

# Metropolitan Tabernacle Pulpit.

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SECRET DISCIPLES ENCOURAGED.

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## A Sermon

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“Art not thou also one of his disciples?”—John xviii. 25.

BLESSED be his name, there are some of us who count it our highest joy to answer to this question, “Yes.” Whatever may be entailed by the confession, we shall be glad to endure; but we could not do otherwise than say, “He owned us of old, and he is not ashamed to call us brethren still; wherefore also we are not ashamed of him, but we delight to call him Master and Lord.” In an interview I had, about a fortnight ago, with a dear and venerable friend who is just upon the borders of the grave, he said to me, “There is a verse in the hymn-book which I know you do not like, sir, and which I do not like, though both of us have sometimes been obliged to sing it,—

“‘Tis a point I long to know,  
Oft it causes anxious thought;  
Do I love the Lord, or no?  
Am I his, or am I not?”

“But I have no doubt about it,” he went on to say, “any more than I have about my own existence. Let others doubt if they like. I *know* I love the Lord; I am sure I do. If there is anything in all this world that is beyond a question to me, it is that I do love him with all my heart, and soul, and strength.” That ought to be the condition of every Christian. There ought to be no question here. We should each one be able to reply at once, when asked, “Art not thou also one of his disciples?” “I am; I count it my honour, my joy, that he permits me to sit at his feet, and

to be instructed by him, and to go forth into the world bearing his reproach." But, at the same time, dear friends, there are some in the world who could not go that length, of whom, nevertheless, we have the hopeful belief that they are his disciples.

I thought of speaking a little to such persons. This, perhaps, will be unfortunate for most of you, for I shall not be addressing many, perhaps, here present. Still, if there are but a few such, we must look after the one at the risk even of leaving the ninety and nine. So I address myself to those whom we assuredly suspect to be followers of Jesus, concerning whose faith we want to have a little better evidence, and whose life we would see a little more consistent with their being truly his followers.

I. First, then, I would ask, WHY ARE YOU SUSPECTED OF BEING A DISCIPLE OF CHRIST? Please to observe the reasons why Simon Peter was suspected, for the same reasons may be applicable to you.

He was suspected, by some, of being a disciple of Christ *because he had been seen with the disciples*. One of the servants of the high priest said to Peter, "Did not I see thee in the garden with him?" Now, there are some of you who are always seen in the house of God, not only at stated services which are attended by the general public, but you are seen at the prayer-meetings, you are seen at times when the interest is more spiritual; and when only the spiritual, it would be supposed, would be attracted, and find anything that would interest them, there are you found. It is not only in the house of God that you are seen with Christ's people, but out-of-doors, too. You do not enjoy frivolous society; you are not at home in the haunts of vanity; your companions are the godly, you delight in their conversation; and the more spiritual the conversation becomes, the more you enjoy it. Now, I do not know that you are a follower of Christ, but I have a strong suspicion that you may be; and I should like to put these questions to you, if I might, "Art not thou also one of his disciples? Did not I see thee in the garden with him? Wherefore dost thou keep such company, and love such society, if thou art not one of them? Is not the old proverb true, 'Birds of a feather flock together'? How is it that thou lovest the footsteps of the flock, and the way of the shepherds' tents, if thou art not one of the sheep? I dare not say that thou art, for I cannot read thy heart; but I will venture again to put the question, 'Art not thou also one of his disciples?'"

They suspected him, again, *because of his conversation*. Peter did not want to be known, and therefore I do not suppose that he voluntarily said anything that would betray him. I daresay, if he conversed at all at the fire, he kept clear of all topics and subjects that would reveal him, or lead to the question being put as to whether he was a disciple or not; but, somehow or other, whatever he talked about, there was a sort of brogue, a twang in his speech, a something which showed that, at any rate, he was a Galilean, and they began to suspect that he might also be a companion of Jesus of Nazareth. It was his talk that betrayed him.

