

Egyptian darkness and quagmires where the doctors of divinity of those days found their congenial swamps. He certainly felt it was his mission to prepare them for a tremendous crisis which he was quite sure was very near, and which as a matter of fact is always both near and here, the daily judgement of God, with its doom and choice of life or death eternal. It was his mission, he felt, to show them that the man who stands in that judgement, and does not shrivel up before its awful light and flame must have just one thing in him and only one,—and that one thing is love, heroic love, a heart that beats, and a hand that strikes for the poor and the heavy laden, the heart and hand of God's soldier and son, whom the vast task that love sees before it in this suffering world allows not to slacken his fibre through greed of wealth or pampering of his lower desires. His strength must be the strength of ten, because his heart is pure. It was his mission to proclaim and prove that this heroic love and the purity it brings were within the reach of those from whose polluting touch the orthodox and respectable gather up the phylacteries on the fringes of their robes—nearer to those than to their despisers ; to exhibit bodily an infinite, uplifting power which, in his own day, and in ours, and throughout all the ages that have lain between, has been a fountain of eternal youth and cleansing for sunken men and decaying nations. It was also his mission, as he strongly felt, to show that the unparalleled concentration and austerity he demanded was not merely consistent with, but necessarily accompanied by, the largest freedom and joy, the most perfect openness to all the beauty and the oddity, the laughter as well as the tears of this entrancing spectacle of a world.

The solemn saint of the lugubrious ash-heap, the old ideal of inveterate superstition, should have died long ago, before the sunshine of the Son of Man, who came eating and drinking, and looked at all the world with free and friendly eyes, whose God and Father made flowers and quaint, capricious children, playing in the market-place, and scolding