

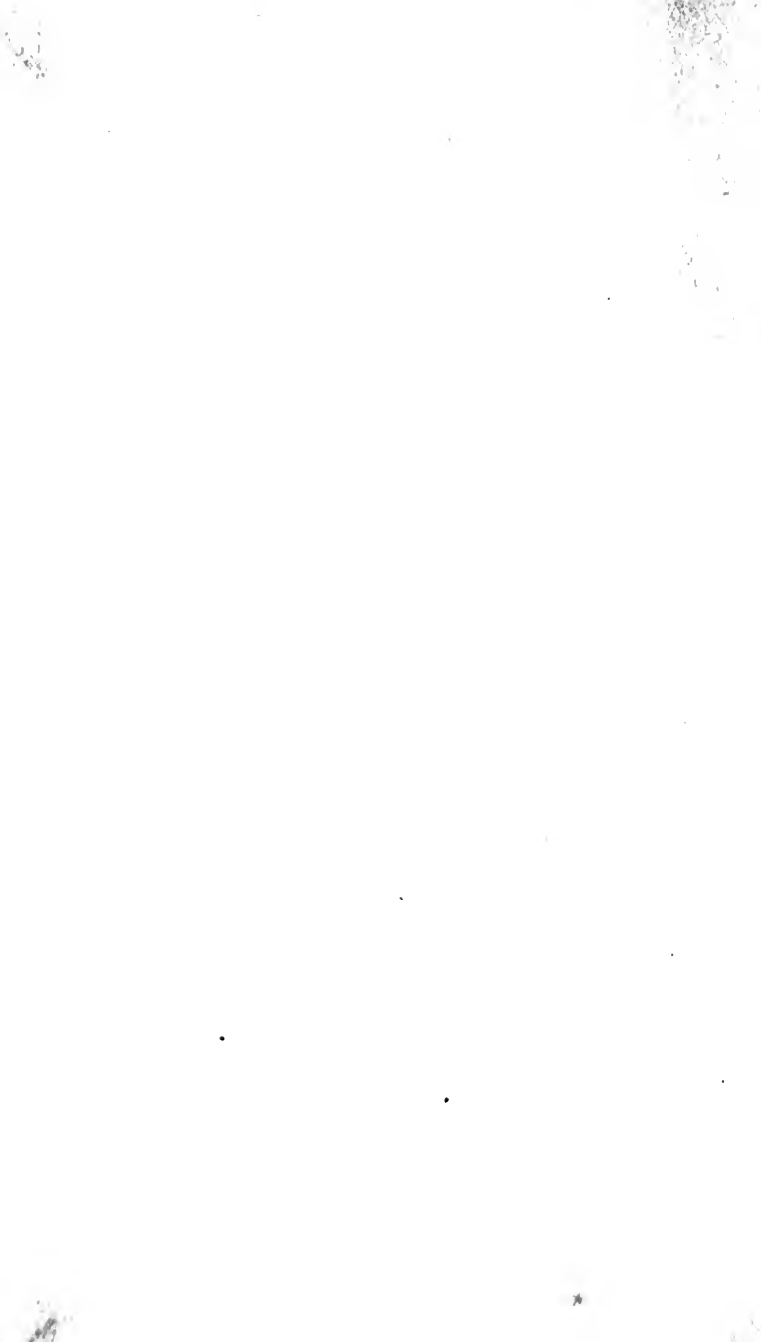
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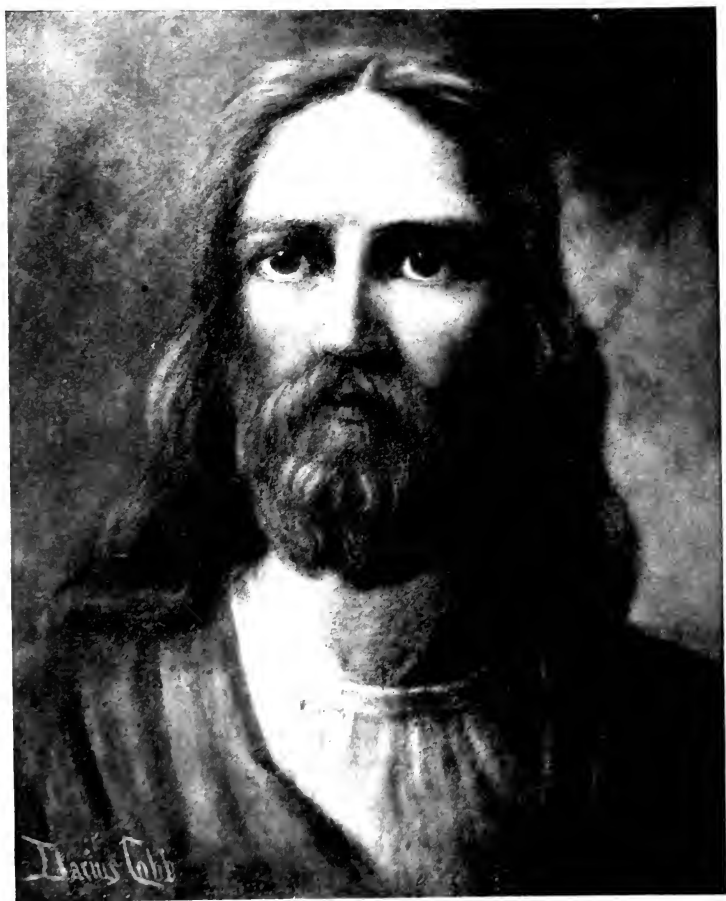


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A YOUNG MAN'S JESUS



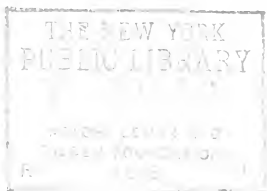
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THE MASTER

A YOUNG MAN'S JESUS

BY
BRUCE BARTON

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TO MY FATHER
A YOUNG MAN'S PREACHER

NOV 20 1950

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P R E F A C E

IT is time for those of us who are this side of thirty-five to unite and take back our Jesus. We have been too carelessly generous. We have allowed Him to be appropriated here, there, and everywhere until we have forgotten how indisputable is our own first claim to Him. We have surrendered His statues to cathedrals and hospitals and — Heaven forgive us — even to monasteries. We have looked on unprotestingly while painters have made Him soft-faced, and effeminate; and hymn-writers have written of His sufferings as though that were all in His life worth writing about. We have only ourselves to blame, if out of all the repellent medley of hospitals and monasteries and weak pictures and spiritless hymns, the public has formed its own conception of a tired, unhappy, martyred Jesus who lived

without a real laugh and looked forward to dying in a sort of fanatical eagerness.

If this is the picture which red-blooded men have of Him, then it is our fault who are still this side of thirty-five. For He is our Jesus in a special sense. He died before He was thirty-five. He had our bounding pulses, our hot desires. He felt His spirits leap in the bracing air of the new morning. He knew the stirring cheer of good fellowship. We who dream our dreams of success know how He felt that morning when He rode into Jerusalem over the strewed palms; and because our road stretches out a long way in front, through years of sunshine, as His might have stretched, the agony of that cry from the cross rings more sharply in our ears than in any others. He is our Jesus, and we have surrendered Him to priests and to women, to hospitals and monasteries, without so much as a struggle.

