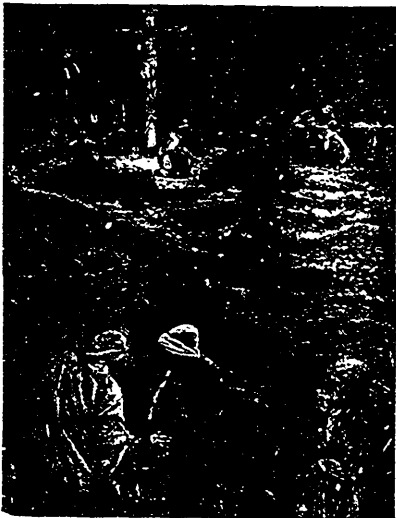


Burton's picture, entitled "The World's Gratitude." "The kingliest crown is ever the crown of thorns."

Only those are crowned and sainted
Who with grief have been acquainted,
Making nations nobler, freer.

And this is specially true of the Holy One who suffered for sins not His own and rose again for our justification. The thorn-crowned Christ behind prison bars is but a type of the world's treatment of Him who in life and in death was the despised and rejected of men. Thank God the world is more and more feeling the might and majesty of that meekness, more and more is being fulfilled the truth, "And I if I be lifted up, will draw all men unto me."

One hesitates to write of this passion hour. The hand falters, the lips are stilled, words will not come. For what are words in the presence of this immortal scene? And this the end? Cold and stiff upon a cross! Three crosses, and the ghostly night creeping over the Judean hills! A group of jesting soldiers! A few scattered followers! Dead! Dead! Dead! The Messiah! What mockery! Do they not see it now and repent their folly, these few foolish Jews who followed Him?



—By J. J. Tissot.

THE CRUCIFIXION.



—By W. S. Burton.

THE WORLD'S GRATITUDE.

But nay! It was death like this, death before the eyes of all men—death like this He conquered. It was death like this whose bands He broke asunder. Wherefore we sorrow not "as others that have no hope."

Erostratus burned the temple of Ephesus to make himself famous. Here in this screeching multitude any one man who had had the spiritual insight to perceive the great truth, who had had the courage to stand forth an advocate for the Christ—such a one would have written his name upon all ages, he would have given the world an incentive for good throughout all time; ay, he would perhaps have been crucified beside his Master. But there was none such, nay, not one. The rabble have long since died and been forgotten. Two figures only stand out in prominence, those of Jesus of Nazareth and Pontius Pilate. To the latter came the gleam of light.

"Shall I crucify your King?" he asked.

But still the maddened, mottled