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Religious Miscellany.

Behold the Man!

Behold the man! In the judgment hall of Roman pride—a coward judge—a throng of heartless madmen—said they all, "What a thing sin must be, which deserved what He suffered!"

Behold the man! Christ suffered for sins. Perfectly holy, doing always the things that pleased the Father, the living expression of the Father's holiness, love and grace; yet He suffered for sins. And His were real sufferings. His perfect nature rendering Him capable of enduring unutterable anguish. He was the perfect sufferer, for He alone could bear the stroke of the sin-avenging sword. We speak not the shame and ignominy, the terrible outward circumstance of His death. God drew the curtain of darkness around Jesus when He laid our sin on the sinless One. What love! The sinless made sin that we "might not perish, but have everlasting life."

Behold the man! Christ suffered for sins. He took the place of the unjust, of sinners, of the ungodly, of the enemies of God, and suffered for sin—the just for the unjust. This word FOR shows that He did not merely suffer in some vague way for our general good; but His sufferings were as really substitutionary as are those of the soldier in actual warfare instead of the man for whom he acts as a substitute. The believer can speak of Him as "the Son of God who loved me and gave Himself for me." While we were yet sinners, Christ died for us. The gracious substitution of the righteous for the guilty is the very essence of the Gospel of the grace of God. "There is therefore no condemnation to them which are in Christ Jesus."

Behold the man! To us who believe in Christ Jesus, wrath, death, and hell are things past; and, one with Him, we are beyond them all in life from the dead, "a life evermore." How blessed to look up to the throne where He sits, and, while we exult in His finished work, be able to say:

Behold the man! Since Thou hast my discharge procured, And freely in my place endured, The whole of my wrath divine, Payment I will not twice demand. First at my bleeding Surety's hand, And then again at mine.

Behold the man! And yet all power is his—a word From those closed lips and angel hosts will come, To defend their injured Lord, And his his base oppressors to their doom— His silent, suffering in sinners' rooms, "Behold the man!"

Behold the man! Ah, Pilate! did a gleam of truth Flash on your secret soul in that dark day? The smothered brow, as you weakly say, "I did no fault in him, take him away—" "Behold the man!"

Behold the man! And ye, who in your hearts of stone, "Quaff his life!" "Quaff his life!" still Drinking for your sins to that dark day, Bidding to save you from unmeasured ill, A sacrifice for sin on Calvary's hill, "Behold the man!"

Behold the man! The day will dawn, it hastens now, When he before the angels shall appear— Not least the cross again to bow, But clothed in might, the Conqueror's crown to wear— Then shall ye in dismay and joyful fear, "Behold the man!"

Behold the man! Oh, Christ! all-human, all-divine, Pattern of patience and humility! Inspire my soul with grace like thine, That I may bear earth's trials patiently, And in that day of terror trancedly, "Behold the man."

Behold the man! "The Love of Christ which passeth knowledge." Here with thee long weary days and nights, Through many pangs of heart, through many tears; I bore with thee, thy hardness, coldness, slights, For three and thirty years.

Behold the man! Who else had dared for these what I have dared? I plunged the depth most deep from bliss above; I not my flesh, I not my spirit spared; Give thou me love for love.

Behold the man! For thee I thirsted in the daily drought, For thee I trembled in the nightly frost; Much sweeter thou than honey to my mouth; Why wilt thou still be long?

Behold the man! I bore thee on my shoulders and rejoiced; Men only marked upon my shoulders borne The bleeding cross; and shouted hungry roars, Or wagg'd their heads in scorn.

Behold the man! Thee did nails grieve on my hands; thy name Did thou for frontlets stamp between mine eyes; I, Holy One, put on thy guilt and shame; I, God, Priest, Sacrifice.

Behold the man! A thorn upon my right hand and my left; At length in death I smote my heart and died! A hiding-place for thee.

Behold the man! Nailed to the rack of cross, than bed of down More dear, whereon to stretch thyself and sleep; So did I win the kingdom,—share my crown; A harvest,—come and reap.

Behold the man! Christ hath once suffered for sins. In preaching the Gospel of the grace of God, I might quote the multitude of God's gracious invitations to the guilty, the weary, the heavy-laden, and perishing, and the gracious assurances of a young girl who triumphed over death and the grave, by the power of victory through Christ.

Behold the man! "Darling, you have chosen something earthly new, and rather solemn, is it not?" asked the doctor, carelessly, though inexpressibly affected.

Behold the man! "It is new, papa," was the reply, "but I have heard of the song from a number of my friends, and yesterday, I thought I would buy it. I seem to be founded upon an incident that really happened—and that scarcely a year ago. She was near my age."

Behold the man! "Who was your new young girl, darling?" asked her father.

Behold the man! "This young lady, papa—she was a very good, pious girl; and the music was searched through for another song."

