

finally betray his God for money. To avert this he was put into a chest, and thrown into the sea; but the sea casting him back again, he was brought up by the king of that country. Having killed the king's son, he fled to Judæa, and was employed by Pilate as a page. Learning the secret of his birth and hearing of the power of Christ to forgive sins, he seeks Him out, and becomes one of His followers. The disciples necessarily had some one to hold the common purse, and Judas, from natural avarice, obtained that post. The betrayal of his Lord naturally followed—Satan entered the soul of Judas, and for thirty pieces of silver he betrayed his God. There is a legend, or what may be more than a legend, that in the siege of Jerusalem, Titus, the Roman emperor, was in the habit of selling thirty Jews for one penny, as if to remind them of their crime by this grim piece of irony. When our Lord was condemned to death, Judas repented, or at least was sorry, and he went and hanged himself, as the inspired Word says, with an halter. The death of Judas is a frightful subject. When he threw down the money to the priests and rushed out of the synagogue, he fled onward, and suddenly came, in the gloom of night, where two men, with two rough pieces of timber, were fashioning a cross, the cross upon which his Lord was to be crucified. There is a legend that the body of Judas was visible as the sorrowful procession passed up the hill of Calvary. The way in which legendary art has depicted the death of Judas is simply awful, shocking. The Mahometans who reverence our Lord, but do not worship Him as the *Son of God*, have a curious tradition about Judas—they believe that Christ ascended into heaven at the time of the crucifixion, and that Judas was crucified in His place. He is the disgrace of humanity—Satan betrayed man, but Judas betrayed God, and the poets represent Lucifer as giving him a joyful reception in hell.

There is a person also mentioned in the Gospel narrative that attained some prominence in brutality towards our Lord, and who is regarded as a sort of lesser Judas. This is Malchus, a servant of the High Priest. It will be remembered that this is the person whose ear the irate chief of the apostles cut off. Though the merciful Saviour healed the servant, and counseled His disciple, the tradition is that the servant became the more incensed and enraged against his Benefactor. In the undignified position in which art has represented this too willing servant of a bad master, Malchus is seen holding on to the robe of Judas for protection—turning to the worst specimen of humanity for aid while the Hope of Salvation was at hand. And later, when our Lord gave the answer to Caiaphas, that caused the latter to rend his garments, the unpardonable wretch that lifted his hand to strike our Lord was the same officer—Malchus.

There are many legends connected with Pilate and his wife. It was said by some that the dream of the wife was suggested by Satan to prevent the Redemption of mankind, but the gospel is express that Satan entered Judas. When the Jews were clamorous that our Lord should be brought before Pilate, at their request he sent a messenger for Him. The messenger, struck by the majesty of our Lord approached Him with deference, repeating his message in the most respectful way, and spreading his cloak for Him to walk on. A guard of soldiers with the Roman ensigns before them were subsequently sent, and the imperial ensigns bowed down before our Lord. The news of this filled the Jews with greater hatred and alarm, and they tried to make Pilate believe that the soldiers who carried the ensigns were followers of our Lord. To appease the crowd the cowardly-hearted Pilate was willing to do anything, and at the Jews' request twelve strong men with ensigns were sent to summon our Lord. As they appeared before Him the ensigns bowed as before. Then the false witnesses told their conflicting stories before Pilate, and he, rendered more uneasy by his wife, made that compromise with what seemed to be conscience within him. To him, as a Roman, it was a Jewish affair; Caiaphas, the Jewish high priest, had no power to put any one to death—Jews being subjects of Rome, their own law was not in force. Then was the great Judge of mankind sent backwards and forwards between these unworthy human judges—enemies

before but now friends—and what was so shocking in all that strange and unparalleled trial, He was sentenced to be scourged before He was found guilty. It was by Pilate's order that our Lord was scourged. Stripes in the Jewish law were limited to forty, but for fear of a miscount were confined to thirty-nine. The Roman law had no limit, and there are various conjectures as to the number our Lord received—numbers from three hundred to five thousand being given. There is a tradition that He was not beaten with rods like a free man, but with whips like a slave.

After the Flagellation, He was hurried on to be sentenced—His footprints staining the ground with blood, as was revealed to St. Bridget—He was crowned with thorns, and condemned to death on the cross. One tradition in respect to the crown of thorns is that on the "night He was taken, they led Him into a garden where He was first examined very sharply; and there the Jews scorned Him and made Him a crown of the branches of aubespine, or white thorn, which grew in the same garden, and set it on His head, so fast and so sore that the blood ran down on many parts of His face, neck and shoulders. Afterwards, our Lord was led forth before the bishops and masters of the law into another garden belonging to Annas; and there also He was examined, reproved and scorned and crowned again with a white thorn, which is called barberines, which grew in that garden and which hath also many virtues. And afterwards He was led into a garden of Caiaphas, and there He was crowned with eglantine. And after He was led into the chamber of Pilate, and there He was examined and crowned. And the Jews set Him in a chair and clad Him in a mantle and there they made the crown of rushes of the sea; and there they knelt to Him and scorned Him, saying, "Hail! King of the Jews!"*

FIRESIDE.

(To be continued).

FLORES MEMORIÆ.

How often does the sunshine of the past light up the chambers of memory? At eventide, as day sinks into the arms of night and kisses farewell upon each gloomy summit, we are reminded of the last fond *adieux* of departed friends. Around the sacred precincts of the fireside when the shades of still night gather about us, we feel the breath of other days possessing our hearts as an aroma of memory. The old clock ticks its *jours*!—*jamais!* as if to give fit setting to our contemplation. Sweet reveries! bid me to the past, that I may better love my brightest ideals of the future. Behold in poetic vision a day-dream of youth! Where are the actors of life's morning drama? Are they yet upon the stage? Has the curtain of death fallen upon their lives and shut them out from view? With some the wand of boyhood has been wrested from their hands, and the sceptre of manhood—the iron sceptre of reality placed in its stead. With others the flower has been crushed before the noontide sun had kissed its hues. Gather 'round, shades of memory! The cypress may garland your brows but your voices are grateful and your names "dear as remembered kisses after death." Let us people once more the old college play-ground. It is a morn in September, ripened with the glory of boyhood's dreams. Under the stately pine and spreading balsam stand groups of students in whose eyes and cheeks may be traced glints of the sunny south fragrance from the pines of Michigan—flowers from a Rochester conservatory—and youthful devotees of the *fleur de lis* from *le bas Canada*. All with hearts as wild as birds, but earnest as the deepest passion. They are discussing games—baseball, football, etc., in classic tongue,

* Sir John Maundeville, who gives these and many other traditions of the Holy Land, says that he beheld this crown of rushes at Constantinople and at Paris "for they were both one" being divided by men into two parts. He adds, "And I have one of these precious thorns, which seems like a white thorn, and it was given to me as a great favour." He wrote about the year 1350.