

an expression of the pious love of a poor woman: "And there came a certain poor widow, and she threw in two mites which make a farthing. And he called unto him his disciples, and saith unto them, verily I say unto you, that this poor widow hath cast more in than all they who have cast into the treasury."

He went up to Jerusalem and the city was stirred at his approach, not only his disciples, but others; not only adults, but children. The grandeur of his character, the purity of his conduct, the benignancy of his message seemed for the moment to pervade all minds. The air was perfumed with fragrance, and rent with echoes of Hosanna to Him who cometh in the name of the Lord. But in the midst of all these acclamations, mark the condescending notice of the praises of babes and sucklings. And the deep sorrow of his affectionate heart when he thought of Jerusalem's calamities. "And Jesus lifted up his eyes and wept, and said O Jerusalem, Jerusalem," &c. — "What beauty even in grief appears."

To look through the vista of many centuries: to take count of the human beings who through them have reached their long home—"Adown the gulf of time to have seen the last of human mould, that shall creation's death behold, as he had seen his prime." To end the night of storm which has striven so long on our isthmus of time. To take gage of human mortality, throw open the gates of eternity, and tell the prodigees of the resurrection which will then occur, and all occur at the instance of his voice,—borders on the infinite. "Jesus said unto her, I am the resurrection and the life; and he said unto them marvel not at this, for the hour cometh when *all* that are in the graves shall hear *his* voice, and come forth." But how speedily does he veil his effulgence in a heart of love and tears of human sympathy. "Jesus wept."

It has been said, original writers are generally suggestive, much more is implied than uttered, or uttered with such simplicity of diction, that the recondite meaning is overlooked. In the sayings of Jesus how forcibly this remark applies. Who has yet exhausted the force of these few words, or measured the greatness which they indicate, "Jesus knowing that the Father had given *all things* into his hand" Who can count the number of *all things*? who can measure their magnificence? who can divine their duration? expressive silence help us to muse his praise. But scarcely have we composed ourselves to unuttered thought, when the affectionate lowliness of our Lord, beautiful as an opening morning, arrests our attention:—"He riseth from supper, laid aside his garments, took a towel and girded himself, poured water into basin, and began to wash his disciple's feet."

Which shall we most admire? the riches of his possessions? *all things*? or the condescension of his love? "He washed his disciple's feet." There is something awful in his goodness; yet his gentleness makes us great. Grace is poured into his lips; He is altogether lovely.

He had left the feast of love, and retired into the garden to taste a sorrow all his own; a sorrow which his love had wedded on our account; of his agony he submissively sought relief three times; then rose from his heaviness to meet his betrayer and enemies, with calm unruffled dignity. "Whom seek ye? they said, Jesus." "In one of those tones to which the thunder is but like an infant's cry, he said, 'I am He: and they fell to the ground.'" Twelve legions of angels waited his nod, but a tone so powerful shewed how little they were needed, and what energy slumbered in his arm. However, the errand of love must rise superior to every thing else at present; he allowed them to rise from their prostration, restored them to themselves, and performed a gentle act of healing:—"And Jesus put forth his hand, and healed the ear of Malchus." Did he ever hesitate to work a miracle of love, should even an enemy be the object of it? Did he ever refuse to work a miracle? yet once, and only once, and that was a miracle of resentment. "Shall we command fire to come down from heaven and consume them: ye know not what spirit ye are of, I came not to destroy the world, but to save it." That which lashed the emotions of the disciples into rage and foam, stirred not the deep ocean of his affection. He rendered not evil for evil, railing for railing, but contrarywise blessing. These are not a few isolated cases in a life crowded with stirring incidents, but a few which we have isolated from an unbroken series. From Bethchem's Inn, to Calvary's Cross, many a weary step of love he took to bring us back to God. And by all this supernal moral beauty He appeals to the affection of our heart.

Much as there is in a beautiful object to elicit love, this love comes with great additional force when we cherish the conviction that the lovely object loves us. In no department is reciprocation more needed, or more anxiously sought. It requires but slight acquaintance with the human heart to know that strong affection unrequited totters on the very verge of insanity, suicide or hate. Now while the Gospel exhibits God in all the beauties of holiness, it leaves not any who love him a moment in suspense, of a most generous return of affection:—"We love him because he first loved us."

Nor must we overlook the fact, that our affection is strongly moved, when love is exercised toward us under great self-denials, at great risk, or with great sacrifices. Now

what is the history of Jesus from his first step in the scheme of redemption, until he bowed his head upon the cross and died? It is a history of self denial, risk, and sacrifice. He made himself of no reputation; he became poor; made himself a man of sorrows; he hid not his face from shame and spitting; he endured the cross; he gave his life a ransom for many; greater love hath no man than this, to lay down his life for his friend; that Jesus did for his very enemies, and over the altar of his crucified love, he appeals to our heart.

Love in oblivion is, as if it existed not. Love unnoticed, produces no effect. To draw forth affection from the heart of man, how necessary tho object be presented continuously, and with due excitement. Two things tend to fix a fact on the memory, protraction and excitement; the same may be said in reference to permanent and strong love. The Gospel, true to nature, provides these elements in its appeals to our heart, its great object comes before us under suitable excitement. It is not the cold beauty of marble symmetry bathed in lunar rays; it is the beauty of living proportions, touched into hues of heavenly radiance by an earnestness which never cools, a steadiness that never tires. A love which no sorrow could impede, and many waters could not quench.—"Who is this that cometh from Edom, with dyed garments from Bozrah? I that speak in righteousness, mighty to save." The love of Christ is instinct with life, it glows in all the ardour of undying devotion. It is love in agony.—"My God why hast thou forsaken me." It is love in vivid compassion:—"Father forgive them, for they know not what they do." It is love in holy triumph.—"This day thou shalt be with me in paradise." The sun pulls before the scene; the rocks are torn assunder; the veil of the temple is rent; the warm thrill of life rushes among many of the dead, and they sit up in their sepulchres. The sensorium of the Universe seemed touched, and the Centurion exclaims, "truly this was the Son of God." Now this was the love of Christ at its zenith, and tends it not to excite? It is love in the glow of life.

And again, what apt provision is made to protract the exhibition of this love. We have not only redemption, but the history of redemption, spreading over the period of four thousand years. We have not only the incarnation of divine love, Jesus paid us more than an angel's visit, he sojourned on earth for many years; the tabernacle of God was indeed with man, He dwelt among us; and after the scene of woe was past, and the portals of heaven thrown open to let the King of Glory in, observe how he lingers over our ruined world, showing his delights are still with the sons of men. "And he showed himself alive after his