

HOLY WEEK.

THURSDAY.—Continued.

St. Peter was now warned that he would thrice deny his Lord before the cock crew. It was night when Judas went out. And now was ordained that new Passover, that new feast, that most blessed, most mysterious feast of love, that Sacrament whereby we both show forth the Lord's death, and partake of His life, that we may live by Him. "As they were eating Jesus, took bread and blessed it, and brake it, and gave thanks, and gave it to the disciples, and said Take eat; this is My body. And He took the cup, and gave thanks, and gave it to them saying drink ye all of it; for this is My blood of the New Testament, which is shed for many for the remission of sins." This bread He blessed, He consecrated by His blessing to be unto us His body; this wine He also commanded by His blessing to be unto us His blood. Then His disciples fed spiritually upon their Lord: thus did this Man give us His flesh to eat, which is meat indeed; thus did He give us His blood to drink, which is drink indeed. Thus was accomplished that mystery which could not be understood by the unbelieving when they asked, "How can this Man give us His flesh to eat?" Thus did He ordain that feast whereby His Church would be fed even unto the end of the world; thus did He ordain that feast whereby the souls of all His servants, new-born in Baptism, would be sustained in spiritual life and strength till they appeared before Him. Thus beforehand did He prefigure the sacrifice of Himself, His own passion, His own sufferings, the pouring out of His blood, the rending and piercing of His body how can we be Christ's disciples if we neglect to derive life and strength from Christ in this blessed Sacrament? How can we be His disciples if we break the loving commandment our Lord willed He gave to us the night on which He was betrayed, the night before He suffered for our sakes.

O Blessed Lord, though we be unworthy to gather up the crumbs under Thy table, may we thankfully draw near and partake of Thy Body and Blood, so that our sinful bodies may be cleansed, and our unclean souls purified by Thy Body and Blood. May we thankfully do this thing in remembrance of Thee, and so prepare ourselves for this blessed Supper that we may derive therefrom that grace and strength which Thou doest graciously convey. O Lord, we bless and praise Thee for inviting us to this mysterious banquet provided for the strengthening and refreshing of our souls.

Many comfortable words did our Lord speak to His disciples at that Supper. He declared Himself to be the Way, the Truth, the life. He gave the great promise of the Comforter. He shed abroad upon their hearts His gift of peace. They then sang a hymn and went out to the Mount of Olives that beloved place where our Saviour was wont to resort with His disciples. On their road He spoke other comfortable words, and offered up a prayer to His Father for the unity of His flock.

And now our Lord drew near to the garden of Gethsemane; leaving the rest of the disciples He took with Him the beloved three, Peter, James, and John; then from even these three He withdrew Himself about a stone's cast, that He might be alone. Awful was that hour; sleep was upon man, yet the Son of Man had His watch to keep; in the stillness of the night, in the dark garden, in solitude, the sorrows of death came upon Him. He had said to His disciples, "My soul is exceeding sorrowful, even unto death;" and when He left them at a little distance this exceeding sorrow increased greatly. Agony came upon Him, bitter anguish, distress of spirits; thrice He threw Himself upon the earth; thrice He prayed to His Father to remove the cup of death from Him if it were possible, submitting Himself to His Father's will if it behoved Him to suffer. He prayed in an agony of prayer; He threw Himself upon the ground; He bowed Himself to the earth; and as He prayed His agony was so great that His sweat was as it were great drops of blood; the sorrow of His soul so overcame the flesh that His veins gave forth blood. While He was thus suffering so very heavily, His disciples slept; He was alone in His sorrow, and yet not alone, for an angel appeared strengthening Him.

And all this sorrow of Christ was for our sakes, by reason of our sin; all this anguish

was borne for us; we caused it; for us it was endured. Nothing had He done, for He was without sin. It was the weight of our sorrows which bent Him to the earth, which caused His soul to overflow with sorrow, and which made His flesh to weep forth tears of blood.

Most holy, most loving Saviour, grant that we may continually behold Thee in Thy agony, that we may learn to hate sin more and more, and more and more to love Thee for Thy most wonderful love. Blessed be Thy Name for Thy exceeding mercy in becoming the man of sorrows, who needst never have sorrowed.

O son of the Highest, grant that we may behold Thee in Thy agony bowed to the earth in deep abasement, bowing Thy head low, humbling Thyself before Thy Father, and teach us somewhat thus to pour out our complaint unto God, thus after the manner of Thy earnestness to offer prayers, kneeling down and seeking Thee in all times of lonely sorrow and desolation, who hast Thyself felt all the tribulations of man, who knowest all our heaviness. Have pity on us when we have to taste the bitter cup of affliction; when our head is a fountain of tears, come down and succour us; by Thy bloody sweat we pray Thee to comfort us in our hour of agony, and to strengthen us by Thine own presence and by the ministrations of Thine angels.

