

tell of a risen Christ. Many dear Catholics tell of a Christ on the cross—a dead Christ, and so He was. The living Jesus laid in death, silent, wounded. He who had the power of death, a dead man. But Mahomet could die! Not that death, truly, but he could die, even for a nation or a creed. But of a Christ risen out of death coming from the other side to speak words of love and tenderness to Mary, and loving rebuke to Thomas. To be handled as we handle our hand-clasped friends. To say, "A Spirit hath not flesh and bones, as ye see me have," this was new to the poor Malay, and as she listened the light glowed in her eyes, and hope tinged the still face, and something spoke to her heart of the one who could redeem. For a living Jesus to say from the other side of the grave "Behold my hands and my feet" was proof that the blood which flowed from them for sinners was able to cleanse her from all sins.

Only one more visit, but the words of prayer were responded to, and it was enough for the seeking heart and the seeking Saviour. She passed peacefully away, without fear of stoning in confessing Him, and the mother did not resent anything that seemed to comfort her dying child. One look at the brazen serpent was enough. Dear reader, it is not how often we hear the gospel, or how well or ill it is told; it is, do we believe a risen Saviour from the other side of death, through which we may have to pass? He

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