

## JUDAS ISCARIOT.

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LUKE XXII. 47, 48. JOHN XIII.

## HISTORY OF HIS TREACHERY.

"It was night." Not without reason is this inserted. A deed so black could not bear the light of day. On such hellish plottings the sun would blush and be ashamed to shine. All sinners love the darkness rather than the light, because their deeds are evil. They hate the light, and will not come to the light, lest their deeds should be reproved. Little think they that though men slumber, there is one unseen who neither slumbers nor sleeps: one who has an eye from whose fiery glance nothing is hid, and an arm from whose tremendous sweep none can escape. "Have the workers of iniquity no knowledge? O that they were wise!" "It was night;" but what of that? for if we say, Surely the darkness shall cover us, even the very night itself shall be light about us. Stealthily, silently, as the night-wrapt thief who lurks to seize the expected prey, creeps this miserable man along the deserted streets, till he reaches the Sanhedrim chamber. What a contrast does it present and the inner chamber of his own spirit, to that upper chamber he had just left. **THAT**, the abode of love and peace, like one of the many mansions in our Father's house. **THIS**, the scene of a conspiracy the darkest ever concocted out of hell, and the traitor's heart the home of the devil—the cage of every unclean and filthy bird. The rulers are ravening for the blood of Him with whose fame the country is ringing. Here comes the very man they want. Some days previously he had become privy to their plot, and the base bargain had been closed with them. Ever since the meal in the house of the family of Bethany, about the beginning of this memorable week, when the

mask partially fell off from him, and his mean, mercenary spirit, came repulsively out, his breast had become inflamed with the idea of betraying his Master. Luke xxii. 3, 4.

"What will ye give me?" This lets us at once into the secret of his character. The mask is removed entirely. Before, his covetousness had sought concealment beneath the cloak of an affected charity. Now there is no disguise. If only they will pay him, he is at their service. Never had the covetous man looked the monster as now. Never had this prolific sin looked so loathsome. And what a price for blood, one drop of which is more precious than the wealth of the universe. What will a man give in exchange for his soul? Too often, we know, the veriest trifles; but to barter away the Saviour of the world for less than twenty dollars, exceeds our utmost conceptions of the despicable meanness of avarice. Every opportunity is watched. His malice had been stirred by his Master saying, "One of you is a devil;" by the rebuke dealt him in connection with the alabaster box, and by the hints thrown out at the last Supper: "Ye are clean, but not all," and "One of you shall betray me." His presence had become oppressive and offensive to his Master, and his Master's presence had become embarrassing to him.

Now that he enters the council chamber, it is not for the first time. He is no stranger there. The eager looks cast on him seem to say, "What news." The favourable chance he thinks has come. He knows well the sequestered spot to which, in all probability, his Master would retire from the upper room. Considering the exhausting and exciting scenes through which the Saviour had been passing, and