Recompense.

The earth gives us treasure four-fold for all
that we give to its bosom;
The care we bestow on the plant comes back
in the bud and the blossom.

The sun draws the sea to the sky, O, stillest
and strangest of powers,
And returns to the hills and the meadows the
gladness of bountiful showers.

The mother regains her lost youth in the
beauty and youth of her daughters;
We are fed after many long days by the bread
that we cast on the waters.

Never a joy do we cause but we for that joy
are the gladder,
Never a heart do we grieve but we for the
grieving are sadder.

Never a slander so vile as the lips of the wil-
ling rehearser,
And curses though long, loud, and deep, come
home to abide with the curser.

He who doth give of his best, of that best is
the certainest user,
And he who withholds finds himself of his
gaining the pitiful loser.

The flowers that are strewn for the dead
bloom first in the heart of the living.
And this is the truest of truths, that the best
of a gift is the giving!

—*Carlotta Perry.*

BISHOP RYAN'S GREAT LECTURE.

On the Passion of our Lord.

Bishop P. J. Ryan preached the passion sermon at St. John's Church on Good Friday and descanted so eloquently upon the incidents which form the first of the twelve stations of the cross, that the crowded audience literally hung upon his words, and gave audible vent to their emotions as the learned preacher sketched the suffering of Jesus, the remorse of Judas and the penitent contrition of the ardent Peter. The sermon was one of Bishop Ryan's best efforts, and, while of a character not at all calculated to produce controversy among Christians, may, perhaps, call forth notable comment from the representatives of that race whose forefathers cried out, "Not this man, but Barabbas." The sermon, however, is able to speak for itself, a verbatim report being given below:

"And I if I be lifted up will draw all things to myself. Now this He said signifying by what manner He should die." Words taken from the 12th chapter of the gospel according to St. John, 32d and 33d verses.

We are here to-night, my dear brethren, to fulfil, as far as we are concerned, this great prophecy of Jesus Christ: "If I shall be lifted up," signifying by what death He should die, "I will draw all things to myself." For eighteen centuries and a half since he died upon the cross Jesus Christ has been drawing things to Himself. The weak and the sinful and the powerless have been drawn to Christ crucified, who, according to St. Paul, is the power of God, and those tossed about by every wind of doctrine, speculators in philosophy and religion, wearied and tired in the pursuit of a truth which they cannot always attain, and never in its entirety, have been brought to Him who is the wisdom of God, for Jesus Christ crucified is not only the power of God, but the wisdom of God. The human heart and the human intellect have both been drawn upwards to the crucified for these centuries, according to his promise, and shall be drawn until the consummation of ages. The fact is itself a

PROOF OF THE DIVINITY

of his mission. This young Jewish rabbi dying at the age of 33, without friends, without wealth, without reputation, dying the most ignominious of all deaths, the death on the cross; rejected by the Roman and by the Jew; coming to his own and his own receiving him not; betrayed by one apostle, denied by another, abandoned by all, yet declares, "when I shall be crucified I will draw all things to myself." And for eighteen centuries and a half the brightest intellects and the noblest hearts have been drawn to him, and hundreds of millions of people to-night sympathize with him in his sufferings, and shed tears over his anguish. Great men have lived and died in these eighteen centuries, and how are they remembered? As dead men. Jesus Christ lives. He warms more hearts. He draws more tears, He causes more self-sacrifice amongst the children of men than all the heroes of the past put together. He continues to draw all things to himself. No matter how men may differ on various subjects, they can not deny that there must be a cause for an effect, and a cause commensurate with that effect. How account for Christianity? How account for the love that warms the souls of hundreds of millions on this universe to-night, not only of the great Catholic Church, but of the Greek Church, of the various Protestant denominations, wherever the name of Jesus is heard? That name is a name that appeals at once to intellect and heart and draws all things to itself. Examine that phenomenon; scrutinize this great fact, and on no hypothesis but the hypothesis of His divinity can you account for it.

But some one may say, "Why if He draws all things to Himself, does He leave many who deny Him, who speak against Him, who blaspheme Him? He promised to draw all things to Himself; why is not the prophesy perfectly fulfilled?" Observe you, my dear brethren, Jesus Christ did not say, "And I, when I shall be lifted up, will force all things to myself." He could do this, but man would cease to be man.

MAN IS A FREE AGENT.