Now I do not know, dear friend, whether you are a disciple of Christ, and I do not propose to press you to tell me, but excuse my putting the question. Your language and accent have about them a seasoning and a flavour of Christianity. You earnestly put aside from your speech everything unclean, and you delight to speak words that honour Christ. If at any time in conversation there is a word said that seems to reflect upon the Lord Jesus, you are grieved at it, and you would not repeat any sentiment or sentence that would dishonour him. You are cautious and careful, too, about truth in your speech. You desire also to speak for the good of others. Specially during the last few months you have been very particular, and your prayer has been, "Open thou my lips." You have been afraid of speaking those idle words for which God will bring men into judgment. Now, I do not know that you are Christ's disciple, but I suspect it, for a man is judged by his speech. We generally know what is in the well by what comes up in the bucket; and the metal of a bell can be pretty well judged by the stroke of the clapper; and I think we can form some estimate of who you must be when we perceive in your conversation the tone of a Christian, when we hear that you speak as one does whose heart has been renewed by divine grace. I shall, therefore, put the question to you, expecting an affirmative answer, "Art not thou also one of his disciples?"

Further than this, Peter was recognized, I suspect, *as having acted for his Lord*, for the person who said, "Did not I see thee in the garden with him?" was a relative of him whose ear Peter had cut off. As for you, it is not long since you were angry when someone had blasphemed or spoken unkind words against one of God's servants, or against God's gospel. I am not sure that you did well to be angry; but, at any rate, it was a holy zeal that made you angry. Why, you were quite red in the face as you defended the truth. I say again, I am not sure that you did well to be angry; but, at any rate, while you were cutting off that fellow's ear with that sharp sword of yours, and dealing such hard blows for Christ, if I had been there to see you, I should have thought that you were one of his disciples, even though I should have known that your Master would not have wished you to use that sword, or to be so violent as you were. Yet your very zeal for him, though perhaps it was indiscreet, perhaps not altogether what he could approve, showed that you really had some love to him, some concern for his cause, some zeal for his glory. Is it not so? Surely thou also art one of his disciples. These things led them to suspect Peter, and these things lead us to suspect you.

One other thing, I doubt not, there was about Peter as he stood warming himself by the fire, *he was specially interested in the fate of Jesus*. Alas for him, he had so far forgotten himself that he tried, perhaps, to avoid showing that he took any particular interest in the trial; but I will warrant you that those who could read faces could read something in Peter's face as it was lit up by the glare of the coals. When he heard them smite his Master with

the palms of their hands upon his cheek, did you not see that tear roll down his face? He pretended he was brushing away a drop of sweat from his brow; but anyone who was watching him, especially one with the quick eyes of the maid that spoke, could see that it was a dewdrop of another sort which was falling from his eye.

Now, you have not said that you are a disciple of Christ, but have we not sometimes caught you unawares, and read it in your face? The other Sunday, when we spoke of the Redeemer's sufferings, your soul was melted; when we talked of his glories, we could see how you exulted in the theme; and when the gospel was freely preached to the chief of sinners, your eyes looked as if you understood it, and as if you loved it. Though, perhaps, even now, you would hardly venture to say, "I am saved," yet you experience a joy and delight, in hearing the truth, which you would not have known if you had not been one of Christ's disciples, and a holy trembling and heart-searching under the Word of God that you would not have experienced unless you had been first of all quickened by the Spirit of his grace. Yes, the countenance will often betray what is going on within; and those dear ones, who are looking with anxiety upon you, anxious to know whether you are saved,—I have no doubt they have observed about you a great many things that have compelled them cheerfully to say, "We believe So-and-so is a Christian. We cannot doubt it. There is a something about his whole mien and conversation, his manner of speech, his mode of thought, and style of action, that betrays him as being a disciple of Christ."

Now, beloved friend, I cannot follow you home, and judge as to your secret life; but I will put this question to you in various ways, in which, of course, I must leave Simon Peter out of the question. You have lately put your trust in Christ Jesus alone; that is to say, if you have not done so, or if you are not sure you have done so, at any rate you have not any other trust, and all the trust you have is set on him. You see that there is an end of all perfection in the flesh, and you are looking for the perfection which he gave to his people when he finished his atoning sacrifice, and sat down at the right hand of God. Though you cannot see much light, yet you know that there is no light except in him, and you have cast away for ever that false light in which you once rejoiced. Well, I am glad, and I am inclined to put to you the question, "Art not thou also one of his disciples?"

*You have lately begun to pray*, and that not as a matter of form. You have left off that form you once repeated, and now you pray from your very heart. Sometimes, you cannot pray as you would; in fact, you never do make your petition quite such as you desire. Still, you pray as well as you can, with groans and tears and longings that you may be taught how to pray better. Well, I never yet heard of a praying soul that was not one of Christ's disciples. It was a token that Saul, of Tarsus, was a convert to Christ when it was said, "Behold, he prayeth." So I will put to you the question, since you utter the living prayer of a truly earnest

soul, "Art not thou also—despite thy doubts, and questionings, and humble lamentations,—art not thou also one of his disciples?"

