

GETHSEMANE
AND THE
CROSS.

Gennie Snow

Presented to Gennie
By her friend
George

GETHSEMANE AND THE CROSS,
THEIR SCENE AND THEIR MORAL SIGNIFICANCE;
OR THE
INTERNAL AND EXTERNAL
SUFFERINGS OF CHRIST FOR SIN.

Addressed to the Young.

BY

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**PUBLISHED BY REQUEST.**  
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“Is this the Infinite? ’Tis he,
My Saviour and my God!
For me these pangs his soul assail,
For me this death is borne:
My sins gave sharpness to the nail,
And pointed every thorn.”

—————
BOONSBOROUGH:
OFFICE OF THE ODD FELLOW.
1851.

DEDICATED

To the Earnest Squirers of the

LITTLE FLOCK

OVER WHICH, IN MY YOUTH,

THE MASTER

Of the Gospel Vineyard

PLACED ME AS A SHEPHERD,

AS A TOKEN OF

His Pastor's Care and Affection,

BY THE AUTHOR.

TO THE READER.

THIS little work has been published at the request of the ladies and gentlemen connected with the charge over which the Lord has called the author to preside. The proceeds of its sale are to be appropriated to the payment of a church debt. In the preparation of it the author aimed at no theological discussion. The persons to whom it is addressed, the peculiar impression desired to be made, and the selected aspects of the subject considered, called upon him to give a *purely practical tone* to both *thought and language*. The work is specially addressed to the young, particularly those with whom the author is wont to associate in the sanctuary and around the social fireside. If but one of these—endeared to him by the tenderest ties—is directed by these pages to Calvary, the author's hopes will be fully realized, and he will feel himself amply compensated for all his labors here expended.

THE AUTHOR.

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GETHSEMANE AND THE CROSS.

MANIFOLD are the aspects in which CHRIST is presented to the gaze of a perishing world, and manifold are the features by which his character is delineated to the eye of gospel faith. At one time we behold him clothed in the glory and majesty of God; at another we see him wrapped in humanity, and burdened with its infirmities and its sorrows. Here we see him "altogether lovely;" there, a neglected wanderer, without a friend or a home, the object of the scorn and persecution of a heartless and ungrateful world. Here we see him poor, friendless, a prisoner, dead; there he is presented as enriching all, a friend to all, loosing the bonds of the enslaved and giving life to the dead.

But no aspect of his appearance or feature of his character makes a deeper impression upon our minds, or opens a deeper and wider channel of sympathy in our hearts, than that wherein he is presented to our view as "wounded for our

transgressions and bruised for our iniquities ;” as “wounded in his hands” by the infatuated world whom he came to save ; as wounded in the soul by the piercing frowns of an insulted Father whose wrath he came to appease. When we thus behold him we are lost in admiration ; the sight bewilders our minds, and with the prophet we exclaim : “What are these wounds in thine hands ?” Inquiring sinner ! are you borne down beneath the burden of heaven’s curse, and do the waves of penitential agony roll over your soul ? Do you feel the pungent sorrows which accompany conscious sins and ingratitude, and do you seek the rest which the impenitent can never enjoy ? To whom can you look for comfort and relief but the “man of sorrows ?” Upon what scene of hope and of promise can you gaze but the scene of his bitter communion and of his tragic death ? Upon what consecrated spot can you plant your feet in safety, but that drenched in his blood ? Shall we then portray to you the suffering wounds of the Son of God ? Shall we exhibit that heart whose every pulsation sent the bitter pangs of agony deeper and deeper in his nature ? To do so, we need but visit, in reminiscence, the midnight agonies of the garden, and listen to the bitter cries and dropping blood of the Cross. In the Garden of

Gethsemane, where the bitter cup was drunk and his wounded soul found utterance for its anguish by the oozing sweat of blood through every pore of his skin, we have the scene of his internal suffering ; while upon the “accursed tree” we have a picture of his external agony for a dying world. Here upon these consecrated places, drenched in the blood of holy innocence, you behold the magnitude of sin, the sufferings endured on its account, and the means of your escape from it. Let us, first, witness *the scene, and then dwell upon its moral significance.*

I. THE SCENE OF GETHSEMANE AND THE CROSS.

The scene within the Garden of Gethsemane presents the awful tragedy of the Saviour’s inward sufferings as an atonement for sin. It is midnight ; the hum and busy stir of Jerusalem are hushed, and her inhabitants are silent in sleep as those of her half-brother, death. Naught is heard but the gentle murmur of Kedron, and no light is seen but the faint glimmer of a lone star that looks down upon the brow of Olivet. To the penitent all is hushed in the silence of death ; and as he casts his anxious eye upon that scene of suffering, desolation throws her mantle around his soul, and he shrinks back with shuddering horror. It seems to

him the *moral* midnight of that Eden which was made desolate by sin. Truly the analogy is wonderful. As man sinned in a garden of delights, and by so doing turned it into a garden of pains and withered hopes, making it a solitary desert, so atonement for sin was made in a garden of darkness, causing its "solitary places to bud and blossom as the rose." Amid the scowl of that scene we behold a little company with Jesus at its head, all clothed in the habiliments of mourning. But hark! the dread silence of that hour is broken by tones of unspeakable anguish. "My soul is exceeding sorrowful, even unto death; stay here and watch with me." It is the language of Jesus, giving vent to the pang of agony that was deeply plunged into his solitary heart by the wrath of his outraged Father against sin. As if no longer able to endure the pungent agonies of the deepening gloom that rolled over his soul, he reaches out for sympathy and comfort to his disciples, shrinking back at the very prospect of approaching woe; but they are asleep, and soon the scene changes, and we behold him alone, in a solitary spot upon his knees, with his face upon the ground, meekly bending under the burden of human guilt and heaven's wrath. All is still around him, and naught is heard save the plaintive moan of woe that comes

up from the deepest chamber of his heart: unable longer to bear up under the weight that oppressed him, and as if crushed by the fearful blending of heaven's wrath and earth's guilt in him, he falls to the ground in the attitude of painful humiliation. Again there is silence, and naught but the stern majesty of heaven's indignation seems to brood over that scene. The struggle is now within; his pain-stricken mind is communing with his wound-bleeding heart. But hush! the stillness of that dread spot is again broken; a sound, as if made by the quivering fibres of a broken heart, falls upon our ears and goes up to heaven. It is the plaintive cry of supplication to his Father in tones of thrilling anguish: "Father, if it be possible, let this hour pass from me; Father, all things are possible unto thee; take away this cup from me; nevertheless, not what I will, but what thou wilt!" But no! justice was incorrigible; the wounds of "this hour" must be inflicted, and the bitter cup emptied; our hearts are touched; we melt under the burning pathos of that strain which goes up from a suffering heart to heaven, and we begin to have some conception of what the Saviour endured for the rescue of a ruined world. Oh, that was a momentous hour to Jesus; how slow its moments passed! how many pulsa-

tions of anguish his heart beat ere it winged its way into the past! It was an hour of unparalleled woe—of mighty strugglings. No wonder, then, that he prayed it to pass by. And the cup! oh, how bitter its ingredients; how full of wrath! It was the cup containing the bitterness of sin mingled with the vials of eternal wrath against sin. He prays that this cup might pass; but no! it must be emptied of its very dregs; its poison must be poured into his opened wounds. And yet amid this unheard-of woe, how submissive, how meek! “Not my will, but thine be done!” But again, the silence of that scene is ruffled by the stir of this solitary sufferer. As if unable longer to endure that woe alone, he rises from that spot of bitter communion with his Father, and again seeks comfort from his disciples; wending his way slowly to where he left them in pursuit of assistance. But alas! how frail is unaided humanity? He finds them asleep; and upon their ears falls the inquiring admonition: “Couldst thou not watch with me one hour?” Truly he is the solitary man for sin; “he alone bore our sins;” “he looked and there was none to help.” How lonely he stands there; heaven and earth seem to have forsaken him and denied him comfort. Now he seeks refuge in the sympathy of his few disconso-