If God forced him to himself, he could have no merit; hence He says; "I will draw by the arguments of my mission, by the tenderness of my dispensation. I will draw without destroying human liberty; and will give to all the inducement necessary to bring them to me, and millions will receive my word." Hence, as far as it is consistent with human liberty, with leaving man as God made him, Jesus Christ has drawn all things to Himself. To-night, my dear brethren, you, drawn by this mysterious influence, are present here to celebrate His sufferings and His death. You have come to perform the stations of the cross, and the stations of the cross is a devotion by which is brought vividly before your mind the suffering of Jesus Christ. On each picture you contemplate Him in some stage of His sorrowful journey from Pilate's Hall to the summit of Mount Calvary. I desire to say to you some words which may prepare you to devoutly perform this devotion to-night, and I shall speak more particularly of the sufferings which He endured before the first station of the cross, leaving you to devoutly perform those stations afterwards, and thus efficaciously bring to your mind the sufferings of your Divine Lord.

It is necessary that we should be prepared to celebrate Jesus Christ's sufferings. Amidst the anxieties and sufferings and distractions of the world one cannot, with all the intensity of our soul realize this sad history. The whole Lent of recollection, of prayer and of mortification is intended by the church as a preparation for Good Friday. We need

THE SPIRIT OF RECOLLECTION.

We must be prepared ourselves and in a certain frame of mind before we can adequately understand and truly appreciate the sufferings of Jesus Christ. Let us then, first of all, and especially those of us who are conscious of sin, let us first of all, prepare by an act of sorrow for our sins, to accompany Jesus Christ in that sad procession to Calvary. Let us not be among those who would crucify Him. The man whose soul is in sin, and who will not repent of it crucifies Jesus Christ over again. Therefore, let every soul be lifted up to God, and from your hearts say with me: "Oh my God, I am sorry for the sins of my life! Oh, suffering Lord and Master, pity me and forgive me! Oh Eternal Father, through the sufferings that Jesus endured to-day, have pity on me! I desire with my whole heart to return to Thee, and to be loyal for ever more." Thus prepared, brethren, let us consider first the nature of the sufferer.

We are too liable in speaking of the sufferings of Jesus Christ, to rest merely on the physical suffering, as what he endured in the scourging at the pillar, the crowning with thorns or the nailing to the cross. But the inner sufferings produced by the nature of the sufferer—these sufferings intensified a hundred fold when we consider who He was—these things require reflection and explanation. Jesus Christ, truly man, as truly man as He was truly God, with a sensitive nature, a gentle nature, the perfection of our humanity: all the qualities that you have seen in individuals united together will give you some conception of what Jesus Christ's humanity was? Therefore in this sensitiveness, in this sense of pain at the ingratitude of those whom he served, in this elevation, you behold

A SUBJECT FOR SUFFERING

such as the world had never seen.

Again, His divinity was united to His humanity. You may say "that divinity helped Him to suffer. We are left to suffer alone. Our human nature alone suffers. God was present with him. He was God and man united." But whilst the divinity sustained the humanity, the divinity intensified the sufferings of the humanity. It sustained it, but sustained it to suffer the more. By the divinity He foresaw how useless those sufferings would be to millions, and worse then useless, increasing their condemnation because of his rejection. Now His divinity could not suffer. It was only His humanity, and therefore all had to be endured by that human nature of Jesus Christ, the human soul and the human body of Jesus Christ, and the divinity by its knowledge and its foreknowledge increased that suffering. We know not the future. The angel of mercy holds in its hands the veil that hangs between us and the future. Not so with Jesus Christ. "Behold" he said, "We go up to Jerusalem and all things shall be performed which were spoken of by the prophets. The Son of man shall be mocked and scourged and spat upon and after they have scourged Him they will put Him to death. I, when I shall be lifted up, will draw all things to Myself," and this He said signifying the manner of His death. Hence His foreknowledge increased His suffering. Again, the intense essential hatred of sin, which as God He possessed, increased His anguish at the sins of others. Thus because of the union of His divinity with His humanity, while that humanity was sustained a hundredfold. Such was the sufferer. Behold him, calm, collected, beautiful in his suffering, resigned to his Father's will, with the knowledge of divinity! Behold Him entering that upper room furnished, to eat the feast with His disciples the night before He suffered. It is an occasion of joy and thanksgiving, the Passover; nevertheless, that very night He reveals to his apostles

THREE GREAT CAUSES

of his anguish. Sitting with them He startles them with the announcement: "Amen, amen, I say to you, one of you shall betray me." They are astounded—these twelve who had lived with Him, who saw His miracles, who knew his love, who were bound to Him by the strongest ties—that one even of these should betray Him. Then He tells them that they shall all leave him. "Little children," He says, "Little children, the time cometh, and it is now when you shall be despised, every man to his own, and shall leave me alone. I say to you as I said to the Jews, whither I go you can not come," "Why can I not follow Thee?" said Peter, with his characteristic ardor. "I will follow Thee to death." "Thou wilt follow Me to death?" said Jesus, repeating His words, "Amen, amen, I say to you, the cock shall not crow to-night until thou deny Me thrice." One of you shall betray Me; another of you shall deny Me to-night thrice; you shall all leave Me, and I shall be alone. Having sung a hymn, Jesus Christ announces to them, "That the world may know that I love the Father. Arise, let us go hence."