Moreover, *thou hast now an interest in the Word of God.* The Bible was very dull to thee once; a three-volume novel pleased thee much better; but now anything that will tell thee of thy Lord and of his love, and will instruct thee in his truth, anything of that sort thou carest for; thou hast a hungering after it. Well, I have not yet known dead people become hungry; and I do not know that I ever yet heard of a carrion crow that desired to feed on the food of the dove. I think there must be some change in thee, or thou wouldst not love the clean winnowed grain which delights God's children. I am not sure about it; still, I shall venture to put the question, and believe that I know what answer thou wilt give, "Art not thou also one of his disciples?"

Besides, *you know that there is a change in your life.* As a child, you are now striving to honour your parents. As a tradesman, you have now left off many practices that you once allowed yourself to adopt. As a common man speaking to others, you are now more charitable in your words than you used to be. There are things that were once amusements to you, which yielded you pleasure, but which have now become vanity of vanities to you. Now you know that, when you rise in the morning, the thing you are most afraid of is that you should do wrong during the day; and if you are troubled at night, it is because you have done a wrong; and the matter that pains you about it most is not the loss of custom, but the loss of a peaceful conscience. Now, methinks, if thou art all this, surely thou also art one of Christ's disciples.

I have suggested many hopeful things that would lead me to think that you are his disciple; but if you are not, then assuredly you are his enemy. What think you of that? If I should make a list of this congregation, and should write down all the disciples of Christ, (supposing I were able to do that,) and if my pen were just about to be withdrawn from the paper, could you bear that I should say, "I am about to close this roll; I have written down all the disciples of Christ here; I have finished the list, and your name is not there"? I am sure you would say, "Oh, stay your hand a while, sir! I was afraid I was not one of his; but now it comes to the push, I dare not withhold my name." And I am certain that, if I were then to take another roll, and to begin to write down the names of all those who did not believe in Jesus, those who remained his enemies; if I began to put your name down, you would say, "Oh, no; do not do that! Stop a moment. Do not let my name be written there. I could not stand that, for I think I am not quite his enemy. At any rate, I long to be his disciple."

I wish sometimes you would push yourself into this corner. If it came to the point, beloved,—if it really came to the point,—some of you who have said, "I am afraid I do not love him," because you do not love him as you ought; some of you who have said, "I am afraid I do not trust him," because you have some

doubts and some fears; I have no doubt that, if it came to the point, notwithstanding all things, God would lead you to trust him, and to rejoice in him. Remember that story of one of the martyrs who had been condemned to die for Christ, and who, about a week before he died, was full of fear and trembling. He was afraid of the fire, and much cast down by the prospect of being burned. There was a fellow-prisoner with him who scolded him for it, and told him that he ought to trust in God, that he ought not to be dismayed, and ought not to be cast down. When the day came for them to burn together, the poor, weak, trembling man stood on the faggot, and he said, before the fire was kindled, "Oh, he has come; he has come; he has come; and he has filled my soul with his presence." He died triumphantly, while the other man, who had scolded him for his want of faith, recanted at the last moment, and became a traitor to the truth. The Lord will help you if you are but right toward him. Still, I pray that you may be delivered from every question about whether you are his disciple or not.

II. Now, having thus uttered my suspicions about some of you, I shall, in the second place, demand from those of you who seem to be Christ's disciples, WHY DO YOU NOT ACT IN CONSISTENCY THEREWITH? "Art not thou also one of his disciples?"

*Why, then, are you not sharing his reproach?* Peter is standing there warming his hands, looking to his personal comfort. His Master is over yonder, being despised and rejected, maltreated and smitten. If thou art one of his disciples, is this the place for thee, Peter, amongst the ribald crowd around the fire? Is not thy proper place at thy Lord's side, to be laughed at as he is, falsely accused as he is, and buffeted as he is? I may be speaking to some who do love Christ, or are to be suspected of it, but they have never borne his reproach yet. You are not numbered with any Christian church because—well, it is not a very respectable thing in the circle in which you move! You have not professed that truth which you have believed, because it would render you extremely unpopular if you did. You have not said in your household, "I am a Christian," because it is clear to you that your husband might not like it, or that your father might not have patience with it. You have slunk into the workshop, and you have hidden your colours, and you have been comfortable with ungodly men; and when they have uttered hard things about Christ, though you have not liked what they said, you have not expressed your disapproval, and so your silence gave consent to them.

