### AND CATHOLIC CHRONICLE. MAY 17. THE TRUE WITNESS

whole amount had gone; all that remained. being a couple of houses he had purchased years since, one of which, my early home was now unlet.

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Insult and wrong were daily heaped on my head by my husband, who had always counted, seoner or later, on my winning my father's forgiveness and obtaining a handsome property. To obtain permission to keep my beloved imbecile parent near me, I allowed him to sell the home I have spoken of, but the term of peace effected by yielding to his brutality was of short duration. In all I suffered I recognized the hand of retributive justice, and considered myself as one undergoing a term of penance. I felt that if those who are rightcous bear their cross without murmuring, how much more was it incumbent on me to do so.

It was at last with a kind of melancholy pleasure that I heard my dear father speak of and mourn for me as one dead. Far better ho should have entertained that idea than the correct one.

I knew my old friend, Father Lawson, was often in London, and I sent him my address, at a time when I knew my husband (a Protestant in faith) would be absent.

I longed to let him see that the days of purification were passing over my head.

Of course, my poor father retained no recollection of him. I saw his eyes fill with tears when I led him in. I told him my whole story, the kind of husband the man had made whom I had chosen to marry in spite of the prayers and wishes of my best friends. I told him how my farther's wealth had vanished like chaff before the wind; how my pretty babe was pining away before my face; how I was abused, ill-treated, struck. I laid my hands on that of him who had loved me with such matchless love, my father, and I said, "In singing to him and soothing him is my sweetest consolation; my greatest fear lest my tyrant husband should separate me from him;" adding, "think you, father, I am redceming the past? I have schooled myself to the strictest patience; I have learned to be reviled and not revile again, to work for him to reap, to be silent under his abuse, to regard all that happens to me as the penalty of sin and folly, to consider that my future life must be a cross borne in the spirit of explation."

"The days have, indeed, come," he said, "of your carthly purification. Continue thus to atone for the past, which you cannot now recall." He then drew from his pocket that French copy of the Imitation of Christ which I showed you, and turning down the chapter headed, " The Love of Jesus above all things," told me to make that chapter my daily study.

My baby died; a little girl was born to me; few months old. How pitiful a sight it was to witness the love of my dear father for that child, whom he would call by no other name than Grace.

My grief was very great at first after consigning my little ones to the grave. At last a dull apathy stole over me, and I finally rejoiced that the sinless ones had been gathered home by their Heavenly Father's mercy before their own earthly father could teach them to sin.

At last the day of release came, but not before my husband had well nigh stripped our house of every comfort—I may almost add, of every necessary every necessary.

His brutality had become unbounded on

if in my poor power, to do so. "My poor, poor Grace," I said, and quite overcome by hor sorrowful state, I laid my head on her shoulder, and gave way to a flood of tears.

(To be Continued.)

# ATONEMENT.

# "The Passion and Crucifixion of Jesus Christ."

### SERMON DELIVERED BY THE REV. FATHER BURKE, ON GOOD FRIDAY, IN NEW YORK CITY.

(From the New York Irish American.) "All you that pass this way, come and see, if there be any sorrow like unto my sorrow."

These words are found in the Lamentations of the Prophet Jeremiah. There is a festival, dearly beloved brethren, ordained by the Almighty God, for the tenth day of the seventh month of the Jowish year; and this festival was called the "Day of Atonement." Now amongst the Commandments that the Almighty God gave concerning the "Day of Atonement," there was this remarkable one :---"Every Soul," said the Lord, "that shall not be afflicted on that day, shall perish from out the land." The commandment that he gave them was a commandment of sorrow, because it was the day of atonement. The day of the Christian atonement has come-the day of the mighty sacrifice by which the world was redoemed. And if, at other seasons, we are told to rejoice-in the words of the Scripture -"rejoice in the Lord ; I say to you, rejoice,"-today with our holy mother, the Church, we must put off the garments of joy, and clothe ourselves in the garments of sorrow. If, at other times, we are told to be glad in the Lord—according to the words of Scripture, "rejoice in the Lord and beglad,"-today the command is that every soul shall be afflicted; and the soul that is not afflicted shall perish. And, now, before we enter upon the consideration of the terrible sufferings of our Lord Jesus Christ-all that He endured for our salvation-it is necessary, my dearly beloved brethren, that we should turn our thoughts to