"But whither, Lord, wilst Thou go? The day is far spent. Thou knowest that the traitor is already preparing for Thy arrest in the places where Thou art accustomed to pray. Whither wouldst thou go?" To pray; to teach us brethren, that in the agonies of human life, in the trials that we anticipate, we must first have recourse to the God of fortitude, to Jesus Christ, the power of God and the wisdom of God. Behold him in that prayer of agony! Behold him—that mysterious agony, the most difficult to be understood of all His sufferings. At other times He was brave. When they crucified Him He spread out His hands to be nailed. When they would smite Him He bore it, and bore it calmly and patiently, but here He falls upon the earth. He cries out: "If it be possible let this chalice pass from Me." He says: "My soul is sorrowful even unto death." Every pore of His body becomes an eye, and from every eye gush tears of blood. The divinity presented to the humanity the sins of the world from the beginning. The ingratitude of man, the crimes of Sodom and Gomorrah, the crimes of the great Romans, the Egyptians, the Greeks, all the great kingdoms of the past,

EVERY ART OF DISLOYALTY

from Adam's fall to the last scene passed before His humanity to the earth and hence the cry of the human spirit, "If possible, let this chalice of suffering pass from me; nevertheless, not the will of my humanity, which recoils, and from its very nature recoils from suffering, but the will of thy divinity, Father, and mine—that higher will—to this does this poor bleeding human heart submit. "Not my will, but Thine be done." At other times no comforter was sent to Jesus Christ. He said, "I have trodden the wine press alone." Now a solitary angel is sent from heaven to strengthen Him, with strength to sustain His human nature. When in the desert He fasted and triumphed over the tempter, angels came and ministered to him. One angel of the whole host of heaven comes now to comfort Him. We are not told what comfort the angels gave Him; perhaps, brethren, before His human vision the angel brought the future. The future of sin was in that chalice, and then the angel said: "But oh, Son of man, look at the future of consolation. Millions will love thee. The first love of the hearts of consecrated virgins shall be thine. The life's blood of martyrs shall be poured out for thee freely, willingly, in every tribe and tongue and people. Thy standard of the cross shall be lifted up, and Thou wilt bring all things to Thyself. Never, never, shalt Thou be forgotten in the homes of the broken hearted, and Thy story shall bring tears from the hardest hearts forever more. Oh, Son of man, be strong and suffer, and Thy humanity shall be blessed, and Thy benedictions shall be blessed in the darkest passes of the valley of tears. Thy name shall be whispered to the dying. Thy name shall be as oil poured out to the suffering." Perhaps, brethren, the scene of to-night, where here are so many gathered together, attracted by the fact that His sufferings were to be spoken of—perhaps the vision of this crowded church was brought before Him to show Him that after eighteen centuries and a half there would be hearts to love Him though he died desolate and alone, naked, spat upon, despised and crucified.

Rising from His agony of blood He goes naturally—for He was human like us—and He looks to those brethren whom He loved, and who loved Him, for consolation, as well as that which came from the angelical messenger, and Peter, James and John, who saw Him on the mountain when his face did shine as the sun and His garments became white as snow—Peter, James and John were vouchsafed that vision of the mountain to prepare their faith for the humiliating spectacle of Gethsemane.

HE FINDS THEM ASLEEP.

