

therefore He must be "made a *curse* for us," we can get a faint glimpse into the exercise of that holy soul of His about it when "entering into His closet, and shutting His door, "He would pour out His soul into His ear who "seeth in secret," owning in profound reverential submission the righteousness of all that He was enduring and had still to endure. Yes, He was the great Sin-bearer; and it would do us good, methinks, if we could spend a while over what we can see into that heart-exercise of His when, in great waves of feeling, the sense of sin *upon* Him would almost overwhelm Him. We should then understand better that "strong crying and tears" to "Him who was able to save Him from death," and "was heard," though otherwise than He at first prayed, "that the cup might pass from Him if it were possible"—because it was not possible.

An ancestor of the present writer—banished, or obliged to fly, to Holland during the persecuting time of Charles II., but who after the glorious revolution of 1688 returned and spent the rest of his days ministering to the Presbyterians who settled in London—this sainted man must have had some insight into these experiences of his Lord when in the Preface to a little book of his he says of Him, in language which is as music, "He filled the silent night with His crying, and watered the earth with His tears, more precious than the dew of Hermon, or any moisture that ever fell on God's earth since the creation, next unto His own blood."

But the Cross was the crisis. During those three hours of darkness which hung over it, and "about the ninth hour," which was the hour of the evening sacrifice, then it was that He was made to feel the uttermost of the "curse" that "He was made for us." And what was that? *Desertion of God*. Till then, as would seem, this was unknown to Him. For it wrung from Him a cry as strange as the thing itself, not the cry of His "beloved Son" to a Father who "heard Him always," but of the Son of *Man* to His God. And it is a challenge from conscious innocence to the righteous Judge of the human heart—"My God, my God, why hast *Thou* forsaken *Me*?" That is a cry which will never be heard in the