The trouble starts in the Sunday schools. Who of us does not remember the fine thrill of appreciation with which he welcomed Samson into his list of heroes — and David? They

were regular men's men: we knew how they felt and what they struggled against. When they killed a lion or a giant, or wiped out an army, they had our admiration, every bit of it. They were real flesh and blood men and we liked them.

Why we could not have come up to the life of Jesus in the same wholesome flesh and blood style is a mystery — but somehow we did not. As soon as we left Malachi and crossed the three blank pages that lie between the Testaments all the reality seemed to disappear. For one thing Jerusalem never seemed real. Whether there was any business in it, any dwellings, any stores and offices, we could never quite make out: it was to us a sort of stage city consisting of a temple and a wall. And compared to David and Samson — hot, pulsing realities — Jesus seemed hardly more than the shadow of a man. He was the “lamb,” the “meek and lowly,” the “man of sorrows,” the long-suffering one who had turned the other cheek. He was everything in our Sunday school teaching which I judge He Himself would have preferred not

to be. To think of Him as a real man, doing a tremendous task, was made to seem somehow irreverent: to have suggested that He was strong physically, that the muscles standing out in His arms and legs helped to breed respect in the crowd that followed Him, would have been nothing short of sacrilege. We admired Him, as we might admire a man in a hospital who suffered without flinching. But we did not feel close to Him — not as we felt close to Samson and David, nor to Moses with his wand and brass snake.

Against all this negative conception of the Young Man of Galilee, we, to whom He belongs in a special sense, ought vigorously to protest. That our objection may be more compelling, we should have our own picture of Him so clear-cut and distinctive that the whole world must acknowledge it. It is to present this truer portrait — of a young man glowing with physical strength and the joy of living, athrill with the protest of youth against oppression and intolerance, yet radiating a spiritual power that has transformed the world — that this little book is written.

It makes no pretense of being a "Life of Christ" in the accepted sense. Of such lives there are scores already and we have pillaged from the best of them shamelessly in preparing these pages whenever we could. Neither chronology nor theology find here the deference which they are accustomed to receive; and all those important but never to be decided questions, concerning which men have held fiercest dispute, are utterly ignored. We have simply dipped down into the rich and varied color of His life, and choosing such material as suited our need, have fashioned a portrait of Him as He really was, a master of men sublimely powerful, a young man, whom strong men can love.

That men should have failed to remember how strong He was seems strange indeed, when you think of the thirty years in a carpenter shop, and the rough usage of His three years of public life. Much of the time He had nowhere to lay His head: His couch was a nest of boughs under the open sky. A fine physique glories in exposure of that sort, but weakness breaks down under it.

And do you think the miracles which He did could have been wrought by any man unless he radiated health and healing like the sun?

We have sought to exhume His hearty laugh from the pages of dry theological treatise which have smothered it, and to set it ringing joyously across the record of His days. Men loved to have Him at their dinners, and He loved the tumult of the crowd. The first criticism tossed against Him was not that He was too spiritual, but that He was not *spiritual* enough, in the dead and formal sense. "If you really are the Promised One, why don't you fast instead of attending these banquets?" the disciples of John demanded of Him. And the self-righteous Pharisees caught up the complaint querulously, "This man is no prophet," they said; "He makes friends of publicans and sinners, and eateth with them."

We love Him for that criticism, for the enemies that He made. He dared to be an insurgent in the days when insurgency had not become the popular and easy thing, when its penalty was death. He might so

very easily have been conventional and safe. The established order would have received Him gladly. Money is always orthodox; it welcomes orthodoxy with open arms. Those doctors who listened admiringly to His penetrating questions when He was a mere stripling of twelve would have opened the door of opportunity to Him gladly. He might have been a rabbi of commanding influence: the Sanhedrin was an easy possibility. He turned His back on all that to take His stand on our side — on the side of us who are young, who protest against special privilege because we are too new in the world to have accumulated any privileges, and against entrenched wealth because the glitter of it blinds the eye of truth.

Up to the very end of His life there was plenty of chance for Him to make just the little concession that would have saved Him to power and affluence. If the bestowal of only half a loaf would have satisfied Him — who was offering the bread of life — the Pharisees would have been ready enough to take the half. On some of the very last days

they invited Him to their homes: it was His chance to take them over, to show them that after all He was not so dangerous an enemy to their settled order. They were very eager to hear what He would say at dinner that night, to see what He would do — and what He did was to pronounce His own death sentence. “I am the Son of God,” He told them. That was his answer. It was as though Daniel had struck every individual lion across the face.

It was too late then to hope for pardon: and He sought none. His young blood was too hot to suffer any toleration of their formalism, their churchly righteousness, their dead faith. So they killed Him, just as in the last year He had known that they would. It was bitter. For He loved life, and He was so young; there was so much ahead of Him, so great an opportunity. We know how He felt, who see the years stand loaded with gifts ahead of us. He was eager to work, so tired with the stress of the last days, that left Him deserted even by His disciples. We know why He cried out in the Garden: we can hear

— when we close our eyes — the wail that forced itself from between clenched teeth on the cross. We are His age: we know Him: He is ours. He's nearer to us who are young, because of that cry. And we place Him at the top of our list of heroes because in spite of the cry He was still true to the end.

If He were to be in the city today we should look for him where the crowd is thickest — in church perhaps, if it were Sunday, but during the week He spent little time in churches. At least not when the sun was warming the corn into ripeness, when all Nature was luring tired men and women away to the hills. If there were a world's championship series in town, we might look for Him there, at least at one of the games. And if not, then He would be, we think, somewhere about the busiest part of the streets.

So we would search until we saw someone stop in the middle of the way to lift a little child and dry its tears, or to carry a cripple over the torrent of traffic, or to chat with the corner loafer out of whose eyes light

seemed to have died. And we would go up to Him quite frankly and openly, as we know He would want us to do. Then with the full-muscled, powerful grip of His hand still tingling on our palms, we should be reconciled, almost, to His death; almost glad that they cut Him off while the hot blood of idealism still coursed, uncooled, through His veins, while youth had yielded not one niggardly concession to the deadening conservatism of years. We should forgive them, almost, that they saved Him to us, that He died while He was still our own — still strong, still full-blooded and full-faithed: always, through the ascending ages, a young man's Jesus.

A YOUNG MAN'S JESUS

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A YOUNG MAN'S JESUS

I

“AND OVERTHREW THEIR TABLES”

NOBODY knows how many thousands of strangers there were in Jerusalem on that April morning. The streets were decked with palms and banners, as modern streets sometimes are on the occasion of a great convention or a world's fair; but the number of visitors — so many times the total population — far exceeded anything that modern cities know, and indeed placed a tremendous tax upon the resources of Jerusalem, accustomed though it was to these annual festivals. Every room in lodging-houses or private residences was jammed with pilgrims; as far outside the walls as one could see, tents stretched away toward the nearby villages; and some pilgrims, disappointed in their search for shelter, had spent the night in the streets, or curled up within the shadow of the larger buildings.

