

the presence of the Sin-bearer. There hung Christ bearing the world's sin, laden with it, degraded with it, cursed with it. God left Him alone to perish. Friends, can you weigh the agony of soul which His expiring cry, "Eli, Eli, lama sabachthani," expresses? God forsook Him, and this culminating sorrow was too great. He bowed His head and gave up the ghost. You cannot measure that sorrow. You cannot conceive of its weight. Yet all that it was, you and I deserve. In contrast to which, surely the heart sorrow which is now endured is light affliction. The sun has not yet refused to shine upon us. Earth still is solid. And graves still are undisturbed on our account. Friends, none of us are God-forsaken. Ah, how richly we deserve such fate.

Perhaps your mental perplexity is the burden of your distress. It may be from spiritual doubt, or temporal care. Let yours be an extreme case. It still is light in comparison with what you deserve. Let me show you what this is. Look at the familiar garden scene. Our Saviour is alone. His three thus far faithful followers have sunk into sleep. Well He knows the treachery that soon will have Him in its toils. Well He knows what lies before Him in the judgment hall. The cross is present to His view. He anticipates the last dread act, and His mind is hither and thither in search of some relief. "Father," He cries in agony, "If it be possible, let this cup pass from Me. Nevertheless not My will but Thine be done." And, as He resigns Himself to His Father's will, His mental anguish is so great that it starts the bloody sweat which fell upon the ground. Friends,