

tokens of his love, the dark eye of the traitor scowled upon the Son of man, as Satan "looked askance" into the paradise whose contents he planned to destroy; and his darker soul having "covenanted" with the chief priests for thirty pieces of silver, was carrying on the plot to its awful consummation. Thus were heaven's love and hell's malignity seen in surprising contrast, the "determined council and foreknowledge" of God counterworked mysteriously the efforts of the wicked hands that slew the holy one and just.—*Fisher's Drawing Room.*

**GETHSEMANE.**—This garden—the scene of the Saviour's agony, was in the valley of Jehoshaphat, on the east side of Jerusalem, at the foot of mount Olivet, in which valley God did then plead with the nations in Christ their Surety. It was called Gethsemane, which signifies a *very fat valley*, or the valley of oil, being, in all probability, the place in which the inhabitants pressed the olives that grew on the mount, and squeezed the oil out of them. Maundrell, in the account of his journey from Aleppo to Jerusalem, thus speaks of Gethsemane:—"It is an even plat of ground, not above fifty-seven yards square, lying between the foot of mount Olivet and the brook Cedron. It is well planted with olive trees, and at the upper corner of the garden is a flat naked ledge of rock, reputed to be the place on which the apostles, Peter, James, and John, fell asleep during the agony of our Lord. And a few paces from hence is a grotto, said to be the place in which Christ underwent that bitter part of his passion. About eight paces from the place where the apostles slept, is a small shred of ground, twelve yards long, and one broad, supposed to be the very path on which the traitor Judas walked up to Christ, saying 'Hail Master! and kissed him!' Here it was, in this garden, that the Father was pleased to bruise his own dearly beloved Son, our true Olive; that from his richness, from his fullness, the sweet, the fresh oil of his graces, and of his merits, might flow out abundantly for the beautifying of our souls and the refreshing of our spirits. But never was there such an olive pressed on this spot before, since the foundation of that amount was laid! never did there flow out oil so rich—so inestimable—as the blood of God's spotless Lamb! How happy they who partake of the root, and of the fatness of that invaluable Olive, that was here pressed and bruised for man's salvation; and of that oil, which will make our graces to grow, and our faces to shine pleasantly in the eyes of purity itself!

Man, after his creation, was first placed in a garden. There he offended his God, and fell; and there sin and misery commenced. And it was in a garden also, where Christ, his Surety, began to expiate his agony and bloody sweat. The garden of Eden was the productive source of all our wretchedness and wo, and was the cause of all our pains and sorrows. The garden of Gethsemane, on the other hand, produced a powerful remedy, a healing balm, and a sovereign medicine for every malady we experience, for every wound we receive, and for every disease to which our souls are subjected, from the old serpent of iniquity and sin. Where the poison grew; there also grew the antidote! And this is a pleasing reflection to every contemplative mind: and the idea of pleasure, as it has been beautifully remarked by a good man, is inseparable from that of a garden, where man still seeks after lost happiness, and where, perhaps, a good man finds the nearest resemblance of it which this world affords. "What is requisite," exclaims a great and original genius, "to make a wise and a happy man, but reflection and peace? And both are the natural growth of a garden. A garden to the virtuous is a Paradise still extant; a Paradise unlost."—*Dr. Ridge.*

**THE HOUR OF ATONEMENT.**—"What period can ever merit a moment's comparison with this? Some may point to times, when valuable discoveries were made in the regions of science; some, to times when splendid victories were won on embattled plains; some, to times when plans, deciding the fate of empires, were arranged in imperial cabinets:—what are any, or all such times as these, but as less than nothing and vanity, when weighed against "this hour." An hour on which the determinate counsel and foreknowledge of God had reposed its decisions from everlasting; an hour which the ceremonies and worship of preceding dispensations had prefigured, and all the prophecies of early inspiration had been dictated to portray; an hour to which every arrangement of providence was subservient, and which every event of succeeding centuries had conspired to introduce; an hour in which was concentrated the entire energy of mercy to be exercised in the redemption of the world; an hour in which was suspended the welfare of countless millions, carrying forward the infinity of its consequences through the abodes where retribution is fixed immutably and for ever!—What language can express, or what mind can conceive, the mighty superiority of a period like this?"—*James Parsons.*

"This was the hour of the deepest humiliation, and yet of transcendent glory. The Son of God was humbled by taking our nature upon him, by living in obscurity, and by the poverty and reproaches which he endured; but all these were nothing compared with the humiliations of this hour. He was prostrate in the garden, arrested by a rude mob, arraigned as a criminal, buffeted, crowned with thorns, spit upon, scourged, hung upon a cross. How deep a humiliation crucifixion would appear to a

Jew, will appear from this circumstance,—their own law had decided, Cursed is every one that hangeth on a tree." How deep a humiliation it was in the estimation of a Roman may be learned from the fact, that Cicero in his oration against Verres, urges it as one of the most solemn charges against that governor, that unwaved by the majesty of the Roman commonwealth, he had nailed a Roman citizen to the cross. Yet thus was Christ humbled in the presence of both Jews and Romans.