His heart is chilled, to prepare us for the abandonment by friends, by those who love us, to prepare us not to trust too much in human love or human gratitude, and He says to Peter—appropriately to Peter—"Simon, could you not watch one hour with me?" The wound was a deep one. That expostulation of His love—poor, weak nature of ours—Peter forgets, and Jesus is wounded again and again by the apparent indifference of His chosen apostles. Having come the third time He says to them. "Sleep on and take your rest. He is at hand who will betray me. He doesn't sleep. What my love has not aroused in you, that vigilance, that self-sacrificing spirit, that vigilance which ought to keep you awake whilst I suffer; that vigilance is found in the man who has taken thirty pieces of silver to betray me." And as He speaks Judas Iscariot, who had lived with Him for years, had been with Him in His journeys, had seen His miracles, and knew His tenderness and His love, approaches Him, kisses Him, according to the sign that He gave to His enemies, and says: "Hail rabbi!" How does Jesus act? The lightening of heaven ought to have struck the traitor! How have we acted? Have we never betrayed Him? Have we never sold his friendship for an indulgence of less value than thirty pieces of silver? Before we so much condemn the traitor, and call down the vengeance of heaven upon him, let us examine the record of our lives. How did Jesus act towards Judas? And how has he acted towards you? Not a word of reproach passes His lips. Not in irony, observe you, but in tones of tenderness and expostulation, He says to him: "Friend, for what hast thou come? Judas, wouldst thou betray the son of man with a kiss?"—words that ought to have penetrated his heart. Observe you "Friends," "Judas" —calling him by his name as he was accustomed many a time before to call him. Previous to this he had given him

MANY A WARNING

and many graces. "Have I not selected you twelve," said He on one occasion, "and one of you hath a devil." Did He not wash the feet of Judas, kneeling at his feet? He, their Lord and Master. Was not that act in a word begging him on his knees, Jesus begging him to resist the temtation, and to love him? Grace is sent, remorse is sent: everything to save him and now that he has betrayed him, he will not give up, but says to him: "Friend, wouldst thou betray the Son of man with a kiss?" As if he had said: "Even now return to me and I will forgive thee, for thou art my friend. As far as my heart is concerned I shall forgive thee. "He could not have freed him to himself, for this would be to cause Judas to cease to be a man, because liberty, as I have already said, is man's distinguishing gift, and God cannot leave a man free and force him to be good at the same time.

Follow the traitor after the arrest of Jesus Christ. Look at that trembling wretch going to the house of Annas, thence to Caiphas, then hearing that Jesus is certainly to be condemned to death, wretch as he was, he didn't seem to have anticipated this result, and now—as sometimes the light of a great crime causes a man to see more vividly than before his condition—like a torch in a darksome cave, in a horrid cave, where one is wondering in the dark, and suddenly a light comes up, and then he sees the terror of his situation; so Judas Iscariot, finding that Jesus was condemned to death, felt his heart smitten by the greatness of his crime. He goes to the high priests and confesses the innocence of Jesus. He flings down the thirty pieces of silver and he declares, "I have sinned; I have betrayed innocent blood;" as if he had said: "I cannot stand it; I cannot hold these pieces of silver, cold and hard like my own heart"—yet his heart is human. "I see the immensity of my crime, the awfulness of this betrayal." "What is that to us?" "See you to it." These words were wringing in his ears as he left the house of the priests, and he thought within himself: "I must see to it. It is my crime. See to what? See to the

BETRAYAL OF INNOCENT BLOOD,

and the blood of such an innocent. I have seen men strike Him, buffet Him, spit upon Him, who, if they knew Him as I know him, would fall at His feet and adore and love Him. They smote Him, for they knew Him not. I sold Him and I knew Him. Oh, I remember His love. I know His heart. I saw His face that day in Nain when the widow mother, whose only son was dead upon the bier came before Him, and I saw His eyes fill with tears because of her sorrow. I saw him weep at the grave of Lazarus, I saw Him with that being which of all things He most hated—the impure woman—He, the immaculate Son of Mary—I saw the sinner of the city at His feet, washing them with her tears; when I in my avarice complained that the ointment was not sold for 300 pence and given to the poor—that was, to me; and I saw He defended her, and how He forgave her, the woman taken in adultery brought before Him, and I saw that His heart was full of pity for her because she was sorry and may be, may be, He would forgive me. But no! It were blasphemy to think it. Magdalen didn't sell Him for thirty pieces of silver. These sinners knew not whom they offended. Woe to the man that shall betray the Son of Man. 'Friend, for what hast thou come?' 'Judas, whils't thou betray the Son of Man with a kiss?' 'See to it!' My sin is greater than that which Cain committed when he slew Abel. My sin is greater than that of all these Jews, who never would offend Him if they knew Him as I know Him. I lived for three years with Him. I heard His words. I learned to understand Him and that He lived but for God and His fellow man. And in the madness of the moment I sold Him. I will see to it. And far as hell is from heaven shall Judas be from Jesus for all eternity. With the strength that remains to me I will be my own executioner, and he will know at least that I had repented and despaired."

So, by his own hand he fell, and scarcely was the sin of the betrayal of his Master greater than the sin of his despair. To question that love, to question the depth of that tenderness was

A WOUND TO THE HEART

of Jesus Christ, "friend" even after he held the thirty pieces of silver in his hand—an invitation to be forgiven.

