

EXCUSE ME!

Novelized from the Comedy of the Same Name

By Rupert Hughes

ILLUSTRATED From Photographs of the Play as Produced By Henry W. Savage

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SYNOPSIS.

—Lieut. Harry Mallory is ordered to the Philippines. He and Marjorie Newton decide to elope, but wreck of tactics prevents their seeing minister on the way to the train. Transcontinental train is taking on passengers. Porter has a lively time with an Englishman and Ira Lathrop, a Yankee business man. The elopers have an exciting time getting to the train. "Little Jimmie" Wellington, bound for Reno to get a divorce, boards train in maudlin condition. Later Mrs. Jimmie appears. She is also bound for Reno with same object. Likewise Mrs. Sammy Whitcomb. Latter blames Mrs. Jimmie for her marital troubles. Classmates of Mallory decorate bridal berth. Rev. and Mrs. Temple start on a vacation. They decide to cut loose and Temple removes evidence of his calling. Marjorie decides to let Mallory proceed alone, but train starts while they are lost in farewell. Passengers join Mallory's classmates in giving couple wedding hazing. Marjorie is distracted. Ira Lathrop, woman-hating bachelor, discovers old sweetheart, Anne Gattie, a fellow passenger. Mallory vainly hunts for a preacher among the passengers. Mrs. Wellington hears "Little Jimmie's" voice. Later she meets Mrs. Whitcomb. Mallory reports to Marjorie his failure to find a preacher. They decide to pretend a quarrel and Mallory drives a vacant berth. Mrs. Jimmie discovers Wellington on the train. Mallory again makes an unsuccessful hunt for a preacher. Dr. Temple poses as a physician. Mrs. Temple is induced by Mrs. Wellington to smoke a cigar. Sight of preacher on a station platform raises Mallory's hopes, but he takes another train. Missing hand baggage compels the couple to borrow from passengers. Jimmie gets a cinder in his eye and Mrs. Jimmie gives first-aid. Coolness is then resumed. Still no clergyman. More borrowing.

CHAPTER XXII—(Continued).

He felt that he was the greatest sinner on earth, but worst of all was the fact that when he had fallen, the forbidden brew was not sweet. He was inexperienced enough to sip it and it was like foaming quinine on his palate. But he kept at it from sheer shame, and his luxurious transgression was its own punishment.

The doleful Mallory was on his way to join the "club." Crossing the vestibule he had met the conductor, and had ventured to quiz him along the old lines:

"Excuse me, haven't you taken any clergymen on board this train yet?"

"Devil a one."

"Don't you ever carry any preachers on this road?"

"Usually we get one or two. Last trip we carried a whole Methodist convention."

"A whole convention last trip! Just my luck!"

The unlighted conductor turned to call back: "Say, up in the forward car we got a couple of undertakers. They be of any use to you?"

"Not yet."

Then Mallory dawdled on into the smoking room, where he found his own porter, who explained that he had been "promoted to the bottler."

"Do we come to a station stop soon?" Mallory asked.

"Well, not for a considerable interval. Do you want to get out and walk up and down?"

"I don't," said Mallory, taking from under his coat Snoozeums, whom he had smuggled past the new conductor.

"Meanwhile, Porter, could you give him something to eat to distract him?"

The porter grinned, and picking up a bill of fare held it out. "I got a meenuel. It ain't written in dog, but you can explain it to him. What would you care to eat, sah?"

Snoozeums put out a paw and Mallory read what it indicated: "He says he'd like a fillet Chateaubriand, but if you have any old bones, he'll take those." The porter gathered Snoozeums in and disappeared with him into the buffet, Mallory calling after him: "Don't let the conductor see him."

Dr. Temple advanced on the disconsolate youth with an effort at cheer: "How is our bridegroom this beautiful afternoon?"

Mallory glanced at his costume: "I feel like a rainbow gone wrong. Just my luck to have to borrow from everybody. Look at me! This collar of Mr. Wellington's makes me feel like a peanut in a rubber tire." He turned to Fosdick.

"I say, Mr. Fosdick, what size collar do you wear?"

"Fourteen and a half," said Fosdick.

"Fourteen and a half—why don't you get a neck? You haven't got a plain white shirt, have you? Our English friend lent me this, but it's purple, and Mr. Ashton's socks are maroon, and this peacock blue tie is very unhappy."