late disciples, but they are wrapped in slumber. Then he turns to his God; but the heavens are dyed in the blackness of his wrath, and naught but stern and unwavering justice frowns upon him. Again he turns to his solitude, and with a bleeding heart broods over his woe. Again he seeks the face of his outraged Father; he falls upon his knees, and with streaming eyes raised upward to the blackening heavens, he pours out his agony-wrung soul in prayer to that parent; he utters the same petition as before. But in vain! Justice must be satisfied; the livid flames of Sinai burst out as before from Olivet, and the lips of eternal love are white with the foam of indignation; the consuming fire of the Eternal continues to burn over him, and wave after wave of trouble rolls, with darker and more tempestuous flow, over his soul. Love *must* satisfy justice; the light of reconciliation could beam upon that midnight scene only by his drinking the bitter cup. Again the voice of that suppliant is hushed; he bends in silence under the stroke of his Father, and again he seeks solace from his followers; but alas, how weak is the flesh; how helpless and how reckless is the fallen soul, when not animated by “the divinity that stirs within us!” Their eyes are closed against the tragic scene. Oh, if our atonement hung upon

the endurance of the wrath of God by men, how justly would we despair of salvation? Yes! they were asleep; and when his plaintive inquiry again fell upon their ears, they could only gaze upon him in silent admiration; the sight was too painful. And as they interchange looks, the crushed heart of that forlorn sufferer again seeks upon a solitary spot the face of his Father: and oh, what a spectacle do we now behold! The piercing frown of insulted justice rends his soul and tears his heart until deep and agonizing groans startle the midnight air; the burden of human guilt and heaven's wrath presses him down, till it crushes the life-stream from his heart, and wrenches bloody sweat from every pore of his skin, until it collects in crimson dew upon his feverish brow, and falls in heavy clods to the ground. Nature within seemed to shrink from the inward anguish of his soul. This was an awful moment—a scene over which angels wept:

“For others' guilt
The man of sorrows weeps in blood;
Yet He that hath in anguish knelt,
Is not forsaken by his God.”

But the voice of resignation gains the ear of the Almighty, and amid the dark void of this awful moment a bright being, with out-stretched wings,

hovers over the prostrate form of the suffering Saviour. It is a ministering angel sent to him on an errand of mercy to strengthen his soul. In him that bleeding heart finds sympathy; the rolling surges of agony subside; his prayer is in part answered; he is prepared to endure the *external* sufferings which are soon to follow; and he rises from the spot which he just crimsoned with his bloody sweat, strengthened with *angel comforts*. All around and within him is again calm and unruffled: the stars continue to tremble in the heavens, and the gentle streams of Kedron murmur as before. Yet a mighty work is going on, silent, majestic. It is a moment of unseen and unheard exertion: spirit now commingles with spirit: a fearful storm is gathering; the thunderbolts of time and eternity are soon to burst, with the gathered strength of ages, upon the consecrated Infinite. Still the Saviour's bleeding soul is soothed by the sweet melody of angel sympathy:

“From ether plains
Is borne the song that angels know;
Unheard by mortals are the strains
That sweetly soothe the Saviour's woe.”

But, hark! there is the sound of approaching footsteps near this Garden; lights are seen ascend-

ing the hill and proceeding to the scene of inward agony; the hoarse sound of ruffian laughter is heard, interrupting the calm of that sacred hour; a company of Roman soldiers approach "the man of sorrows," and stop his converse with angels. As their leader, approaches one of his disciples, who, hailing his Master, impresses upon his cheek the kiss of betrayal. Struck with the decision of his piercing interrogations and answers, and with the divinity which beamed from his languishing form, the stern soldiers, as if struck by a thunderbolt from heaven, fell backward upon the ground. But the purposes of heaven must be accomplished; the Saviour must suffer *external* agony. This was his mission. He must "suffer the just for the unjust;" and to do so, he uses "the wrath of man to praise him." They rise from the ground, seize and proclaim him prisoner. He resists not. They bear him in triumph along the streets of Jerusalem to the house of the high priest. His disciples desert him and flee from the scene of cruel treatment, and again he stands alone, a solitary and an unpitied sufferer. Peter, who before was the first to speak in his behalf, and who had but a short time previous declared that if all forsook him he would not, and who drew his sword in his defence, lingers near the

scene of mockery, a silent, trembling witness to his unjust treatment. He is accused of being his follower, and with cursing *denies* his Lord! For this act of treachery, though he received, as a rebuke from his Master, but a sorrowful look, he afterwards "went out and wept bitterly."

Here begins the scene of his outward suffering. As a vile malefactor he is hurried away, condemned into the hands of Pilate, and one universal shout from the infamous rabble goes up to heaven, "Crucify him! crucify him!" He is surrounded by false witnesses, hired to testify to his worthiness of death. One rises up after another in false accusation against him. They can only repeat what the Saviour himself boldly uttered, and upon these flimsy grounds the high priest, intent upon his death from selfish motives, rends his garments with apparent sincerity, and, charging Him with blasphemy, asks the rabble around him, "What think ye?" One universal burst of response thrills the air: "*He is guilty of death!*"

Then commences the scene of carnage and of death. He is stripped, and a scarlet robe of mockery is thrown around him; a crown of plaited thorns is put upon his head, and a mock sceptre of reed is placed in his hand. Then be-

gins the scene of cruel mockery. They bow the knee of false homage before him, and cry with sarcastic tone, "Hail, King of the Jews!" To aggravate the deed, they immediately turn about and spit upon him, and smite him with the reed. Then they strip him of his regal robe, clothe him for persecution, lacerate his back with thongs, and, with shouts of fiendish exultation, they lead him away to execution. The very cross upon which he is to die they place upon his shoulders, and compel him to bear it up the hill of Golgotha; but ere he reaches that dread place he sinks under the burden from previous suffering. It is placed upon another, and the crowd moves onward; their march to the scene of slaughter is enlivened by boisterous laughter and impious execration. But ere that sufferer for sin reaches the dread spot of death, while all around him breathed cruel mockery and vengeance, a whispering, moaning sound of sympathy issues from the crowd and falls upon his ears. It was the sound of lamentation from the few friends who followed behind him, whose past benefits they could not blot from the tablets of memory. They were those whom he had healed—into whose once wounded hearts he had poured the balsam of heaven, and on whose gloomy path through life he had shed the

beams of hope and of comfort. Their voice of sympathy falls mournfully upon his ears. They weep for their suffering Saviour. But, oh! that tender feeling at this dread hour could find a home only in the hallowed sanctuary of *woman's heart*. He turns to whence the cry came, and, for a moment pausing over its plaintive strain, returns an answer in pitiful accents, "Daughters of Jerusalem, weep not for me, but weep for yourselves and for your children!" Thus, forgetful of his own suffering state, he seems intent only upon imparting consolation to the disconsolate around him.

But soon the consecrated spot is reached. Here on the brow of Calvary begins a scene over which angels weep, from which the sun turned his face, before which the ghastly dead arose and stood, and at the shock of which the earth trembled to her basis. Sinner! you who have entered the Garden, and have been witness there to the inward agony of Jesus for sin, turn not from the scene which is about to happen. Here, beholding the counterpart of his agony in Gethsemane, you can have a complete view of his sufferings for the sins which now burden your soul. The boisterous crowd is busy in preparation for the deed of blood: the lowest dregs of Jerusalem surround the spot, and pour out their vile abomina-

tions upon the loved of heaven: the uprisen sun, which as he poured his floods of radiance upon the domes of the holy city, also illumined the crimsoned top of Calvary. All nature seemed hushed to silence to witness the scene: the fragrance of the vine and the fig was gently wafted upon the whispering breeze of that dread hour. But his hour had come; his mission was fulfilled; he knew, from the agonizing struggle of the past night, that he had to seal that mission with his blood, and hence he uttered not a word; no murmur of dissatisfaction trembled upon his lips, or was borne by angels to heaven, though he might have summoned a legion to his aid. The "accursed tree" upon which he is to expire is on the ground, prepared for its victim. Upon it is placed the Holy Lamb of God. Hark! hear ye not the sound of the hammer driving the rough spikes through his hands and his feet? Oh, what unutterable anguish must rend his heart as they penetrate the quivering tendons and separate the delicate fibres! What convulsive heavings of agony must fill that wrenched heart as he lies there stretched out upon the tree with wounded hands and feet! Will not the groan, the sweat of his "agony-wrung brow," the dripping blood from the tree, tell us what these wounds were to him?

