

***THE INCOMPARABLE CHRIST***  
***By Samuel Porter Jones***  
***Famous 19<sup>th</sup> Century Methodist Evangelist***

He came from the bosom of the Father to the bosom of a woman. He put on humanity that we might put on divinity. He became man that we might become the sons of God. He came from Heaven, where the rivers never freeze, winds never blow, frosts never chill the air, flowers never fade. They never phone for a doctor for there no one is ever sick. No undertakers and no graveyards for no one ever dies – no one is ever buried.

He was born contrary to the laws of nature, lived in poverty, reared in obscurity; only once crossed the boundary of the land of his childhood. He had no wealth nor influence and had neither training nor formal education. His relatives were inconspicuous and un-influential. In infancy He startled a king; in boyhood He puzzled the doctors; in manhood He ruled the course of nature. He walked upon the billows and hushed the sea to sleep. He healed the multitudes without medicine and made no charge for His services. He never wrote a book, yet not all the libraries of the country could hold the books that could be written about Him. He never wrote a song, yet He has furnished the theme of more songs than all the song writers combined. He never founded a college, yet all the schools together cannot boast of as many students as He has. He never practiced psychiatry, and yet He has healed more broken hearts than the doctors have broken bodies. He never marshaled any army, drafted a soldier, nor fired a gun, yet no leader ever made more volunteers, who have under His orders, made more rebels stack arms or surrender without a shot being fired.

He is the Star of astronomy, the Rock of geology, the Lion and the Lamb of zoology, the Harmonizer of all discords and the Healer of all diseases. Great men have come and gone, yet He lives on. Herod could not kill Him, Satan could not seduce Him, Death could not destroy Him, the grave could not hold Him.

He laid aside His purple robe for a peasant's gown. He was rich, yet for our sake He became poor. How Poor? Ask Mary! Ask the Wise Men! He slept in another's manger. He cruised the lake in another's boat. He rode on another man's ass. He was buried in another man's tomb. All failed but He never. The ever perfect One – He is the Chief among ten thousand. He is altogether lovely. He is the Christ, the Son of the living God.