Jesus the tender, suffering, meek, beautiful Lamb of God, who is to take away the sins of the world; Jesus, betrayed and abandoned, without a man of all those whom He healed and benefited to stand by Him in the hour of his trial—is led to Annas and then to Caiphas, who has already prejudged Him. He makes no defense. He knows what is in man, and he knows it were folly to defend Himself before them. Caiphas appeals to his love and loyalty to the Eternal God, and as the false high priest of the old law says to the Great High Priest of the new law, who stands as a criminal before him, 'I adjure thee by the living God to say if thou be the Christ, the Son of God." Then Jesus through reverence of His father's name, and because for this He was born into this world, to give testimony to the truth, said; "Thou sayest it," that is, "I am, and amen I say unto you, hereafter you shall see the Son of man at the right hand of the power of God, coming in the clouds of heaven." The high priest, in mock scandal at these words, rends his garments, and says, "You have heard the blasphemy. What think you of it?" and they say, "He is worthy of death." They strike him on the face. They spit upon him, and calmly and gently He bears it all. For our sakes, for our pride, for our vanity. He bears it to teach us patience in the hour of suffering and humiliation. When Plato would describe a perfect man—Plato, who knew not Jesus Christ—with the light of his magnificent intellect, and with the inspiration of his pure and beautiful heart, he describes

THE JUST MAN

in his perfection, as one persecuted for justice' sake, and silent and patient under the persecution. The picture this great pagan philosopher draws of a perfect man has a marvelous likeness to Jesus Christ. By the aid of a pure nature he rose to something like a conception of our divine Lord. Alone, before the high priest, buffeted and despised, spat upon and rejected, he hears Peter swearing that he did not know Him. "I tell you I know not the man." He calls God to witness and perjures his soul—said that he knew Him not. And the Evangelist says shortly, but oh how significantly, "And Jesus looked at Peter." Those eyes of agony and suffering were turned upon the apostle, and the look pierced like an arrow to his heart's core—a look that spoke words like these: "You promised that if all should leave me you would not have left me, and you swear that you never knew me, and now, supremely alone at this moment, you select it to deny me and to call my Fatherto witness that you never knew me" Peter, wounded by that love, and bleeding at his heart, did not, like Judas, say "I am unworthy, I can not be forgiven. My sin is too great. His love is not great enough to forgive me," but he went out and wept bitterly. Here was the foundation of

PETER'S FUTURE SANCTITY.

He had natural piety before. He loved our Lord with tenderness before, and he was perfectly honest when he said: "Though all should leave you, I will not," but he depended on himself. There are pious people, pious for a while, whose piety is but as it were the offspring of a sincere natural affectionateness and sensitiveness, who are touched by a sermon for a while to a reflection on their past lives, whose warm temperament lines them and makes them think that a disposition to piety is piety, and that tenderness is sanctity. The first lesson to be learned is to distrust ourselves so as to say, "There is no use. I have resolved and resolved, and here I am after years. I will trust my God alone. If He will not help me, it is useless to resolve. The moment Peter learned the lesson of confidence in God and distrust in himself, from that moment he began to be a saint. All his life he wept over that denial. Tradition tells us that whenever the cock crew, Peter wept. His sorrow was not the passing sorrow of a moment, but the real, quiet, life-long contrition of the man who feels that he has been disloyal to his God. All his life is but too short a time to realize and weep over his disloyalty. Such was the contrition of the saint, Peter wept, wept bitterly, went out into the night; but it was not the night of despair, like that of Judas. It was the night that was to be followed by the rising sun of repentance. When He rose from the dead, to what apostle did our Lord first appear? To Peter; because He knew Peter's heart was breaking. Not to John, though John was brave enough to stand beside his gibbet and to be the only one to vindicate our manhood there. Brave women were there, but there was but one man. Yet Jesus Christ—O! how forgiving he is!—How He knows how to console those who weep for their sins against him, appears first to Peter. Strange meeting! I have sometimes thought of it. Once Peter told him to leave him: "Depart from me, for I am a sinful man, O Lord." It was Peter who denied Him, but what must he have thought when the forgiving eyes of Jesus beamed upon him after the glorious resurrection.

