

And if your hearts feel cold, if your love for Christ is waning, your attachment to Him feeble, let me urge you to draw near to the cross. O brethren if you would have the smouldering embers of your love fanned into a flame gather around the cross. Behold there the Son of God suffering, bleeding, dying, and in the midst of His agony not only caring for His mother; but praying for His enemies, and granting pardon and comfort to the dying thief.

And remember this suffering and death was for you. "He gave His life a ransom for many." "He died, the just for the unjust, that He might bring us to God." Yes:—

"Thou, O my Jesus, Thou didst me
Upon the cross embrace,
For me didst bear the nails and spear
And manifold disgrace.

"And griefs and torments numberless,
And sweat of agony:
Yea death itself; and all for me
Who was Thine enemy.

"Then why, O blessed Jesus Christ
Should I not love Thee well?
Not for the hope of winning heaven,
Nor of escaping hell.

"Not with the hope of gaining ought,
Not seeking a reward;
But as Thyself hast loved me,
O ever loving Lord."