The night before had been a troubled one, such as always preceded the great Feast of the Passover. Long after darkness had fallen the streets were still full of people — some hurrying home from the houses of friends, where they had spent the evening; others searching for a place to sleep; still others, driven merely by curiosity and made restless by the presence of the crowd, wandering here and there seeking excitement. And there was plenty to be found. Here a drove of cattle on their way to the Temple, in preparation for the sacrifices, collided with a pack train from the North country; and while the frightened animals scattered in all directions, the owners heaped blows and maledictions on each other. A few blocks beyond a Roman soldier caught up a petty thief prowling about the goods of the pilgrims, and carried him away to the citadel. All night long the streets rang with the hoofs of incoming caravans and the shouts of tired travelers. There was little sleep in Jerusalem on the night before the great day: the first rays of the rising sun found the whole population

stirring, tired-eyed and somewhat ill-tempered, but expectant.

The Young Man from Nazareth had spent the night with friends outside the walls, partly to gratify their desire and partly that He might catch His first view of the city under the gilding light of the morning sun. He had never lost the memory of His first view of it eighteen years before, when as a boy, His father and mother had brought Him to the Temple for the ceremony that stamped Him officially a "son of the law." He had traveled hard the day before, and was thankful for a chance to pass the night in the relative quiet of the open country. But even outside the walls He found little opportunity for sleep. The group of friends who had started with Him from Galilee had grown to much larger proportions during the day's journeying, as the word was passed about that He, too, traveled to the Feast. By night-time there were several hundred; and long after the stars were out, they piled wood upon the fire and sat listening to His parables and plying Him with questions. When at last they left Him, He walked out a

long way under the stars alone; for the things that He had heard during the day burned deep into His soul and He wanted a time to think and to plan.

Most of what He had heard was bitter complaint, the deep-toned protest of the poor against the exactions of a heartless aristocracy. These were peasants who were making the journey to Jerusalem, and for most of them it was the great occasion of their lives. Some, to be sure, came every year, but others had saved and looked forward to this one coming as the crowning experience of a lifetime — a memory to be treasured and handed down to their children. For months they had been making active preparations: those with any money had taken it to the booth of the money-changers in their local communities and had changed it for the currency of the Temple (for only the coinage of the priests might be used in the Temple offerings), paying the exorbitant rate of exchange that was charged. The poorer worshipers, in whose lives actual silver was unknown, had gone through their slender herds to select a kid without blemish

or a pair of doves with which to make their sacrifices. They had chosen their offerings gladly, even though they could little afford the cost — proud that, poor as they were, they might still share in the great festival of the nation; and cheerily they had set out from their homes on the long, tiring trip. Now that they were at the very gates of the city, their hearts sank; they wished almost that they had not come.

For they knew well the humiliation that awaited them on the morrow; all day long they had trembled in apprehension of it. Other travelers from their home towns, who had made the journey in previous years, had told them what they might expect. At the very door of the Temple, standing between them and the altar of their God, were the agents of the priests whom they might not pass until they had submitted to every manner of extortion and humiliation. One pilgrim told how his sister, a poor widow, had come up to the Temple the year before, bringing a pair of doves which she had purchased with her meagre savings. And at the gate a

priest had motioned her back scornfully, pronouncing her offering blemished and, driving her across to the counters of those that sold doves, had forced her to spend her last pennies for another sacrifice. Another had spoken of his cousin, who, in changing his money into the Temple coin, had been robbed by the money-changers, who belonged to the family of Annas, the High Priest; and almost every one of the travelers, it seemed, had a similar story of outrage which he poured into the ears of the Young Man from Nazareth, until His blood flamed.

That night, under the stars, their stories beat through His heart, one after the other, each one adding to the fire of His indignation. He was young; He was an idealist; He had been raised up to look with reverence on the capital city of His people, and to consider the Temple as housing at once the spiritual and civil authority of the nation. To find its precincts thus desecrated, its worship eaten by greed and made the pretext for the oppression of the poor, stirred every red corpuscle of His young manhood.

He thought, as He walked there under the stars, of Jeremiah, who had cried out against the “prophets that prophesy falsely and the priests that bear rule by their means”; and against the “shepherds that destroy and scatter the sheep of my pasture.” He remembered how Ezekiel had opened the vials of his wrath upon the whole priestly tribe because, “like roaring lions,” they devoured the people and oppressed the poor. Against all this heartless formalism, this priestly usurpation, Isaiah, too, had uttered burning protest; his words ran through the heart of the Young Man of Nazareth — the words of Jehovah, summoning the people away from petty observances and meaningless fasts:

“Behold ye fast for strife and contention . . . is this the fast that I have chosen?

“Is not this the fast that I have chosen, to loose the bonds of wickedness, to undo the bands of the yoke, and to let the oppressed go free?”

“To undo the bands of the yoke” — the Young Man said it over to Himself again and again, as He walked there alone under the stars. The words were still upon His lips

as He lay down to sleep; and the next morning, when the little group of His intimate followers came to call Him, they found Him already dressed, a look of set determination upon His fine, sun-browned face.

The people would have engaged Him in further conversation, as they traversed the little distance that separated them from the city, but He was strangely silent and thoughtful. Even their exclamations of joy, as they saw the rich rays of the morning sun touch one tower of the Temple buildings after another into golden radiance, did not arouse Him. At length they dropped a little behind, leaving Him to walk alone; and so He led them, His eyes fixed on the city before Him, through the gates, and straight to the outer court of the Temple.

The hour was still early, but the Temple area seethed and roared in a scene of strife and confusion. On one side were the shambles of the cattle dealers, surrounded by a gesticulating mob of intending purchasers. Men's voices rose into fierce, strident tones as they protested against the extortionate prices and

pleaded for consideration. They might as well have lifted up their voices to the pillars as to the hard faced priests and traffickers, so solidly entrenched behind the protection of their monopoly. Around every money-changer's table men and women, and sometimes whole families, alternately threatened and pled in their bargaining; and as each pilgrim left, elated or broken, according to his success, another pressed forward to change his hard-earned pennies for the priestly shekels. Across the court were the cages crowded thick with doves; and here the poor threw themselves piteously upon the mercy of the traders. The clamor of dispute carried beyond the veil that shut off the Temple from the altar and echoed about the Holy of Holies. But sadder even than the noise of protest was the stolid indifference with which the great company of worshipers went about their sacrifices. The Temple had *always* been a market-place within their memory; the priests had always robbed. It did not occur to them that there was anything offensive about the scene this morning: they had never

stopped to ask themselves whether this great glittering tomb, with its snarling crowd of traders, were fit to represent the faith of their fathers. Their worship had become a thing detestable and they did not even suspect it; their very souls were dead.