But the deed is not yet done. Prepared for execution, they lift the cross up, with his weight hanging upon the nails that penetrate his hands, and plant it firmly in the ground. There he hangs—a spectacle of woe to weeping angels, to laughing, mocking men. And is he thus left to die, without further interruption? No! as he hangs there his murderers must increase his agony by taunts and jests and mockery, and deeds of blood. Over his feverish brow is written the ironic superscription, "This is the King of the Jews!" To his pain-quivering lips they put the goblet of vinegar and gall. They sit down before him and watch with fiendish pleasure every throb of his imprisoned heart. The chief priests, the scribes and elders, in their long robes, surround the cross and offer up their malicious mockery. Some, as they passed by, wagged their heads in triumph at him, and with revilings challenged him with cruel jests to "come down from the cross." Placed between two malefactors, his dying agonies are increased by the reproaches of the one: but the other, turning his languishing eyes to Jesus, exclaims, "Lord, remember me!"

"His prayer the dying Jesus hears,
And instantly replies—
To-day thy parting soul shall be
With me in Paradise."

Thus, even when forsaken by all, and grappling with his last enemy in its most appalling form, he showed that he had yet a heart to pity and a power to save; for in that dark hour of dying nature,

“He poured salvation on a wretch
That languish’d at his side.”

And even when his enemies, like wolves, were prowling around him, he raises his languid eyes to heaven and exclaims, “Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do.” There is yet another scene upon which we cannot gaze without the deepest sense of his undying sympathy. One aged form lingered by the Cross, which especially attracted his attention. *It was his weeping mother!* Casting his eyes of tenderest sympathy upon that dear form, he directs her attention to the disciple whom he loved as an adopted son, exclaiming, “Woman, behold thy son!” and then turning to John, he exclaims, “Behold thy mother!” Thus amid his keenest anguish he forgot not the temporal interests of those to whom he was endeared by the ties of nature, but evinced that even now every tender and delicate feeling found a home in his bosom.

Thus closed his business upon earth. The wounds of his body were opened, and his blood

shed for a dying world; darkness began to throw its dread mantle around his soul. All aid was withdrawn, and he seemed to hang alone amid the gathering gloom of death. But the greatest wound was not yet inflicted—the death-wound of his soul, that gave him keenest agony and sundered the thread of life. The last, the most terrific blow had not yet fallen upon him. All that preceded he bore without a murmur; as a lamb bleating upon the slaughter-block, so he opened not his mouth. It was not the spike, the mockery, the lashes, the thorn, the gall, that imbedded the pang of slaughter the deepest in his heart. These he meekly bore without being overcome. But a darkness hovered over his soul, which was ere long destined to crush it and rend the universe. Amid the scene of blood around he raised his agonizing soul to heaven. *It met his Father’s awful frown!* Even his Father had forsaken him, and naught but terrible retribution brooded over his head; the home above him was clothed in eternal wrath. O, it was this that opened the deepest wound in his nature; he could remain silent no longer; the agony was too great to rest in his soul; and in thrilling emotion he cries out after his Father, through the blackening heavens, “My God! my God! why hast thou forsaken

me?" That voice filled heaven with amazement, and fell like booming thunder upon the ears of his murderers. As it pealed from dome to dome through the universe, the angelic voices around the throne of the Eternal were hushed, and seraph fingers lay paralyzed upon a thousand golden harps. The earth responded with a groan; the sun took refuge in darkness; the dead, awakened by the cry, burst their mouldering tenements of clay, and with ghastly glare stood gazing upon the scene.

"Hell howled, and heaven that hour let fall a tear!"

This hour of heaven's frown closed the scene. After hanging there for three long hours, the strength of nature failed, the visions of death passed before him, and raising his eyes to heaven, he cries in fainting accents, "It is finished! It is finished!"

"'Tis done! the precious ransom's paid;

'Receive my soul,' he cries;

See where he bows his sacred head;

He bows his head and dies.

'Tis finish'd—this, my dying groan,

Shall sins of every kind atone,

Millions shall be redeemed from death

By this, my last expiring breath.'"

And as he dies silence reigns over the universe

"for half an hour." Angels shed tears in silence; heaven gazed in profound astonishment; the golden harps, played by seraph-fingers, were hushed; and naught but the stern majesty of the Eternal restrained that host from shrieks of horror. But when the *design* of his death was made known; when the regeneration of a perishing world was proclaimed as the purchased boon of his blood, the music of heaven thrilled the universe; "the river of the water of life" that meandered by the throne of the Almighty, as if fed from more "livelier and sweeter flow, and the sound of "*glory to God in the highest*" echoed louder and louder through every vault of heaven.

But such was not the strain upon earth. All was sad and mournful around the Cross. A mighty change came over the multitude. The result of his death—the earthquake, the darkness, and the spectre glare of the dead, witnesses of his departure, caused one universal cry of regret and disappointment; and the declaration, "*Truly this was the Son of God!*" trembled upon every lip and burst from every convicted heart. But the deed is done. "It is finished." The noise and excitement of the scene are hushed, and all seem deeply intent upon escaping from the dread spot

just drenched in the blood of holy innocence. The rabble return to their homes; the vesper breeze gently sighed among the trees of Calvary's rugged brow; the veil of twilight is drawn over the scene of blood; and as the few that yet lingered in gazing watchfulness around the murdered body of Jesus, methinks I hear them exclaim in tones of startling conviction:

“Is this the *Infinite*? 'Tis He!
My Saviour and my God!
For me these pangs his soul assail;
For me this death is borne;
My sins gave sharpness to the nail,
And pointed every thorn.”

Such being the simple scene of Gethsemane and the Cross, let us hasten to consider—

II. THEIR MORAL SIGNIFICANCE.

When the penitent sinner looks, through the light of sacred history, upon the tragic scene of the Saviour's suffering and death, as just described, he naturally asks, with deep solicitude, what is the *cause* of this sorrow and death? From what *motive* were these agonies endured? What *object* had the Saviour in view in thus enduring the Cross? What *benefits* does man derive from these sufferings? In answer to these inquiries the volume of inspiration exclaims, “He bore the sins of

many; he redeemed us from the curse of the law, being made a curse for us; he was wounded for our transgressions and bruised for our iniquities; the chastisements of our peace were laid upon him; he loved the people; he loved us even unto death; God so loved the world that he gave his only begotten Son; God commendeth his love unto us in that while we were yet sinners Christ died for us; by these stripes ye are healed; I have laid down my life for the sheep; believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved; I will give you rest; I am the way, the truth and the life; my flesh is meat indeed, and my blood is drink indeed; come, for all things are now ready; he who *will*, let him come!”

It is enough! The sinner's eyes are opened; the night of spiritual darkness vanishes; the mysterious agonies of the Garden and the Cross are unfolded; he sees the Saviour alone suffering *in his stead*; he sees the balm, the remedy for those festering wounds which sin has inflicted upon his soul; the scheme of man's deliverance and reconciliation is now plain before him; and he is ready to exclaim, “O the glory and the riches of the love of Christ—it passeth all understanding.”

Here in this scene he beholds the *cause*, *motive*, *objects* and *benefits* of that mediatorial sacrifice

and vicarious offering which Christ made for the atonement of man. He comes to know the *cause* of the Saviour's suffering and death. Why had he to suffer and to die? Because justice could in no other way be satisfied; a violated law demanded it. The penalty of human transgression was death—"The soul that sinneth shall die." Such were the claims of immutable justice, and whoever became a substitute and suffered in the place of fallen man, had to do so by the sacrifice of his life, for "without the shedding of blood there can be no remission of sin." Thus Christ had to "taste death for every man." When, therefore, the inquiring penitent asks, "What are these wounds in thine hands?" (*Zech. 13: 6,*) the answer is, they are wounds inflicted upon him by your sins.

