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Poetry.

THE MASTER.

Waiting for Him in the darkness,
Watching for Him in the light;
Listening to catch His orders
In the very midst of the fight.
Seeing His slightest signal
Across the heads of the throng;
Hearing His faintest whisper
Above earth's loudest song.
Dwelling beneath His shadow
In the burden and heat of the day;
Looking for His appearing,
As the hours wear fast away,
Shining—to give Him glory;
Working—to praise His name;
Bearing with Him the suffering,
Bearing for Him the shame.

Art thou afraid to trust Him,
Seeming so far away?
Wherefore, then, not keep closer—
Close as He says we may?
Why, then, not walk beside Him,
Holding His blessed hand;
Patiently walking onward
All through the weary land?
Passing safe through the mazes,
The tangle of grief and care;
Safe through the blossoming garden
Where only the world looks fair.
Crossing with Him the chasm,
As it were, by a single thread;
Fording with Him the river—
Christ leading, as He hath led.

Then up the heights of glory,
Unfollowed by death or sin,
Swift through the pearl-white portals
Thy feet may enter in.
Into the realm of music
Where not a note will jar;
Into the clime of sweetness,
Which not a breath will mar;
Where sighs are all out of hearing,
And tears are all out of sight,
And the shadows of earth are forgotten
In the heaven which has no night.
Where loss yields its long-stored interest
And bitter its long-hid sweet;
And they sing, "Unto Him that loved us,"
And lay down their crowns at His feet.
—From Wayfaring Hymns.

Religious.

MY BROKEN-HEARTED LORD.

A SERMON PREACHED BY REV. THOS. ARMITAGE, D. D., AT THE FIFTH AVENUE BAPTIST CHURCH, NEW YORK, JAN. 28, 1872.

"Reproach has broken my heart, and I am sick,
And I looked for pity, but there was none,
And for comforters, but I found none."
—Psa. LIX: 20.

(Conclusion.)

III. PUT THE SOLDIER'S SPEAR IN EVIDENCE, AND IT WILL PROVE DIRECTLY THAT JESUS DID NOT DIE OF THE FOUR NAILS IN CRUCIFIXION. One of the soldiers was incredulous as to the reality of Christ's death in so short a time, and as he clearly supposed that Jesus had fainted or swooned, in order to make sure that he was dead in reality, he thrust his spear into his side, "and forthwith there came out blood and water" from the wound. The Apostle John stood by the cross, and he says that he "saw it, and bears record, and he knows that he speaks the truth," when he attests that it was not water alone, nor blood alone, but "blood and water" separately. He insists upon the same in his Epistle also. Now, it is evident that the spear pierced his heart, for there is no other fountain in the human body that could have contained "blood and water." That fact at once reveals the true condition of things. The heart is surrounded by a sac, which is not a part of the heart itself, but is a sort of strong large bag, in which the heart hangs, and which after a manner protects it. So that if any internal emotion of the heart sends its outer walls, or what we would call the sides of the heart, of course, all the blood that is in the heart runs immediately into that sac, till it is full. Now, the least observing of us know that while the blood is warm, that is, so long as it retains its life, it is thin and entirely red. But the moment it becomes dead, it divides into two substances, the one white and thin like water, and we call it water, the other

clotted and red, and we call it blood. You can sit and watch this division as it takes place in a basin, in common blood-letting. But this separation of the blood into the red clot and the watery substance never takes place, under any circumstances, until the blood has lost its life. In our days, science has discovered the wonderful power of taking living blood from a healthy man's arm and injecting it into the arm of a dying man, under given circumstances, and in several cases the dying man has lived in consequence. But it must be living blood, for its injection into the veins after it had separated into clot and water would be to inject death itself. Now, says the Apostle John, the withdrawal of the soldier's spear from the side of Jesus was followed by "blood and water," two distinct substances, that is, there followed it the red clot and the watery stream, showing that the separation of Jesus' blood into these two parts had already taken place, or in other words, showing that Jesus was already dead, as that separation never takes place in the human body, while life remains. "He was dead already."