"Art not thou also one of his disciples," and dost thou refuse to share the reproach of Christ? Hast thou forgotten Moses, who, though he might have been like a king in Egypt, yet took his place with the poor, despised, enslaved Israelites, "esteeming the reproach of Christ greater riches than the treasures in Egypt"? Can you not take your place with Christ's poor people? Are you ashamed of them because they are not titled and rich, or because their literary standing is not very high? Are you ashamed of them because other

people misrepresent and slander them? Has the offence of the cross ceased? Do you expect that true Christianity ever will be fashionable? Do you believe for a moment, in your heart, that Christ spoke a lie when he said to his disciples, "Behold, I send you forth as sheep in the midst of wolves"? If there be a religion concerning which all men speak well, woe be unto it, for it cannot be the religion of Christ. Do you not know that the way to heaven is up stream? The current runs downward to the gulf of destruction. Are you not willing to take the cross, and to go against popular opinion, and against everything else that is necessary for Christ's sake?

The day cometh when they that have been ashamed of his cross will find themselves losing his crown. "No cross, no crown." This is what Christ himself says, "Whosoever shall be ashamed of me and of my words, of him shall the Son of man be ashamed, when he shall come in his own glory, and in his Father's, and of the holy angels." If you dare not follow him because you fear shame, shame shall be your perpetual inheritance. Remember that verse, "But the fearful, and unbelieving, . . . shall have their part in the lake which burneth with fire and brimstone: which is the second death." Oh, that we may never be among those cowards, for these are the persons he means, not the fearing ones, but the fearful ones, who dare not be reproached for him! Is there listening to these words one who loves his Lord, and knows the truth, and knows where God's church is, and yet has been afraid to join his people,—ashamed to confess the truth, and to follow Christ? I come to thee with this word, and fain would I look thee in the face, and say, "Art not thou also one of his disciples?" Yet thou goest in and out with the ungodly, and thou warmest thy hands at their fire, and thou art mirthful with their jollity, and thou art pleased with their ungodliness. "Come out from among them, and be ye separate, saith the Lord, and touch not the unclean thing." Confess Christ before men that he may confess you before his Father and the angels in heaven.

Again, if you are among Christ's disciples, *why are you not witnessing for him?* It was not only that Peter was not sharing his shame, but that, when Christ was on his trial, it was due to him that every person who could have spoken a good word for him should do it, but everyone was silent. When Christ said, "I spake openly," Peter might have said, "Yes, I have heard all he said, and I have never heard him utter sedition or blasphemy. Nothing of the kind has ever come from my Master's lips. If anything has been spoken in secret, I have been there; I have been with John and James in the most select circle of all his disciples; and thus, too, I can bear witness that he is innocent." But, no; Peter is silent, and instead of witnessing he denies his Master.

It is the duty of every Christian to be witnessing for Christ. Still is Jesus on his trial every day. He stands before the world, as it were, at this very hour, and the question is,—Is he the Son of God or not? Witnesses are being examined every day for him

and against him. "What think ye of Christ?" is a question which is stirring all this city and all lands, more or less; and now shall he, who claims to be the Saviour of men and the Head of the Church,—shall he, while so many speak against him, lack the evidence of anyone who knows him, who has been with him, and loves him? There are some of us who find it sweet to witness to him that he is the very Christ of God, and we do not take any honour to ourselves for so doing, for flesh and blood have not revealed it unto us.

But is anyone keeping back his testimony? "Why," saith one, "what would my testimony be worth?" Thou dost not know what it would be worth. "Nobody would notice me; I am only a humble woman in my family." What! hast thou no desire that thy family should know the truth? Hast thou one little child on thy knee, and hast thou never put thy arms about that little one's neck, and prayed that she might belong to Jesus, or that the boy might be the Saviour's? Hast thou never told those darlings of thine what Christ has done for thee? Thou couldst not do it, dost thou say? Not talk to thine own child of what is written in thine own heart concerning thine own Lord? Ah! if thou canst not, cry to God against such a disability, and be not satisfied till thou hast conquered thy unholy shame, for unholy it is. If thou also art one of his disciples, bear thy witness to him, even if it be but one who can hear it. If that one be all the congregation that God sendeth thee, thou hast done thy part. I am not accountable for the people that hear me, but only for the witness that I bear; and you shall not be accountable for the largeness or smallness of your sphere, but for the faithfulness of your testimony to Christ. Tell all with whom you come in contact that he is your Saviour, a precious Saviour, a true Promiser, a Promise-keeper, a faithful Friend, a Helper in life and in death; and, I say again, thou knowest not what may be the value of thy testimony, for if it be borne but to a child, that child may grow up to bear testimony to tens of thousands. Thou knowest not what may come of a spark of fire. Do but let it drop, and thou mayest set half a continent on a blaze therewith. "Art not thou also one of his disciples?" If thou art, then bear thy witness as well as take up thy cross.

