

heard enough to excite their hearts with grief and with rage against those who slew their generous master, but the sight of that bloody robe said more than all. No sooner did their eyes rest upon that, as it was spread forth to their view, than every frame trembled, every sword leaped from its scabbard and one loud and terrible cry arose "Death to the traitors !" With one voice and with one terrible shout the vow was taken by that vast crowd, "We will pursue them to the death—we will be avenged." Come, behold in this scene a faint view of the many reasons which unite to fill your souls this day with emotions too deep and too strong for language to utter. You have been called together to hear that your best and your only friend has been cruelly slain. His innocent soul overflowed with compassion and kindness. Shall we attempt to speak of what he did for you ? Words are not sufficient for this. You may think and be lost in wonder, but you cannot tell to others the wonders, the depths and the riches of that compassion and love, which all the sins of your lives and loathsomeness of your hearts did not and could not turn away. He found you wandering in the dreary and dark wilderness as poor outcasts, destitute and perishing—dangers were on every hand—enemies were wishing to overtake and destroy your soul. Death and all the miseries of Hell were ready to seize and swallow you up; and, ah ! you sought not deliverance from Him. Filled with malice were your hearts and the weapons of rebellion were in your hands. He looked down from His throne, where, in possession of perfect bliss, He reigned and received the adoration of the heavenly hosts. He pitied and came down. He saved from death, He subdued the enemies that had you in bondage, He broke your fetters and opened the prison doors, He opened up a rich store house, full of the richest abundance. Will not every heart wonder and ever remember the kindness and the love of Jesus ? and with what feelings will you hear , that when on the errand of mercy, when