

of Solon, or the philosophy of Plato of Zeno. No—Jesus does not come before us as a teacher or a philosopher, but as heaven-sent, God-counselled—as the Son of God. He proceeded forth and came from God. He and His Father are one. He that hath seen Him hath seen the Father. He is King—by truth and right King of all. Why, these claims of His are the very charges on which he was condemned. He speaks blasphemy—he wants to be a king. Well, we must take one of two positions. Either his claims, which we have seen were made, are just, or it was right to put him to death, or at least confine him to some asylum. Christ was what he claimed to be, or he was the greatest of madmen or impostors.* The sceptical world resile from such conclusions.

It is always to be borne in mind that a large part of the character of Christ is made up of his claims. His teachings raise him above philosophy, his innocency and lamb-like nature captivate our affections; his goodness and beneficence are a new leaven introduced into the lump of humanity; but his claims, we hesitate not to say, have clothed him, to us, with the attributes of God. That which gives him most dignity in the Church's estimation, is that which the sceptic thinks extravagant and absurd. We should never have seen in him that grand presence which makes us bow, but for the consciousness of right and power evidenced by these claims. So far from

thinking him fanatical or audacious in making them, they seem to us most reasonable. To affirm the supernatural is in him most natural. On men of medium dimensions the armour of the giant is ridiculous, but how beseeching on the giant. Ulysses easily bends his own bow. Alexander affecting the nod of Jupiter is only a fit burlesque in the midst of drunken orgies. When Pheton attempted to drive the horses of the sun, he could not sustain the character he assumed a single day. Christ sustained the claims he made for years—has sustained them for eighteen centuries. Upon what part of his character will the scepticism of the nineteenth century inflict a wound? Which of you convinceth me of sin? still rings through our ears. Shew us an immorality. Is it the dead fig-tree that is objected?—as if God by his lightnings had never blasted a vine. Is it his denunciation of the Pharisees? As though virtue became vice by the strength of its denunciations of vice. The charge may be made among those who think that the manifestation of a divine anger against the false and hypocritical is itself criminal. But we must not forget that complicity in the miracle working character, which it appears the disciples forced upon him, is charged,—and if the charge be true, (the miracles being, of course, supposed false,) then his innocency vanishes. The forbidden fruit has been eaten, and the world is lost a second time. Satan has been successful, and the leaven of the Pharisees, which is hypocrisy, infects his whole character. He who could join in complicity to deceive, may lay aside the claims of Messiahship and honesty at the same time. It is not so, however. The record gives us no shadow for such a charge. That the disciples believed him to work miracles; that he believed in his own power to do so, is as plain as noon-day—unless we agree with Strauss, that the whole of the accounts were manufactured from some mythic germs. Renan, who accepts the accounts generally as a record of what was supposed to have taken place, tells us that Christ pretended, contrary to his better judgment, to work the miracles forced on him. In making

* The divinity of Christ . . . appears . . . in his own express testimony respecting himself. This must be either true or fearfully presumptuous, and indeed downright blasphemy. But how can the latter supposition stand a moment before the moral purity and dignity of Jesus in his every word and work, and acknowledged by the general voice even of Unitarians and Rationalists? Self-deception in a matter so momentous, and with a mind in other respects so clear and sound, is of course equally out of the question. Thus we are shut up to the divinity of Christ, and reason itself must at last bow in silent awe before the tremendous word, "I and my father are one."—*Schaff's History*, Vol. i, page 57.

The above and preceding extracts or notes were not seen by the author till after his sermon had gone to press. Similar views are presented by Ullman and many other devout thinkers.