The hour was now come for the Lord to be delivered into the hands of men. With lanterns, and torches, and staves, a great multitude led by Judas, who knew the place, came and seized hold of Jesus and led Him away to Annas and Caiaphas. When He was examined in the presence of the chief-priests, and elders, and scribes, and confessed Himself to be the Son of God, they did spit in His face and buffeted Him; and "others," smote Him: with the palm of their hands." Alas, at this time, St. Peter, on being asked whether he knew his Lord, thrice denied that he knew Him; then, as the cock crew, our Lord turned and looked upon Peter; he remembered His words, and went out and wept bitterly. O that we may be able bravely to confess our Lord; or, if we fall, may we as quickly and as sincerely repent of our sins. It was now night. Look back and think over all the scenes of this momentous day, and in great awe consider the cursedness of sin which thus brought our Lord from all the glories of heaven to this bitter agony, to this deep shame and sorrow; consider how often we ourselves have grieved this loving Lord and forgotten the sufferings which He bore to rescue us from the power of sin. On our knees let us confess in all sincerity the greatness and multitude of our sins, praying earnestly for pardon, and resolving by the aid of the Holy Spirit to walk more closely with our Blessed Saviour for the remainder of our lives.

GOOD FRIDAY.

This day let our words be few, our thoughts many and very deep. Let us by faith behold the Man of sorrows in the height and extremity of His sorrows; let us think, meditate, ponder, through and through, over and over, in all ways, trying to know the great act of this great day, though we know nothing; yet let us speak but little, let us almost hold our breath, and in awful stillness stand, as the whole scene of Scripture words passes before our eyes in its fearful vividness. It is the day of the cross, the good day, the evil day, the blessed and the bitter day. Very early was our Lord led to the high-priest and to the council. Bound with cords He was led from thence to Pilate, from Pilate to mocking Herod, and from Herod to Pilate. Judas in the mean time hanged himself, loosing all he had thought to gain, and hurrying himself into that everlasting woe which he had drawn upon himself by the darkest sin ever committed upon earth. Pilate pronounced our Lord innocent; but the people thirsted for the blood of the Holy One, and the wavering judge yielded to the madness of the people. Behold now the ever blessed Jesus condemned, given over to death, even the death of the cross. Behold Him scourged, mocked with the purple robe, crowned with the sharp, piercing crown of thorns, derided, sticken, bearing His cross, fainting under it until it was laid on Simon the Cyrenian; taken to Golgotha, offered the vinegar and gall, nailed upon the cross, from which He prayed for His murderers, lifted up above the blasphemous

crowd, with a thief on either side numbered among transgressors, derided by one thief, confessed by another, to whom He promised a place that day in Paradise for his most wonderful faith; beholding His mother, loving her, caring for her in the midst of His own deepening agonies, delivering her to St. John, crying out at the ninth hour, after fearful darkness had come over the earth, those awful and mysterious words, "Eli, Eli, lama sabaethani;" crying out again, "I thirst;" tasting the vinegar that was brought to Him; then saying, "It is finished;" after this, "Father into Thy hands I commend My spirit;" bowing His head, giving up the ghost, the veil of the temple being at this time rent in twain.

Thus began, thus ended the scene of blood. What shall we say! Yea, let us rather keep silence, even from good words. O Holy Saviour, what can we say concerning Thy cross, Thy suffering, Thy death? We stand before Thee confused, awe-struck, amazed, humbled, overwhelmed with misery, convinced of sin, overpowered with Thy love. We bow ourselves before Thee this day; we ask to know Thy love, which passeth knowledge; we ask to know our own sinfulness, that we may lay the weight of our sins at Thy feet, and that by Thy cross our sins may be forgiven. All we know is that Thou didst suffer out of Thy love, that we desire to be saved by Thy blood, not knowing how to speak except with stammering lips, casting ourselves before Thee on this great, good day, and saying, "Lord Jesus, have mercy on us."

When it drew towards evening, the soldiers broke the legs of the two thieves, who were yet alive, and on finding that our Lord was dead already, one of them pierced His side and "forthwith came thereout blood and water." Later in the evening Joseph of Arimathea begged the body of Jesus, which he laid in his own new tomb hewn out of a rock. Nicodemus also showed his love at this time, while Mary Magdalene and the other Mary beheld where He was laid.

SATURDAY.

This was the great Sabbath; yea, it was indeed the greatest of Sabbaths, since God rested from the creation, a day of awful blessed rest, the day on which our Lord rested from the work which He had finished upon the cross, the day on which His body, so lately in an agony, so lately scourged, rent, torn with the nails, fainting, giving forth his blood which is the life, was calm and still, in deep repose, placid, unmoved, free from pain, past all suffering, taking sweet rest in Joseph's grave. Yet was it an awful stillness, awful repose and rest, for it was the rest of death; death, the mystery, the fruit of sin, was on His limbs; death had passed over Him; it was not taking of rest in sleep. Awful it is to see the stillness that comes upon any sufferer when he dies; the cry of anguish, the convulsed limbs, the tortures that precede death, yield to an awful stillness when we say, "he is dead." How much more mysterious and awful the death of the Son of Man, who is God of God! To have subjected Himself to death, to have gone through it, to have experienced the common lot of man, this is Christ's love manifest in His death.

