! Behold, my brethren, how sorrow is changed into joy! Bursting forth in the light of His divinity, He went His way-the way of His eternity. The mountains, the hills of Judea of Jerusalem—bowed down before Him. The mountains moved and rocked on their bases before the assertion of Thy sovereignty, O God! He went His way, and left behind Him an empty grave and the clothing in which His disfigured body had been wrapped up. An empty grave! But all the angels in heaven were looking on at that moment. At that moment, when the face of the glorified Saviour burst from the grave, all the angels of heaven put forth alleluias of joy and of praise. The heart of the Father in heaven exulted. Rising upon His eternal throne, He sent forth a cry of joy over the glory of His Son. All the angels in heaven exulted; and, triumphing, they came down to earth, and gazed upon the sacred spot wherein their Master and their God

had lain. clouds had disappeared. The very brows of Olivet seemed to shine with a solemn gladness, and the cedars of Lebanon seemed to lift their heads with a new instinct of life-almost of love and joy, Calvary itself seemed to rejoice. The morning rose, and the sun gladly came up from his home in the east, and his first rays fell upon the empty grave. And behold the Magdalen and the other pious followers of our Lord, spices to anoint Him. They came and questioning—as we have seenquestioning each other: How could Mary, with nothing but her woman's strength, how could Mary move that stone? But see; it is moved. And beneath they behold an angel of light fills the tomb. There is no darkness there, no sign of sadness, no sign of death. Robed in transparent white-even as the garments of Our Lord shone upon Tabor—so did he shine as he kept guard over the deathbed of his to the woman, he says: "Woman, to the woman, he says: "Jesus of Lord and Master. Then, speaking Nazareth, Who was crucified." "Why seekest thou the living amongst the dead? He is not here? He is risen!" And then their hearts were filled with a mighty joy; for the Master is risen; whilst the soldiers, frightened and crestfallen, went into Jerusalem, loudly proclaiming the appearance to Pharisees and to the people, and that He whom they were set to guard was the Lord of light and life, and the Son of God.

The eyes that were oppressed with the weariness of death are now lifted up, shining in the glory of His resurrection. The hands that were nailed helplessly to the cross, now wield again the omnipotence of God. The heart that was broken and oppressed now enters into the mighty ocean of the ages of His divinity, undisturbed, unfetted, unencum-bered by any sorrow. "Christ, risen from the dead, dies no more. Death has no more dominion over Him." He died once, and He died for sin. 'Therefore," says St. Augustine. dying on Calvary He showed that He was man; by rising from His grave He proved that He was

If, therefore, dearly beloved brethren, during the past forty days the Church has called upon us for fasting and mortification, has called upon us to chastise our bodies and

Life, and hell appears victorious in the destruction of the Victim. The midnight hour approaches. The during the past weeks, called upon guards hear the rustling of the con-ing storm. They see the trees bow their heads in that garden, and their heads in that garden, and if we have done this—above all, if we have purified our souls so as to as if a storm was sweeping over them. They look. What is this orient light that blushes upon the sage which I bring to you is a message which I bring to you is a men horizon? What is this light which bursts upon them, bright, bright as is risen! The Crucified has risen the sun of heaven, bright as ten the sun of heaven, bright as ten thousand suns? And whilst the clothed itself with strength. Ignominy hath clothed itself with glory. they close their eyes, they hear a riot Death has been absorbed in victory and the powers of hell are crushed and confounded for evermore. What is this that they behold? The not this a message of great joy and you, in the words of St. Paul, (Gaudete in Domine iterum dico "Rejoice, therefore, in gaudete.) the Lord! I say to you again, re-

Two reasons have we for our Easter

joy and gladness. Two reasons have we for our great rejoicing. First of all, that of the friend to behold the glory of his friend: the joy of a disciple to see the glory of his Master; a joy centering in Jesus Christ—rejoicing in Him and with Him, for His own sake. Was it not for His own sake we sorrowed? Was it not because of His grief and suffering we shed our tears and cast ourselves down before Him? So, also, for His own sake, let us re joice. We rejoice to behold our God reassuming the glory of His divinity, and so participate that glory to His sacred humanity that the sunshine of, the eternal light of God streams out from every member, sense, and limb of the sacred Body of Jesus Christ our Lord. Pure light it seemed. With the transparency of heaven it assumed all splendor. the glory was with Him in Almighty affluence, and sent itself forth so that He was truly not only the light of grace for the world but the light of glory. For this must every true believer in Jesus Christ rejoice. But the second cause of our joy is

for our own sake; for, although we grieve for Him and sorrow for Him, for His own sake, upon Calvary, we also grieve for ourselves. And it is for us, the keenest and the bitterest sorrow that the work of Calvary was the work of our doing by our sins; that if we were not what we He would never have been what He was on that Friday morning. That for us He bared His innocent bosom to receive all the sorrows and all the agonies of His Passion; that for us did He expose His virgin Body to that fearful scourging and terrible crucifixion; that for our sins did He languish upon the cross; that they put upon Him the burden of the in iquities of us all; and "He was af flicted for our iniquities and was bruised for our sins." It was for our own sorrows and our own sins that the very deepest sorrow has a place in the Crucifixion. Well did He—He, Who permitted that we should be the cause of His sorrow wish us, also, for our own sake, to participate in His joy. And why? Because the resurrection of Jesus from the dead was not only the proof of His divinity, the establishment of the conviction of His miracles, the foundation of His relig ion, but it was, moreover, the type and model of the glorious resurred tion that awaits every man who dies in the love, and fear, and grace of Jesus Christ. Every man who preserves his soul pure, and every man who restores to his soul the purity of repentance—to every such man is promised the glory of the resurrection, like unto that of our Lord Jesus Christ. For as Christ rose from the dead, so shall we rise; and as He clothed Himself with glory, so shall we pass from glory into glory—to see Christ in the air—to be like unto Him in glory; and so shall we be with the Lord forever. And that glory which comes to our Lord to-day, comes not only to His grand soul returning surrounded by the saints whom He had delivered from their prison, but it comes also to His Body, wiping away and erasing every stain, every defile ment, every wound, and communicating to that Rody the attributes of the spirit for "That which was laid down in dishonor rose in glory "— that which was laid down in weak ness rose in power—that which was laid down subject to grief, if not to corruption, rose a spiritual and incorruptible body. Even so shall we rise for I announce to you a wonderful thing, that when the angels sound the trumpet, and call the dead to judgment, they that are in Christ shall rise first; and as the soul of the Redeemer went back to the tomb, and entered into His Body to make that body shine in its spiritual glory - so shall our souls return from the heights of heavenly contemplation to find these bodies again—to re-enter them -and to made them shine with the glory of God, if we only consent to live and die in the grace and favor of Jesus Christ. The eyes that now cannot look upon the sun in heaven without being blinded, these very eyes can gaze upon the Face of God and not be blinded by His Majesty. The ears that now weary of the music of earth shall be so attuned to the music of heaven that the rapture of its hearing will continue in all the ecstasy of delight, so long as God is God. The heart, now so circumscribed as scarcely to be able to rise to the dignity of the highestform of human love-will then be so purified and exalted that it will be filled with the fairest forms of divine love—purified, sanctified, animating every natural sentiment, every affection, until the body, growing into the soul's essence, shall all become spiritual and, as it

were divine. In a word, this gross,