

of men that a man was born who by a life of sacrifice and self-devotion was to show them the golden way of life—love to man the holy light that guides the soul to God—who was to be the Saviour of mankind, who was to teach by deed and word that wondrous truth whereby are fused the human and divine, whereby the sins and sorrows of earth shall be wiped away, whereby justice and harmony shall be king and queen of every nation and rule in world-wide empire—the Creator a Father, humanity a family, the Fatherhood of God, the brotherhood of men.

“So kind was my brother, so much a man, that holy angels might stand in the shadow of his cross and say to all the world, ‘This was a God!’ . . . How well I remember that morning when the clouds of a threatening storm kept the struggling sun-rays from shining on one of the cohorts of Rome which was marching through the streets of Nazareth dragging into exile a young man who for some crime against the oppressors of his native land, an accident the people said, had been condemned to toil the remainder of his life as a galley-slave.* Such a look of mysterious sadness darkened his countenance, so torn were his garments, so harsh were the soldiers, that the smile of human gratitude upon the captive’s face which thanked my brother for his kind deed was enough to soften the scowls and sweeten the curses of those heartless Roman warriors who seemed to think it an insult to the glittering eagles of their haughty Emperor that a Nazarene should dare to give a cup of cold water to a slave! . . . O Jesus, the slave in his chains in Nazareth thanked thee for thy compassion; and now the slave in her dungeon in Rome thanks thee for thy lesson. . . . On that fateful day in Jerusalem when I saw the mob and the priests scourge and stone that helpless man, who by his many wounds would have been even to his mother unrecognizable, then in my soul rose the remembrance of thy noble deed on the streets of Nazareth, then I resolved that I too would give a cup of cold water to one of the children of our Father. . . . And for that I am separated from my mother, from my father and from my lover, and buried in this sepulchre

*This is a reference to a slave who afterwards turned out to be the prince, Ben-Hur. See writings of his biographer.