

and did not know it. The world had been redeemed and ignored it. The kingdom of God was definitely established upon the earth, and the kings of the earth had not been told of it. To accomplish this great work, the death of a God had been necessary, and it was only understood by a few pure and righteous souls.

And now the august Victim had risen again.

No longer would He be submissive to the powers of darkness and death. From the modest throne of Juda, the Son of David would rise to the throne of all nations. The day of His royal coming had arrived. The faithful disciples, their eyes fixed upon the summit from which He had spoken to them so eloquently in former days, awaited His coming.

Suddenly, in the full light of day, the Sacred Humanity of the Son of God showed itself, just as the crowd had so often seen Him on all the roads of Galilee. And when He spoke, they recognized that voice which had grown so familiar. It was, indeed, Jesus of Nazareth whose name had re-echoed for three years. It was, indeed, He whom the princes of the priests and Pilate had put to death and who was now full of life, speaking and moving before the multitudes. But how great and how sovereign were the words He pronounced. No longer was it the Doctor teaching man truth, interpreting the Scriptures, confounding the Pharisees by His marvelous learning. It was the Conqueror announcing to all nations His final victory over His enemies and death. It was the King of Kings taking possession of the uni-

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