

upon him and by his bruises we have been healed." Let us now ascend in spirit to the hill of Calvary to witness the scene that is there transpiring, to assist at the bloody but all-atoning sacrifice of Jesus on the Cross. He has already hung nearly three long hours on the ignominious gibbet, a spectacle to angels and to men. His life-blood is ebbing fast through the five wounds until the fountains of the heart are well-nigh exhausted. An awful darkness is stealing over Calvary's hill and wrapping it in its pitchy folds; the graves are being stirred with a strange life, for the dead are awaking from their sleep of ages, startled into life by the divine tragedy, and are about to walk through the streets of the holy city. At this awful moment the Jews cease not to mock and deride our dying Saviour and to scoff at His untold sorrows and abandonment. One would expect that our Lord in His justice would summon His angels to destroy those guilty wretches and rid the world of deicides, no longer worthy