Behold the man! "Good, papa!" muttered the doctor, under his breath, "I wonder where she has heard all that can."

ven's estimate of sin, when we see the wrath of God poured out on His own Son, who, in His great love to us, took the sinner's nature and stood in the sinner's place!

Behold the man! "No headache, papa, just the least chilly—but that will soon be gone; good night."

Behold the man! "Strange sir," said the doctor to his friend, "I had a singular presentiment that moment. If I lose her, I lose all that makes life precious."

Behold the man! "But my friend, your perfect system will surely prepare her for any shock of illness, and bring her safely through I hope."

Behold the man! "I don't know, I don't know," said the doctor; and his face grew gloomy.

Behold the man! A week passed. One day the clergyman was sent for in haste. Dr. Spencer's carriage was at the door—the lady's daughter was supposed to be dying—she was laid to rest. Driving quickly, the doctor's destination was reached. He was too late; the gentle spirit had fled, not conscious, but singing with all the sweetness of a dying strain, the words father and friend had listened to with such rapt feelings.

Behold the man! And there in his splendid home the bereaved father sat alone, in stony, helpless grief. Poor man, with all his possessions, all his plenty, all his vitality, he had nowhere to go. His soul was in darkness. The child he loved—was lost—lost to him forever and forever? Was this pure, lovely child the all that he had worshipped in place of Deity? What a blank was in his life! What a horror his memory! Prayers and tears availed not. A hard and gloomy man he came from the grave; a hard, and gloomy and godless man he lived, till, when he reached the borders of the spirit land, all at once, without any visible cause he exclaimed:

Behold the man! "It is God, whom I have rejected." His friend—aged as himself—had never left the darkness, and, pressed him for an explanation, but there was no response, only now and then the lips whispered:

Behold the man! "Sing, Helen, sing,"—and then, once more, "It is God." And so he passed away. ALMA. Watchman & Reflector.

Behold the man! Jesus Christ is always near you. Go to him as your Master, for grace to study, to love and to follow his instructions.

Behold the man! Go to him as your Father, that you may follow his example, and imitate his virtues.

Behold the man! Go to him as your Saviour, that he may cleanse your heart from sin, and make you pure in his blood.

Behold the man! Go to him as your King, that he may give laws to your soul, and that you may obey his laws, and never rebel against his authority.

Behold the man! Go to him as your Shepherd, for you are one of the lost sheep he came to seek, that you may be kept from straying from his blessed fold.

Behold the man! Sunday Improvement. Conversing one day with a venerable gentleman, he related an instance of his early manhood, which interested him both as a proof of his Christian fidelity to his spiritual interests, and the dash of humor which marked his quaint device.

Behold the man! He was in old age, distinguished for his point of character, which scarcely ever failed to crop out, even in a five minutes' conversation, with a force and delicacy which made him always a charming member of society.

Behold the man! At the time above alluded to, he was engaged in business, in one of the eastern towns of New England. Though of a frank and generous nature, yet he possessed a quality of sentiment which demanded some retirement from the bustle of life, and leisure for mental improvement.

Behold the man! He was just beginning active life on his own account, and was a strict economist, but he was not miserly, and he spent the money which too many young men waste on vicious or trifling enjoyments, in securing mental and spiritual knowledge.

Behold the man! He hired a room that he might command some time apart from the crowd of men, and invited a younger brother to share it; but so far from isolating himself he was always social, and welcomed his acquaintances so courteously, that his room was found rather too agreeable for evening loungers, especially as the younger brother was full of wit, without the corrective of those religious sensibilities which distinguished the elder brother, who now began to feel much embarrassed to find his Sunday evenings so encroached upon that every plan of serious reading or cultivation was impossible.

Behold the man! As length his conviction that he was doing wrong became so clear that he felt decided to rescue these sacred hours from idle chat and social visits.

Behold the man! One Sunday evening, he seated himself, hand in hand, and by degrees, as one and another young man dropped in, quite a social, merry circle was formed.

Behold the man! John, the elder brother, received them courteously, and after chatting awhile he remarked, "Young gentlemen, I was in Boston lately and bought a new book. I propose reading it aloud as I think it would be a good plan to have some settled course of reading for Sunday evenings, which is almost our only time for anything of the kind."

Behold the man! "A very good plan indeed. I should like it much," said one and another, not doubting a regale on some page of romantic or historical interest.

Behold the man! "So John opened his volume of Newton or some other divine of that day and began to read. At the first page, one rose and expressed his regret at being obliged to leave, but really he had an engagement which called him away. A short time elapsed. Another young man begged to be excused. He had only come in for a few minutes.

Behold the man! "Quite well, papa." "No headache, are you sure? Your hands are hot."