"I think I can fit you out," said Fosdick.

"And if you had an extra pair of socks," Mallory pleaded—"just one pair of unemotional socks."

"I'll show you my repertoire."

"All right, I'll see you later." Then he went up to Wellington, with much hesitance of manner. "By the way, Mr. Wellington, do you suppose Mrs. Wellington could lend Miss—Mrs.—could lend Marjorie some—some—"

Wellington waved him aside with

magnificent scorn: "I am no longer in Mrs. Wellington's confidence."

"Oh, excuse me," said Mallory. He had noted that the Wellingtons occupied separate compartments, but for all he knew their reason was as romantic as his own.

CHAPTER XXIII.

Through a Tunnel.

Mrs. Jimmie Wellington, who had traveled much abroad and learned in England the habit of smoking in the corridors of expensive hotels, had acquired also the habit, as travelers do, of calling England freer than America. She determined to do her share toward the education of her native country, and chose, for her topic, tobacco as a feminine accomplishment.

She had grown indifferent to stares and audible comment and she could fight a protesting head waiter to a standstill. If monuments and tablets are ever erected to the first woman who smoked publicly in this place or that, Mrs. Jimmie Wellington will be variously remembered and occupy a large place in historical record.

The narrow confines of the women's room on the sleeping car soon palled on her, and she objected to smoking there except when she felt the added luxury of keeping some other woman outside—fuming, but not smoking. And now Mrs. Jimmie had staked out a claim on the observation platform. She sat there, puffing like a major-general, and in one portion of Nebraska two farmers fell off their agricultural vehicles at the sight of her cigar-smoke trailing after the train. In Wyoming three cowboys followed her for a mile, yipping and howling their compliments.

Feeling the smoke mood coming on, Mrs. Wellington invited Mrs. Temple to smoke with her, but Mrs. Temple felt a reminiscent quail at the very thought, so Mrs. Jimmie sauntered out alone, to the great surprise of Ira Lathrop, whose motto was, "Two heads are better than one," and who was apparently willing to wait till Anne Gattie's head grew on his shoulder.

"I trust I don't intrude," Mrs. Wellington said.

"Oh, no. Oh, yes," Anne gasped in fiery confusion as she fed into the car, followed by the purple-faced Ira, who slammed the door with a growl: "That Wellington woman would break up anything."

The prim little missionary toppled into the nearest chair: "Oh, Ira, what will she think?"

"She can't think!" Ira grumbled. "In a little while she'll know."

"Don't you think we'd better tell everybody before they begin to talk?" Ira glowed with pride at the thought and murmured with all the ardor of a senile Romeo: "I suppose so, ducky darling. I'll break it—I mean I'll tell it to the men, and you tell the women."

"All right, dear, I'll obey you," she answered, meekly.

"Obey me!" Ira laughed with boyish swagger. "And you a missionary!"

"Well, I've converted one heathen, anyway," said Anne as she darted down the corridor, followed by Ira, who announced his intention to "go to the baggage car and dig up his old Prince Albert."

In their flight forward they passed the mysterious woman in the state-room. They were too full of their own mystery to give thought to hers. Mrs. Fosdick went timidly prowling toward the observation car, suspecting everybody to be a spy, as Mallory suspected everybody to be a clergyman in disguise.

As she stole along the corridor past the men's clubroom she saw her husband—her here-and-there husband—wearily counting the telegraph posts and summing them up into miles. She tapped on the glass and signalled to him, then passed on.

He answered with a look, then waited not to have noticed, and waited a few moments before he rose with an elaborate air of carelessness. He beckoned the porter and said:

"Let me know the moment we enter Utah, will you?"

"Yassah. We'll be comin' along right soon now. We got to pass through the big Aspen tunnel, after that, befo' long, we sploodne into old Utah."

"Don't forget," said Fosdick, as he sauntered out. Ashton perked up his ears at the promise of a tunnel and kept his eye on his watch.

Fosdick entered the observation room with a hungry look in his luscious eyes. His now-and-then wife put up a warning finger to indicate Mrs. Whitcomb's presence at the writing desk.

Fosdick's smile froze into a smirk of formality and he tried to chill his tone as if he were speaking to a total stranger.

"Good afternoon."

Mrs. Fosdick answered with equal ice: "Good afternoon. Won't you sit down?"

"Thanks. Very picturesque scenery, isn't it?"

