

else than He, with whom they now crucify two thieves. True, He had veiled His glory for a little. True, He was in the form of a servant. True, He had submitted to a low and mean estate. True, He was in the flesh; but it was God manifest in the flesh, even the Lord God, the Mighty God, the Prince of Life; and they crucify Him between two thieves, the one on the right hand and the other on the left.

And this was but a small part of the indignity they put on him, but a small portion of the insult and degradation they heaped upon Him, meek and silent, as is the sheep before the shearers.

Let us look a little at the series of indignities they put upon Him.

They brought a great band of men to apprehend Him. These were surely able to bring Him safely to a place of security and imprisonment; but they would degrade Him, and so they *bound* Him. We have heard of prisoners,—violent men,—who pleaded not to be bound, and promised they would proceed peaceably with the officers of justice; they felt it degrading to be bound; and men always do. And they wish to degrade Jesus, and so they lead Him away bound to Caiaphas. There was no need for it. He was not violent. He had counselled peace. He had followed peace, but they would insult Him and so they bound Him.

Then, in the house of the Priest, the servants of the Priest gathered around Him and made Him their mock and scorn. They spat upon Him. What deep insult was this! But this did not satisfy them. They were cruel too; for we read that they buffeted Him. They struck Him with their fists; and with their open palms they smote Him on the face.

It was not to try Him merely they had bound Him; it was not to give Him justice merely that they brought Him to judgment; they wished to wreak their hate and their wrath upon Him, and "they compassed Him like bees." When brought into the court of Pilate, the soldiers gathered round Him—and they set themselves to make sport of Him. He is a king! they said, Yes, let us make a king of Him. And so they got some old purple garments and they robe Him in them. But they lack a crown to set on His head. They might have made a crown of straw, and placed it on His head. There would have been insult and mockery enough in that, one would think; but that would not satisfy them. With their mockery they were cruel. While mocking they would torture, and so they made a crown; but it was a crown of thorns, and they laid it on His head, and drove it into His temples. They had thus crowned Him, and made Him a king; but the mockery was not yet completed; they would procure a sceptre for Him; and they brought a reed, and placed it in His hands. Oh! meek and uncomplaining Saviour, that bore it all in silence. And then they enthroned Him. But the jest and the play ended not here. They would obey Him and do Him homage. And they came and bowed before Him. They kneeled down, and then rising, spat in His

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