No detail of the shameful scene escaped the Man of Nazareth. He saw the little peasant family at one side, bowed in tears because the pitiful sum they had scraped together was not sufficient to satisfy the greed of the sellers; He saw the peasant mother carry her doves tremblingly before the cruel eye of the examining priest only to have them spurned and thrown back contemptuously; He saw the cynical smile of the overseeing priest, who passed from table to table, calculating the profits of the day's transactions.

While He had been watching He had picked up from the floor a few pieces of cord and braided them together into a whip, as the boys in Nazareth had often done. And suddenly, His cheeks red with righteous anger, His eyes aflame, He stepped forward to the table

of the money-changer nearest Him, and flung it half across the court. Before the astonished crowd knew what had happened He strode on to the next and overturned it, and the next. Then across to the counters of the dove-sellers He pushed, and throwing wide the gates of their cages loosed a perfect flock of doves. A mighty cheer went up from the crowd as they caught the significance of His outburst. The bolder spirits put themselves at His back and when He approached the shambles where a wild-eyed little group of dealers opposed themselves, there were a hundred willing hands to brush them aside and loose the fastenings of the cattle. In a moment the whole court was in pandemonium. Tables were upset; doves fluttered into the Temple towers, and frightened cattle rushed madly through the gates and out into the streets. Only the Man of Nazareth, among all the frenzied crowd, was calm. With the whip which He had braided together, He lashed the horde of thieves and oppressors before Him, until the last one had been scourged from the court, and He stood amid

the wreck of His rebellion, in the midst of the glorying crowd of pilgrims.

Even the Roman soldiers, stationed in the outer courts of the Temple to maintain order, were spellbound at the splendor of His single-handed victory. But the priests could not restrain their fury. Rushing up to Him they raised their hands in impotent rage and demanded to know who He was and by what authority He did these things. Looking down at them — the great men and rulers of His nation — in the calm supremacy of moral courage, the Young Man from Nazareth, the carpenter, unlearned in any school, replied:

“It is written, My house shall be called a house of prayer for all the nations, but ye have made it a den of robbers.”

That day the whole city rang with His name, and crowds of delighted pilgrims followed Him wherever He walked. But the Young Man of Nazareth went quietly about His business, expounding His views to those who questioned Him, and renewing His acquaintance with such friends as happened to be in the city. His anger had cooled and He

was again the quiet teacher, the lovable social companion. The cheers of the populace confused Him no more than had the imprecations of the priests. Indeed His magnificent self-possession, in the face of a popularity so sweeping and so suddenly acquired, created a marked impression on the minds of the more influential men in the city. They questioned among themselves who He might be, and whether any use could be made of His unusual gift for leadership.

Only a few weeks before, so the report had it, He had come out of a carpenter shop in Nazareth and had presented Himself for baptism to John, the remarkable young preacher who had recently been gathering multitudes of listeners and even converts on the shores of the Jordan. The two had known each other in youth; were, in fact, cousins, each endowed in wonderful measure with the ability to draw other young men to Himself by personal magnetism and the vigor and unconventionality of their thought.

John had already scored a tremendous success. Even some of the chief men of the

capital had thought it worth while to journey out to his camp by the river side; and among the populace the impression was fast gaining currency that he was none other than the promised Messiah, who should throw off the Roman yoke and restore the throne to Jerusalem.

Yet on the day when the Young Man from Nazareth presented Himself for baptism a remarkable thing had happened. John, a man of national prominence, had drawn back from this unknown young convert as though reluctant to administer the rite. The denouncer of rulers had shown himself suddenly diffident in the presence of a simple carpenter, and to the gaping crowd had announced:

“This is He of whom I spoke to you, the latchet of whose shoes I am unworthy to unloose.”

What did he mean? Who was this strange young man who, having lived for thirty years in a country village, could in a single day make Himself the most prominent figure in a capital? What depths of power lay behind that majestic exterior to carry Him so faultless through

these unprecedented experiences? What vision had He received to transform Him suddenly from a carpenter into the Champion of Pure Religion, the Defier of Oppression?

His act was the talk of the feast: and at the end of that week an army of visitors left the city to scatter the report of it into thousands of little towns and hamlets throughout the known world. From that day, wherever He went, there was eagerness to hear the Man of Nazareth, the *Young Man*, who, single-handed, had set the power of His idealism against the oppressors and pillagers of a nation.

II

“*AND WAXED STRONG*”

IT was no feeling of awe before a flaming moral purpose that swept that crowd of pillagers out of the Temple; nor was it altogether their fear of the shouting worshipers who so readily took the Young Man's part. He, Himself — stalwart, broad-shouldered, perfectly developed — was the real reason for their eagerness to give way before Him. As that lash of cords was lifted and swept over their faces or across their necks, the loose sleeve of His garment fell back to reveal a forearm on which the muscles stood out like knots of iron; against such an arm and such a shoulder there was not one among the flabby multitude who cared to risk himself.

Into the muscles which swung that lash thirty years of outdoor labor had poured their best of manly strength. Indeed, His

preparation for that moment had started at the very instant of His birth. His father and mother had been on a journey up to Bethlehem at the time, where they were to be numbered with their neighbors for the levying of a Roman tax. On the long ride that preceded His birth His mother had carried Him across the steep hills of Galilee, as Napoleon's mother is said to have borne her son in her bosom while she traveled with his father to the war. When they reached Bethlehem, long after night had fallen, it was to find every room in the inn taken and no place available for them except a stall in one of the stables. There He was born, surrounded by the animals and the animal-like men who tended them, and they cradled Him on a pillow of straw in the manger. A weakling child would have perished in that first night, but He, to whom peasant parents had given the only fortune which peasants can give — a sound body and rich red blood — laughed Himself into the world, a vigorous, perfectly-formed child.

From that day His life was spent in the open. The parents traveled from Bethlehem

down into Egypt, and after some years made the long, hard journey back into Galilee and settled in the little town of Nazareth. By the time of that return, He, though still a child, was deemed old enough to walk, because there were younger children in the family, and so, at His father's side, He trudged along, leading the ass on which His mother rode, covering on foot the whole hard way, which would have taxed the strength of many a grown man. If He sometimes grew very weary with the walking, as He doubtless did; and if the foraging, in search of fagots and thorns for the fire, left Him sometimes utterly fatigued, the nights spent in sleep under the stars replenished His vigor. Every day that passed added to the hardness of His little muscles, and the perfect development of His strength.

His father, a stalwart peasant of simple thought but generous nature, was a carpenter by trade; and when at length the long journey was completed and the family settled in Nazareth, He opened there his little shop. Carpentering in those days was no gentle business.

It was centuries before the invention of the sawmill, or the steam-driven plane. He who contracted for the erection of a house undertook the whole task, from the excavation for the foundations to the last finishing touches of the interior. Except for the brief hours that He spent in the Synagogue, acquiring the education of the orthodox Jewish lad, Jesus was busy throughout the day with his father in the roughest sort of physical toil.