"Yet though in this hour we see his humiliation completed, it was nevertheless to him an hour of his glory. Sense saw nothing but clouds, the darkest clouds of shame, gathering around him; faith beholds those clouds gilded with heavenly splendor, and his glory rising with his deepening humiliation. The highest virtues were displayed in that hour: fortitude, meekness, forgiveness, filial tenderness, and above all, love. Nor were these the only glories which illuminated the dark humiliation of that hour; he was glorified by God. As there were miracles at his birth, at his baptism, in his ministry, so there were miracles at his death. As on Mount Tabor he received glory and honor, so on Mount Calvary. Why the darkness? The heavens were clothed in mourning for him. Why the earthquake? That even the centurion might confess, "Surely this man was the Son of God." Why the veil of the temple rent? To shew that he was opening the new and living way to God. Why do the dead burst their graves? To show that life springs from his death; life to the soul, life to the body, life to the world. O signal hour never to be forgotten!"—*Richard Watson.*

#### JESUS ON THE CROSS.

Mighty, changeless God above!  
Father of immensity!  
Righteous!  
Whose unutterable love  
Led thee on the cross to die,  
Even for us.

Thou who all our sins didst bear,  
All our sorrows suffering there,  
O *Agnus Dei!*  
Lead us where thy promise led,  
That poor dying thief, who said,  
*Memento Mei!*

BOWRING'S SPANISH POETRY.

**THE CROWN OF THORNS.**—"Thorns were the first produce of the earth after the fall of man, and they were worn by our Lord as a part of his punishment. They were the first fruits of the curse, and were appropriately placed on the head of the Sacred Victim. Bishop Pearce and Michaelis are of opinion that the crown of thorns was not intended to be an instrument of punishment or torture to his head, but rather to render our Lord an object of ridicule; for which cause they also put a reed in his hand, by way of sceptre, and bowed their knees, pretending to do him homage; and that the crown was not probably of thorns in our sense of the word. In Mark, xv. 17, and John, xix. 5, the Greek terms might be translated an "acanthine crown," or wreath formed out of the branches of the herb acanthus, or bears-foot. This is a prickly plant, though not like thorny ones, in the common meaning of the word. Others are of opinion that the plant was similar to that which we call holly: they say that it was selected on account of its resemblance to laurel, with which conquerors were crowned; and they think that the opinion has given rise to the name; holly, quasi *holy* in reference to the use made of it on this occasion.—*G. Townsend.*

**THE CROSS OF CHRIST.**—"Christ Jesus ascended the altar, and yielded himself to the knife and the fire of justice. Pouring out his blood, and scorched by its flames, which must otherwise have racked everlastingly the tribes of our race, he satisfied every claim which God had on man, and paid down that immense debt which human anguish and human torment could not have discharged. We are gathered now, as it were, before the cross of our Redeemer, and are summoned to give in our allegiance to him who is at once both the High Priest and the Victim. We mark the infidel Jews treating with scorn, and loading with execrations the Azazel on whom are rolled the iniquities of Adam and his race. He is despised and rejected of men, wounded for our transgression and bruised for our iniquities. We behold him lifted up an ignominious spectacle, reviled by men, and, for a small moment, forsaken by God. The inanimate creation sympathizes with the suffering Creator; the very sun puts on sackcloth, and the rocks tremble as though quickened by the awfulness of the scene. He dies; but in death destroys death; he falls; but it is the fall of the foundation stone, which grinds into powder, as it descends in its stupendousness, the sovereignty of Satan, the despotism of evil. Are you ready—man—woman—child—to transfer to this Redeemer your iniquity, that he may hurl it into the unfathomable abyss? Are we ready to transfer to him the countless misdoings of our lives, to lay our hands on his head, and to say, "Be thou my expiation?"—*H. Melville.*