#### THE VICTIM.

whom we contemplate this night dying for our sins. That Victim was our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, the Son of God. When the Almighty God, after the first two thousand years of the world's history, resolved to destroy the whole race of mankind, on account of their sins. He flooded the earth ; and in that universal in, He wiped out the sin by destroying the sinners. Now, in that early hour of God's first terrible visitation, the water that overwhelmed the whole world, and destroyed all mankind, came from three sources. First of all, we are told, that God, with His own hand, drew back the bolts of Heaven, and rained down water from Heaven, upon the earth. Secondly, we are told, that all the secret springs and fountains, that were in the bosom of the earth itself, burst and came forth-"the fountain of the great abyss burst forth." says Holy Writ. Thirdly, we are told, that the green ocean it faded away and died, too, when it was but a itself overflowed its shores and its banks; and the sea uprose, until the waters covered the mountain tops. Thus, dearly beloved brethren, in this inun-dation, this flood of suffering and sorrow that came upon the Son of God, made man, we find that this flood of agony and sufferings burst forth from three distinct sources. First of all, from Heaven, the Eternal Father sending down

### THE MERCILESS HAND OF JUSTICE.

to strike His own Divine Son. Secondly, from Christ our Lord Himself. As from the hidden fountains of the earth, sending forth their springs so, from amid the very heart and soul of Jesus Christ --from the very nature of His being-do we gather scources of all the sufferings that we are about to touch Him; but, by that very touch, she was made contemplate. A just and angry God in Heaven; most pure and holy and loving Man-God upon earth, having to endure all that hell could produce of most wicked and most demoniac rage against Him. God's justice rose up-for, remember, God was angry on this Good Friday-the Eternal Father rose up in Heaven, in all His power,-He rose up in all His justice. Before Him was a Victim for all pox. I nursed him carefully and showed him the sins that ever had been committed; before Him was the Victim of a fallen race, that was never never to see him, so long as they remained upon this earth; before him, in the very person of Jesus Christ Himself, were represented, THE ACCUMULATED SINS OF ALL THE RACE OF MANKIND Hitherto, we read in the Gospel that when the Father from Heaven looked down upon His Own Divine Child upon earth, He was accustomed to send forth Ilis voice in such language as this-"This is my beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased." Hitherto, no sin, no deformity, no vileness was there but the beauty of Heaven itself in that fairest form of human body-in that beautiful soul, and in the fullness of the divinity that dwelt in Jesus Christ. Well might the father exclaim..." This is my beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased!" But, to-day, --oh, to-day !-- the sight of the beloved Son excites no pleasure in the Father's eyes-brings forth no word of consolation or of love from the Father's lips. And why? Because the all-holy and all-beloved Son by adding to our little income, by embroidering of God, on this Good Friday, took upon Him the garment of our sins-of all that His Father detested upon this earth; all that ever raised the quick anger of the Eternal God; all that ever made Him put forth His arm ; strong in judgment and in vengeance -all this is concentrated upon the sacred person of Him who became the victim for the sins of men. How fair He seems to us, when we look up to that beautiful figure of Jesus-how fair He seems to His Virgin Mother, when she held Him in her arms, when no beauty or coincliness was left in Him-how fair He seemed to the Magdalen, again who saw Him,

From Father Lawson I learned that you, Madam, were one of the favorite ladies of our dear, saintly ex-queen. He told me how it was you were here and charged and the how it was you were here, and charged me to aid you, | burned. All the sins that Almighty God, in Heaven, saw in that hour of His wrath, when He rained down fire—all these did He, see, on this Good Friday morning, upon His own divine and adorable Son,

ALL THE SINS THAT EVER MAN COMMITTED, were upon Him; in the hour of His humiliation and of His agony, because He was truly man; because He was a voluntary victim for our sins ; because He stepped in between our nature, that was to be destroyed, and the avenging hand of the Father lifted for our destruction ; and these sins upon Him became an argument to make the Almighty God in Heaven forget, in that hour, every attribute of His mercy, and put forth against His mercy, and put forth against His Son all the omnipotence of His justice. Consider it well; let it enter into your minds-the strokes of the Divine vengeance that would have ruined you and me, and sunk us into hell for all eternity were rained by the unsparing hand of Omnipotence, in that hour, upon our Lord Jesus Christ.

