

loud and terrible cry, "Death to the traitors" declared their resolve. Should the nearest relatives, should brothers or sons, be among that murderous band, their eye shall not pity them, nor will their hand spare. Communicants, will the fidelity of the heathen to their poor mortal chief put to shame your love and fidelity to the great Captain of your salvation—the eternal King—the living, compassionate, the blessed Jesus? O will not your hearts, as you are bending over the memorials of His broken body and shed blood, be livid with holy rage against His enemies? Are you not ready with one voice to shout, with tones loud and determined, death to the traitors who pierced and wounded my Lord! While your hands are taking this broken bread and this wine and raising them to your lips, will you not in heart and in firm sincerity of soul raise your arm to heaven, pledging yourselves with the most solemn vow, never shall this vow be drawn back, never shall I rest until the last of the accursed race be swept from the earth. Dear though some of them might hitherto have been to me, henceforth I will not spare. Come: Are these the feelings which animate your hearts? You say they are, but do you ask, where do these enemies lurk and how will you know them from others? We trust, this need not be told—already we hope you have felt that it was your sins that pierced the Lord Jesus with many sorrows, and discovered also, that their lurking place are the secret chambers of your hearts. Those lusts lay so dear, that pride, that envy, that self love, that worldliness of mind, and all these sinful appetites so fondly indulged—these were the arrows that pierced His soul, and wounded to death. Have you seen your sins in this light, and have you mourned while looking at Him whom you pierced? And thus have your hearts been turned against sin with a hatred sincere and lasting, which roused you to contend against all you know is displeasing to God, and led you also to search with jealous care the secrets of your hearts,