"Isn't it?" Fosdick seated himself, looked about cautiously, noted that Mrs. Whitcomb was apparently absorbed in her letter, then lowered his voice confidentially. His face kept up a strained pretense of indifference, but his whisper was passionate with longing:

"Has my poor little wifey missed her poor old hubby?"

"Oh, so much!" she whispered.

"Has poor little hubby missed his poor old wifey?"

"Horribly. Was she lonesome in that dismal state-room all by herself?"

"Oh, so miserable! I can't stand it much longer."

Fosdick's face blazed with good

news: "In just a little while we come to the Utah line—then we're safe."

"God bless Utah!"

The rapture died from her face as she caught sight of Dr. Temple, who happened to stroll in and go to the bookshelves, and taking out a book happened to glance near-sightedly her way.

"Be careful of that man, dearie," Mrs. Fosdick hissed out of one side of her mouth. "He's a very strange character."

Her husband was infected with her own terror. He asked, huskily: "What do you think he is?"

"A detective! I'm sure he's watching us. He followed you right in here."

"We'll be very cautious—till we get to Utah."

The old clergyman, a little fuzzy in brain from his debut in beer, continued innocently to confirm the appearance of a detective by drifting aimlessly about. He was looking for his wife, but he kept glancing at the uneasy Fosdicks. He went to the door, opened it, saw Mrs. Wellington finishing a cigar, and retreated precipitately. Seeing Mrs. Temple wandering in the corridor, he motioned her to a chair near the Fosdicks and she sat by his side, wondering at his filmy eyes.

The Fosdicks, glancing uncomfortably at Dr. Temple, rose and selected other chairs further away. Then Roger Ashton sauntered in, his eyes searching for a proper companion through the tunnel.

He saw Mrs. Wellington returning from the platform, just tossing away her cigar and blowing out the last of its grateful vapor.

With an effort at sarcasm, he went to her and offered her one of his own cigars, smiling: "Have another."

She took it, looked it over, and parried his irony with a formula she had heard men use when they hate to refuse a gift-cigar: "Thanks. I'll smoke it after dinner, if you don't mind."

"Oh, I don't mind," he laughed, then bending closer he murmured: "They tell me we are coming to a tunnel, a nice, long, dark, dismal tunnel."

Mrs. Wellington would not take a dare. She felt herself already emancipated from Jimmie. So she answered Ashton's hint with a laughing challenge:

"How nice of the conductor to arrange it."

Ashton smacked his lips over the prospect.

And now the porter, having noted Ashton's impatience to reach the tunnel, thought to curry favor and a quarter by announcing its approach. He hustled in and made straight for Ashton just as the tunnel announced itself with a sudden swoop of gloom, a great increase of the train-noises and a far-off clang of the locomotive bell.

Out of the Egyptian darkness came the unmistakable sounds of osculation in various parts of the room. Doubtless, it was repeated in other parts of the train. There were numerous cooing sounds, too, but nobody spoke except Mrs. Temple, who was heard to murmur:

"Oh, Walter, dear, what makes your breath so funny?"

Next came a little yowl of pain in Mrs. Fosdick's voice, and then daylight flooded the car with a rush, as if time had made an instant leap from midnight to noon. There were interesting disclosures.

Mrs. Temple was caught with her arms round the doctor's neck, and she blushed like a spoony girl. Mrs. Fosdick was trying to disengage her hair from Mr. Fosdick's scarf-pin. Mrs. Whitcomb alone was deserted. Mr. Ashton was gazing devotion at Mrs. Wellington and trying to tell her with his eyes how velvet he had found her cheek.

But she was looking reproachfully at him from a chair, and saying, not without regret:

"I heard everybody kissing everybody, but I was cruelly neglected."

Ashton's eyes widened with unbelief, he heard a snicker at his elbow, and whirled to find the porter rubbing his black velvet cheek and writhing with pent-up laughter.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

No Occasion for Surprise.

This story is told of Forrest, the great tragedian:

Forrest was playing in "Richard III," and the part of Catesby had to be taken by a low comedian, who sauntered on the stage at the wrong moment and uttered the famous words, "My lord, the duke of Buckingham is taken," in the wrong place.

Forrest clenched his fists in rage, but otherwise took no notice of the remark.

Later on the comedian repeated the words in the right place, and when the king expressed surprise at the news Catesby folded his arms, walked boldly down the stage, and remarked to the great actor in loud tones:

"I told you so before, Mr. Forrest, but you wouldn't believe me."