The second fountain and source from which came forth the deluge of His sorrow and His suffering was His own divine heart and His own immaculate nature. For, remember, He was as truly man as He was God. From the moment Mary received the

### ETERNAL WORD INTO HER WOMB,

from that moment Christ, the Second Person of the Blessed Trinity was as truly man as He was God; and in that hour of His Incarnation a human body and a human soul were created for Him. Now, first of all, that human soul that He took was the purest and most perfect that God could make-perfect in every natural perfection-in the quickness and comprehensiveness of His intelligence-in the large capacity for love in its human heart-in the great depth of its generosity and exalted human spirit. Nay, more, the very body in which that blessed soul was enshrined was so formed that it was the most perfect body that was ever given to man. Now, the perfection of the body in man lies in a delicate organization-in the extreme delicacy of fibre, muscle and nerve; because they make it a fitting instrument in order that the soul within may inspire it. The more perfect, therefore, the human body is, the more sensitive it is to shame, the more deeply does it feel degradation, the more quickly do dishonor and humiliation, like a two-edged sword, pierce the spirit. Nay, the more sensitive it is to pain, the more does it shrink away naturally from that which causes pain; and that which would be pain to a grosser organization is actual agony, is actual torment, to the perfect man, formed with such a soul that at the very touch of his body the sensitive soul is made cognizant of pleasure and of pain, of joy and of sorrow. What follows this? St. Bonaventure, in his " Life of Christ," tells us that so dolicate was the sacred and most perfect body of our Lord, that even the paim of His hand or the sole of His foot was more sensitive than the inner pupil of the eye of any ordinary man ; that even the least touch caused Him pain; that every ruder air that visited that Divine face brought to him a sense of exquisite pain, that ordinary men could scarcely experience. Add to this, that in Him was thefullness of the Godhead, realizing all that was beautiful on earth; realizing, with infinite capacity, the enormity of sin; realizing every evil that ever fell upon nature in making it accessible to sin; and, above all, taking in, to the full extent of its eternal duration, the curse, the reprobation and damnation that falls upon the wicked. Oh, how many sources of sorrow are here! Here is this heart of the man-Jesus Christ; here is the fullness of the infinite sanctity of God; here the intinite horror that God has for sin. For this man is God! Here, therefore is at once the indignation, the infinite ropugnance, the actual sense of horror and detestation which, amounting to an infinite, passionate repugnance, absorbed the whole nature of

Jesus Christ in one act of violence against Him. Now, every single error that is committed in this world comes and actually effects, as it were, its lodgment in the soul and spirit of Jesus. At other times, He may rest, as He did rest, in the Virgin's arms-for she was sinless; at other times He may allow sin and the sinner to come to His feet and as pure as an angel of God. But, to-day, this infinitely holy heart-this infinitely tender heart must open itself to receive-no longer to purify, but to assume-

is before us, when we anticipate it and fear it, but it comes indistinctly and confusedly before the mind. Not so with Christ : every single detail of His Passion, every sorrow that was to fall upon Him, every sion, every sorrow this the thirty three veers of the rice after an hour beaution in that hour!

As the sun was sloping down toward the western horizon on the avening of the vigil of the Pasch, bchole our divine Lord, with His Apostles around Him, in company with His Virgin Mother; and there, sented in the midst of them, He fulfilled the last precept of the law, in cating the Paschal lamb; and (as we saw last evening), He then changed the bread and wine into His own Body and Blood and fed His Apostles with that of which the Paschal lamb was but a figure and a promise. Now they are about to separate in this world. Now the greatest act of the charity of God has been performed. Now the Lord Jesus Christ is living and palpitating in the heart of each and every one of these twelve. Now, horror of horrors! He has gone into the heart of Judas! Arising from the table, our Lord took with Him Peter and James and John, and He turned calmly and deliberately to enter the red sea of His Passion, and to wade through His own blood until He landed upon the opposite shore of pardon and mercy and grace, and brought with Him, in His own sacred humanity the whole human race. Calmly, deliberately, taking His three friends with Him, He went out from the supper-hall as the shades of evening were deepening into night, and He walked outside the walls of Jerusalem, where there was a garden full of olive trees, that was called Gethsemane. The Lord Jesus was accustomad to go there to pray .--Many an ovening had He knelt within those groves ; many a night had He spent under the shade of these trees, filling the silent place with His cries and sobbings, before the Lord, His Father, to obtain pardon and mercy for mankind. Now He goes there for the last time ; and as He is approaching-as soon as He catches sight of the garden, as soon as the familiar olives presented themselves to His cres, He sees-what Peter and James and John did not sec-He sees there in that dark garden, the mighty array-the mighty, tremendous array of all the sins that were ever committed in this world-as if they had taken the bodily forms of demons of hell. There they were now-waiting silently, with eyes glaring with informal rage; and He saw them. And among them was He, the Lord God, to go! No wonder that the moment He caught sight of that dread scene He started back, and turning to the three Apostles, He said : " Stand by me now, for

