

were to see a great light. But He was to enter Jerusalem as King, yet lowly and seated on an ass. For He would not strive nor cry, nor lift up His voice in the streets, but would be gentle with men and persuasive, neither breaking the bruised reed nor quenching the smoking flax, until—I like that tremendous *until—until* He sends forth His sword unto victory.

A follower of Elijah, rugged of habit and bold of speech, was to prepare His way, but He Himself was to bear the griefs of men and carry their sorrows, to feed them like a shepherd, to unstop the deaf ears, open the blind eyes, heal the sick, strengthen the lame, and, most mysterious of all sacred functions, carry on His heart and conscience the iniquities of us all. Finally, He was to be mocked, scourged, and killed—a silent and willing victim—not by sword, nor stoning, nor by the gallows, but by some strange and awful martyrdom which would expose His tortured frame to the public gaze—His lips parched with thirst, His hands and His feet cruelly pierced, yet His bones unbroken. After betrayal by one who was to eat with Him from the same dish, He was to share this fate with the wicked, yet was to be buried among the rich, and, after burial, was to see no corruption, but out of defeat was to ride forth to victory, and claim the unbounded allegiance of nations yet unborn! That was what men knew of Him, centuries before His mother first clasped her unconscious Baby to herself.

Christ the Revealer of God.

The one supreme truth which the Jews realized clearly was that God was as much a part of their lives