But the highest medical authorities tell us that no other mode of death but rupture of the heart can account for this separation of the blood into its primitive parts, while it remains in the body. They also tell us, that it is usual for this separation to take place when men die of a broken heart. In that case the blood escapes from the interior of the heart, through its rent walls, and then it is common to find, on post mortem examination, that the sac contains between three and four pounds of blood, divided into water and red clot. And another thing, such rupture is invariably attended with immediate death, and death is instantly followed with this separation of the blood. Take all these circumstances into the account, and it is apparent that our Lord's death was not produced by external, but internal violence. Certainly, the torture of the four nails of crucifixion was not a sufficient physical cause of his death.

Nor could he have died from mortal fainting, produced by weakness from exhaustion, as crucified persons generally did when they remained upon the tree till it naturally produced death. Our Lord was evidently very strong physically. He seems to have gone to his sufferings in perfect health. He seems neither to have inherited nor contracted any particular form of disease, although he was constantly in contact with disease in every form. We read of his being weary and hungry and thirsty, all of which are signs of health, but we never read of his being diseased. Even among the Jews, God never allowed a sickly or blemished animal to be offered in sacrifice, and I am sure that the Lamb of God, his atoning Son, had no physical disease or imperfection about him. Speaking not mediocrally, but after the manner of men, he was in the very strength of his days when he died. Then his life had been one of extreme temperance and healthy activity. His life was spent principally in the open air—he had been reared "in the hill country" of Judea—he had spent a great part of his ministry in the salubrious atmosphere of the sea and mountains of Galilee. His birth, his habits, his age, and the climate, had endowed him with the full vigor of manhood, and in body as well as in soul, he was a "Lamb without blemish and without spot." Nay, indeed, when he hung upon the cross, notwithstanding the howlings of the mob at the foot of the cross, and their yelling sarcasms which "laughed him to scorn," his voice was so strong that it could be heard above the rabble, talking to the penitent thief—uttering his seven immortal sentences to God and man—conversing with John at a distance, when he gave his mother into the charge of that disciple—and finally "he cried with a loud voice, and gave up the ghost." Contrary to all this, when men died in the natural course of crucifixion, the voice was the first faculty of the body that failed, but with

Jesus it was strong in death—a wonderful fact, truly. Dr. Walshe, of University College, London, says in his late work on Diseases of the Heart, that uniformly when men die of rupture of the heart, the hand is suddenly carried to the front of the chest, and a piercing shriek is uttered. Our holy sufferer could not do the first of these, for his hand was spiked to the transverse beam, but eminently does he utter the loud voice, the "piercing shriek," when grief tore the walls of his heart asunder, and his blood rushed from the great central reservoir of its circulation, through the rupture, into the sympathizing sac. Thus was opened the fountain for sin and uncleanness, and thus came Jesus to save, "Not by water only, but by water and by blood." "Reproach has broken my heart."

IV. THE CAUSE OF THIS HEART-BREAKING IN THE BREAST OF MY LORD DEMANDS SERIOUS ATTENTION. The text says that it was "reproach." And evidently it was not only the reproach of man:

"I looked for pity, but there was none,
For comforters, but I found none."

