

mingle tears with his blood. A solitary widow offered him relief by giving him a handkerchief to wipe off the blood that obscured his sight—but behold his unbounded charity—forgetful of his suffering he embraced this opportunity of exhorting them all to repentance, and warning them of their approaching fate, “weep,” says he, “not for me but for yourselves and for your children, for the time approaches when you will call upon the mountains to fall upon you, and the hills to cover you.” As if he would say my sufferings are almost over, but yours are soon to begin—your city once the favorite of heaven shall be destroyed, your empire overturned, war, pestilence, and famine, shall complete the degradation of your country. The remnant of your race shall be sold as slaves to the Gentiles, and live detested by all nations—your land “which flowed with milk and honey,” shall be laid waste, your cities shall be levelled to the ground, a stone of the great Jerusalem shall not be left on another—your temple shall be consumed by fire, no sacrifice shall ever more be offered on its altars, and no priesthood shall exist among you to appease the wrath of God. These are the evils you should lament, and not my sufferings which will shortly end.

Exhausted from a loss of blood, and unable to proceed, he falls down almost lifeless under the weight of the cross. Unmoved by pity, inaccessible to remorse, they would force him to resume his load—but the morning had advanced and persecution admits of no delay—they employ a countryman to carry the fallen load, whilst Jesus is conducted as described by Isaiah, “like a sheep to the slaughter, and opened not his mouth.” They arrive at Mount Calvary, and now the work of death commences—an enormous cross is extended on the earth, nails and hammers are prepared, the ropes are adjusted, and the victim is produced. O! good God! could they not end your sufferings with a single blow? Was it necessary that all