

The figure is sixteen inches from the crown of the head to the extremity of the feet, and eighteen inches from the hands where they are attached to the transverse portion of the cross to the feet. It is difficult to enter upon a description of this very wonderful and soul-stirring work of art. In most crucifixes having pretensions to more than ordinary value, the artist has, as in the well-known ivory crucifix in the Cathedral at Philadelphia, left much of the reality of the Crucifixion to the devotion of the spectator, relying for his effect on the beauty of execution. In the Dallas crucifix, the artist, while not neglecting any of these aids to effect, has portrayed with wonderful and awful force the actual Crucifixion of our Divine Lord.

The body is first moulded or chiselled in exact conformity to the laws of anatomy. The swelling muscles and the distended cords are given with terrible truth and fidelity. The body having been, with the limbs and head, thus carefully made, the artist has inserted in bone or ivory the anatomy of the frame. Where the wounded flesh has been torn, there bones protrude or are exposed. Over all has been smoothed a fine and plastic cement, which at the wounded parts has been moulded to represent the torn and mangled flesh, colored to a brilliant blood color which time has in vain assailed, the brilliancy remaining now as vivid and lifelike as when first put on.

Commencing with the head. There has been evidently no permanent crown of thorns. The head is inclined upon the chest, having fallen precisely at the moment of dissolution; the hair is falling around and upon the shoulders; the eyelids are half closed, and the eyes have a glazed and expiring expression; the whole face, indeed, is that of death. The mouth is partly open, exposing the teeth and the tip of the tongue. On the forehead one thorn remains imbedded in the flesh, whilst the hair is torn in other places from the scalp, exposing the skull. On the left cheek is the mark of the cruel buffet.

The body is marked with terrible wounds; the flagellation has torn the flesh from the bones exposing the vertebra and ribs from which hang shreds and particles of bleeding flesh. The

anatomical accuracy of the position of the bones, shoulder blades, etc., can only have been secured by a thorough knowledge of the science.

The cruel scourges have lapped around the frame and left their marks upon the sacred sides, where they have torn the flesh again, whilst the mark of the Roman soldier's lance gapes with the clean cut of the murderous blade. Around the loins can be seen the places where the cords which bound Him to the pillar had sunk into the flesh, and left their ghastly memento.

Around the loins is also gathered the clout which tied with rope, depends at the left hip. This is saturated with blood. Some portions of it are gone. The knees are bare to the bone, and the ancles expose the articulations of the joints, whilst the feet are swelled and surcharged with blood. The arms give terrible evidence of the agony which the weight has brought upon the muscles; the hands are swollen; and the fingers, though badly broken, are bent inward toward the palm with the torture. Where the heavy cross bore upon these the artist has not failed to show the torn and wounded flesh.

Such in brief is this wonderful crucifix. The Sacred Figure hangs upon a cross of natural wood—the knots, etc., being left, covered with cement, and blackened. It is thirty-eight inches long, by nineteen wide, the space from the feet to the lower point being thirteen inches. It is evidently the crucifix of a preaching missionary, and, held aloft in the hand of a fervent orator, must have had an unsurpassed effect upon the mind.

The Passion is here not written but really depicted, and the most callous and luke warm soul cannot gaze upon this picture of the sufferings of our Divine Lord without being moved to sorrow and repentance.

The age of this crucifix is estimated at something more than a century.—*Exchange.*

It is easier to forgive an ancient enemy than the friend we have offended. Our resentment grows with our undesert, and we feel vindictive in due degree with our own doubts of the chance of finding forgiveness.