Unexpected Testimonial.

Little Bilderson prided himself upon his good appetite and his capacity for amusing. He was dining with a friend a few nights ago, and did his best to keep his host and hostess with their six-year-old daughter amused, and at the same time managed to do ample justice to the good things provided.

"Oh, dear, Mr. Bilderson," remarked the little one, after the guest's wittiest sallies, "I wish you'd come here to dinner every day."

Bilderson positively beamed satisfaction. "Do you, dear?" he smiled. "Why?" "Cause," came the reply, as the observant maiden glanced round the table, "cause there wouldn't be anything solid to eat the next day."

POULTRY COOPS OF PAPER

Successful Fancier Declares They Are as Warm as Others That Are Built of Wood.

Everybody in Marblehead, Mass., knows Frank Brown. Although his business is that of a grocer, he keeps poultry on the side, and is especially enthusiastic over a flock of games, one pullet having laid 195 eggs in nine months. Mr. Brown keeps his pet birds in a little house in the rear of his store, but most of his hens are kept on a half-acre of ledge on which a little soil appears in patches. He also has ducks and geese and pigeons.

A large number of the fowls are successfully kept in houses made of paper. In the coldest weather the hens live in these houses and seem as comfortable as those in the frame building. These houses are long enough to be divided into several pens. One of them has been in use seven years. In making these houses a light frame is put up and poultry wire is stretched tightly over it and heavy tarred paper laid over the wire. The paper is given a heavy coat of paint inside and out. The outside color is red, but white is used inside to enhance the light.

Being in the heart of the town, night prowlers are to be looked for, but any activity on their part during the summer is prevented by the presence of Mr. Brown's son, who has a tent in one corner of the half-acre, where he spends the night. His sleep is seldom disturbed, except when he finds it necessary to get up and shoot a few rats. In his war on these pests he is aided by a nimble Irish terrier.

Both Mr. Brown and his son say that paper houses for poultry are a distinct success. There is seldom a frozen comb, even when the mercury drops below the zero mark, and the hens lay well. The houses are so tight that an opening has been made above each window, which is covered with burlap, for ventilation.

Mr. Brown hatches several thousand chicken each season, all of them in incubators. These machines hold between 200 and 300 eggs each. Hot water supplies the heat, and gas heats the water.

Horrible Example.

Nat Goodwin was on a tour. Seats were selling like hot cakes. Mr. Goodwin was down in the foyer watching the weather. A thin-visaged woman with a throttle-hold on her purse minced up to the window and bought one ticket for the matinee.

As she passed out, counting and recounting her change, the woman overheard an acquaintance of Mr. Goodwin's calling him by name.

The woman looked them both over with close scrutiny. Then she went back to the box office.

"Is that Mr. Goodwin?" she demanded.

"Yes."

"Mr. Nat C. Goodwin?"

"Yes."

"The man who plays in this play I've just bought a ticket for?"

"Yes!"

"All right," said the woman. She stopped, probed the fastnesses of her reticule, pulled out her newly secured ticket and pushed it back reluctantly through the window. "If you're sure that's Mr. Goodwin," remarked the woman, "you can take that ticket right back and give me an orchestra seat as far front as you can get it—no, give me two orchestra seats and give them to me for tonight. For if that's Nat Goodwin, I'm going to bring my feather-headed son along and show him just what matrimony can do for a man."—Green Book.

Call That Jack Welcomed.

A man-o'-warman, on visit to his native city of Liverpool, gave an amusing instance of the readiness and resource of naval seamen. He had made an arrangement at Portsmouth to meet a chum from his own ship, but he had forgotten the number of the house, and he did not care to knock at every door until he came to the right one. A rag-and-bone man with a bugle passed along. Jack seized the bugle.

"I'm looking for a chum," he explained.

Then he blew the grog call of the navy. As the last note died away a window was hastily flung up and a sailor's head was thrust out.

"Ah," said Jack, as he handed back the bugle, "I knew I'd find him. He's never missed that call yet!"

A few minutes later the sought-for tar explained sorrowfully to his chum:

"You've given me away all right! I'm courtin' the gal there, and told them that I was a teetotaler; but her father is an old salt and knows the call."—London Tit-Bits.

Chewing Gum in Germany.

