

death, which, by making an end of sin—even in its last stronghold, and its last claims of ruin, by the righteousness of God against us—left that love free to act in its infinite purposes of grace. For love is infinitely inventive for the blessedness of that which is loved, and the love of God purposes that which goes infinitely beyond all our thoughts. It is the spring of the thoughts of God, who is infinite. And again, towards the end of His career, when the unbelief of *His own* led Him to say, “How long shall I be with you, and suffer you?” (for not even in His own was there faith,—the capacity necessary for using the resources of grace and power which were in Him,—for that is what He expects from us in this poor world) then, without a moment’s interval, He adds, “Bring thy son hither.” The consciousness of standing alone in His love, so that others did not even understand how they could and ought to avail themselves of it, *does not for a moment hinder His energy and activity*; the same phrase which contains the words, “How long?” adds this also, “Bring thy son hither.”

And what was the life of that Jesus? “A man of sorrows and acquainted with grief!” A life of activity in obscurity, but which caused the love of God to penetrate into the most remote corners of society, even where there was the most need; in the midst of persons who were repelled by the pride of man, that it might maintain its ground, but which the love of God sought after. Because