

countenance more marred than any man's;" yet it was innocence, holiness, and dignity. The robber saw it and bore witness, the centurion saw it and bore witness, "this was surely a righteous man;" yes, he "had done nothing amiss." The sun, the rocks, soon added their testimony, and confirmed this reversal by his executioners and fellow-sufferers of his unjust judge's verdict; and on the third day, the vanquished tomb—the first time it was ever vanquished—confirmed also the reversal of his unjust judgment.

Still beside the true cross, stand the innocent victim. But all is ready. Four soldiers seize each a member, and nail it to the cross as it lies on the ground, in a minute more it is erected, placed in the ground, and made fast in the earth; the malefactors on each side are treated in like manner; and thus, and in the midst, hangs the holy sufferer on the True Cross.

Thus much was true to even the eyes of the many; but more was surely true. This was not only a righteous man, he was surely a good man too. No one ever denied that he went about doing good. Hundreds of relieved sufferers were witnesses of that. If he sometimes "sent the rich empty away," no one denied "that he had helped the poor." He was no common man. His wisdom, although he had not studied at their schools, continually put the Sadducees and Pharisees (the Sceptics and Puseyites of that day) to silence. And he was undeniably an open worker of innumerable miracles,—innumerable works HE did which no other man did. A man he was who never flattered the "common people," yet was beloved by them,—a man whose teachings the Hierarchy of that day, and of all days, abhorred, yet could never refute,—all this, at the least, was plainly true of Him who now hung on the "true Cross." He was not mere man!

And it was true, also, that he was in his own judgment, and according to his own teaching, the long promised one, the hope and desire of all nations, the Son of David, and yet mysteriously his Lord, THE SON OF THE MOST HIGH. Was he wrong in this judgment? Let his resurrection from the dead reply. (Rom. i. 4.)

But look once more at "the true Cross." The sufferer is not yet dead; he might live for days in his torture—his fellow-sufferers would have done so, but they were killed prematurely. Hark! a loud and touching call! It says that "his God has forsaken him!" The forsaking of all others he had borne; but his God's forsaking him, this has overpowered him. Yes, completely overpowered his humanity; the grief literally burst the muscles of his heart, and he almost immediately expired! How can we account for this—such innocence and dignity, such composure, such sudden and fatal sorrow? He himself has told us how; for—

There was yet one thing more on "the true Cross," invisible indeed to the bodily eye, yet visible to the faith of all who believed his own express words. He had said that he gave "his life a ransom for many," that he "laid down his life for his sheep," that "no man took it from him," but that "he laid it down himself;" in a word, that he died to atone for the sins of men. Look, then, at the "true Cross" again,—look at him who hangs thereon,—look at his INTENTION in hanging there. What Pilate intended, what priests intended, that is nothing to us; but what HE intended, that is everything to us. That it is which really transforms the unsightly tree,—which changes it from the barbarous punishment of death, into the magic name which alone can soothe the guilty conscience.

Yes, amidst all his conflicting thoughts and feelings,—amidst pains so distressful, so painful, one steadfast will, one settled purpose abode through all,—the will, the purpose, to endure all agony of body and of mind, that we might be pardoned. He willed to suffer what justice ought to award to the bearer of human guilt. He did suffer it. Justice awarded that he should suffer unconsoled by his Heavenly Father. He suffered that. More he could

not suffer. The grief of losing all happy sense of his Father's presence was the fatal suffering. It broke the fountain of life! It burst his heart!

The true Cross! Verily, this world abounds in fictions, and even "the Cross" has been changed into a lie, and perverted to imposture and gain; but there is a "true Cross" after all. The Sufferer on it yet lives to save us by it. The witnesses of his sufferings have left us their testimony on record, and they, too, yet live to sing for ever before him, "Worthy the Lamb that was slain."

Cross of Christ! Thou wilt be my salvation or my ruin, my joy or my terror, throughout eternity. He who died upon thee meant to save me,—meant to bear my sins,—meant to give me pardon and peace through his sorrows,—meant me to share the glory he purchased by his sufferings. But he meant me also to love him for all this,—he meant me to obey him in love. His was, indeed, a true Cross. Oh, may I be a true disciple of the Cross. All in heaven are so, and all must be who yet shall go there!

THE CLOVEN FOOT.

MORE than 20 years ago, the Rev. Mr. M. commenced his labors as a Baptist minister in one of the parishes of Ireland. Being a clear-headed, warm-hearted and forcible preacher, great crowds were attracted to his meetings. On a certain evening the congregation was immense. The preacher warmed as he advanced on his subject, and his hearers hung upon his words with such interest, that it was plain he was stealing into their hearts, and drawing them to the cross. All were convinced by his reasoning, melted by his emotion, persuaded by his earnestness, and as he closed his deeply affecting and solemn sermon, responded a hearty amen.