Through the hours of the Sabbath He was at rest; the stone was at the door of the sepulchre; His body lay untouched and undisturbed; His soul was in Paradise. "To-day shalt thou be with Me in Paradise," He said on the cross to the penitent and dying thief. When He gave up the ghost, thither did His soul go to tarry till the first day of the week.

Through the hours of this day let us meditate in holy stillness on the mystery of death, and pray very earnestly for God's grace that being ourselves buried by Baptism unto death, we may continue dead to the world, and thus be prepared for that hour when we must ourselves be laid in our tomb. O Blessed, blessed Jesus, when it is our hour to depart hence, grant that our flesh may be laid in the grave with hope, and that our souls may pass into Paradise. Be thou with us in the hour of death, be thou with our spirits when they are separated from the flesh, and take them nearer to Thyself; take them to the blessed place of departed saints, who have fallen asleep in Thee, and in Thee have found a sabbath of sweet rest.

Thus, brother, have we journeyed through the chief acts of this Holy Week. May we have grace to think of these things more

deeply all our lives, and not let them pass away like the scenes of a dream! Amen.

Advertisements.

WILLIAM HODGINS,
ARCHITECT and CIVIL ENGINEER,
LONDON, CANADA WEST.

February, 1852.

28-1f

T. BILTON,
MERCHANT TAILOR,
No. 2, Wellington Buildings,
King street Toronto.
Toronto, February, 1852.

27-1f

MR. S. J. STRATFORD,
SURGEON AND OCULIST,
Church Street, above Queen Street, Toronto
The Toronto Dispensary, for Diseases of the
EYE, in rear of the same.
Toronto, January 13th, 1837.

CARD.

MR. R. G. PAIGE,
TEACHER of Italian and English Singing
Piano Forte and Organ, &c., having be-
come resident in Toronto, will be happy to
receive application for tuition in the above
branches of Musical Education.
Residence, No. 62, Church Street.
Toronto, 28th July, 1852.

J. P. CLARKE, Mus. Bac. K. C.

PROFESSOR OF THE PIANO-FORTE,
SINGING AND GUITAR,
Residence, Shuter Street.
Toronto, May 7, 1851.

41-1ly

JOHN CRAIG,
GLASS STAINER,
Flag, Banner, and Ornamental Painter
HOUSE PAINTING, GRAINING, &c., &c.
No. 7, Waterloo Buildings, Toronto.
September 14th, 1851.

6-1f

W. MORRISON,
Watch Maker and Manufacturing Jeweler,
SILVER SMITH, &c.
No. 9, KING STREET WEST, TORONTO.
A NEAT and good assortment of Jewellery
Watches, Clocks, &c. Spectacles, Jewellery
and Watches of all kinds made and repaired to order.
Utmost value given for old Gold and Silver.
Toronto, Jan. 28, 1847.

61

MR. WILLIAM HAY,
Architect, Civil engineer, and Surveyor,
No. 18, King Street, Toronto.

REFERENCES permitted to the Hon. and
Right Reverend the Lord Bishop of Toron-
to, the Rev. John McCaul, LL. D., President of
the University of Toronto—the Rev. H. J. Grasett,
M. A., Rector of Toronto—the Rev. T. S. Ken-
nedy, Secretary to the Church Society, Toronto,
and the Rev. R. J. Mudgeorge, of Streetsville.
Toronto, Oct. 14th, 1852.

11-2m

M. ANDERSON,
PORTRAIT PAINTER.
IN his tour of the British Provinces, has visited
Toronto for a short time, and is prepared to
receive Sitings at his Rooms, 108, Yonge Street.
Toronto, Dec. 10th, 1852.

25-1f

HERBERT MORTIMER
BROKER,
House, Land and General Agent,
No. 80, KING STREET EAST, TORONTO,
(Opposite St. James's Church.)
REFERENCE kindly permitted to J. Cameron, Esq., T. G.
Ridout, Esq., Jas. Browne, Esq., W. McMaster, Esq., P.
Paterson, Esq., Messrs. J. C. Beckett & Co., Bows & Hall,
Crawford & Hagarty, Ridout Brothers & Co., Ross, Mitchell
& Co.
Twenty years' Debentures constantly on Sale, at a liberal
discount.
Toronto, October 1st, 1852.

5-1f

JUST PUBLISHED.
THE RISE AND PROGRESS
OF
TRINITY COLLEGE, TORONTO.
With a sketch of the Life of the
LORD BISHOP OF TORONTO,
as connected with Church Education in Canada,
BY HENRY MELVILLE M. D.,

The Appendix contains a list of the Benefactors
to the College.
Demy 8mo, Boards—Price to Non Subscribers
7s. 6d.

HENRY ROWSELL, Publisher.
8 Wellington Buildings, King Street.
Toronto, Dec. 8th, 1852.

19-1f