"Thy sins have done the deed;
Driven the nails that fix'd him there;
Crown'd with thorns his sacred head;
Pierc'd him with the bloody spear."

Sin, primarily, caused every bitter pang that rent his heart, and the frowns of unwavering justice upon sin could be allayed only by his death. The eternal decrees of heaven gave him over to man thus to suffer; for, "him, being delivered by the determinate counsel and foreknowledge of

God, ye have taken and by wicked hands have crucified and slain." Thus two secondary causes of his death spring out of sin as the great primary, viz: the existing penalty of death under which fallen man then rested, and the unmitigated wrath of God against sin, which could be appeased only by the death either of the sinner or of a suitable substitute. Christ became that substitute for all men, for he "his own self, in his own body, bore our sins on the tree." As the scape-goat, sent into the wilderness with the sins of the Jewish people upon its head, bore these sins, instead of that people, in a land of forgetfulness; and as a goat was before selected for a sin-offering, and brought before the Lord, and by the high priest devoted unto death, having his blood sprinkled upon the altar and the mercy-seat, by which a sacrifice was made for their sins, so does Christ, by his suffering and death, answer to both these types, at once bearing our sins and suffering for them. Thus was sin the leading cause of that unspeakable agony which we have just witnessed.

But it might be asked, why yield such a *costly sacrifice*? why permit the Holy Lamb of God to suffer? We answer, none other was able to satisfy justice and "save to the uttermost;" nothing but his own flesh and blood—yea, his own dear

life—could rescue a ruined world. “The blood of bulls and of goats sanctified only to the purifying of the flesh;” nothing but the blood of Christ could “purge the conscience from dead works.” Hence says the Saviour to his Father, “sacrifice and offering thou wouldst not, but a *body* hast thou prepared for me.” Nothing could appease the wrath of an insulted Father but the blood of an only beloved Son; the cattle upon a thousand hills and a thousand rivers of oil would not suffice; even the rapt seraphim, radiant with the glory of heaven, could not remove one stain of guilt. Hence says the Saviour, “Lo, *I* come to do thy will, O God!” He came, and in his person bore our sins. He bore them alone; “there was none to help.” God and man were parties at variance; but one could stand as Mediator between them, and bring them together again. Christ, by the harmonious union of the natures of these two parties in his person, became that Mediator. “No man cometh unto the Father but by me.” The “Word,” having become “flesh,” and being “like unto us, sin excepted,” was made both priest and sacrifice, and “perfect,” as Redeemer, “through suffering.” And oh, what a burden rested upon him as such!—the guilt of a dying world, the burning wrath of his Father. But he bore it with

all the meekness of a lamb; he endured the Cross and despised the shame. When there was none to pity, to save, he saw—

“And oh, amazing love,
He ran to our relief!”

He buried our sins in the opened fountains of his wounds, bore them in his bleeding, bursting heart, and buried them “in the land of forgetfulness.” They pierced his brow with thorns, his hands and his feet with spikes, and his side with the bloody spear; they lashed his back with thongs, buffeted and spit upon him; they pierced his breast with anguish, tore his bleeding heart into pieces, and laid him cold and lifeless in the grave of ignominy. The falling curse of sin fell upon his head, and a ruined world was moored in safety under the covert of his Cross.

“Yes, the Redeemer in his soul
Sustained the pains of hell;
The wrath of God, without control,
On him, our Surety, fell.
He took the dying sinner's place,
And suffered in his stead:
For man—O, miracle of grace!—
For man the Saviour bled!”

And is it thus that we have dealt with the Son of God—“a friend that sticketh closer than a

brother?" Is the awful tragedy we have just witnessed our own doings—the fruit of our own wicked hearts? *It is!* "Him ye have taken and with wicked hands have crucified." Were he now to revisit the earth as a "man of sorrows," would you, sinner, repeat the barbarous deed? Methinks I hear you appealing to every ennobling and tender sentiment of humanity—calling upon the heavens and the earth to witness that you would not. But hush! Your deeds gone by seal that appeal with the stigma of falsehood. You wait not for his return in the flesh, but every day of your impenitent career you "crucify him afresh and put him to an open shame!"

"I asked the heavens—'What foe to God hath done
This unexampled deed?' The heavens exclaimed:
'Twas *man!* and we in horror snatched the sun
From such a spectacle of guilt and shame.'
I asked the earth—the earth replied aghast:
'Twas *man!* and such strange pangs my bosom rent
That still I groan and shudder at the past.'
To man, gay, smiling, thoughtless man, I went,
And asked *him* next. He turn'd a scornful eye,
Shook his proud head, and deign'd me *no reply!*"

But again. From what *motives* did he thus suffer and die? What incited him thus voluntarily to lay down his life for his enemies? It was *pure, disinterested love for man*. This is ex-

PLICITLY stated in the passage, "God so loved the world that he gave his only begotten Son," &c. And again, "God commendeth his love towards us in that while we were yet sinners Christ died for us." "Herein is love, not that we loved God, but that he loved us, and sent his Son to be the propitiation for our sins." Upon this moral feature of the scene we have described we cannot dwell without grateful emotion. It is indeed the sum and substance of Christianity. "God is love," and the greatest motive power of God, as love is manifested in the gift of his Son to suffer and to die for a guilty world. Hence in the "Song of Songs he is called "altogether lovely." All his tenderness and mercy, his sympathy and tears, were but the effulgence of his love. He was love. It was love that taught, that bore our sins and carried our sorrows, that suffered, bled and died that we might live. His whole life was love, his compassion was but the sympathy of love, his death was but the *work* of love.

"Love was to his impassion'd soul
Not, as with others, a mere part
Of his existence, but the whole,
The very *life, breath* of his heart!"

Such was the *motive* which impelled him to suffer and die as an atonement for us. But let us

dwell for a moment upon the peculiar *attributes* and *manifestations* of this love : for we can never dwell too long upon it. The penitent must first know the *character*, *evidences* and *intensity* of redeeming love before he can return it. To the pious no source affords so much interest ; no subject is so replete with comfort to the broken heart. Take away this motive of the Saviour's death, and you remove the basis of genuine religion, and crush at once the brightest hopes of the expiring Christian. The only refuge we have from the wrath to come, the only plea that we can make, and the only hope of heaven that we dare to cherish, are all found in the comforting truth that "God is love," and that this love has surrendered its noblest gift as a sacrifice for sin. Of this love every attribute of God is an exhibition. We see it in his goodness and mercy dispensing happiness to his creatures ; we see it in the providential care he exercises over us ; we see it in the requisitions of his laws, and in the penalties attached to their violation. But though his love shines with resplendent evidence in all the works of creation ; though every star in the heavens and every blade of grass upon the earth are but testimonials of his love ; though all the innumerable and nameless benefactions of every day testify to

the benignity of heaven, yet all these dwindle into comparative insignificance before the matchless token of his love in the gift and sacrifice of his Son. Here it glows with peculiar fervor and eternal glory. Not confined to the provisions of mortal life, it reaches into eternity, and plants in the heart the germs of a glorious immortality. Here love makes a sacrifice which runs parallel with the malignity of human guilt, with the awful wrath of an insulted Deity, and with the infinite extension of a holy law. Hence we see that this motive power of the Saviour's death was pure, disinterested love, of the highest degree and of the widest extent. We need but revisit the tragic scene of the Garden and of the Cross in order to behold ample evidence of this truth. And the first evidence that we there have is the *unworthy object for which this love made such a sacrifice*. And what was that object ? It was a *guilty world*—wretched, fallen man ! It was human nature in its rebellion against God, and its merit of eternal death. Man had fallen, and then lived in proud array against the righteousness of heaven. Every faculty of his nature led him to walk "in the vanity of his mind, having his understanding darkened, being alienated from the life of God through the ignorance that was in him, because of

the blindness of his heart." He sinned by a dread necessity within his nature, not only without reluctance, but with the strongest propensity of disposition. They were "the children of the devil"—"a generation of vipers:" "their throat was an open sepulchre, the poison of asps was under their lips, their mouth was full of cursing and bitterness, there was no fear of God before their eyes." Now, in this unworthiness of man we see the magnitude of the love which interposed in his behalf. Had the object been equal in worth with the love, the latter would not stand forth with such intensity. But such was not the case: the object was unworthy—the love unmerited. Man was stripped of his glory and slumbered in spiritual desolation. Eden was turned into a barren waste, and man fallen as a star from heaven. The stigma of heaven's reproach was written upon his brow, and the blackness of eternal vengeance overshadowed his hopes. Hence, when the sun of righteousness dawned upon the world, man, with a proud heart and an uplifted hand, denied the love that came to save him. "He came to his own but his own received him not." "He was wounded in the house of his friends." Their rejection of him testified to their unworthiness. But the love of God, amid this

black ingratitude and rejection, freely suffered and died.

