

Again, in the darksome night, when the tempest raged, we find Him, mindful of His disciples, who were oppressed with fear and labour, "walking on the sea and coming to them."

Another time, we find Him rising up a great while before day," and retiring to a solitary place, to snatch an hour for devotion, in anticipation of the importunate demands of "the afflicted and distressed in mind and body." And when He is found by His disciples, it is only to hear from them, "All men seek for Thee." In His active love He refuses not, in deference to the weak faith of a sincere suppliant, to go a toilsome journey to work a miracle of mercy—He, whose powerful word could reach through infinity, and, in a moment, accomplish His will. His feet would never know rest, if the innocent infirmity of a mortal body did not demand it: His hands were ever outstretched in acts of beneficent power: His tongue ceaselessly poured forth the treasures of grace and truth. What can be said beyond the few pregnant words of St. Peter—"He went about doing good!"

O compassionate Jesus, how much didst Thou labour for us, ungrateful men! all day speaking Thy parables to the multitudes; in the evening, when alone with Thy disciples, expounding all things to them; and, wearied with Thy sacred toil, fain to sleep at night in a little boat, rocked by the billows which affrighted Thy companions—much favoured, but of little faith!

But, my brethren, there is another consideration which must be entertained, if we would have any tolerable view of our Lord's labours of love. As a matter of faith, we believe Him to be "perfect man"—and in a double sense, *i.e.*, not only truly possessing our human nature, but possessing it in its highest state of perfection—all its parts and passions completely harmonized and adjusted. How inconceivable to us, then, the *exquisite sensitiveness* of such a Being! How thrilling the sight of misery, the moan of anguish, to a compassion so benignly and perfectly tender! beyond anything our dull nerves and duller affections can realize!

How harrowing to the perfectly human and holy sympathies of the Son of Man must have been the diversified forms of spiritual evil which were obtruded on His notice! hearts all desolate and burnt up with malignant passions; with just enough of moral life left to understand how utterly miserable they were in being under