The German consumption of chewing gum is limited largely to persons who have traveled in the United States, but might be increased if manufactures carried on an advertising campaign in this market. Well known American brands are now offered for sale in places of popular amusement in all larger cities. The article is known in this country as "kaugummi," and, in import statistics, is included with all unbacked sweetmeats containing sugar, such as bassorine, tragacanth, fruit kernels, spices and seeds coated with sugar. The total quantity of these goods imported in 1911 amounted to 6.8 tons, and in 1910 to 7.3 tons. It would be possible to maintain stocks of American chewing gum in the Hamburg free port without the payment of any duty, except on such quantities as might from time to time be sold for consumption. The market in Scandinavia, Russia and Austria might also be served from the free port supplies.—Consular Report.

NOGI'S DEATH A DUTY

NOT ACT OF SACRIFICE, AS THE WEST REGARDS IT.

Neither Was It a Rebuke to Changed Conditions, as Has Been Implied—Deed Will Long Be Remembered in Japan.

Life in Japan is much more a state of mind than in the west, where materialism governs and sentiment does not go much beyond the first verse of a song. So when Gen. Count Nogai chose to escort his emperor to the shades, it called forth a mixed admiration, with the practical thought that great men are of more value alive than dead. It would be untrue to say this view has no standing in Japan. It has. But beyond and behind it is an idea of duty that cannot be matched in the west. It is truly the scriptural precept that no higher sacrifice can be made than to lay down one's life. This has nothing to do with the heroism of the moment that acts quickly in moments of peril with us. There is less of that in Japan. It is instead the deliberately calculated sacrifice, rare on this side of the earth, and in which the Japanese finds the greatest solace for his pride. Pride rules Japan. The Samurai and their lords came down to the people; the people did not go up when the great change came with the era just ended by Mutsuhito's death. So pride leavened the mass and its influence prevails as much as when the two-sword men forced manners by menace upon the common herd.

To explain that General Nogai killed himself as a rebuke to changed conditions does not seem correct. Pride impelled him. He would not linger beyond the era to which he gave glory and through which he gained fame. Better to depart in splendor and in great company than to linger only to be pointed at!

To say a member of the military caste in Japan should kill himself as a rebuke to modern ways of wealth-getting is rather absurd. The great generals drew regular percentages upon supplies sent to their command. Gen. Prince Yamagata, first of the elder statesmen, amassed a fine fortune from this source during the war with Russia, and Gen. Prince Katsura had his share. There was no shame or secrecy about their transactions. It was part of the system of rewards.

But when next summer and other summers come and the feast of the dead is celebrated along the shores of the beautiful Lake Biwa, near Kyoto and its imperial tomb, the peasants will remember the emperor and his escort when at dusk the sails of the little lantern-lit boats are set to bear the souls of the dead back to their uncharted shore, and the people will whisper to each other the story of the general who would not let his commander depart alone.—By the Author of "Surface Japan."

Protest Reasonable.

Wash Johnson had just made a business visit to Fifth street, where he accumulated a very fine rubberized raincoat which, according to a lurid sign over the door, had been miraculously rescued from the flames by the brave firemen fighting the fire that recently destroyed one of the best known raincoat factories in New York. It didn't even look like rain, but Wash thought he might as well wear it to get acquainted with it.

He grabbed a Tenth street car for home and took the narrow strip of seat by the bulky form of a brother who was as black as waterproof ink.

Now the car stopped at a certain corner just as a negro church was letting out. A file of worshippers streamed into the car and each worshiper brushed against Wash's raincoat as he obeyed the conductor's strident request to "step up in the front of the car, please." Wash stood their brushing in silence for awhile. Then his hot southern blood got the better of him.

"Heah, heah!" he called querulously, "I just paid a dollar and six bits fo' dis coat, and you all is go'n' a wear it out befo' I can get it home!"—Kansas City Times.

Women Bankrupts.

Women bankrupts were less numerous than in 1910, the figure being 399, against 495. The woman grocer was the least successful among the tradesmen of the other sex, taking the number of failures as the criterion; the woman milliner and dressmaker next, then the woman draper and haberdasher, and fourth the woman lodging house keeper. Married women were slightly in the majority of the failures (161) and single women greatly in the minority (81). There were 157 widows. The woman bankrupt entered into many fields. Among others one notes in the list of the year eleven bakers, four butchers, seven farmers, five fishmongers, four nurses, two photographers, eight restaurant keepers, five schoolmistresses, six tabacconists, two gardeners, nine toy dealers, six stationers and three undertakers.—London Board of Trade Report.