Afterwards, when the crowds that used to gather along the Sea of Galilee to listen to His stories, heard Him speak of the "man who built his house upon a rock," of the "axe being laid to the root of the tree," they had no doubt that He knew what He was talking about. They remembered seeing Him dig at the hard earth of Nazareth's hills to make a place for foundations that should not be affected by wind or storm; they had not forgotten how, on many a day, He had gone off into the mountains, an axe across His shoulder, to hew out the sturdy timbers, nor how at nightfall they had watched Him trudging back, often with a beam across His

shoulders that would have been a load for a strong man.

As He grew in stature and in years, there developed in Him a remarkable capacity, not merely for personal work at His trade, but for the direction of other workmen; His father recognized it and allowed Him a measure of authority over the men. Thus, when the father died, Jesus, the Carpenter-son, took up the responsibility of the family's support, where Joseph, the carpenter-father, had laid it down. The later years of His young manhood were spent partly in work of supervision, which added to that splendid endowment of natural executive ability that played so great a part in His public life. But the work with His own hands was never entirely given up. For the first thirty years of His young life, hardly a day passed, except the Sabbath, when He did not spend some hours in forcing a saw through the hard fiber of beams and boards or smoothing their rough sides with a carpenter's plane. And even on the Sabbath He could not often content Himself to remain quietly indoors.

Indeed, there were those in the gossipy village who criticised Him because He so often preferred to spend the afternoon in a walk among the surrounding hills, sometimes going beyond the narrow limits of the prescribed "Sabbath day's journey," and frequently — to the greater scandal of the critical — taking a group of laughing children with Him.

But such criticism as this caused little discomfort to the big-framed, powerful, young carpenter. Indeed it was completely buried beneath the general tribute of respect which the community gave to Him. Older men grew to value Him because He was the best and most skilful workman in town, and because His judgment in business matters proved so unvaryingly good. Among the younger element He developed an easy and uncontested leadership. He was the strongest among them; and ultimately His superiority was so well established and so unquestioned that He was ruled out of their contests, and became a sort of arbiter in the village, whose judgments were generally respected, not merely because of their wisdom but also be-

cause it was known that He, Himself, if He would, could give them force.

So He "waxed strong" in thirty years of wholesome outdoor work and play, at first only dimly realizing how magnificent an asset He was building up for the work and trials that were to come.

For only a man of transcending physical power could have met the tests that were laid upon Him after He left the carpenter shop and entered upon the three years of His public work. He was poor, of course, and rather gloried in it; but poverty, which makes necessary such privations as He had to endure, has proved the undoing of many a man of strong will and average physique. They asked Him one day where He lived, and He told them that He had no home, that He lay down at night and slept wherever He happened to be. "The birds have nests," He said, "and foxes have holes, but I have nowhere to lay my head." Some nights, of course, He stayed with friends, but many and many a night He must have spent, with the sturdier of His fishermen-disciples, stretched under the blue

sky. Yet He was never sick; never tired; each morning He could greet the sunshine with the glad smile of perfect health, and begin His long day of tramping from village to village in the open air. He was an outdoor man, the sort that we have come to envy in these shut-in modern days. Even in the time of His greatest popularity, when He might have dined every night in one of the great houses of the capital, He preferred to slip away at nightfall to the Mount of Olives. His deep chest craved the sweetness of country air; He loved to be awakened by the playing of the sun across His bronzed face.

In Capernaum one day the crowd had been thick about Him; the house where He was stopping was packed with a multitude that spread out into the adjoining streets. Suddenly there was a commotion on the outside and four men pushed through to the front door, carrying a lame man on a stretcher. In the face of the invalid was a look of pathetic eagerness; he had been sick a long time, and had never expected to walk again. But that day his friends had come to tell him about the

new Teacher who was in the city, in whose marvelous health-radiating presence scores of sick people had been made well. He had determined to see this Teacher, whatever the cost. His four friends succeeded in getting him to the door of the house and there, on the very threshold, his wish seemed doomed to disappointment. Those inside the door were too eagerly intent to give way even to an invalid. His shrill entreaties would not move them; they would not let him in: sorrowfully, his four friends prepared to carry him home again. But the will of the sick man was strong in spite of his feeble body. Rising on his elbow, he directed them to carry him up the outside stairway to the roof, and there to let him down through the ceiling into the presence of the Teacher. And they did.

Lowered at last to the floor, he had his wish gratified. The young Teacher looked on him with eyes that were very full of sympathy. Reaching down He took one flabby hand in His great strong grasp, and, smiling, reassuringly said,

“Son, thy sins are forgiven thee: rise, take up thy bed and walk.”

A moment the lame man hesitated, stupified. “Walk!” — it was impossible; he had never expected to walk again. Of course he couldn’t — and then he looked into those eyes full of assurance; he felt his withered limbs bathed in the magnetism that radiated from that body, so splendidly overflowing with health, and suddenly, almost before he knew it, he was on his feet, and had gathered the stretcher under his arm.

Had an undersized man, or a weakling, stood there and said to him, “Rise and walk,” he would have smiled a wan smile of disappointment and motioned the bearers to carry him away again. But in that presence, thrilled by the radiation of that perfect health — health such as he had never known or thought possible for himself — nothing seemed too difficult to be attempted. He rose and walked, healed, like hundreds in Galilee before and after, by the power of their own wills, strengthened and inspired by the glowing example of transcendent good health before them.

Of the little handful of people who knew the Young Man intimately, nearly half of those whose names we have were women. They were women of various sorts, drawn to him out of very different walks of life. There was His mother, of course, who without wholly understanding Him saw His genius flower and stood by Him adoringly, even to the cross. There were Mary and Martha, two kindly maiden women who lived outside of Jerusalem in Bethany; there were women who had touched His garment as He had walked through the streets of the city, and had been healed by the touch; and there were those others — women of the streets, some of them — who had seen in His face the first glance of manly courtesy that had ever glowed for them in the eyes of any man, and had felt themselves re-created from that moment.

Among this varied company there was one common bond of union, their adoring love and adulation for Him. The sallow-faced, so-called spiritual, type of man may stir the mother instinct in a woman's breast, may draw out upon himself a devotion that is half

respect, half pity. But since the world began there has been no magnet that has really fastened the affections of women upon men like manly strength. These faithful ones who followed Him through the successes and disappointments of His ministry, even to the last great disappointment, seem rather to have felt His call than heard it. He passed them on the road, robust, powerful, but splendidly considerate, and, looking upon Him, they knew Him in an instant for their Lord.

He was a woman's man, in the sense that every man of strength and conquering will has been, but He was a man's man too, every inch of Him, and in every single moment of His career. Power, decision, authority — these were His first disciples. Walking along the seashore, alone, a stranger, and without any badge of authority or promise of support, He looked upon the fishermen busy at their work. "Follow me!" He said, and they abandoned their nets instantly at His word. So accustomed was He to immediate obedience, that when one whom He had summoned

asked first for a few days in which to bury his father, He was astonished at the request. They who walked with Him knew His power, and even those who hated Him, who would gladly have ended His ministry almost before it was begun, felt themselves humbled in its presence.