So Peter was forgiven. And Peter is to us, and shall be unto all men until the consummation of ages, the

MODEL OF SINCERE CONTINUITY,

of abiding, quiet sorrow for sin. If we are terrified at the death of Judas, let us be consoled by the repentance of Peter, and let us be consoled by the fact that the mercies of God are above all His works, above you, in the earth beneath you, in men around you, yet His mercy is above His power. If you were to realize the sins of our lives, brethren—none of us realize them fully; we forget them, the acts of disloyalty; the acts in great mercies from God, we do not realize anything in life, but our sins we do not realize at all—we would be tempted to despair. But, oh, the mercy and the forgiveness of our God. And, as I have said to you before, in the greatness of that mercy, in the infinitude of that forgiveness, in those repeated pardons, in the love of our God to us when we have offended Him, in that is found the reason for eternal punishment when we have rejected all. He lets no one perish eternally whom He does not first invite, whom he does not draw. When lifted up upon the cross, with His hands bleeding and extended to embrace them, with His feet nailed and bleeding, with His eyes lifted to God, He asked pardon for them. He condemns no man until, like Judas, that man has resisted His graces and despised His love, and an eternity of separation is not too much for such rejection of the love of a God

These Jewish priests, much as they hate Jesus Christ, and much as they have desired and still desire His death, have not the power to condemn. They are slaves of the Romans. Only the Romans, the rulers of their country, condemn any man to death. Hence, though they declare He is worthy of death, and that He is a blasphemer, and that He

OUGHT TO BE CRUCIFIED,

though, according to Jewish law, crucifixion was a mode of death which could not be inflicted—the Jewish law was much more gentle, of course, because it came from God. Crucifixion was not the manner of death assigned to criminals of any kind, and even amongst the Romans only slaves could be crucified, and for great offenses—those priests could not crucify Jesus Christ, nor even put Him to death in any manner and hence they have to send Him to the representative of Roman power in Judea, who was then Pontius Pilate. Pontius Pilate, a wicked and vacillating man, hated the Jews, and they hated him in turn. He knew them—their priests and their pharisees—and he understood, after a short examination, that it was through envy that Jesus was delivered to him. He seeks as far as his fears will permit him, to have Jesus liberated. He tells them plainly, "I find no cause in this man; I will liberate Him;" but they cry out for His death: "We have a law and according to that law He ought to die, because, being a man, He hath made himself the Son of God. He is a blasphemer." Before, they could not agree amongst themselves in the charges brought against Him, and false witnesses had said that Jesus declared that he would destroy the temple and in three days build it up again. Our Lord said no such thing. He said "destroy this temple"—speaking of his body—"and in three days I will build it up again." He was not to destroy the temple of Jerusalem, but if they destroyed His temple, put Him to death by crucifixion, He would rise the third day. Their false witnesses disagreed, but now it is certain that he declared He was the son of God, and for this He ought to be put to death. But Pilate was not to be governed by their law; He was to be governed by Roman law where life and death was concerned. He asks the people, "What hath He done?" there is the question, "Where is the crime?" "What evil hath he done?"

O, SUGGESTIVE QUESTION!

Answer, ye blind that He made to see, ye deaf that He made to hear, ye dumb that He cleansed, ye dead that He raised to life! Answer, widow's son of Nain! Answer, brother of Mary and of Martha, but a few days ago raised from the dead! Answer, ye broken-hearted, that He consoled! "What evil hath He done?" It was like the question that He Himself asked the Jews when they were stoning Him. "Many good things have I done amongst you; for which of these do you stone Me?" Many good things hath He performed amongst you, O Jewish multitude; for which of these do you ask that He should be crucified? They say to Him "Beware, He maketh Himself a King." Those wily Jews, they knew who ruled in Rome, and they knew his character. They knew the suspicious Tiberius Cæsar, that dark, dark suspicious heart of the Cæsar that was then dominant, and they said: "He maketh Himself a king, and whoever maketh himself a king speaketh against Cæsar." They leave the old charge; they watch the face of Pontius Pilate; they bring forward a new motive. "Beware! Thou art Roman Governor at the will of Cæsar, and this man says he is King." Truly, He said He was King, but He said. "My kingdom is not of this world; if My kingdom were of this world My servants would defend me—but no, My kingdom is not of this world." Pilate, like the coward, fears, and yet he has not the courage to face the responsibility of the guilt of the blood of this innocent man, and therefore he says to this beast with many heads—for such was the howling multitude before Him—