Missionary Choice.

She—Did they offer you any choice at the missionary bureau as to where you should be sent?

He—Yes, and I told them I'd prefer to go somewhere where the natives were vegetarians.

Evident Impossibility.

Eastside—Under the new Virginia law a man who swears in public is liable to a fine of \$500.

Westside—How in the world can the Virginians afford to drive their mules?

The Resurrection of Christ—Its Results

By REV. WILLIAM EVANS, D. D.,
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TEXT: I Cor. 15.

1. The resurrection of Christ was the seal of God's approval upon the truthfulness of the claims of Jesus.

The claims of Christ imply either divinity or blasphemy. Jesus Christ, in view of his claims, was either God or the most colossal fraud, or the greatest impostor that ever lived. His claims stand unequalled in the history of the human race, and on the absolute fulfillment, even to the very letter, of all these claims, Christ bases his right to divine recognition. He claimed that it was his prerogative to forgive sin; that he was the only way to God; that outside of him there was no peace and no way of access to the Father; that unless he was trusted and believed in with a whole heart there was absolutely no hope of seeing heaven; that he was the divinely appointed Redeemer of the world, and that the world's redemption and salvation depended absolutely upon him alone; that the power of life and death was in his hands; and that all the Old Testament predictions received their fulfillment in him. So strong were these claims that on one occasion the Jews were exasperated with him and said, "What sign shovest thou us if thou be all that thou claimest to be?" In answer to this challenge, Christ referred to his resurrection and said, "If I do not rise again from the dead, do not believe my claim." On his resurrection, therefore, Jesus Christ based the vindication of all his claims—as Paul says, "He was declared to be the Son of God by his resurrection from the dead." So long as Christ's resurrection remains an accredited fact of history, then that Galilean peasant, Jesus of Nazareth, is indeed in truth the Son of the Most High God, and the Saviour of the world.

Christ's enemies realized the importance of Jesus' resurrection, and because of this, bribed the soldiers to say that the disciples came and stole away his body.

What a comfort the resurrection is to the believer, who has placed his hope and confidence in the life to come in Jesus Christ the Savior of the world! The world may deride, and mock, and sneer, and ridicule, but the believer exclaims, "I know that my Redeemer liveth," and this is ample evidence that the believer's faith has not been misplaced.

II. The resurrection of Christ is a guarantee of our own resurrection.

Paul's thoughtful and inspired inference from Christ's resurrection is this: "Because he lives, we shall live also." In the words of Dr. Parker, the apostle is continually amplifying. Place an acorn in his hand and immediately he feels the weight of a mighty oak. Give him one little bulb, and immediately you have touched the fountains of his eloquence and he describes gardens and paradises and heavens. Paul saw the whole in the part—he saw our resurrection in Christ. If Christ rose from the dead, then the graveyard is not a permanent thing. The apostle will have every little child brought back. The resurrection shall be accompanied by a shout—does this shout intimate or signify the spirits leaving heaven and going to the graveyard claiming their bodies? Who knows?

Without the resurrection of Christ, there is no certainty of our own resurrection and that of our loved ones. If Christ be not risen then all who have died have perished eternally. Then we have no hope of seeing those who have gone before. But we have a better hope than that. "Because I live, ye shall live also." As in Adam all die, so in Christ shall all be made alive. "For if the dead rise not, then is not Christ raised."

Firm and fast as the grave now seems to hold the bodies of our dear loved ones, it is now doomed as a fruit of Christ's resurrection, and will be compelled one day to relax its grasp, and yield them up to us again. Empty as was Joseph's sepulchre when the angel stood before it, so shall one day be every grave on earth, when another angel shall sound his trumpet and it shall ring through all the regions of the dead, and still all to life again.

III. The resurrection of Christ manifests his victory over death and the grave.

Up to this time, death's claims had been undisputed. All opposition to that dead enemy had been without effect. Sin reigned in the realm and sovereignty of death, and death reigned in sin. The purpose of Christ's coming into the world and assuming human form was that he might by his own death abolish death as the wages of sin. It was when he rose and left the dead that Satan's empire fell. Christ's victory over death was dramatically complete on the day of his resurrection.