

ment of the fine systems he has spun from the dark recesses of his godless brain. She longs to be dissolved and be with Christ. Aye; there's the rub; there must be dissolution: the inchoate death of pain, or the utter severance of body and soul for a time. Only for a time. Courage, Christian soul! You must die to sin, to sinful pleasure, if you would live the life of grace. You must one day die outright, shuffle off this mortal coil; but then, if you have lived aright, if life vegetative, life sensitive, life intellectual, if these three lives we all live perforce have been willingly subordinated to the life of grace, oh! then will begin for your purified soul the rapturous life of glory.

This is what reason and faith tell us with the organ-voice of Holy Church at this blessed Easter-tide. The King of angels and of men came to give us life, and life more abundantly. Nay, He spoke of Himself as the Way, the Truth and the Life; the Way that leads to Life, the Truth that lights up that Way, and the Life Substantial, Life in all His fulness, Who is to pour into the faithful heart of the Christian those torrents of delightful life that ever flow from the throne of the Lamb. Now, He was emphatically the Man of Sorrows, the central truth He taught was the necessity and priceless value of suffering. If He rises in glory on Easter morning, it is because He has borne His cross, despising the shame and the pangs thereof for the sake of the everlasting joy to come. So, too, if we want to be co-heirs of glory with Him, we must suffer; we must, like the Apostle, die every day to