

with her brother at play. Ask her if she remembers the church and her first communion, when she went up to the altar-rail in her little white dress, and the veil which was not more pure than her young heart; ask her when the priest came down from the altar and for the first time said the Holy of Holies upon her lips; ask her if she remembers such things, and how will she answer you? Ah! if she does, if she stops to listen to you, she will answer not in words, but falling down, will weep her anguish at your feet (Sensation.) Yes, the thought of that which was lovely in the past becomes a torture, if that past is a lost past. Even so, the memory of all dear scenes, of all beloved companions, of all the hopes, the opportunities, the glorious possibilities, of a life which has closed hopelessly will be a torment to the lost soul for all eternity. What, for instance, would be the recollection of such a mission as that in which we are now engaged, the echo of the message of God's gentleness and long suffering—the memory of the Crucifix, beneath which I stand, the phantom of Our Lord Jesus Christ nailed to the Cross, with His hands and feet bleeding, the last drop issuing from his pierced side! There will be no crucifix in hell. It will be only a memory—a memory which will pierce forever the souls of those for whom He died in vain.

My dear friends, I have come to my end, and I find waiting for me at the end the most pathetic thought. I have spoken of the memory of the Crucifixion. It will not be a memory without reproach. Let me ask you, is it a meaningless picture now? Was it a meaningless sacrifice when it was accomplished upon Calvary? If you wish an argument for the truth of eternal punishment, I point you to it there. Do you believe that He who came down from heaven and was born of a virgin, and who died upon a cross, do you believe that He was God? Do you? If you do, tell me do you think He suffered all that for naught? Did God stoop to such a lavish display of love, such a waste of extravagant passion, all to point a dramatic tale to adorn a divine romance? No, my dear friends, if there is no hell there was no need for God to become man; there was no need for God to be scourged at a pillar, to be crowned with thorns and nailed to a cross; there is no meaning in the death of