

The seventy judges being in session in the council-chamber, a man charged with blasphemy against Moses and against God is hurried into their presence by an unceremonious mob. In appearance he is altogether unlike a blasphemer: a rich expression of benevolence sits upon his countenance; he is calm and dignified; he seems conscious of innocence, and there is not, of all the seventy, a single judge who, steadfastly looking upon him, does not see his face as it were the face of an angel. The witnesses are sworn, their testimony is given, the president of the council puts him upon his defence,—“Are these things so?”—and the power and wisdom with which he makes it are resistless. Out of the writings of their own Moses he convicts them of “stiff-necked” rebellion against the Holy One of Israel, and as though he himself had been judge, and they a band of prisoners brought before him for condemnation, he fastens upon them the fearful crime of deicide: “Ye have been the betrayers and murderers of