

He had no need to make himself a character and to keep it, He was always the same; and the more apparently He committed Himself, the more He displayed Himself in a perfection that never belied itself. The love of God had no need of protecting itself, as human society must, from that which might lay it too bare. He was always the same. The toiling life of Jesus was passed in seeking souls in all circumstances, and went through that which could put it to the test. But we see therein, on one hand, a divine reality which never failed, and from time to time—in face of self-righteousness, pride, and tyrannical boldness, and the contradiction of sinners, or in favour of some poor broken-down souls, or to justify the ways of God in their favour—a divine ground-work, the most exquisite and touching thoughts, a depth of truth which betrayed its perfection by its simplicity! All this manifesting a soul whose food was in the most intimate communion with infinite love and perfect holiness,—a soul which could say, “We speak that which we do know, and testify that we have seen;” which weighed evil by the perfection of good which was in Him; *and found*, in the awful discoveries of evil—if we can speak of discoveries, where everything was laid bare—which the holiness of his soul made, *the opportunities of the manifestation of infinite love.*

It was the love of a holy Being, rather, which made this discovery; a love which took the form of that grace which, by its own humiliation, placed