"Oh! for this love let rocks and hills
Their lasting silence break,
And all harmonious human tongues
The Saviour's praises speak."

But again, we see the magnitude and intensity of this love in its *gift*, i. e., in the sacrifice which that love made for the salvation of unworthy man. It is here that we have the brightest mirror in which to behold this love. Here it is that God "commendeth his love." Whether we consider the *nature* of this gift, or the *manner* in which it was bestowed, or its *sacrifice*, we have through it the most adequate conception of the depth and disinterestedness of the motive of the Redeemer's sufferings and death. Look at the nature of this gift. What did the love of God yield for the redemption of man? Was it a thousand rivers of oil, or the cattle upon a thousand hills? Was it some kind human benefactor who, while suffering for his own sins, endured the burden of sin for his fellow men? Was it one of those pure beings that burn with radiant glory around the throne of the Lamb? Ah, no! these would not atone for the sins of the world; they would be too mean a sacrifice; it must cost more to expiate the malig-

nity of sin. It was the gift of his Son—"his only begotten Son," the Son of his bosom, dear with him as the apple of his eye: more illustrious than angels; the brightness of his Father's glory and the express image of his person: in whose nature the moral perfections of Deity were centred: who "thought it not robbery to be equal to God." Such was the character of the person given. But how was the gift bestowed? It was a free-offering: no recompense could be returned for it. It was a free and an unmerited *gift*—and not only a free, but a universal gift, offered to all—to the whole world; for in the Garden and upon the Cross he "tasted death for every man," not only for the king, but the vassal; not only for the master, but the slave; not only for the rich, but the poor; not only for the learned, but the ignorant; not only for the proud Pharisee, but for the publican: so that all who "hunger and thirst"—who "believe on him"—can come to the fountain of life, and eat and drink, "without money and without price." Hence, "as all die in Adam, so all may be made alive in Christ." Here the love of God is seen not as the *effect*, but as the inciting cause of the surrender of this gift. Christ suffered and died "on the tree," not that God *might* love us, but because he *did* love us. Thus

is this gift one of the highest commendations of his love.

But not until we consider the *sacrifice* of this gift can we form a just estimate of the intensity and permanency of that love. This sacrifice we behold in every event of the Saviour's life from the manger to the grave. We behold it in the ignominy of his birth, in the labor and poverty of his life, and, above all, in the torments of his death. Oh, what did the "Beloved" of heaven's God endure for perishing man! Trace his history from the cradle to the cross, and upon every page you will behold a tragic scene of suffering and of woe. Go to Bethlehem—the scene of his birth—and you will there behold him in a stable and nurtured in a manger. Could you but follow him in his dreary journey throughout life, you would find it marked by ignominy and shame. Return to the scene of Gethsemane, where, in the midnight hour, when his followers were asleep, he communed with his Father alone, until the crimson sweat of his soul's agony gushed from every pore, and fell as heavy dew upon the ground. Go with him again to Pilate's hall, and listen to the unjust testimony of his persecutors, while he meekly bends under the lashes of his murderers. But all this is but a twilight view of his sacrifice; until we be-

hold him nailed to the tree and pierced to the heart; until we see him drink the bitter cup to its dregs, and behold his "wounds streaming with pardon and bleeding balm for a distempered world, we cannot have an adequate conception of the sacrifice of this gift or of the infinite love from which it proceeds. And oh, what a death! He died, not as a hero in battle, amid the plaudits of an admiring world; he died, not as a friend surrounded by the sympathies of tenderness and affection; he died, not on the bed of honor with scars of glory in his breast; but like some despised malefactor on the gibbet, with lashes of ignominy upon his back, and a thorny crown upon his head; with the sound of mockery and exultation around him, and the heavens clothed in brooding wrath above him. Oh, deeds of worse than hellish hue! Oh, outrage upon humanity and upon God! But at this point the mind can only stand in silent awe, and dwell with deep emotion upon redeeming love. Here we must muse in silent wonder; the sight is too overwhelming. Upon other scenes we can gaze without bewilderment; but upon the cross we can gaze only in silent awe. We can dwell with comparative calmness upon the first pages of sacred history; we can, with some degree of pride and satisfaction, muse over those pages which bear

the record of our creation and the primitive glory which was impressed upon our nature; we love to read the vivid descriptions of Paradise and of the power which man swayed over the lower forms of created beings; we can even read the tragic scene of the fall and its consequent misery and degradation, without many deep emotions of horror and of shame; we can read page after page of the Jewish economy, and dwell for hours upon their bloody records,—their evidences of man's wickedness and ingratitude, without even interest or alarm; we can study the records of God's awful denunciations against iniquity,—the prophecies of a coming Saviour who shall take upon himself the sins of us all, without either fearful apprehension or lively gratitude; we can trace these pages down to the records of "the fullness of time" when the promised Messiah was come, with seeming indifference; we can go to Bethlehem to admire and condemn the obscure birth of the Saviour, and trace down his after life till he entered upon his ministry, with complacency and wantonness; we can study his onward progress through opposition and sorrow, and pick up the hallowed truths which fell from his lips, without either sympathy or improvement; we can go with him to Gethsemane to witness his bitter and forlorn commun-

ion with his father, and dismiss the painful scene with but a single tear; we can go with him to Pilate's hall, and read of his persecution, his stripes, his mockery, friendless condition, and the unjust sentence that was passed upon him; yea, we can behold him as he wends his way home, borne down beneath the ponderous cross, up the hill of Golgotha, and with self-possession pity his doom and frown upon the black stain which this malicious treatment brought upon humanity. But when we come to gaze upon "the accursed tree," when we witness the bloody scene of Calvary, when we read of his dying anguish and his horrid death, when we hear of the victim of the world's curse and vengeance proclaimed the victor of the world and death, and when we learn that his curse was our blessing, that his death was our life, that the sins he bore were our sins, that the stripes which lacerated his back and the blood which gushed from his wounds were the healing balm for our maladies, that he who thus suffered was God, oh! it is then that man becomes overwhelmed with the mighty force of love that blazes upon his astonished sight. It is then that the mind becomes bewildered with the mysteries of his redemption, and the feelings, though hardened by sin, like adamant, recoil from the bloody transactions of a

Saviour's death. Oh, can you, penitent sinner, gaze for a moment, and not be overcome, upon that dread tree, and behold this best, noblest gift of God's love, "who, his own self, bore your sins in his own body?" And while you thus gaze upon that spectacle over which angels shed tears, can you forbear giving vent to the grateful emotions of your soul, in the impassioned strain of the poet:

"On Calvary's hill my mourning eye discerns,
With faith's clear view, that spectacle which wipes
Each tear away, and bids the heart exult.
There hangs the Love of God! there hangs of man
The Ransom; there the *Merit*; there the *Cure*
Of human griefs—the *Way*, the *Truth*, the *Life!*"