There is no more cruel fact in the history of human nature than this, namely, that men generally hate those whom they have wronged more intensely than they hate those who have wronged them. The contortions extorted by savage fury never excite pity towards the sufferer in those who inflict the torture, but on the contrary, they are met by sarcasm, derision and scorn. So in the case of Jesus, they "wag the head" in bravado and mockery, as his own head falls upon his purple bosom; they "shoot out the lip" when his quivers with pain; and over all his anguish they gloat in bitter irony. Such sorrows are terrifically poignant. No infliction of man excruciates a pure, sensitive and spotless nature, like reproach. It is so undeserved, so unjust, so severe, that to such a mind it becomes the sorrow of sorrows. But, my brethren, when God inflicts the reproach, and that upon his own beloved Son, and inflicts it in the administration of justice, too, in the maintenance of law and the vindication of holiness, well may that Son exclaim: "Is it nothing to you, all ye that pass by; behold, and see if there be any sorrow like unto my sorrow, wherewith the Lord hath afflicted me in the day of his fierce anger." "He hath made me drunken with wormwood; he hath filled me with bitterness." As a drunken man is brought soul and body under the supreme tyranny of intoxication, so he was intoxicated with grief: "A man of sorrow, and acquainted"—intimately acquainted—"with grief." His mind was distracted, and all his faculties were held under the dominion of grief. It is too well known to need proof here, that the powerful agitation of the passions always follows great mental distress, so that the emotions act upon the physical heart like an immense battery. When these palpitations come in overwhelming force, rupture of the heart ensues from very agony. This is one of most familiar facts in human physiology. One of our greatest medical writers says, on this subject: "Agony, when intense, produces violent palpitation, bloody sweat, oppression of the chest, loud cries, and ultimately rupture of the heart. Such rupture is usually attended with immediate death, and with an effusion into the cap containing the heart, of the blood previously circulating through that organ, which, when thus extravasated, although scarcely in any other case, separates into its constituent parts, so as to present the appearance commonly called blood and water." When Jesus found that his Father had "reproached" him, by forsaking him and leaving him "to tread the wine-press alone," he uttered that plaintive "Why," which has come wailing down the centuries: "Why hast thou forsaken me?" For the first time was he forsaken of the Father; then the idea of "reproach" took hold upon him, and therewith he came for the first time to feel, in all its terrible force, that "The reproaches of them

who reproached thee fell on me." But once, from eternity to eternity, could he feel this; and when this grief came so suddenly, "The pitcher was broken at the fountain, the wheel was broken at the cistern," "the silver chord" snapped, the tenderest heart that ever beat was ruptured, and the Messianic prophecy was fulfilled: "Reproach has broken my heart."

And now, in closing, let me ask, What is the great practical benefit of this dreadful spectacle of a broken-hearted Lord? With me, it is much every way. What a soul-stirring conception this view of Christ's death gives me of the enormity of sin! When I take this view of my Lord's death, it marvellously intensifies my conceptions of my own crimes, which demanded the astonishing sacrifice, and of the atoning love which made it. Then I see that it was not four nails that slew him, but his own loving anguish for my sin which appalled his heart into an infinite passiveness, and led him to bow to all the horrors which lacerated that heart, till its walls were rent within the temple of his body, at the same moment that the "veil of the Temple was rent from the top to the bottom." Through that orifice he poured out his soul unto death. The blood of the True Vine gushed from that fissure, when he trod "the wine-press of the wrath of God." Never was love like that, and, therefore, never such sorrow. That lesion in the walls of his heart seems to me to be the very anatomy of love. The broken-hearted sinner may find refuge in that wound of the broken-hearted Saviour. In the days of Christ's death, physicians knew nothing about anatomy of the human heart—indeed, it is but little more than three hundred years since Harvey discovered the circulation of the blood through the heart at all. But Jesus allowed his own heart to expose all its mechanism, both of life and of love, by the gash of the Roman spear. That cleft in the Rock of Ages could be easily seen by the eye of man, and easily felt by his nerves. To Thomas he said, of the wounds from the nails, "reach hither thy finger and put it into the prints"—but when he exposed his great throbbing heart of love he said, of the stab of the spear: "Thrust thy hand, thy whole hand, into my side." The human blade and the Divine barb had both rent his heart. And he asked Thomas to examine the lesion, as if he would assure him that now, since the renovating life of resurrection had acted upon it, the heart that had been acquainted so intimately with grief was like a newly-strung harp. Every fibre of it was in chord again, and if he would only "thrust in his hand," and sweep its strings with a harpist's skill, they would all vibrate anew as of yore, and the old faith of Thomas would glow once more into life, till his lips repeated the avowal, "Let us also die with him."