**DIVINE LOVE.**—Amidst even this profusion of blessings, those which remain to be enumerated, far surpass, in richness, magnitude, and variety, all the rest. The redemption of the world by our Lord Jesus Christ, may well be specified as the re-

sult of the inestimable love of God. In the creation and preservation of man, nothing is seen to intercept the stream of the divine beneficence, or oppose the moral government of God. The introduction of sin presents us with the frightful reverse of this: "Sin entered into the world, and death by sin; and so death passed upon all men, for that all have sinned." The whole of the divine economy towards man was changed: Man, no longer to be considered but as a rebel and an outlaw, debased in his nature, and obnoxious to the penalty denounced against transgression; either a new order of things in the government of God must arise in rescue of him, whilst archangels ruined are left without resource, or he must perish under the irrevocable denunciation of the curse. Then sprang forth from the eternal councils of Jehovah his only begotten Son; a voluntary substitute, clothed in the nature of the offender, but exempt from all pollution derived from human generation, by a miraculous conception. The lamb which presignify him, must be without blemish. The brazen serpent, as his type, on which the dying Israelites look, must be innocuous. The priest who sheds the blood, must take it within the veil. His vicarious suffering supplies a fund of infinite merit in behalf of penitent believers, sufficiently vindicates the honour of the violated law of God, and secures the effectual means of an evangelical obedience. Here are dignity and glory the most transcendent; purity the most unsullied; obedience the most perfect and meritorious; a power which neither death nor the grave could detain in thralldom; before which hell trembles and the universe yields instant homage and obedience. In virtue of this wonderful process, our entire race is reclaimed from the malicious usurpation of our deadly foe. The yoke of our oppressor is broken. The trumpet of a spiritual jubilee proclaims, "Deliverance to the captives, recovering of sight to the blind, liberty to them that are bruised, and the acceptable year of the Lord!"—*Dr. Warren.*

"The affection of the Son of God, towards man, differs from that of human friendship in its degree. Tell us no more of the extent, to which, in various instances, conjugal, parental or fraternal love has been carried! Be silent ye historians of antiquity! Let the names of your Damon and Pythius stand eclipsed! The love of David and of Jonathan, let it no more be regarded as without a parallel! "Greater love hath no man, than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends." If ever examples of this have occurred, they were in cases where something like equality existed between the parties; and where they knew each others attachment, excellency and worth. But that a Being so ineffably glorious, so beyond all conception great, should have undertaken to die for a creature so fallen, so vile, so guilty!—this is an instance of affection, which stands single, unparalleled, uncomparated. "While we were yet sinners, Christ died for us!"

**EASTER SUNDAY—The Resurrection.**—Such were the respective situations of the rulers and the disciples, and such the state of things at Jerusalem, while the Captain of our salvation lay in the silence of the tomb. In this season the Roman soldiers were not the only guards of the sepulchre; the heavenly hosts were moved, the legions of God were arrayed, to protect the sacred deposit. The preparations were now fully formed in both worlds, and all things stood in readiness for the moment in which the arm of the Lord should be revealed. Twice had the sun gone down upon the earth, and all as yet was quiet at the sepulchre: death held his sceptre over the Son of God: still and silent the hours passed on: the guards stood by their post: the rays of the midnight moon gleamed on their helmets, and on their spears. The enemies of Christ exult in their success, the hearts of his friends were sunk in despondency, and in sorrow: the spirits of glory waited in anxious suspense to behold the event, and wondered at the depth of the ways of God. At length the morning star, arising in the east, announced the approach of light; the third day began to dawn upon the world, when, on a sudden, the earth trembled to its centre, and the powers of heaven were shaken; an angel of God descended, the guards shrunk back from the terror of his presence, and fell prostrate on the ground. His countenance was like lightning, and his raiment was white as snow: he rolled away the stone from the door of the sepulchre, and sat upon it. But who is this that cometh forth from the tomb, with dyed garments from the bed of death? He that is glorious in his appearance, walking in the greatness of his strength. It is thy Prince, O Zion! Christians, it is your Lord. He hath trodden the wine press alone: he hath stained his raiment with blood: but now, as the first-born in the womb of nature, he meets the morning of his resurrection. He arises a conqueror from the grave: he returns with blessings from the world of spirits: he brings salvation to the sons of men. Never did the returning sun issue in a day so glorious—It was the jubilee of the universe. The morning stars sung together, and all the sons of God shouted aloud for joy. The father of mercies looked down from his throne in the heavens; he saw his work that it was good. Then did the desert rejoice; the face of nature was gladdened before him, when the blessings of the Eternal descended as the dew of heaven, for the refreshing of the nations.

*Dr. T. Hardy.*