Oh, you who are seeking Christ, go to the cross and there dwell upon the love of God; witness the pangs that were endured for you—all the pangs which *a God could feel*. There it is that you can meet God, not as "a consuming fire, not as a stern and angry judge, but as a compassionate and sympathizing *Father*," who, to reclaim his prodigal and ungrateful children, surrendered his best loved gift. There it is that your bleeding heart will meet with the encouragements and comforts of a father's pitying love. There it is that you can feel and see and hear the evidences of his willingness

to "save to the uttermost all who come unto him." The scene has for you as many comforts and joys as it had for the Saviour sorrows and anguish. A scene terrible and appalling, but as glorious in love as it is terrible in justice; a scene of blood, but of blood shed because of mercy and love; for "he loved you even unto death; a scene, while too shocking for nature to gaze upon, yet so glorious that heaven resounded with the music of joy and triumph:

"The sun beheld it,—no, the shocking scene
Drove back his chariot; midnight veiled his face;
Not such as this, not such as nature makes;
A midnight Nature shuddered to behold
A midnight new! a dread eclipse (without
Opposing spheres) from her Creator's frown!
Sun! didst thou fly thy Maker's pain? or start
At that enormous load of human guilt
Which bowed his blessed head, o'erwhelmed his Cross,
Made groan the centre, burst earth's marble womb
With pangs, strange pangs! delivered of her dead?
Hell howled; and heaven that hour let fall a tear;
Heaven wept, that man might smile! heaven bled
That man might never die!"

Do you bring to this bleeding Lamb of heaven "the best gifts" of a heart ravished by the love of the Cross? Does he appear to your eye of faith "altogether lovely,"—"the rose of Sharon

and the lily of the valley?" Do you feel him "precious" *within you*, as well as lovely and "wonderful" without? And as you thus view him can you say, with Solomon, "Oh that thou wert as my brother, I would kiss thee; I would bring thee into my mother's house;" "set me as a seal upon thine heart, as a seal upon thine arm, for *love is strong as death.*" Have you a heart? Then untreasure its gifts, and lay them all, with the seal of consecration, at the feet of Jesus. Have you a mind? Go then, with the shepherds of Israel, and kneel as a suppliant at his manger. Have you an eye? Then gaze upon that radiant star which hovers in trembling beauty over the babe of Bethlehem. Have you a tongue to utter praise—lips to whisper the love of heaven? Then go, with the burden of your sins, and kneel at the Cross—adore the best gift of a father's love, and say with the immortal Young:

"Come to my bosom, thou best gift of heaven!
Best friend of man!"

And are you anxious, kneeling penitent, to make him yours—to feel in your troubled bosom the joys of his salvation? Do you say with an ancient one, "Oh, that I knew where I might find him! that I might come even to his seat; I would order my cause before him, and fill my mouth with

arguments!" Do you, in the ardor of your solitude, appeal, with the poet, to hovering angels?

"Where shall I find him? Angels! tell me where?
You know him; he is near you; point him out.
Shall I see glories beaming from his brow,
Or trace his footsteps by the rising flowers?
Your golden wings, now hovering o'er him, shed
Protection!"

Appeal not to angels! You need no one to intercede for you; he is near at hand, waiting to be gracious; and you can come "with boldness" to his seat,

"Nor will he bid the soul depart,
That trembles at his feet."

In the *easy conditions*, then, upon which the sinner comes into possession of the spiritual and eternal benefits purchased by his blood, do we find another manifestation of redeeming love. All that is required is to *believe in him*: "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved;" "whosoever believeth on him shall not perish, but have everlasting life." Do you desire easier terms? Would you purchase heaven upon milder conditions? All that he asks to make himself your eternal possession is a living faith in the merits of his sacrifice, by which these merits are personally appropriated to yourself. No painful sacrifice is

demanding, only the sacrifice of a broken heart to him who alone can heal it; no gloomy pilgrimage to a foreign and desolate country must be made, only a short journey to the Cross, where you will find a friend "born for adversity," and a *God-sufficiency* for all your wants; no tedious round of formal rites and ceremonies is imposed upon us, only the unerring rite of traveling as a pilgrim in the "narrow way" to a better land. He asks not our wealth, our freedom, our innocent pleasures, or the sacrifice of friends and the social endearments of life, only the subordination of these to an undefiled inheritance, to "perfect liberty," to "unspeakable joys," to the friendship of God and the endearments of heaven. The simple consecration of the heart through faith to these will secure for you the grace of the Cross.

But what is that faith? Devils believe, but they enjoy not Christ; the impenitent gives the assent of his mind to the truth of the Bible, but remains in "the gall of bitterness." The faith then by which Christ and his merits are made ours, is something more than the simple exercise of the mind, or the product of the natural reason engaged in the study of revelation. The faith that makes Christ a personal possession of ours is the product of a new life in us, or rather the *consciousness* of

that life; it is that new life of Christ in us laying hold of the means of salvation. Hence it is called a "living faith." It is the feeling of a regenerate existence growing out of the new creation in Christ, creating within the soul a sympathy between his sense of spiritual wants and that in the spiritual world which will satisfy these wants, thus directing him to the element in which, as a christian, he must live, and to the means by which he is to live. It is the christian's percipient sense of divine things; hence it is called "the substance of things hoped for, and the evidence of things not seen." It is the spiritual eye of the soul; for, says the apostle, "we walk by faith, not by sight." It acts as a "shield" to ward off the darts of the enemy; it is the power by which the christian triumphs, by which he perseveres, works and hopes. James shows his "faith by his works." Through it the christian comes off "more than conqueror." With this "gift of God" the christian need not fear the world's triumph. Though he may endure persecution, and the world's haughty frown may lower upon his head, and the finger of scorn and contempt may be pointed at him, yet, walking by faith, he shall finally put the world to blush by his triumphs, and cause the heart of the sinner to burst with gratitude for blessings which flow to him through that faith.

Such is the faith by which Christ is made ours; and if the weary and heavy laden can find rest in the Saviour upon conditions like these, methinks they must be greatly insensible to their highest interests to refuse it. Truly in this view salvation is "without money and without price;" for both the salvation and its receptive power are gifts from God.

"Faith! 'tis a precious grace,
Where'er it is bestowed;
It boasts of a celestial birth,
And is the gift of God.
Believing, we rejoice
To see the curse remove;
We bless the Lamb with cheerful voice,
And sing his bleeding love."

But again. We see in the scene of Gethsemane and the Cross the *objects* for which the Saviour suffered. What object had he in view? This object was twofold—the *redemption of the soul from the curse of the fall*, and the establishment of a *church* upon earth in which those thus redeemed would be made meet for heaven. Hence Paul speaks of "the glorious appearing of the great God and our Saviour, Jesus Christ, who gave himself for us, *that he might redeem us from all iniquity, and purify unto himself a peculiar people, zealous of good works.*"—Tit. 2: 13, 14.

The first feature of this object, viz: the redemption of man, was at first a transaction between the Father and the Son. In this, man had nothing to do with his salvation. It was absolute and universal in its nature; for it existed as a *possibility* for all before all enjoy it as a real personally appropriated possession. By his sufferings and death the possible redemption of all men was reached, before it was impossible; but now possible as a power independent of any human act. By suffering he met the conditions of this existing power, viz: a perfect obedience to, and satisfaction of the violated law. But in the *personal appropriation* of this redemption, man must act in harmony with the nature and requisitions of this sacrifice; for "Christ is the end of the law for righteousness," only "to every one that *believeth*." It is because of the want of this harmony of the will and nature of all men with this sacrifice, that all men are not saved, though this redemption exists as an absolute possibility *for all men*. To make it an individual, personal possession, every man to whom it is appropriated must have the receptive and appropriating power, viz: *faith*; for Christ, by his death, became "the *power* of God unto salvation to all *only* who believe." But what next is implied in this personal redemption of the soul, made so

through faith? It implies, on the one hand, the liberation of the soul from its liability to suffer the penalties involved in his eternal condemnation; and on the other hand, the re-union of man's nature with God. The first was secured by the equivalent which Christ paid, and the second, by the compensation which he made, or in other words, this redemption involves both a reconciliation of God with man by the satisfaction which the death of the Saviour rendered to his infinite and immutable justice, and a reconciliation of man with God by the union of himself with fallen humanity through the infusion of his life and grace in the soul.