Then, my brethren, put the hand of your faith into his side to-day. Shrink not back from your Lord. There is nothing haggard, nothing aghast in his face now; there is nothing livid in his lips; his eyes do not glare in their sockets, his muscular power is not contracted, no chill of horror creeps over his limbs, his blood does not rush now from the circumference to the centre of his body, nor is reproach breaking his heart. No, to-day he that was dead liveth, and behold, he is alive forevermore. Thrust your hand into his side, and have a deep "fellowship with his sufferings." It will give you a fervor and an energy that will border on inspiration. Let your lamentation for sin partake somewhat of the character of his sufferings for you. Let it take a tone of deep, soul-felt pungency, so that the deepest feeling of your nature is fully expressed in penitence at the foot of his cross. Let it be a heart-rending presentation, exciting in you the bitterest tears and the deepest abhorrence of the sin that led to his broken heart. The very nerves of your soul should feel penitential emotion breathed out upon them, as from his own hot breath, till he lives in your broken heart, as you lived in his, when

it was cleft to take you in. Again, I beseech you, "Thrust your hand into the side" of your broken-hearted Lord!
—N. Y. Ex. & Chron.

THE MELODY OF THE LORD'S PRAYER.

This model of prayer has been much admired for its conciseness of language and breadth of thought, but it possesses still another phase of beauty in the faultless rhythm and exquisite harmony which characterize it. It would seem that its Great Composer had designed to make it complete in every respect, for there is nothing either in the rhythmic flow of its syllables, or the purity of its sentiments, which can offend the most cultivated ear.

Like the different chords in a strain of music, the emotions to which it gives expression are blended in sweet though subdued and solemn cadence. Reverent, filial confidence is the keynote of the prayer, and it runs like a golden thread through the web of feeling. Tenderly and trustfully the opening chords are struck, while the ascending strain keeps pace with our rising thoughts. "Our Father who art in heaven." A reverent pause succeeds. Then with a low, firm chord, we begin the response to heaven's grand anthem: "Hallowed be Thy Name."

The next clause suggests the happiness of those whose lips, hearts and lives maintain, in sweet accord, this as their continual petition: "Thy Kingdom come." Obedience and submission form the next link in the chain of feeling, for both are included in the petition. "Thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven." Beginning in heaven, the prayer descends, by the steps of its several petitions, to earth, and earthly necessities. The ceaseless hymn of creation is beautifully expressed in the words, "Give us this day our daily bread." To God, the lowing of the cattle, the chirping of the bird, the buzzing of the insect—are but one vast, constant symphony of supplication from the hosts which He feeds. Closely allied with the sense of dependence is the sense of sinfulness, and this gives rise to the next petition, "And forgive us our debts as we forgive our debtors." The silken cord of sympathy, by the constant use of the plural instead of the singular, runs through the whole prayer, but in no part does it glisten more brightly than in this. It is continually "we" and "our"—not "I" and "my"—as if to remind us of our common frailty. This petition refers chiefly to the past, but the next takes up the future: "And lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil." The sad, monotonous cry of a world blighted by sin and death, is well expressed in the plaintive minor strain of this petition, while, at the same time, there is beneath it a firm note of trust in Him who is able to "deliver us from evil." As the variations of a musical composition reach their conclusion in a firm, grand finale, so the devout breathings of this melodious prayer reach a fitting consummation in the joyful, though reverent, ascription of praise with which it ends, "For Thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory. Amen." Each petition seems linked to the next, and the strains of feeling blend in ever-increasing harmony, until the final chords are struck in the closing word.—Ex. & Chron.

Sheldon & Co. are soon to publish a ninth series of Spurgeon's Sermons. They also announce Dr. Conant's new translation of the Book of Proverbs, with copious notes.

Two editions of this will be issued, a critical one for the use of scholars, and one to meet the popular demand.

The way to have a good social meeting is to have those who compose it in meeting order when they are at home.

Pride costs us more than hunger, thirst and cold.