

the advanced period of the night, peradventure, he may be asleep. Then Judas would not have to face him at all, for from that glance he shrunk. He could skulk behind, and his interference not be apparent. At all events, Jesus was likely to be alone, as whole nights had often been spent by him thus in the garden and on the mount. In the day-time there would have been the risk of a popular rising. Myriads of swords besides Peter's would have sprung from their scabbards, in defence of Him who had become the people's idol. To find him alone and unprotected was their only chance. To come on him thus unawares but increased the baseness of the deed. It lent a deeper, darker shade, to the treachery of Monteith, that he came on the patriot Wallace asleep and alone. But Jesus sleeps not, and perhaps as the murderous gang skirted, with suppressed breath, the garden wall, the strong crying of Jesus during part of his agony and bloody sweat, fell on their ears. In the expectation of concealment the traitor is balked. He must face his friend. Will he turn back now? Will he not relent, and repair even yet, a broken-hearted penitent, to his Master's feet. Ah! it is too late. He stands committed. The Roman soldiers are at his heels. Even the warnings of conscience become as officers of justice, dragging him forward to execution. And O! is there not something terrible in the *involuntariness* and *irresistibility* of sin after it reaches a certain point. The wretched victim cannot stop even though he would. He is on the precipitous declivity, and is urged forward to his ruin. It shows how hardened Judas had become, that with such ease and assurance he can brace himself up for the meeting. And what a meeting. How different from that an hour or two before, when Judas sat near John, close to the head of the table. Probably, to disarm suspicion, soldiers and assistants lay in sort of ambush beside the garden gate, while the traitor, like a snake

in the grass, with characteristic cunning went forward alone, as if returning from some benevolent or business visit. Each re-union between Christ and his disciples after a temporary absence, seems to have been signalized by the holy kiss of love. This consecrated symbol of affection is now pressed into the devil's service, and becomes the instrument of treachery. This friendly salutation is the climax of villainy.

"Kissed him." Thus Esau and Jacob met after their prolonged estrangement, and Moses and Aaron on the mount. It was the universally recognized token of love. And to have treachery hide itself beneath this! Had he struck him with his hand or spat in his face, Jesus, who gave his back to the smiter, and hid not his face from shame and spitting, would not have felt it so acutely. How dignified and self-possessed the deportment of Jesus! He is not taken by surprise. He can never be thrown off his guard. How acutely sensitive and gently upbraiding the words—"Betrayest thou the Son of Man with a kiss." Every word must have stuck in the traitor's conscience like a barbed arrow.

BETRAYEST. What single item in the entire calendar of crime meets with such detestation as treachery? Almost any crime will find some palliation in history, but no pillory is too high, and no execration too deep and thorough for the traitor. Of what avail the brilliant exploits of the notorious Arnold? this burning brand on his brow has effaced them all. Hast thou sunk so low?

Betrayest THOU? When Cæsar wraps his mantle round him, and fell beneath the blows of the remorseless assassins that rushed on him, his eye fell upbraidingly on his old friend Brutus, "Et tu, Brute!"—"And thou too, Brutus!" was his touching exclamation.

"Betrayest THOU," comes with similar effect—*thou*, a professed friend, who hast known me and followed me—listened to