### "MY SOUL IS SORROWFUL UNTO DEATH."

And leaning upon the virgin bosom of John, who is astonished at this divine trial of his Master, he murmured unto him, " My soul is sorrowful unto death ! Stand by me," he says, " and watch with me-and pray !" The man!-the man, proving his humanity, which belonged to him as truly as his divinity! The man, turning to, and clinging to, his friends-gathering them around him at that terrible moment when he was about to suffer. He cried again and again-"Stand by me! stand by me! and support me, and watch, and pray with mel" And then, leaving them, alone He enters the gloom. Summoning all the courage of God-summoning to His aid all the infinite resources of His love-summoning the great thought that if He was about to be destroy. ed, mankind was to be saved. He dashed fearlessly into the depths of Gethsemane; and when He was as far from His Apostles as a man, could throw a stone-there in the dark depths of the forest, the Lord Jesus knelt down and prayed. What was his prayer? Oh, that army of sins was closing around Him! Oh, the breath of Hell was on His face! There did he see the

### BUSY DEMONS MARSHALLING THEIR FORCES.

-drawing closer and closer to Him all the iniquities of men. "Oh, Father !" He cries-"Oh, Father, if it be possible, let this chalice pass away from me !" But he immediately added—"Not My will but Thine be done !" Then, turning-for the Father's will was indicated to Him in the voice from Heaven, with the first tone of anger upon it, the first word of anger that Jesus over heard from His Father's lips, saying : "It is My will to strike Thee! Go!" He turned; He eared His innocent bosom ; He put out His sinless

#### ALLS ALL SAVE ONE.

There was one whose hand was not lifted against him ... There was one who, if she had been there, could be only there to help him and to conselate in the clearness of their details, were before the of os of the Lord Jesus Christ for the thirty-three years of His life. More than this—when that life is drawing to its close in this world, the Son of God is about to the close in this world, the Son of God is about to through his hands. And yet the bloody wounds covered his body-for His Passion began from that source to which I have alluded-his own divine spirit! His Passion-His pain-began from within He rises from the earth. What is this which we hear? There is a sound, as of the voices of a mible. There are hoarse voices filling the night. There are men with clubs in their hands and lanterns lighted. They come with fire and fury in their eyes, and the universal voice is :

# "WHERE IS HE? WHERE IS HE?"

Ah, there is one at the head of them ! You hear his voice-" Come cautiously ! I see him ! I will point him out to you! There are four. There he is, with three of his friends. When you see me take a man in my arms and kiss him, he is the man ! Lay hold of him at once, and drag him away with you and do what you please!" Who is he that says this? Who are they that come like hell-hounds, thirsting for the blood of Jesus Christ? That come, with the ruge of hell in their blood and in their months? They are come to take him and to tear him to pieces! Who is this that leads them on ? Ob, friends and men! it

### JUDAS THE APOSTLE !

Judas, who spent three years in the society of Jeans Christ I Judas, that was taught by word and by example. Judas, who received the priesthood. Judas upon whose lips, even now, blushes the sacred blood received in Holy Communion! Oh, it is Judas ! And he has come to give up his Master, whom he has sold for thirty pieces of silver. He wont, after his bloody communion, to the Pharisees, and he said: "What will you give me, and 1 will sell him to you?-give him up?" He put no price upon Jesus. He thought so little of his Mus-ter that he was prepared to take anything they would offer. They offered him thirty small pieces of silver; and he clutched at the money. He thought it was a great deal, and more than Jesus Christ was worth 1 Now he comes to fulfil his pertion of the contract; and he points the Lord out by going up to him-putting his truitor lips upon the face of Jesus Christ, and scaling upon that face the kiss of a false-hearted, a wicked and a traitorous follower. Behold him now. The Son of God sees him approach. He opens His arms to him. Judas flings himself in his Master's arms and he bears the gentle reproach-Oh, last proof of love I-Oh, last opportunity to him to repent-even in this hour !--

