

that day. The mask was off and sin stalked the streets and swarmed the hill in all its black horror ; and over against it was the moral splendour of the Crucified.

The death of Jesus was the logical end of sin, the fated conclusion of its natural reactions. In the destruction of the Son of Man, the incarnation of essential manhood, we have the eternal symbol of the anti-social nature and effects of sin. It gathered itself up to extinguish the spirit of love in which alone is the hope of our healing. The Cross was not alone a denial of and an affront to the divine holiness ; it was that, truly ; but it was that because it was first an assault upon man, an a denial of the love by which it is ordained that man shall live and grow. The crucifixion of Jesus remains the supreme instance and symbol of that contempt of personality which is the first reaction of egoism and the unchanging hindrance to fellowship. The Cross is the whole wide tragedy of mankind focussed down to one single point of darkness.

But the Cross revealed much more than the truth about sin. In the annals of human suffering there is surely no story comparable to the deliberate, systematic, pitiless crucifixion of the Polish people. For a century it has gone on ; and the mounting tale of a nation's anguish was reproduced in the hearts of its exiled sons. Some of these it drove back upon God ; and as they were pressed more closely to the heart of God, bitterness and vengeance died within them, and out of their hearts came echoing the last word of the heart of God. Sygmunt Krasinski, in whom Polish idealism reached its high-