

The Unreported Christ.

Possibly men's hearts would have been more richly satisfied if, instead of crucifixes, ikons, painted windows, and pictures, there had been a fuller knowledge of Christ's words and deeds. The truth is that the word came first—a creative word, inspiring, at the outset, the heroism of the missionary, and afterwards, the perspective of the builder, the colors of the artist, and the harmonies of the musician. One need only compare a London music-hall with Westminster Abbey—each, mind you, the best of its kind—or the Madonna of a Raphael with the meretricious triumphs of profane art, in order to measure what modern lands would have been, bad though they often are, if the inexpressible genius of mankind had been cut off from the purifying mysticism of the Incarnation. Yet the words of Christ, which have thus determined the fate of civilization, were left, for the first instance, almost, as it would seem, to chance. At a time when Emperors of Rome carved their titles on marble, much as schoolboys cut their names on their desks, and philosophers of Alexandria vainly amassed huge libraries of clay tablets and papyrus, with which in due course the Moslems were to stoke the furnaces beneath the baths of that city, Jesus—so far as we are told—wrote only once, and then on the ground; nor do we know what phrase it was that rid a sinful woman of her pious persecutors, there in the cold portico of the unfeeling Temple. Over and over again, we read of Him teaching, but do not know what He taught. Yet no man who ever spoke better deserved a verbatim report. If Jesus returned to-day, every syllable, as it fell from His lips, would be taken