But the second feature of the object was the establishment of a *church*, which, as his "body," is to serve as a depositary of his inexhaustible life and grace, and which, in its *extensive* development, is to be composed of a "peculiar people, zealous of good works." This is but a practical result of the first feature, or rather the fruit of the operation of his redeeming power in the souls of men. Those who feel the force of the first will not rest till they enjoy the second. They will enter his church, that they may be no longer aliens, but the faithful subjects of his kingdom. While they can say, in the language of Solomon, "My

beloved is mine;" they also will say with joy, "I am his." A refusal, therefore, to enter the church, on the ground that we can be as good out as in it, and that our salvation is in no way conditioned by our membership in it, only proves the want of a *personal appropriation*, by faith, of the merits of Christ. Such are yet aliens and strangers both to the true nature and joys of religion. The man of a true faith will, with all the unerring aim of instinct, look to the church as his home upon earth, and with gladness will he enter there as a tenant into his Master's land, and as a faithful laborer into his Lord's vineyard; there it will be his "meat and his drink to do his Master's will." With a passionate ardor will he go in pursuit of that good which can only be effected in his church. And not only will he faithfully labor in the church as the sphere of his usefulness, but he will love and reverence Zion as the "dwelling place of the Most High." He will prefer her "above his chief joy," and rather than forget her holy ordinances and worship, he would let his right hand forget its cunning and permit his tongue to cleave to the roof of his mouth. His language is :

"I love the church—the holy church,
The Saviour's spotless bride ;
And oh, I love her palaces
Through all the land so wide !

I love the church—the holy church,
That o'er our life presides,
The birth, the bridal, and the grave,
And many an hour besides !"

This church the Saviour purchased with his blood; and all the benefits which flow from his sacrifice are treasured up in his kingdom. There every substantial interest, both for time and eternity, is treasured, and every want for this and the world to come may be satisfied. As the great head of the church, he waits there to be gracious—to become the "all and in all" to all men. Are you dead in the sins of an ungrateful life? He is there as your "life." Are you blind? He is your "light." Are you hungry, thirsty? He is the living "manna"—"the living water." Are you a captive under Satan? He is "the truth" that maketh free. Are you poor? there are "unsearchable riches." Miserable? there is "joy unspeakable." Lost? he is "the way." Friendless? he is a friend "born for adversity." Diseased? he is the "physician" of souls. Weary and heavy laden? go to him, he will "give you rest." Such are among the precious benefits which have been purchased by his blood, and treasured in his church for all who come unto him. One would think that indifference to his suffering and

a rejection of his proffered mercies would receive, by all, the stigma of unparalleled infatuation. We would think that all men would hail the event of the Garden and the Cross with enthusiastic emotion. But no! Though human events may move the world, the deed of wonder on the Cross has passed the notice of the sinner. The approach of great events, of great persons, and the accomplishment of great objects, is generally hailed with a burst of acclamation; when countries are threatened with civil revolution; when the thrones of empires begin to totter and the diadems of kings fade upon their brow; when war robes herself in the regalia of death, and the roar of her muffled drum is heard, and the death-throes of her victims echo to its music—then it is that the world is agitated with interest, and not only then, but when he who has gained her plaudits comes forth to be gazed upon, or when he who has fallen a victim to her malediction is dragged from his cell to the gibbet, or when the modest “Nightingale” lands upon the soil of liberty to enchant, with her syren song, the sons of freedom—then it is that the world, with rapture, kneels at the feet of despotism, or with breathless curiosity hastens to the scene of blood, or, mad with excitement, throws herself at the feet of the songstress. Such is the world with

regard to the deeds of time. We might think the interest would increase in proportion to the greatness of the deed and the person. That when the God-man hung a sacrifice on the tree, and purchased redemption for the world, every man would, with undying ardor, seek the offered boon. But alas! such is not the case. How many look with indifference and disdain upon the Cross and redemption! Reader! are you of this number? If so, a word of exhortation before we separate. Why have you refused the Saviour? Is it because he is unwilling to save you? Is it because he has not made suitable provision for your salvation? Because there are not motives to influence you to a christian life? Because your convictions of sin are inadequate to repentance? Because the possession of human happiness will compensate for the loss of happiness beyond the grave? Because you have yet sufficient time before death to make your salvation secure? Surely not! for he invites all. You have the most powerful motives to urge you to God; your convictions are manifold; you have every persuasive to piety, every encouragement and every inducement. There is plenteous redemption for all; and all things are now ready. The Lamb has been slain; you have been witness

to his agony and his death. There is in his wounds "enough and to spare."

"Room in the Saviour's bleeding heart,
There love and pity meet;
Nor will he bid the soul depart,
That trembles at his feet."

Here you have a friend before whom you can spread all the sins and sorrows with which you are oppressed. He was the God-sympathy of a dying world. Like the sun that pours his splendor over countless millions and irradiates every orb that revolves around him, so his compassion extends to every heart, and casts a lovely calm over the gloom of life and the solitude of the grave. His bosom was the sanctuary of others' sorrows. Sheltered under the wings of his guardian care, you shall be safe amid the threatening dangers of time and eternity. Oh, if your heart is not hard as adamant, you dare not pass by Calvary and remain unmoved. The very thought of rejecting such a friend would fill your soul with penitential agony. Such a look as the Saviour gave Peter when he denied him thrice, must cause the sinner to "weep bitterly." Oh, you have witnessed the Garden—the Cross. You have hung in thought upon every groan, and pang, and gush of blood. And now can you depart from that Cross without

embracing it? Have you no desire to linger yet as a suppliant around that dear spot? Or is the language of your heart still, "away with him!"

"Wilt thou let him bleed in vain,
Still to death thy Lord pursue,
Open all his wounds again,
And the shameful cross renew?"

Methinks I hear you exclaim, with Agrippa, "Almost thou persuadest me to be a christian." And do you say with the same wretched, infatuated man, "Go thy way for this time, and when I have a more convenient season, I will call for thee?" But we cannot leave you. We take you again to the Cross, and comparing its significance with the fleeting interests of the world, we ask you, is it safe to act upon your reasoning? Is it just, is it secure, to push eternal interests from your bosom, when time is short and uncertain? Agrippa acted upon your reasoning, and where is he? Felix, trembling before the majesty of heaven's truth, adopted your reason, and where is he? Tom Paine, Voltaire, and their bosom companions in delusion, acted upon your arguments, and where are they? Unnumbered millions have based their hopes upon your principles, and alas! where are they? Search the records of departed time,—read the epitaph on the marble slab that marks

their crumbling dust, and then tell me, have you evidence of their preparation for heaven? And will you tread the path in which they traveled to ruin? Every consideration, every inducement is presented to you to flee for refuge to Christ, and resign your present position of ruin. The voice of time and the echo of eternity appeal to you, with every persuasive to piety. The *Past*, burdened with the mighty weight of your guilt, comes up before you with groanings, and asks the thrilling question, "Why will you die?" *Yesterday*, mantled with darkness, and bathed in the heart's blood of your crimes against God, follows close behind—a mourner—to the grave of your ruin, warning you to flee the wrath to come. The *Present*, the altar on which are laid both the benefactions of heaven to you, and the sacrifice of all that you have to Satan, exclaims to you to "bless the Lord and forget not all his benefits." *To-day*, the tragic scene of your rebellion against God exclaims to you in the language of inspiration, "To-day, if you will hear his voice, harden not your heart." *Now*—the golden monument of heaven's goodness—the pivot of your suspended destiny, finds you on praying ground, and whispers to your reckless heart its own meaning, "Now is the *accepted time*," while its soul-stirring echo is,

"*This is the day of salvation!*" The *Future*, with her promises and blessings, beckons you to heaven and warns you of hell. *To-morrow*—the twilight of eternity—a whispering promise that may never come to you, exhorts you not to trust in the frail hopes of better opportunities or to hang your hopes of heaven on the brittle thread of life, and in answer to your spirit of procrastination, exclaims, with just rebuke:

"Where is to-morrow? in another world!
For numbers this is certain; and yet on this *perhaps*,
This peradventure, infamous for lies,
As on a rock of adamant, you build
Your mountain hopes,—spin your eternal schemes,
And, big with life's futurities, *expire!*"

Do you wish other inducements to piety? Then listen to the voice of *Experience*. Hear the voice of him who died with the sentence "*Too late!*" trembling upon his lips. Consider the last dying wish of her who exclaimed, "*Worlds for an inch of time!*" Listen to the hollow sound of more than a million of coffins that daily people the chambers of the dead. Go bend over the couch of him who, when the tread of death was heard in his room,—

"Found his pleasure
In planting daggers in the naked heart,

And one by one drawing them out again,
To count the beaded drops, and slowly tell
Each agonizing throb!"