# "JUDAS, IS IT THUS THOU COMEST TO ME !"

Now the multitude rushes in upon him and seizes him. We have a supplement to the Gospel narrative in the revelations of those holy men-saints of the Church-revelations which were seen by them, and related and known to others of them, and tolenated by Rome. And one of these holy souls, contemplating the Passion of our Blessed Lord, tells us that the moment people Inid their hands upon the Lord, the moment he permitted them, once or twice-he merely turned round and said to them-"I am the man whom you seek!" and, at the sound of this terrible voice they fall down, as if in a fit. At last, of his own free will, he gave himself into their hands, and then, this holy woman tells us that she saw in her vision the rope with which his hands were tied. It was passed around his body; and pulling upon the end of it, they rushed towards Jerusalem, diagging the exhausted Redeemer with them. Exhausted, I say, for his soul had just passed through the agony of his prayer, and his body was still dripping with the sweat of blood, between that spot and Jerusalem flowed the little stream called the Brook of Kedron. When they came to that little stream, our Saviour stumbled, and fell over a stone. They, without waiting to give him time to raise, pulled and dragged him on with all their might. They literally dragged him through the water, wounded and bruised his body by contact with the rocks that were in the stream. It was night when they brought him into Jerusalem. That night a cohort of Roman solders formed the body guard of Pilato. They were called archers; men of the most corrupt and terrible vices: men without faith in God or man : men whose every word was either a blaspheny or an impurity. These men who were anxious only for amusement. when they found the prisoner dragged into Jerusalem at the hour, took possession of him for the night. and they brought him to their quarters, and there the Redeemer was put sitting in the midst of them. During the whole of that long night between Holy Thursday and Good Friday morning, the soldiers remained sloopless, employed in loud revel, in their derision and torture of the Son of God. They struck him on the head. They spat upon him. hustled him with scorn from one another. They braised him. They wounded him in every conceivable form. Here - silent as a lamb before the shearer, was the Eternal Son of Ged, looking out, with eyes of infinite knowledge and purity, upon the very vilest dregs that all the iniquity of this earth could form around him. The morning came ; but, such were the horrors of that terrible night, that the Saviour already felt still greater horrors in waiting for the day. He was brought before the High Priest. He was asked to answer. The moment the Son of God opened his lips to speak-the moment he attempted to testify a brawny soldier came out of the ranks, stepped before his Divine Lord, and saying to him : "Answerest, thou, the High Priest !" drew back his clenched mailed hand and with the full force of a strong man, flinging himself forward, and

account of my constant refusal to commit my poor father to an asylum. He was harmless, quiet, and docile; if he was now poor it was my work, and what was still left was his. I resisted every endeavor to part me from him.

At last my husband sickened with the smallevery attention possible. The crisis arrived. and the physician declared there was no hopes of recovery.

He could not see. The violence of the disorder had deprived him of his sight some days before his death. I strove to awaken him to repentance, but his heart was callous; he died and made no sign.

My old father and myself were thus alone in the desolate house at Highgate, but the shadow of death still lingered by my hearth. Its touch fell very gently on the only creature who attached me to the world,

It was a pleasant day in Spring. I had drawn an easy chair under the porch in the back garden, and with my work in my hand (for I now had not enough to live upon save gay scarfs and dresses for the court ladies), I sang my old songs, while my dear, wronged father sat and listened.

These were the happiest hours I had known since I buried my little ones.

I chanced to speak to him, but he did not answer. I fancied he had not heard me, and I spoke again; still no answer. I looked up alarmed; his head had fallen on his breast, I leant over him; he was dead !

A burst of tears put an end for the present to the story of poor Grace. I thought myself very cruel, dear Mrs. Whitely, that I had pressed her to call back these sad memories of the past. After a while she recovered herself. and stopped my protestations of sorrow, that I

had urged her to tell me her story. I have not much more to say, Madam, she continued. A few days later I, the solitary mourner, followed the remains of the once rich citizen to the village churchyard. I was loath to leave a place hallowed at once by such painful memories and sweet recollections of my little ones and my poor father; but Father Lawson, who called on me whilst my father was yet unburied, urged me to do so.

I had not enough left to live upon. I could not bear to be with children, or should have devoted myself to education; but my lost ones would have been ever before my eyes. I then applied to the queen, introducing myself as the daughter of the jeweller who had set the jewels which King Charles had given her on her marriage, and telling her the heads of my story, craved any employment, even of a menial nature, about the palace.