Now, diverging a little from what some of you will think most practical, let me say, "Art not thou also one of his disciples?" *then why art thou not enjoying the privileges which belong to his disciples?* You have not been baptized; yet he who said "Believe," said also "Be baptized." It is written of some, "These are they which follow the Lamb whithersoever he goeth." I ask thee, did not the Lamb go down into the Jordan? Was he not baptized? Hast thou followed him whithersoever he goeth? If thou hast not done so, in being disobedient to his will thou hast lost a great privilege. There is his supper, too. 'Tis but an outward form, as the other ordinance is; both are but emblems; but, still, the Lord has been pleased to say, "This do in remembrance of me," and he often gives to his people very sweet manifestations of himself in the

breaking of bread. Thou art one of his disciples, or at least I suspect thee; but thou hast never been to the Lord's table.

"There are others that can observe those things," you say. Stay; suppose it is right for any one Christian to neglect the ordinances of God's house, clearly there can be no exceptional privileges; it would, therefore, be right for all Christians to neglect these two ordinances. You are not a member of any Christian church, but you think you are right in standing alone. If you are, so would all be; and, clearly, the visible church would become extinct, but it could never have been the Lord's intention that it should be so. He has not ordained that his people should live as individuals alone. He calls himself a Shepherd, because sheep are gregarious. They gather together, and they make a flock in a fold, and he would have his people so. If he had called them by the name of some other creature, it might be supposed that they would go to heaven separately and alone; but he calls them his flock, and that signifies fellowship,—union.

If you are right, then we should all be right in doing as you do; and where and how could the means of grace be maintained? Would not almost the very preaching of the gospel become extinct? For the Church of God "is the pillar and ground of the truth," by which is meant, I suppose, that, as in the Roman forum there were certain pillars upon which the decrees of the Senate were put up, so the Church is a pillar upon which God hangs up the gospel, and its proclamation of the gospel to the sons of men is the pillar and ground upon which God exhibits the gospel to all onlookers. And truly it must be so. It is the Church's business to evangelize the world, and to maintain Christ's ordinances; but where would be the Church to do this if all Christians were to be allowed to remain separate from the Church? Your business is to find some company of believers, unite yourself with them, and enjoy the privileges which Christ has given, such as his two ordinances of baptism and the Lord's supper, and all the other blessings which belong to the Church as constituted in his name. "Art not thou also one of his disciples?" His disciples meet to remember him, and some of you turn your backs; they gather around his table, and feed upon the bread and wine which are emblems of him; but you go away, and seem to say, "We do not want these emblems; Christ has instituted an ordinance which we do not require, we can do without it. We are so spiritual that we do not need it." O sirs, say not so! If thou art one of his disciples, do as he bids thee.

But now a more cheering thought with which to close. "Art not thou also one of his disciples?" *Then why art thou not resting in his love, in his grace, and in his power?* You came in here to-night with a burden upon your spirit which is crushing you into the very dust. You are low and depressed and miserable, and people in the house where you live know it, and yet they know that you are a professed Christian. "Art not thou also one of his disciples?" and did not he say, "Behold the fowls of the air: for

they sow not, neither do they reap, nor gather into barns; yet your heavenly Father feedeth them. . . . Consider the lilies of the field, how they grow; they toil not, neither do they spin; and yet I say unto you, that even Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these. . . . Therefore take no thought, saying, What shall we eat? or, What shall we drink?" Thou art one of his disciples, and yet thou art vexing thyself with cares and troubles just like a heathen man and a publican. Oh! but thou hast lost a friend, a child, a husband, or a father, and thou art crushed into the very dust; thou hast no hope now, and thou art angry with thy God, and yet Christ said, "Not as I will, but as thou wilt." "Art not thou also one of his disciples?" Is this like thy Master? He drank the gall cup, and thou dost put it away, and fight against thy God.