And His nerves — they were the hardened servants of a man of iron. Napoleon once said, “I have known few men who had courage of the two o'clock in the morning variety” — but He had it. Even during the last week, when the whole city was throbbing for or against Him, when His days were passed in a perfect foment of passionate attack, He lay down every night to unbroken slumber. He was with His disciples one night on a boat when there came one of those fierce gales which in a few minutes can turn the quiet surface of the Sea of Galilee into a torrent of destruction. Tugging at the anchor ropes, the disciples who had sailed that Sea from childhood and were not to be foolishly frightened gave themselves up for lost. The little boat tossed terribly; water came in over the

side with every lurch, and it seemed as if each succeeding wave must engulf it and send it to destruction. Yet, through it all, He slept, in absolutely untroubled slumber. And when at length they roused Him by their panic-stricken summons, He looked out over the Sea in perfect equanimity and issued the few quiet orders that were necessary to bring the boat safely in to shore.

If ever there was a real man with a real man's nerves, it was He. Almost a year before they killed Him He knew that they would do it; and He knew exactly what death at their hands meant. He had passed the writhing victims of their fury, nailed to crosses along the roadside; He had seen them wilt for days before release came from their misery. For a whole year He knew that every sunset closed one more of the dwindling handful of days that shielded Him from His cross. On any morning He might have made the little compromise that was necessary to save His life. But the thought of retirement, or of compromise, apparently never came to Him. Calmly, cheerfully, un-

hesitatingly He walked His path, striking the hard blows against hypocrisy and oppression which were to be echoed in ringing strokes upon the nails of His cross — and never faltering.

And when, at length, they came out into the Garden, with a company of soldiers, to take Him, there was never the suggestion of a tremor as He stood forth alone and unarmed to face them.

“Are ye come out as against a robber with swords and staves to seize me?” He asked them, scornfully. “I was daily with you in the Temple, teaching, and ye took Me not.”

When He spoke the whole brazen crowd of them “went backward and fell to the ground.” There was not an ounce of sentiment in the entire company; they were Roman regulars, trained to charge into a mob of women and children, if necessary, at the word of command. They were iron men of iron nerve; yet they acknowledged a nerve more iron. His every movement spoke of physical perfection; His voice was vibrant

with the tones of command. And they who had been trained from boyhood to obey dropped on their knees involuntarily before the most perfect Young Man whom their eyes had ever seen.

III

“*BEHOLD A MAN*”

BUT physical strength and physical courage — these are, after all, baser metals in the structure of a man. They can be bought at petty prices; an offer of five dollars a day will fill a car-barn with strike-breakers willing to toss their lives away in a quarrel which is none of their affair. Army officers know that when there is a particularly hazardous bit of work to be done the offer of a money reward will invariably double the number of volunteers. For a handful of silver, or a woman's smile, or a ribbon to wear on their coats, men will laugh gaily into the teeth of Death, careless of the swing of his scythe. And though the courage that is not cowed by pain nor the approach of death will never be so common a thing that it will fail to excite our admiration, it does not of itself command our reverence.

There is a courage so much more rare that one is compelled to go through history almost with a microscope if he would find it. Histories are filled with the names of leaders rich in bodily courage, who have wilted at the first breath of criticism on the part of their own families, have withered away as their followers dropped from them and have died at length heart-broken, bitter haters of their kind; and with the names of other leaders, who, having achieved a small success, have lowered their standards to attract the multitude and so have failed even while they succeeded. To endure the taunts of relatives, the misunderstanding of friends and the treachery of disciples, to resist the temptation of compromise, even when offered in the fairest guise and with death as an alternative, to be rejected in succession by one's kindred, one's home town, and one's nation; yet to speak the truth as one sees it fearlessly and to die with a faith undimmed — that is courage of the almost unknown sort. And the Young Man of Galilee had it.

He went back one day to Nazareth, where

He had been brought up. He had gone away a few months before, an unknown carpenter; He came back as one of the most talked-about men in His nation. He had put Himself single-handed against the hated clique of extortioners at the temple and had driven them before Him like a class of bad children: in Cana He had performed a miracle, the report of which had reached His old associates; and in Capernaum there had been mighty works whose stories had been received in the little village of His boyhood with an astonished incredulity. Surely the accounts must be exaggerated: hadn't they known Him all his life? wasn't He just Jesus, the son of Joseph the carpenter? A bright young man, to be sure, but a prophet? — what nonsense! They could hardly contain their curiosity until He should appear again among them, and when the word went round one Sabbath morning that He would speak that day in the Synagogue, the little building was crowded to the limit of its capacity. They were eager to see Him.

And He wanted, too, to see them. If only His home town might undertsand and appre-

ciate Him — was there ever a successful man who has not cherished the hope? No praise is quite so sweet, no appreciation so welcome as that which comes from the friends of youth. Jesus must have shared something of that common feeling. To be known as “Jesus of Nazareth” in Jerusalem and Capernaum, to feel that the sudden glory which had come to Him was reflected in a measure on the little, almost unknown town where He had grown up, must have given Him a glow of satisfaction. One can imagine how wistfully He had looked forward to this first visit home, in the hope that these His old neighbors might become His first disciples, and His own home town perhaps be fashioned into the cornerstone of the new social structure of which He dreamed.

It needed only a glance around the Synagogue that Sabbath morning to shatter the hope He had cherished so fondly. Instead of sympathetic understanding on these faces, He found only curiosity mixed with ill-concealed derision. He might fool the outside world, they seemed to say, but He could not

fool Nazareth: they knew Him; He was just a carpenter, that was all; they would show the cities, which had gone wild about Him, that here in His little old home town they were not to be so easily stampeded. They handed Him the roll of the prophet Isaiah, and, standing up, He read to them:

“The Spirit of the Lord is upon me
Because He anointed me to preach good tidings to
the poor,
He hath sent me to proclaim release to the captives,
And recovery of sight to the blind;
To set at liberty them that are bruised,
And proclaim the acceptable year of the Lord.”

Then very quietly He closed the book, and handing it back to the attendant, said simply: “This day hath this scripture been fulfilled in your ears.” There was an ominous silence in the Synagogue: “The eyes of all were fastened upon Him.” He knew what they were thinking: they were waiting for Him to do some such mighty work as He had wrought in Capernaum. But He felt also the uselessness of it; the glances of scorn, of ignorant self-sufficiency, with which they had greeted

Him had cut Him to the quick. He knew the bitter truth. They would never receive Him; never be proud of Him. "No prophet," He said to them sadly, "is acceptable in his own country. Elijah did his great works in a foreign city; Elisha could accomplish nothing except beyond the borders of his own home." With a look around that was filled with a great soul-weariness, He turned to leave the Synagogue, but the scorn and wrath of the people, which had grown steadily more intense since He closed the book, could be restrained no longer. Rising with a roar of anger, they swarmed about Him, hurrying Him to the edge of a precipice on the outskirts of town, where they would have thrown Him over. But the wrath which had been sufficient to conceive His destruction grew suddenly impotent when He turned and faced them. The memory of His faultless life, the thought of the respect, approaching reverence, which His moral grandeur had won for Him even as a youth among them, defeated their intent. He took one step toward them and they melted away like snow, leaving His path clear to the

open country. So He left His home town, too utterly heart-sick even to look back; and from that day Nazareth lost its right to the incomparable glory which might have belonged to it, and Capernaum was called "His own city."