ROBED IN HIS OWN CRIMSON BLOOD.

The Father in Heaven saw no beauty, no fairness in His Divine Son, in that hour ; He only saw in Him and on Him, all the sins of mankind, which he took upon Himself that He might become for us a Saviour. Picture to yourselves, therefore, first, this mighty fountain of divine wrath that was poured out upon the Lord! It was the Father's hand-the hand of the Father's justice-outstretched to as-

sert His rights to restore to Himself the honor and the glory of which the sins of all men, in all ages, in all climes, had deprived Him. Picture to yourselves that terrible hand of God drawing back the bolts of Heaven, and letting out on His own Divine Son, the fury of this wrath that was pent up for four thousand years! We stand stricken with fear at the contemplation of the anger of God, in the first great punishment the Universal Deluge. And all the sins that in every age roused the Father's anger were actually visible to the Father's eyes in the person of His Divine Son. We stand astonished and frightened when we see with the eyes of faith and of revelation, the living fire descending from Heaven upon

### BODOM AND GOMORRHA

-the balls of fire floating in the air, thick as the descending flakes in the snow-storm-the hissing of the flames as they came rushing down from Heaven, like the hail that comes down in the hail-storm; the roaring of these flames, as they filled the atmosphere;

# ALL THE SINS OF THE WORLD.

The third great source of His suffering was the rage and the malice of man. They tore that sacred body; they forgot every instinct of humanity; they forgot every decree, every ordinance of the old law to lend to their outrages all the fury of hell, when they fell upon him, as the Scripture says.

# " LIKE HENGRY DOGS OF CHASE UPON THEIR PREY."

He is now approaching the last sad day of His existence : He is now about to close His life in sufferings which I shall endeavor to put before you. But, remember, that this Good Friday, with all its terrors, is but the end of a life of thirty-three years of agony and of suffering! From the moment when the Word was made flesh in Mary's womb-from the moment when the Eternal God became man-even before He was born - the cross, the thorny crown, and all the horrors that were accomplished on Calvary, were steadily before the eyes of Jesus. The infant in Bethlehem saw them : the Child in Nazareth saw them : the Young Man toiling to support His mother, saw them : the Preacher on the mountain-side beheld them. Never, for a single instant were the horrors that were fulfilled on Good Friday morning absent from the mind or the contemplation of Jesus Christ. Oh, dearly beloved brethren, well did the Psalmist say of Him, "My grief and my sorrow is always before me;" well the Psalmist said, "I have during my whole life, walked in sorrow ! I am sorrowful the whole day !" That day was the thirty-three years of His mortal life. Pie-ture to yourselves what that life of grief must have been. There was the Almighty God in the midst of men, hearing their blasphemics, beholding their infamous actions, fixing His all-pure and all-holy eyes on their licentiousness, their ambition, their avarice, their dishonesty, their impurity. And so the very presence of those He came to redeem was a constant source of grief to Jesus Christ. Moreover He knew well that He came into the world to suffer and only to suffer. Every other being created in this world was created for some joy or other. There is not, even in hell, a creature whom Almighty God intended, in creating, for a life and an eternity of misery; if they are there, they are there by

## THEIR OWN ACT, NOT BY THE ACT OF GOD.

Not so with Christ. His sacred body was formed for the express and sole purpose that it might be the victim of the sins of man, and the sacrifice for the world's redemption. "Sacrifice and oblation." He said, "Thou wilt not, O God; but Thou hast pro-pared a body for me." "Coming into the world," says St. Paul, "He proclaimed, 'for this I am come, that I may do Thy will O Father." The Father's will was that He should suffer ; and for this was He created. Therefore, as He was made for sufferingas that body was given to Him for no purpose of joy, but only of suffering, explation, and of sorrowtherefore it was that God made Him capable of a sorrow equal to the remission He was about to grant. That was infinite sorrow.