"But I am afraid of a trial that is coming upon me," you say. Yet Paul said, "Be careful for nothing; but in every thing by prayer and supplication with thanksgiving let your requests be made known unto God." Your heavenly Father knoweth that you have need of all these things, and you are one of his disciples, and yet you are fearing for the future! O friend, O friend, doth this become thee? Is this right? I have come, just now, from the bedside of a dearly-beloved friend to whom I have already referred. Strange as it is, he has been unconscious two days to everybody else; but, the moment he hears my voice, he opens his eyes, and says, "Oh, how happy I am to see your face once again, my dear pastor!" and then he begins to pour out a blessed torrent of adoration and praise to his God. Only just alive, he says he is, and yet he says he is the happiest man alive, and Christ is more precious to him than ever. He is gently sinking away rejoicing. He says he is as happy as ever he was in his life, and, he thinks, more happy, though the death-gurgle is in his throat, and he can scarcely breathe. And you are afraid to die, are you? You are a disciple of that blessed Lord who is helping our dear brother to die, and you think he will not help you, too? Why, thousands of his people have closed their eyes on earth, only to open them in heaven; thousands have died triumphantly; thousands have passed through the river of death calmly rejoicing in Jesus; and you also are one of the disciples of the same Master,—the same Master who can—

**"Make a dying bed  
Feel soft as downy pillows are,"—**

the same Master who has said, "Fear thou not; for I am with thee: be not dismayed; for I am thy God:" yet you cannot trust him who has been so faithful to others,—ay, and let me also say, who has been so faithful to you up till now. Oh, if you are indeed his disciple, go and put that aching head of yours right on the bosom of your Lord, for within that bosom palpitates a heart that never changes, and that never fails one of his disciples. Go and rest there. Thou mayest rest, for it is well, it must be well with thee

for the present, for the future, for time, for eternity. If thou art one of his disciples, take his yoke upon thee, and learn of him; like him, be meek and lowly of heart, and thou shalt find rest unto thy soul. Remember that it is not thy place to question what God doth, nor to arraign him at thy bar. Thy duty is not to say, "My will be done," but to recollect that "it is enough for the disciple that he be as his Master, and the servant as his Lord."

I do trust the questions I have put to you, my hearers, will not be lost upon you. It may strike you that it is not needful to answer at once whether you are Christ's disciple or not, but it will be very needful to answer that question soon. I have been struck beyond measure lately with the fact of our mortality, and the suddenness with which many of our friends depart out of this world. I heard, only this last week, "Brother So-and-so walked into my shop on Thursday; on the Sunday I heard that he was dead;" "Sister So-and-so was at the communion service, and within forty-eight hours she died." This is the world of the dying. You seem to be passing before me in a procession, and I, too, am part of the procession myself; oh, make sure work for eternity! Run no risk concerning your souls,—not even this night's risk, for this night, at midnight, without a knock at thy door there may come the messenger saying, "Prepare to meet thy God." And then,—*and then*,—it *will* signify whether you are Christ's disciple, or not. It will not matter then whether you have been rich or not, educated or not; but it will matter for all eternity whether you are his or not; for remember the division, "These shall go away into everlasting punishment; but the righteous into life eternal." God grant that you then may be with the company of the disciples of Jesus, for Jesus Christ's sake! Amen.

### Exposition by C. H. Spurgeon.

JOHN XVIII. 12—27.

Verses 12, 13. *Then the band and the captain and officers of the Jews took Jesus, and bound him, and led him away to Annas first; for he was father in law to Caiaphas, which was the high priest that same year.\**

Annas had been high priest before, and he seems to have been regarded still as high priest, and to have been a leading spirit amongst the adversaries of Christ. The old sinner would not go to bed that night until he had seen the man whom he hated brought bound before him. Sometimes, hatred becomes a more powerful passion than even love; and here, while the disciples of Jesus all fled in terror, Annas, the Saviour's bitter foe, was wide awake, and awaiting his arrival with those who had taken him captive.

14. *Now Caiaphas was he, which gave counsel to the Jews, that it was expedient that one man should die for the people.*

Therein uttering a prophecy which he did not himself fully understand, speaking like another Balaam, through whom God spoke the truth, as once he did through the ass that Balaam rode. Sometimes, God makes the basest men the unconscious utterers of truth which they do not themselves comprehend.

\* See *Metropolitan Tabernacle Pulpit*, No. 2,820, "Christ before Annas;" and No. 2,822, "Christ in Bonds."