His mother and His brethren had been witnesses of the defeat. They were simple, unimaginative peasants, these kinsfolk of His, and as, from time to time, reports were brought of His seditious speeches, and the astonishing works which He did, they held many a worried family conference concerning Him. Such speeches would surely get Him imprisoned if He continued them. The things which He did could only be explained in one way — He had gone mad. What the Pharisees said about Him must be true: He cast out devils because He Himself had a devil. They were irritated and ashamed: who could say that His wild career might not involve them all in the displeasure of the authorities, perhaps landing them in prison together? Once when the Feast of Tabernacles was about to be held in Jerusalem, they urged

Him to "go up," to "depart hence" and taunted Him, saying that if He really could do the things which He claimed, the place for Him to make His reputation was at the Capital. Almost anything was better than that He should continue in Galilee, so near home. "For even His brethren did not believe on Him."

Right in the middle of one of His discourses in Capernaum, when the crowd hung spellbound on His words, there occurred a sudden interruption from the outside and a messenger broke in to tell Him that His mother and His brethren were there and wished to speak to Him. One can picture the sharp look of pain that cut across His fine features. He knew why they had come; they had been threatening it for a long time. They had made up their minds that He was utterly crazy and they were there to take Him away to an asylum where at least He would not involve them in His inevitable ruin. Turning to the messenger He said aloud:

"My mother and my brethren? Behold these who believe on me (pointing to His disciples): they are my mother and my brethren."

They *were* His real kindred, and many times they proved themselves worthy of the distinction; but even their devotion could not remove the hurt. When, later, the shouts of "Hosanna" rang in His ears and palms were spread in the streets before Him, even in His hour of triumph, His heart must have been sore at the thought that in that crowd were none of the brothers for whom He had worked and sacrificed after their father's death. Those whose whisper of admiration would have sounded louder than the cheering of the crowd still felt the flush of apology at the mention of His name — still thought Him not quite sanc.

Yet those who were constantly in His presence detected no slightest sign of bitterness: one searches His speeches in vain for any word of blame. Indeed His disciples might have felt Him well compensated for the rejection at home by the enthusiastic successes which attended the first year of His ministry everywhere else. Crowds flocked to hear Him, returning day after day, often forgetting to eat, in their enthusiasm. Great

men from the cities were found in His congregations, and it seemed to Him, as the weeks lengthened into months and His fame showed no signs of diminishing, that He might indeed realize His dream, that the whole world might come to accept His message. It was in these hours of His good fortune that He showed that rarest type of courage, which will not accept the slightest compromise even as the price of assured success. Few men have been great enough to stand that test; Mohammed was not. Biographies of him record the deliberate lowering of his standard which took place at the beginning of his great success and apologize for it on the ground that some lowering is inevitable if the world is to be conquered. The Young Man of Galilee recognized no such necessity.

One night in the first flush of His power, immediately after He had swept the traffickers from the Temple, He opened His chamber door to find a great man of the nation, Nicodemus, standing at the top of the staircase. Self-possessed as He was under every circumstance, He could not conceal a momentary

sign of surprise at the visit. Nicodemus, one of the members of the Sanhedrin — a judge of the Supreme Court if you will — coming to Him, who a few weeks before had been an unknown carpenter in a provincial village — one might well look to find Him expressing His sense of honor at the visit, and seeking by every means to win over this notable man to His principles. The gaining of such an adherent would mean much in the promotion of His ambitions.

“Rabbi,” said the great man, “we know you are a teacher come from God; for no man can do these signs that you do except God be with him.”

One catches his breath involuntarily at the Young Man's answer. Instead of an assumed humility, instead of any eager show of deference, what is it that He is saying?

“Verily, verily, I say to you, Nicodemus, except you are born again you cannot see the kingdom of Heaven.” And a few moments later in the conversation, “If I have told you earthly things and you have not believed, how shall you believe if I tell you heavenly things?”

This to one of the great men of the nation, "a ruler of the Jews." For a long time they talked, the great man undergoing the curious experience of being taught by an almost unknown young man from an out of the way village. When at length he left, he who was daily importuned to lend his name to this great enterprise or that, not only had he not been urged to join the new movement; he had been told that he must utterly transform his life and mode of thought before he could even be invited.

Some weeks later a traveler from Galilee, entering Jerusalem, brought the names of those whom the Young Teacher had called to be His first disciples. Nicodemus glancing over the list could hardly believe it possible that a young man of such apparent good judgment could have made so glaring a blunder. The foolish Young Idealist, who, by just the smallest concession, by exhibiting only a little willingness to conform to the established usages, might have decorated His rolls with some of the powerful names of Jerusalem, had chosen a handful of ignorant

fishermen, and — as if to add insult to the injury — had named one tax-collector, the lowest and of all classes the most despised in the eyes of the orthodox Jew.

This was His answer to those who looked to Him to lower His standards; here was the courage for which one seeks among the other leaders of the world almost in vain.

To trace the workings of that courage through all the progress of His public life would fill too many pages; but one may throw the light just here and there for a moment, to show how blow after blow was struck at His soul without loosening the fastenings of His faith or detracting for one instant from the strength of His purpose.

The friend nearer than any other to Him was John, whom the public had come to know familiarly as “the Baptist.” John had introduced Him to the people, and His first disciples came to Him because John had pointed Him out as a greater prophet than himself. He had gloried, too, in the friendship, and when Herod cast John into prison because his denunciations of the vicious condition of the

court and society were stirring up the people to a dangerous state of excitement, a shadow was thrown over the heart of the Young Man of Galilee that was never lifted. He had already grown beyond John's limited message, which was a merely destructive program of criticism and denunciation, and had refused to adopt John's rigid mode of life. John was an ascetic, living alone in the desert; Jesus was a warm-hearted, friendly man, never so happy as when in a crowd: John had imposed upon His disciples a rigorous regimen of fasts and ceremonies; Jesus disregarded both and encouraged His disciples to disregard them. The two men were wholly different in thought and method, but it had not occurred to the Young Man of Galilee that their differences could ever loosen the bond of their friendship. It must have cut Him to the very depths of His soul, when one day a disciple of John's, sent from his master's prison cell, came with this wistful, doubting question:

“Are you really the Messiah as I have believed you were: you who, instead of fasting, are attending these dinners and

banquets; you whose disciples do not fast or even observe the ceremonies which the Mosaic law prescribes — are you what I thought you, or must we look for another?”

And very tenderly, but sadly, the Young Man sent back His reply. “Go tell John the things that ye have seen and heard, how the blind see, the lepers are cleansed, and the dead are raised to life. Let him judge from this whether or not I am fulfilling his hope of me.”