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Behold the man! Men of orderliness and office bearers in churches stood up to tell that they were "whited walls." One said found himself a guilty, hell-deserving sinner. His distress was awful, and fears were entertained that he would go mad. The moment he found peace will never be forgotten by those who were present. It surpasses description, and I will not attempt it. Backsliders in heart were found out by the convicting Spirit. Some who once set on fire their lamps had had the former without giving up the lamp of profession, stood up to tell of their wanderings in heart. But the work was not confined to these moral characters. Some were gently seeking the Saviour. One man in Fitchbury was specially distinguished as a mocker of godliness, besides being a drunkard and almost everything bad. When drawing the boats on the beach he would swear on purpose to vex the souls of the Methodists. Their reproofs would only increase his swearing, and they confessed he was a terror to them. He went further and told them they were not the true sort of Christians or they would get him converted, as Jesus Christ had said, "Ask and ye shall receive." These words, in an earnest, led to his conversion. The Methodist went to the rocks on purpose to pray for him and for another man. His name was mentioned in every prayer, and on that very day conviction seized him. A few days later this man was seen in the prayer meeting, and the whole village was filled with astonishment when it was known that the worst man in the place was converted. Another of the scoffers was about sixty years of age. The women he denominated, "poor fanatics" the revival "anciently used to be called it, and did not leave it until he obtained peace with God. For three days afterwards he could scarcely do anything but weep. "I mingle my drink with my tears," he said, "as I think of those who oppose this work. I thought it all excitement of the brain, but now I find it the love of God in the heart. Drunkards find a very numerous class of the convulsively suffering the revival. In one moment, I than fifty drunkards were convinced or converted in Porteusie alone. This may be too high, but I personally know at least twenty hopeful cases of conversions among drunkards; while hundreds along the coast were frightened from the time being into soberness. The tremendous power which marked this revival was seen in a variety of ways. The excitement was most intensely prevailing for three weeks men forgot their worldly business and attended to that of saving their souls. Meetings were held day and night with only three or four hours intermission. Persons who went to them resolved to seek their souls' salvation quietly were often so powerfully affected that in spite of their resolutions, they cried aloud for revival. Men, who for hours stood with their hands in their pockets idly surveying the street, in one moment were pierced with strong conviction of sin and would literary roars aloud for mercy. It was an unusual thing for persons to go to bed to sleep away their misery, but unable to do so, rise and come to the meetings in an agony of distress. Nothing will explain these scenes except the spirit of Divine power at work. I have preached two years and a half to the people, and have yet to learn that they are more excitable than other people. I have never heard shouting or ranting in the ordinary course of grace, and I am afraid many persons would think that can be. The olive, however, very often perpetuates itself by sending up fresh shoots from the roots of the old decaying tree, in that case the roots of these may be more ancient, and these trees may have sprung from the very ones that sheltered Jesus and his disciples." It was an interesting thought, that these time-honored trees linked us so closely with the days of the Saviour, and the thrilling events of the agony and betrayal. There is a small house in the inclosure where one of the monks usually lodged. We wandered some time among the shrubbery, plucked some of the flowers for our specimen book, and what was still more acceptable before we left the convent, one of the monks presented us with a rosary, made from fifty of the stones or pebbles of olives that grew upon these same old trees. We accepted the string with many thanks, not because it was a rosary, but for its associations with the sacred ground that had witnessed the Saviour of men.—N. W. Advocate.

Behold the man! The human mind is the most wonderful of all the known works of God. It is the crowning glory of all created things, belonging to this division of creation to which man belongs.—When God had finished his work, and in his survey of the whole, saw that all was very good, and that the human mind is a knowing power, and all the works that reflected the glory of the Creation.

Behold the man! What would have been the state of the human mind now, and what the degree of knowledge to which it would have attained, if man had never sinned, it would be vain to attempt to conjecture. We must deal with things as we find them, as we know they are. We know that the human mind is a knowing power, and that it is capable of a very high degree of culture, and of knowing many things. The mind which is capable of gathering up vast stores of knowledge knows nothing, only what it learns; its sweep of thought, which gathers knowledge from earth and sea, and the heavens themselves, is mainly the result acquired by culture.—From a simple power to know, it becomes by culture, a wonderful knowing power. The mind commences its career with the power to know as its only capital, having no knowledge. By coming in contact with the material world outside of itself, it gets two primary ideas; first, I am, and secondly, there is something which is not I.—Here we get the *Ego* and the *Non Ego*. Upon the acquisition of these two ideas, I and not I, mental culture commences, here education begins. The work progresses in the nursery, and such knowledge as belongs to this limited sphere of action, is gradually required, until the circle becomes too small for the expanding mind, and it looks out upon a wider field of research. Still, the thoughts mainly linger around that hallowed centre of being, home, the place where cluster all the objects that waken our first thoughts, and were made the subjects of our first inquiries, into the external surroundings of our being. The known universe is "catal-

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