A WILD RAVENOUS BEAST

with many heads, but the one heart of hatred, the one heart of thirst for the blood of that calm Lamb of God—he says, "I am innocent of the blood of this just man, see you to it. I relieve my heart of the responsibility. He is just. O, I can see it in the moral elevation of His look; I can hear it in every word He speaks; calm and alone, and bound and spit upon, He overawes me by His majesty; He is innocent, He is just; I will not take upon my soul the blood of this man; See you to it." As the priests said to Judas; and then from every portion of that immense crowd of Jews, from priest and pontiff, from fathers'—I know not but from mothers' lips, too—from every portion of that immense crowd rose the combined cry, "His blood be upon us and upon our children!" Such was the malediction that they called down upon themselves. "Not only upon us in our generation, but upon our children!" And that piercing cry rose to the ears of God like the cry of Abel's blood when the earth first drank in that blood, it cried to God for vengeance. The destruction of their city was the result of that malediction. Fathers and mothers did eat the flesh and drink the blood of their own children in the streets that echoed with the cry. "His blood be upon us and upon our children!" And for eighteen centuries and a half, Israel—exiled, banished, alone, isolated from the world—Israel hath suffered. Far be it from me to justify the secondary causes of these sufferings, and in the spirit of Jesus Christ to-night, and in the spirit of the Church that prayed for the Jews that crucified Him in her office to-day, in that spirit, seeing that that cry hath penetrated the heavens, we cry out to-night: "His blood be upon them and upon their children to forgiveness and to pardon, and no longer to vengeance." This was the spirit of the broken heart of Jesus, and it is the spirit of the Christian on Good Friday. But in the terrific punishment at the time of the destruction of Jerusalem, and in the history of that race, we behold as in the history of the whole human race, the curse of Adam descended upon Adam's children—the

CURSE OF THE FATHERS

and the mothers did descend on them in the destruction of Jerusalem, and on their children for centuries after.

Pilate still desired to liberate Jesus, and, knowing that it was the custom that at the Pasch a prisoner should be liberated, he said to them that he would select on that day Jesus of Nazareth as the prisoner whom he would liberate. But they cry out—for their hearts, like the tigers', are burning with a thirst for blood—they cry out: "Not this man, but Barabbas"—and Barabbas was a murderer, says the evangelist, and a robber. The murderer and the robber is preferred to Jesus Christ. O, human respect! O, human opinion! O, you who bend the knees and swing censer before the idol of public opinion, and human respect and human judgment, see what it is worth? Not this Man, whose life was a series of good works and of infinite compassion. Who could cry out to His own enemies, "Who can convince Me of sin, one sin." They preferred the murderer and the robber. "And what shall I do," said Pilate, in his embarrassment and in his remorse of conscience, "what shall I do with Jesus of Nazareth" "Let him be crucified! Crucify him! Away with Him! Away with Him!" He found that there was no reasoning with this people; but He said within His heart, surely they are human beings, wicked as they are; debased, hateful, malicious, suspicious, they have hearts left. One more appeal and surely this shall be successful;" and by an expedient the most unjust, he makes the last appeal. Jesus, whom he declared just; Jesus, of whom he said, "I find no cause in Him, I will liberate Him;" Jesus he orders to be tied to a pillar, having been first stripped of His clothing, and there to be scourged so that when scourged and suffering and almost dead he would bring Him, with the blood trickling down His sacred face, and the

CROWN OF PRECIOUS THORNS

upon His brow before the multitude as He promised when he said, "I will chastise Him and let Him go." "And surely," he thought, "the multitude will have pity upon Him when He will be all but dead, too." And therefore, those rough Roman soldiers did strike His sacred flesh until they were sprinkled with His blood, and blow after blow fell upon that sacred virginal flesh of Jesus Christ, and there, exposed with all His sense of shame, with His modesty; with His gentle look of compassion, there in silence like the lamb, not opening his mouth, led to the slaughter; there Jesus Christ for the first sins of the world, and especially for the sins of impurity; there He is lashed at the pillar, the flesh torn from his sacred body; and when that is over they take the crown and press it upon His sacred head until the thorns enter His temple, and, clothed in the crimson robe of His own blood and crowned with thorns, they cast upon His mangled shoulders the purple garment of mock royalty, and they place the reed in His hand like the sceptor, and, not satisfied with the scourging and the piercing thorns they strike His head with the rod. And then, this King of Martyrs, this Monarch of Sufferings, this Lamb of God, on whose body and soul the sins of the world rested—for never, never could the angels of God look down upon that mock King in His agony and in His innocence, and permit that man should mock Him, the justice of God would arm the hosts of heaven against His persecutors, but because Jesus Christ was the sinner, because He had taken upon himself the sins of the whole world, your sins and mine, that God permitted this act of apparent and appalling injustice. Brought before the multitude, bleeding and crowned—Pilate approaches, and from a lofty position he says: "Ecce Homo!" "Behold the man!" "Behold the man! See Him now and surely you will forgive Him, the just man. If you have human hearts, surely they must feel for this poor bleeding outcast of our race! Behold the man!"

