

disease, and the shadows of death brooding over the brightest hopes of man; the knell of death sounding its terrible notes, the funeral car followed by long trains of mourners, and crowds of bereaved fathers and mothers, husbands and wives, brothers and sisters, lamenting the departure of those whom Death had smitten, and made his prey. As he gazed upon this mournful panorama, his infinite compassion was moved, and he resolved to save. Hence he disarmed death by saying authoritatively to the sick, "Take up thy bed and walk."

But he not only illustrated his power by healing all manner of diseases; he went farther, and restored *the dead to life*.

On one occasion we hear him saying to a young female sleeping in death, "Damsel, arise." And she arose, to the astonishment and joy of her friends.

At another time, he meets Death conveying his victim to the grave; he commands the bier to stand still, bids the young man arise, and the prisoner of death obeys the mandate—the vital principle reanimates his body, and he is restored alive to his widowed mother.

Again, we see him standing by the grave of one who had been dead four days; and on whom decomposition had probably commenced its work. But he cries with a loud voice, "Lazarus, come forth!" and the dead man started from his slumber, and stood up as a testimony to all generations of the power of the Redeemer of Man to conquer death.

But it was not enough that he should treat with Death simply in relation to others; he must meet him in deadly *personal* conflict: He must allow him to fix his poisoned dart in his own vitals, and contend with him upon his own territory. This he did when he hung a bleeding victim upon the cross. Amazing condescension! He who had laid the foundations of the universe, and reared the magnificent temple; he who had life in himself, as the Father hath life in Himself, and who, by his own fiat, had diffused the mysterious element through all creation; that *he* should thus throw himself into the arms of death, and in awful agony give up the ghost! How wondrous the deed! But he had "power to lay down his life, and he had power to take it again." If he would destroy death in harmony with the Divine perfections, he must yield his own life, as a sacrifice for human guilt, go down into the gloomy chamber of the sepulchre, and plant in that desolate spot the tree of immortality.