

the exercise of His supernatural power to benefit His suffering brethren and to extend the kingdom of righteousness, but not to gratify any selfish motive, or accomplish any selfish end.

Amid revilings, mockery, treachery and cruel injury, no resentment. no malice, ruffle the holy calm of His bosom.

When His disciples were eager to avenge the obdurate Samaritans who would not allow Him to enter their village, and in the spirit of retaliation would have them consumed by fire from Heaven, He severely reprov'd their revengeful intentions; as He also did the rash act of His impetuous follower who smote the servant of the High Priest.

Foully betrayed, falsely accused, unjustly condemned; yet not one angry word escapes his lips.

Even when His own sorrows were greatest and anguish sharpest, the welfare of His followers was uppermost in His mind.

And when nailed to the cross, mocked in His sufferings, deserted by His followers—forsaken by God—alone, terribly alone, dying by the hands of those for whom His life was spent; even then no bitter words are uttered against His murderers. He intercedes on their behalf: "Father forgive them for they know not what they do."

You may search the pages of biography and history from beginning to end, and among the learned, wise, great and good of our race, there is not one to be found, whose character does not seem dark, when compared with that of the Lord Jesus. The most saint-like of mankind seem vile when tried by the perfect standard of truth and goodness and love exhibited in the life of Jesus Christ.

As the dazzling brightness of the sun far outshines in glory and splendour the radiance of all the other orbs of the system of which it is the centre; so do the in-

comparable virtues reflected in the life of Jesus Christ, transcend the excellence and goodness of the most godlike of our race. Closely watched by the eye of envy and malice, yet no flaw was discerned in His character—not even the semblance of a stain rested upon the pure mirror of His soul. The accusation against Him was based upon the testimony of perjured witnesses. His cruel betrayer had the very best opportunity of watching His private life and observing any defect in His character. Could he have thought after he had proved traitor to his Master of the slightest wrong perpetrated by Him—of the faintest evil done by Him—of one sin darkening the holy lustre of His life it might have assuaged the fiery pangs of his avenging conscience. But the awful burden of his despair-producing, soul-damning guilt was that he had betrayed innocent blood.

Pilate before whom the Prince of Life was arraigned, shrank from pronouncing sentence upon the just one for whose blood an ignorant and infuriated mob thirsted. He had found nothing in Him worthy of death. In the person of the Son of Man, he was confronted with spotless purity. And our Saviour conscious of His sinlessness—that His life was one of absolute subjection to the will of God—of perfect and unbroken communion with His Father, could challenge His enemies to convict Him of wrong.

Well may the contemplation of that life which forces praise and admiration from those who would fain regard it as exclusively human cause the devout believer and ardent follower in rapt adoration to re-echo the sentiments, "Thou art fairer than the sons of men, altogether lovely—the chiefest among ten thousand, Thou art the Christ of God,"—the Eternal Son who should come into the world; "whom have I in Heaven