There were a few there who loved Him and felt for His sufferings. "Behold the man!" You broken-hearted mother of His, who loved Him with all the love of a mother for a child and a God for a creature! Behold that face, Peter, James and John, if you are within sight at all, and that terrible spectacle, and remember that it is the face that shone on Tabor as the sun! Behold the man, the second Adam! Behold the man of suffering! From the top of His head to the sole of His feet there is no soundness in Him. Oh, truly Jesus Christ might have cried out with the prophet. "All ye that pass by the way attend and see if there be grief like unto my grief." But the multitude, not touched even by the spectacle of ineffable anguish only cry out, "Away with Him! Let Him be crucified!" "Shall I crucify your King?" said Pilate. "We have no king but Cæsar. We hate Cæsar, but he is our king, and rather than admit the sweet yoke of His love, we will submit to the stranger and to the tyrant." Just as we cry out brethren; when the sweet yoke of the gospel and law of Jesus Christ is presented to us. "We have no king, but Cæsar." "No king or ruler but

OUR OWN FIERCE PASSIONS;

no king but injustice, but immorality. Away with Jesus Christ and His purity, and His love, and His justice, and His forgiveness; so they cried and then Pilate gave Him into their hands, and by this act he virtually condemned Him. He need not have done it, but he gave Him into their hands.

And this brings us to the first of the stations of the cross. What I have said to you represents but the sufferings of Jesus Christ until His condemnation by Pilate. Now attend, and attend with an affectionate tenderness and contrition every scene of the devotion of the station. Let us go in spirit from scene to scene, each depicted upon the picture. On the walls of the church from his condemnation of Pilate to the burial at the other side of the Church, the last station. Let us attentively, abstracting for a little while from everything else, giving our whole attention this Good Friday night—perhaps the last Good Friday night that we shall ever perform the Stations of the Cross—let us this Good Friday night when prayer is so efficacious with God the Father, when the cry for pardon and mercy through the blood that was shed on Calvary is a cry that is irresistable, when with all the crimes of our lives before our eyes, we send up a wail that goes out from the white lips of Jesus on the gibbet, "Father forgive them; for they know not what they do!" God can not resist a cry for mercy on Good Friday, the anniversary of the death of Jesus Christ. No matter how great your disloyalty, deep and dark and bloody even as the act of Judas Iscariot, God will forgive you to-night. Oh, when I remember that there were those in this congregation

A YEAR AGO

who heard my words and have passed to eternity since; when I recall to mind that in all probability there are many, some at least, that hear me to-night that shall pass to the judgment seat of God before another Good Friday; when I remember the mission that I have as the exponent of the sufferings of Jesus Christ and the injustice of disloyalty to our God that I hold in this chair of truth to-night, speaking to you of God, and sins, and of the possibility of forgiveness if you only pray; when I know that God is ready, and especially now, to be on you, I ask you, with all the fervor of my soul, to send up your prayers for mercy to Him to-night, and to make these stations of the cross for once fervently. Realize each second before you as if you knew you were to die to-night when the stations were over. Oh, one set of stations of the cross made this may be for you the source of manifold benedictions for time and for eternity. Do not say, "Oh, the sermon was too long, and those stations are too long." Oh, remember those stations of the cross were longer and more painful for Him who first made them for you, endured the suffering all for your sake. Remember the multitude of your sins, and in the spirit of the true penitent, and making compensation as far as you can for that negligent Lent, perhaps, that you have passed, not entering into the spirit of the church nor praying and fasting as the great old penitents who loved our Lord with that intense personal love, that stronger than woman's love, stronger than man's love for his child, strong because the love of man for his God, that old love of the old penitents of this day too, for they are not all dead, "and the love of Jesus Christ remaineth and He draws all things to Himself." Crucified—oh, in that spirit of contrition, and with the motives that Christianity affords, with the love that ought to burn in your hearts on Good Friday night, make those stations. Accompany Jesus Christ, weep with Him, love Him, be attached to Him for the future, and be no longer a Judas or a Peter, but love the Lord our God; be sensitive about His honor; love that Christianity which makes life all that it can be in this valley of tears, and be drawn to Jesus Christ upon the throne, at the right hand of His Father!

If You are Ruined

in health from any cause, especially from the use of any of the thousand nostrums that promise so largely, with long fictitious testimonials, have no fear. Resort to Hop Bitters at once, and in a short time you will have the most robust and blooming health.