And tell me, what says the volume of experience? Oh, could the lost but return to you to rehearse the tale of woe with which each is familiar, with what ardor would they entreat you to "fall in with the overtures of mercy!" And will you still remain deaf to these? Then listen to the *voice of Eternity!* Hear you not the music of those golden harps that proclaim the reign of the Lord Omnipotent? Hear you not the voice of the "river of life" that flows fast by the throne of God? Hear you not the deep groan of undying woe that comes up from the regions of the lost? Listen to the horrid discord of weeping, and wailing and gnashing of teeth that fills the world of ruin. Angels desire your redemption; their golden harps are already tuned to raise a louder song of joy over your repentance. And will you not cause the arches of heaven to swell with the song of your salvation? or will you cause the caverns of despair to reverberate with the groans of your doom? Christ himself desires your salvation; for this he became "a man of sorrows;" for this he endured the Cross and despised the shame. And shall he suffer and die

in vain? Cannot these agonies for you move that heart of stone? Oh, what more could he have done for you? What can mangled and bleeding flesh suffer that his did not? What, let me ask it with reverence, could God do more for you than he has done? And will you not, in the face of these inducements, be persuaded to follow Christ? Have you no interest in eternity? Is not the salvation of your immortal soul—the boon of heaven—worth the efforts of a life-time? Should they not supersede every worldly interest? The mechanic and the husbandman rise with the first dawn to resume their labors and provide for their families; the physician pores over the pages of Hippocrates and visits the chamber of disease that he may preserve the life of the body; the lawyer enters into the mystic labyrinths of a Blackstone or a Kent that he may advocate the rights of man; the scholar grows pale at the midnight lamp, and ripens for a premature grave, in pursuit of knowledge; the soldier seeks fame at the point of the bayonet, and amid scenes of carnage; the politician enters the scene of a nation's struggle, and while her destiny hangs upon his burning eloquence, seeks to inscribe a single name upon the scroll of her immortality. But what are these to the salvation of a soul? What is the wealth of

California to the riches of Christ? What is the diadem of an emperor to the crowns of the ransomed?

“Compared with which,
The laurels that a Cæsar reaps are weeds.”

And will you not listen to the voice of time and eternity urging you to “choose that better part which shall never be taken from you?” Oh, if you are deaf to these, there is a *voice* which you must listen to—the *voice of Judgment!* When the voice of the archangel and the trump of God shall sound to awake the slumbering dead; when the fearful tread of unnumbered millions will be heard marching to the judgment throne, and when the Lamb, arrayed in all the splendors of Omnipotence and seated amidst the flaming ruins of the universe, will seal the everlasting destiny of an assembled world,—then, oh, then you will listen to a *voice*—the voice of Judgment. That voice may soon, very soon be heard by you. *The voice of death is the first trumpet of judgment.* That voice may be heard to-morrow, to-day, in an hour! Soon the knell of your departure will be heard, and the heavy clod will groan upon your coffin. Think not, my young friend, that the roseate hue upon your cheek will save you from an untimely grave. The blight of the tiny bud embosomed

among the green leaves of the rose-bush is a fair emblem of its fading nature; the lovely and budding forms of nature soon wither, and are often blighted in the very bursting of beauty.

“E'en youth's brief hours
Survive the beauty of their loveliest flowers,
The soul's pure flame the breath of storms must fan,
And pain and sorrow claim their nursling—man.”

Soon, very soon the light of eternity may burst upon your soul. The next toll of the church-bell may be the knell of your departure; the stern tread of death may soon be heard round your bed, and his cold and chilly hand may be laid upon your heart to freeze up there all that is now in youthful vigor. Your shroud may be already woven,—the boards of your narrow chamber already dried and sawn, and the next sigh that is heard, the next tear that is shed, may be over *your* grave,—the next burst of sorrow that is heard may be *of you*—“*He is gone!*” And if such be your doom ere you make your peace with God—suppose it were now!—tell me,—oh the heart sickens at the contemplation—what would be your state at the judgment—in eternity? Think you the soul is immortal? Is there a heaven? Is there a hell? Oh, then tell me, where would you go? What would become of you? *Lost, for ever lost!*

The dread sentence, "Depart, I never knew you," would chill every lingering hope; and in a moment all the thunders of heaven would break upon your soul, and down you would be impetuously driven into the unfathomable abyss of woe, "whence the smoke of your torment ascendeth for ever and ever." The tremendous covering of hell would close upon you, and the everlasting bolts would be shut by the hand of the Almighty, and the impetuous recoil of the infernal doors, grating harsh thunder on their hinges, would send back the dread re-echo, *For ever! for ever!* Then would you call upon the rocks and the mountains to fall upon you, and to screen you from the falling wrath of the Lamb. Oh, if such be your danger, let me entreat you to go just now "and sell all that you have, and take up the Cross," and follow Christ. The Cross upon which you have just gazed is your only safety, your only refuge and your only support. The death upon that Cross which you have just witnessed is your only sure guarantee to a glorious life hereafter. Sin-dishonored one! take up that Cross and glory in it; it is your only glory—be proud of it. Diseased soul! embrace the Cross; it is the physician's remedy; it has a balm for every wound. Dark-

ened mind! sit a pupil at the foot of the Cross, and receive the light that beams from it. 'Tis better than to sit at the feet of Gamaliel. Dead one in sin! live in that Cross; it is the very centre of your true existence, and the power of your resurrection. Trembling heart! press that Cross to your bosom; let every pulsation be in unison with the death-throes of Him who languished upon it; it is your only hope and support. Lost one! throw your arms around that Cross, and weep over your blindness and misery. Make it your choice, and it will be a "good part which shall never be taken from you." Drink in its holy inspiration, and it will fire you with new energy and hope. Plant its standard upon your heart, make its cause your own, rally around it, be awake to its interests, and you shall receive the victory, the crown, the glory. Willingly endure the ignominy and sufferings of that Cross, and you shall hereafter enjoy its honor and its unspeakable joys; and as you go through life bearing it, and glorying in, and striving for it, when the ungrateful world around you seeks to pour odium upon it, and upon you, answer it, in the language of one of its faithful soldiers, who well knew its power and its joys:

“The Cross! the Cross! I ever will
 Make this my boast, my joy, my pride,
 To all the world proclaiming still,
 I'm saved because my Saviour died;
 My song through all eternity
 Redemption by his blood shall be.

The Cross! oh, ravishment and bliss—
 How grateful even its anguish is;
 Its bitterness, how sweet!
 There every sense, and all the mind,
 In all her faculties refined,
 Taste happiness complete.”

And then when the hour arrives when, with Paul,
 you will have finished your course, done the work,
 and kept the faith; when the battle will have been
 fought and the victory won, and you will be beck-
 oned by rejoicing angels to the home of your rest
 to wear the crown and to enjoy the inheritance,
 oh, how calm will be your exit! The sun of
 your mortal existence, how sweetly it will go
 down, how softly will it close the day of your
 being here,—like “summer evening's latest sigh
 that shuts the rose.” It will set

“As sets the morning star, which goes not down
 Behind the *darkened* west, nor hides obscured
 Among the tempests of the sky, but melts away
 Into the *light of heaven!*”

FINIS.

Katie Gunn

Anna Gunn

Mary Gunn

