What that old preacher said was all so new! I seemed to have heard it for the very first time! His enunciation was so deliberate---that his voice trembled on every syllable; and, every heart trembled in unison. His peculiar phrases had that force of description so that the original scene appeared to be---at that very moment, acting out before our eyes.

". . . How can we make a sacrifice without a lamb?"

We saw the very faces of the spiteful Jews; the staring frightful distortions of malice and rage. We saw the weak and black-hearted Pilate...who for love of politics hand over Jesus to be crucified. We saw the howling mob, thirsting for blood---and the cruel Roman soldiers smiting the lowly Nazarene full in the face! As I listened...how my soul kindled with a flame of indignation over that which is all unjust!

But then the preacher came to touch on the perfect willingness of the Lamb of God to die. On the patience of the Man of Sorrows. Of the meekness and forgiveness of Jesus our Saviour...

We soared into the Heavenlies!

A rustic backwoods clod-buster? No! Here was a bush all aglow...

Then---As he described the crucifixion scene, the voice of the preacher grew fainter and fainter; until his utterance being obstructed by the full force of his inmost feeling raised his handkerchief to his sightless eyes and burst into a loud and irrepressible flood of grief and tears. The effect was inconceivable---Not easily described. The whole House was moved... resounding with mingled groans and sobs of the congregation.

It was some time...Before the shock of such intense emotion subsided so as to permit him to proceed. Indeed---I began to be uneasy for the situation of the preacher. For I could not imagine how he would be able to let the audience down from the height to which he had lifted them; without imparing the sacred dignity of his subject---or, perhaps shocking us by the abruptness of descent to earth.

But---No! The descent was as beautiful and sublime as the elevation had been rapid and enthusiastic. The first sentence with which he broke the awful silence was a polished quotation from Rousseau...I recognized it. But, he embellished it with dynamic words all his own...Then added words familiar and dear to us all.

> "Yes! If the life and death of Socrates were those of a sage, the life and death of Jesus were those of a God. Shall we suppose the Evangelical Gospel History a mere fiction? No! This was the death divine! ---Jesus Christ died on a tree, with a glory in His bosom that now transfigures you and me!"