

There was his manifest sincerity and straightforwardness, his child-like simplicity and utter unselfishness that could not be called in question. No intrigue, no management, no pulling of wires behind the scenes to secure ends apparently favorable to himself. There was his calm, simple dignity and steadiness of purpose, which showed that he was fully conscious of his mission from the beginning and knew how it would be accomplished. There was the exquisite balance and perfect wholesomeness of his character, wholly free from vices of any kind, and even without any virtue in excess. He was grave without austerity, genial without levity, severe when needful without asperity, keen in his judgment of character without cynicism, charitable without weakness. There was his directness of thought and speech which took him at once into the very heart of every subject that he touched and enabled him, with ease, to pierce through the manifold sophistries by which his contemporaries were held imprisoned. No false maxims blinded his judgment; no conventionalities of life or morals perverted his conscience. His word was with authority, because like light it at once made all things clear and carried conviction to the heart. There was his kindness towards the poor, his compassion toward the suffering, his condescension to the lowly, his love for the outcast, his appreciation of little children. His

object was not to stand well with the powerful and the rich and the respectable, (there were always plenty anxious to do that,) but to cheer the wretched, to lift up the fallen, to befriend the weak and to give hope to the despairing. There was courage in face of his enemies, seeking no needless quarrel but always ready to meet them in argument, until they were afraid to ask him any more questions, and then, when all argument failed to convince, with calm patient dignity that made his very executioners ashamed of what they were doing, submitted to the most shameful martyrdom without a murmur, with only a prayer on his lips for his murderers. Little wonder that when that story was told the earnest and unprejudiced, the generous and noble, the truth-loving and the brave, were attracted to him as one who was worthy of their highest respect and admiration. They felt that the world was the better for his having lived in it. He was their ideal man who had actually realized the most exalted dreams of a noble and holy life.

Even with all this, however, the true conception of his unique personality was far from being exhausted. Without having aught of the charlatan or mystagogue about him, there was over him everywhere the shadow of mystery or rather the halo of the supernatural. It impressed all who came into contact with him so that in order to account for what they saw they