And now, dearly beloved, having considered those things, we come to contemplate that which was always before the mind of Christ-that from which He knew

#### THERE WAS NO ESCAPE-

hands, and, turning to all the powers of Hell allowed the ocean wave of sin to flow in upon Him and overwhelm Him. To flow in upon Him the adulteries of Judah, the ingratitude of Israel, the blood of Absalom-the impurities of Sodom and Gomorrha-the terrible ingratitude that filled the earth ;---all the sins that ever appeared under the eyes of God's anger-all-all !-- like the waves of the ocean, coming in and falling upon a solitary man, who kneels before that terrible inundation !all fell upon Jesus Christ. All that was in Him-God and man, resisted ;- but it is the Father's will. It is the defeat of the powers of darkness. He looks upon Himself, and He scarcely recognizes Himself now. Are these the hands of Josus Christ scarcely daring to uplift themselves in prayer, for they are red with ten thousand proofs of guilt? Is this the Heart of Jesus, frozen up with unbelief, as if He felt what He could not feel-that He was the personal enemy of God? Is this the sacred soul of Jesus Christ darkened for the moment with the errors and the adulteries of the whole word? In the halls of His memory nothing but the hideous figures of sin ! -desolution, broken hearts, weeping eyes, cries of despuir, dire blasplemies;—these are the things He sees within Himself; that He hears in His cars ! It is

### A WORLD OF SIN AROUND HIM.

It is a raging of demons about Him. It is as if sin entered into His blood. Oh, God! He bears it as long as a suffering man can bear. But, at length, from out the depths of His most sacred heart-from out the very divinity that was in Him-the fountains of the great deep were moved, and forth came a rush of blood from every pore. His eyes can no longer dwell on the terrible vision. He can no longer look upon these red scenes of blood and impurities. A weakness-an insensibility-comes mercifully to his relief. He gazes upon the fate that God has put upon him; and then he falls to the earth, writhing in his agony ; and forth from every pore of his sacred frame streams the blood !

#### BEHOLD HIM!

Behold the blood oozes out through the garments, making them red as those of a man who has trodden in the wine press! Behold him as his agonizing face lies prone upon the earth. Behold him as in the hour of that turrible agony He flushes the soil of Gethsemane! Behold him as he writhes on the ground-one mass of streaming blood-sweating blood from head to foot-crying out in His agony for the sins of the whole world! God-like, a mountain of the anger of God is upon Him. Behold Him in Gethsemane, O Christian man! Kneel down by his side! Lie down by that blood-stained carth, and, for the love of Jesus Christ, whisper one word of consolution to him ! For, remember that you and I were there, and He saw us-even as He sees us in our quality of sinners; as with every sin that ever we committed-as if, with a stone in our uplifted hand, we flung it down upon His defenceless form ? When a culprit was convicted of a crime, Joshua gave word that every man of the Jewish nation should take a stone in his hand fling it at him; and all the people of Israel came and flung them upon him, and put him to death, So, every son of man from Adam down to the last that was been on this earth-every son of man-every human being that breathed the breath of God's creation in this world was there, in that hour, to fling his sins, and let the terrible lurid light of them; the shricks of the that which was before Him really, not as the future them fall down upon Jesus Christ.

### STRUCK ALMIGHTY GOD IN THE FACE!

The Saviour recled. It stunned him. The moning came. Now, he is led before Pilate, the Roman Governor, who alone has power to sentence him to death, if he be guilty-and who has the obligation to protect him and to set him at liberty if he be innocent. The Scribes and the Pharisees and the Publicans are there-the leaders of the people; and the rabble of Jerusalem was with them-and in the midst of them was the silent, innocent Victim who knew that the sad and terrible hour of his crucifixion was upon him. Brought before Pilate, he is accused of this crime and that. Witnesses were called; and the moment they came-they look upon the face of God-they are unable to give testimony against him. They could say nothing that proved him guilty of any crime; and Pilate, enraged, turned to the Pharisces, turned to the learned men: "What do you bring this man here for ? Why is he bound? Why is he bruised and maltreated ? What has he done?

# I FIND NO CRIME, OR SHADOW OF A CRIME IN HIM.

He is not only innocent, but the judge declares, before all the people, that that man has done nothing whatever to desorve any punishment, much less death. How is this sentence received ? The Pharisces are busy amongst the people, whispering their calumnies, and prompting them to cry out and say, Crucify him I crucify him I We want to have Jeans of Nazaroth crucified! We want to do it early, because the ovening will come and bring the Sabbath with it. We want to have his blood shed I Quick! Quick! Tell Pilate he must condemn Jesus of Nazareth, or else he is

"NO FRIEND TO CABAR!" The people cry out : "Let him be crucified | If you let him go, you are not a friend of Cresar!" What says Pilate? "Grueify your king! He calls himself

(Concluded on 6th Page.)