As the preacher raised his hands to pronounce the benediction, a tall, well formed, noble appearing man, dressed in the ordinary habit of the Episcopalian clergy, stood up and asked the privilege of speaking. He was the rector of the parish. The fame of the preacher had attracted him to the meeting, and several of his own members were there. "If you have any thing to say, speak on," replied Mr. M.

"I am sorry," said the rector, turning to the congregation, "I am sorry to see so many of my people here, to-night. What we have heard is the solemn truth. It is the marrow and fatness of the gospel. I assent to every word of it. But I am sorry, my people, to see you here. It is in this way that this man is stealing into your hearts. But by and by he will show the Cloven Foot." By this time Mr. M. was standing at the side of the rector, and putting his hand upon his shoulder, said, "Will you please to tell us what the cloven foot is?" "I do not wish to be interrupted," replied the rector. "But you must tell us, or I shall not allow you to proceed. I cannot permit my character and principles to be traduced thus. You must tell the people here what you mean." "Well, then, if I must tell you," said the clergyman, "It is baptism." "Only hear that," answered Mr. M., addressing the congregation, who by this time were all on the tip-toe of excitement, "your minister calls baptism the cloven foot. And he says that I will by and by preach about it. And so I will. If that is the cloven foot, you shall see it." Taking in his hand the Prayer Book of the church of England, he turned to where the formula of baptism is given, in which the minister is required to dip or immerse the candidate in water. And reading from the Rubric to the people, he said, "Your minister, here, has solemnly sworn to preach and do according to this book, and yet he calls immersion the cloven foot. Is he not a perjured man? I call upon him to justify himself—to defend himself from inconsistency. I ask him to tell you why he breaks his consecration vows, and disregards the Rubric, and sprinkles instead of dip-

ping the candidate for baptism, as his Prayer Book requires."

The poor rector had "waked up the wrong man," and finding himself so hardly pressed, was backing out of the house. "Stop, stop," said Mr. M., "stop I say and defend yourself, stand to your colors. Don't run off in this manner. Your own people will be ashamed of you. It will be all over the country that the Rev. Mr. D., rector of this parish, has seen the cloven foot, and was nearly frightened out of his wits. Stop and defend yourself." The rector reached the door, and was starting off on a run, as if the old fellow was after him, to the infinite amusement of the people, and Mr. M. put the finishing stroke to the scene, by calling upon the frightened rector, and urging him, if he could not stand this glimpse at the cloven foot, to send his Bishop.

The above facts were related to me by the son of the triumphant Baptist minister. He was an eye witness of the scene. His father still preaches in Ireland. The poor rector is still living. The son is in our own country preaching the Gospel, and sometimes himself shows the cloven foot. He is the worthy son of a noble sire.—N. Y. Chronicle.

"I'VE NO THOUGHT OF DYING SO."

From the Appeal.

A—B— was a son of wealthy and influential parents, in one of the northern counties of the State of New York; and the substance of what I am about to relate is well known in the neighbourhood where he lived and died.

He commenced business for himself early in life, and exhibited shrewdness and energy of mind. But the safeguards of virtue and piety did not shield him in the perilous season of youth; and he soon became (in the language of the world) a bold, generous-hearted fellow—growing in popularity and wealth. He was above the fear of religious admonition and authority of the Bible; and was considered quite able to confute any Christian believer. He was indeed a young man of promise; but his life was a dreadful illustration of the words of Holy Writ: "the heart of the sons of men is full of evil, and madness is in their heart while they live;" and his end was a scene of thickening horrors.

About a year before his death, and not above eight years ago, A—B— was riding with an intimate friend, when the conversation which follows was held. This friend, as he now says, was at the time considerably impressed by religious truth; but, that he might be confirmed in his impenitence by the scepticism of his more intelligent and reckless comrade, or for some other reason, he felt desirous to know B—'s sentiments fully on religion. Accordingly, after a little hesitation, he commenced by saying—

B—, you and I have been much together, and have confidence, I believe, in each other as friends. We have conversed freely upon almost every subject; but there is one that we have never seriously talked about. It is a subject that has troubled me for some time; and I should like to know what are really your candid opinions. If you don't wish to have the matter told, I will keep the matter to myself."

"Oh, certainly," was the reply, "I've no objection against making known any of my opinions."

"Well, then," said Henry (for so I will name his friend), "what do you think about the Bible? Is it true? And is there any such thing as religion? or is it a delusion?"

"Why, as to that," said B—, "I've no more doubt that there is a God, and religion is a reality, and that it is necessary to be what the Christians call pious in order to be happy hereafter, than that we are riding together."