

infirmities; the first expression of which was to this blessed thief: Christ and he together sat at the supper of bitter herbs, and Christ payed his symbol, promising that he should *that day* be together with him in *Paradise*.

By the crosse of Christ stood the holy Virgin-Mother, upon whom old Simeon's prophesie was now verified: for she now felt *a sword passing through her very soul*: she stood without clamour and womanish noises, sad, silent, and with a modest grief, deep as the waters of the abyse, but smooth as the face of a pool, full of love, and patience, and hope. Now she was put to it to make use of all those excellent discourses her holy Son had used to build up her spirit and fortifie it against this day. Now she felt the blessings and strength of faith, and she passed from the griefs of the passion to the expectation of the resurrection, and she rested in this death as a sad remedy: for she knew it reconciled God with all the world. But here hope drew a veil before her sorrow; and though her grief was great enough to swallow her up, yet her love was greater and did swallow up her grief. But the sun also had a veil upon his face, and taught us to draw a curtain before the passion, which would be the most artificial expression of his greatness, whilst by silence and wonder we confess it great beyond our expression, or, which is all one, great as the burthen and baseness of our sins. And with this veil drawn before the face of *Jesus*, let us suppose him at the gates of *Paradise*, calling, with his last words, in a loud voice, to have them opened, that *the King of glory might come in*.



ON MYSTERIES IN RELIGION.

(*From the Christian Remembrancer.*)

It is a favourite thesis in the schools of infidelity, that religion ends, where mystery begins. It would facilitate the establishment of this position, if it could be vindicated from a very obvious exception; that there is no department of science or philosophy which is exempt from mysteries; that is, from difficulties, which the sagacity of man cannot unfold, which no sense can penetrate and no language express, and which speak peremptorily to the curiosity of the