

despised and rejected of men, maligned, betrayed, crucified and slain, and in death cruelly insulted, but now who can describe the influence of his name? His name is the ark of refuge from Divine wrath, the place of safety and the tower of strength to the sin weary sons of men.—his life is holiness and goodness constraining scoffers, infidels and unbelievers, to confess that he was the embodiment of nobility, goodness and perfection. Now with these it is not the power he displayed in working miracles, for these they reject and deny—that arrest their attention and command their sympathy and respect, but his holy and pure life, and the blessed and refining influence which he subsequently exerted on mankind. Who can read that most eloquent, most sceptical and most paradoxical writer, Rousseau, on the life of Christ, without being struck with this feature of the subject? Napoleon the Great confessed that Cæsar and Alexander and he could command armies, conquer nations and for the time being be the idols of their soldiers, but that they were soon forgotten, and in their absence exerted no power; that their memory would exert no influence, nor yet be retained in sweet remembrance. But that the name of Jesus, though so humble and despised during life, exerted the mightiest influence over nations, ages and individuals, that although when on earth he had no guard, none to defend him from his enemies, yet that now, and ever since his death, thousands of the best of our race would not only fight for his name but cheerfully die for him; proving that he was more than man, and illustrating with irresistible force that “the memory of the just is blessed.”

There can be no doubt that it is the *life* of the man Christ Jesus that exercises this wide spread and blessed influence over the lives of his followers, in every age and clime. It is as our kinsman, “bone of our bone and flesh of our flesh,” that He is held in such sacred remembrance; and it is because he still retains in his mediatorial relationship “a fellow feeling” with us that we love him. It is his tender human relationship he now sustains towards us, combined with the endearing remembrance of the holy and pure life he spent on earth, in our nature, while finishing our Redemption, that is blessed in our estimation and that draws forth our love towards him and his cause; and so it is the remembrance of the holy and pure life of the saint on earth that is blessed to us,

and that exerts such a happy influence on our lives, as we call to mind, review and contemplate his.

The real Christian, the worker for God, only begins to *live* for good when *he dies*. Then he enters on his deathless existence and begins the great work of influencing minds and moulding character, involving the welfare of men and the glory of God. Influence never dies. It is imperishable, immortal. Ah! how awfully solemn, and how thrillingly awful is the thought—the fact, that your influence, the influence of your life here never dies. It is never arrested in its endless onward progress. It tends either down, downwards to the lowest hell, or up, upwards to the highest heavens; you are daily creating and perpetuating the means whereby yourself and others will either be the victims of eternal death or the recipients of endless glory. Ah! who can fully realise human responsibility;

From what has thus far been said it is evident that the remembrance of the *just* is not only blessed when viewed in the personal endowments and graces of the individual possessing them, but also in the active influences exerted on others during life in the reproduction of these in the character of those who come under such influence. Not in waiting for some great or extraordinary opportunity for doing some great work, but in doing faithfully and constantly the work that is at our hand, and ever present with us, showing further that every Christian, no matter what his position or circumstances in life may be, can make his life *sublime by simply doing what he can!* Consecrating himself in faith and love to the Saviour, and thus, by the force of example, leading others to the same fountain of life. We are very apt, and frequently do mistake true greatness, in a Christian sense; we often conjoin magnitude with true greatness. The woman who anointed our Lord's head with the box of spikenard and wiped his feet with her hair, did a great deed, for she did what she could, and angels could do no more. This is the limit of human duty and the measure of human responsibility—small as this act appeared to men, it was pronounced great by him who knew the heart and weighed the motives and predicted its future influence to be co-extensive with the knowledge of the transaction. O that Christians would study this truth and avail themselves of the blessed privilege of making their lives sublime, by being useful and happy, *doing what they can.*