

"He hath done nothing amiss." In the Sanhedrim they decreed that He was worthy of death. The dying thief testifies, "He hath done nothing amiss." Pilate sentenced him to the scourge and the cross. The dying thief confessed, "He hath done nothing amiss." The multitude cried, "Not this man, but Barabbas."

"To us our own Barabbas give,  
Away with him—they loudly cry—  
Away with him,—not fit to live,—  
The vile seducer crucify."

The dying thief cried, "He hath done nothing amiss." He was dying as a malefactor on the accursed tree, and yet the penitent thief acknowledges, "He hath done nothing amiss."

Next we see *his faith*. He turns to Christ and says, Lord, they are crucifying Thee as a criminal, but Thou art the Lord. Thou art even now in the arms of death, and yet Thou art the Lord. "Lord, remember me when Thou comest into Thy kingdom." What Faith! What a confession! A king! where is His throne? That cross. A king! where is His sceptre? The hand that wields it is nailed to the tree. A king! where is His crown? That wreath of thorns. A king! where are His subjects? A mocking multitude, a reviling crowd. A king! where is His power? A helpless sufferer, a dying victim. Yet for all Thou art a king, and "Lord, remember me when Thou comest into Thy kingdom." One does not exactly know by what steps or through what process this poor dying thief passed, which issued in faith—whether it was an impression from Christ's presence, whether it was that he had ever heard anything about Him before, or whether it was only that the wisdom which dwells with death was beginning to clear his eyes as life ebbed away. But however he