

lasting hills? Or what element of perfection can you, in the search of a transcendent fancy, find, that is not already embodied in that figure, the noblest that ever stood on earth, and reflected the light of heaven?

This one thing of the love of Christ let us rescue from the wretched arena of human strife. It can with no propriety be put on the mean level of our contending passions. There is nothing in it that properly belongs to theology or to party. There is nothing in it that suffers any confinement. Whatever is wise or mighty in this world can discern nothing in it weak or unworthy. It is for us all, manly and womanly, to give him the heart of affection in the breast, not with any of the tumult or uneasiness that disturbs and distracts earthly passion, but with the tranquil fervor, with the growing ardor, with the immovable devotion, which so lofty an object, so fixed a constellation of moral brightness, deserves. Nay, it is great honor of human nature that it can feel such love; nor is there a better test of the real nobleness of any mind, than the degree of affection it may entertain for a character so shining and spotless, showing so conspicuously whatever trait of excellence any one may especially delight in; as, we are told, the Indian boy, on hearing the missionary's story, burst into admiration of Christ's unparalleled courage, which, as the only virtue he had seen conspicuously displayed, constituted almost his whole scale of morality.

Peculiar advantage indeed do we have for such love; for, moreover, perhaps no other character which has ever been portrayed, or has been in our experience, makes such a unity of impression. Certainly neither from our own confused, unsettled character, nor from that of those we