

amongst us, even to-day. And if this book teaches anything, it is that we must see Him, if at all, each for himself.

Two thousand years ago, He came, conquering and to conquer. Think first of His ambitious humility, His kingly and imperial modesty. Go to the British Museum and count the statues of Rameses, how many they are and in how hard a stone. See how every Roman Emperor has his bust. Note the faces of monarchs on coin and postage stamp. Trace the cipher of Louis XIV on window and portal of his chapel at Versailles. How familiar are the moldered features of Napoleon. But the countenance of Christ, which did not see corruption—although instantly recognized by Paul, who never saw Him in the flesh—rose above this world, unrecorded by any sculptor or painter. Not a photograph remains of Him who made the sun. Yet who, of all rulers of men, was as ambitious as He? The potentates of history built cities and destroyed them, changed the names of provinces and lorded it over the map. He claimed the hearts of men. And because He was of no reputation among the classic artists of His day, whose dim frescoes still adorn what is left of pleasure-places, like Pompeii, long desolate, He has since been highly exalted. The reverent brush of supremest genius has labored to reveal the glorious lineaments of the Son of Man. His countenance, faint or clear, is known, as if by instinct, to us all. The crude coloring of the Armenian altarpiece is one with the glowing splendors of Holman Hunt or Rubens, and no artist, whether of the brush, the chisel, the pen, or of daily life, can honestly endeavor to show Him forth without rising nobler from the effort.