A few weeks later, in the dungeon of Herod's castle, John paid the last great penalty of his courage and idealism. The Young Man of Galilee, when they told Him of it, withdrew into the hills alone. The best friend whom He had had in the world had gone out from Him, a sacrifice to the brutality and hate of the social order which He, Himself, was laboring to transform. It came over Him then with fresh and distressing clearness that they, who had destroyed John, would one day compass His destruction also. How long He remained alone with His sorrow we do not know, but when He came out there

was no sign of weakening upon Him, nothing in His face to indicate what He had passed through, except a finer radiance, a determination more fixed.

In hard and quick succession the blows were struck after that. The disciples for whom He had done so much were loyal to the extent of their ability — but there were times when the petty limitations imposed by their ignorance and trifling ambition tried Him to a point that would have exhausted a patience less than infinite. Too often, when He returned to them, stung by the taunts and controversies of the crowd, it was only to find Himself plunged into a more trying atmosphere of misunderstanding and dissension. Yet His regard for them, His faith that ultimately they would prove themselves worthy, never faltered. Almost to the very last they misunderstood the real purpose of His work and message, though He repeated it to them time and again in the quiet of their talks together.

When the fickle multitude came finally to believe that He was not destined to give power and leadership to their latent revolt against

the Romans — “whereupon many of His disciples went back and walked no more with Him” — the little group of His intimate friends were utterly crushed at the destruction of their hope. But He, though the burden of disappointment was far heavier upon His heart, gave no outward sign of discouragement.

With His eyes fixed upon the end which He knew to be inevitable, and without which — as He had come to see so clearly — the wider results and the after-success of His work could not be He pressed steadily forward. He had lost His home town; His own brethren had turned contemptuously from Him; His best friend had died, tortured with doubt; the great crowd of His followers had fallen away; and even those who had been His intimates, whom He had honored with the name of “kindred” had failed utterly to grasp the meaning of His work. All this He had borne without a quaver, and to it all there was added a last drop in the cup of His trial. One of the twelve, whom He had selected to be always with Him, deserted to the enemy, and for a mere handful of silver betrayed Him.

It was after all this — the sorrow of ten lifetimes — had been poured into a few short months of His young manhood, that He stood still, calm-eyed, and confident, before Pilate, His judge, from whose lips the sentence of death was in a few moments to be pronounced upon Him. But before that sentence was formed into words there burst from those coarse lips another sentence of involuntary admiration. To the hooting crowd outside he showed the Young Man who had displayed a courage and sublime composure never before known in those judgment halls and pointing to Him, said, “Behold a man!”

IV

“THAT HE SHOULD EAT WITH HIM”

IN the early part of His public work — even before His spectacular day in the Temple — the Young Man had stopped at Cana in Galilee with His mother and His disciples to attend a wedding. In those times weddings lasted several days, and the festivities that attended them and the honeymoon were sometimes far from restrained. They were great occasions in the lives of the simple peasant folk: cares were laid aside, wine flowed freely, and the whole company enjoyed a jovial, whole-hearted good time.

Suddenly in the midst of the feast which followed the banquet at Cana word was brought to the dismayed hostess that the wine had given out. To the good woman, who a moment before had been looking out over the feasters in wistful happiness, the message was a terrible one. She was not rich, but she was

proud and sensitive. This, her daughter's wedding, was the one great social occasion of her life; she had planned for it and looked forward to it a long time; it was her hope that her neighbors might remember it as the one finest and most perfect wedding that the town had ever known. And now in the very midst of the festivities, the wine had given out.

With that quick insight which enables one woman sometimes to read the mind of another, Mary the mother of Jesus, who was helping to serve the guests, sensed the hostess' embarrassment and realized the cause. Ever since the death of her husband she had accustomed herself to bring all her difficulties and problems to the clear judgment and unfailing resource of her son: she leaned over to Him now, and said, "Son, the wine is gone."

He was only one among a hundred guests: the trouble belonged no more to Him than to any one of the others; not so much, indeed, as to those who were relatives, and who would share most in the embarrassment and criticism. Only a short while before, when He

had been for forty days and nights without food in the wilderness, He had refused to use His miraculous power to provide food for His own needs, deeming it a gift too sacred to be thus employed. Yet now as His keen sympathetic sight took in the situation, He did not hesitate a moment. Calling an attendant to Him, He ordered six large stone waterpots to be filled with water. When they were full He commanded that some of the liquid be drawn off and carried to the master of the ceremonies. That dignitary, touching his lips to the glass, and finding new wine of surpassing quality, called the bridegroom to him and said, "Every man setteth on first the good wine, and when men have drunk freely, then that which is worse; thou hast kept the good wine until now." And over across the room, a happy hostess, looking at the Young Man out of eyes that glistened, smiled and nodded her heartfelt appreciation.

With the miracles which He wrought we are as little concerned in this book as He would wish us to be. The evidence for some of them at least is so well authenticated that

there can be no doubt of His miraculous power. But He Himself attached little importance to His so-called wondrous works: always He was seeking to avoid the necessity for them, and attempting to suppress reports of them, reiterating to His disciples that His words — not His works — were of real moment. But there has been so much written of Him as the “man of sorrows” and His happy, joyous, social nature has been so long traduced, that this first miracle of His, the only one performed by Him for a full year, should not be forgotten. It was performed not to teach a lesson nor impress a crowd, but merely to save a hostess from embarrassment. He who had considered His power too holy to be used in recruiting His own strength, did not hesitate to use it in adding to the success of a social party. Judged by the award of His wondrous works, a social occasion, the joyous mingling together of kindred spirits, was of equal importance in His thought with healing the sick or preaching the gospel. He was just as ready to perform a miracle to promote the one as the other.

Indeed His hearty laugh rings continuously throughout the first happy months of His ministry. He was so cheerful, so companionable, so ready to lay aside the burdens of His work for a good time with His friends, that plenty of people criticised Him for it. John — who lived much closer to the popular idea of a prophet — had been a dweller alone, shutting himself away from the world, declining all social pleasures and uttering his dire warnings in the heart of the wilderness. His earnestness and self-sacrifice had made a deep impression on the crowds, and even the Young Man of Galilee Himself had felt the influence of it during the early weeks of His ministry. For a brief time — forty days — He had followed John's example, retiring into the wilderness, and denying Himself food and social intercourse. But forty days was enough; at the end of that time His warm, companion-loving nature had rebelled. He was convinced that however right that mode of life might be for John, His own work must be done by mingling happily with people in the everyday work and pleasures of their lives.

Thereafter the same people who had said "John has a devil," because "he came neither eating nor drinking," turned their criticisms against the Young Man from Galilee. He is a "gluttonous man" they said, "and a winebibber. He makes friends of publicans and sinners, and eateth with them."

Their criticism worried not the Young Man. When the disciples of John came to Him to complain that His own disciples never fasted, as John required his followers to do, He compared himself to a bridegroom, and His disciples to the guests at a wedding. That was His conception of life — an experience continuously as good and joyous as a honeymoon. "Surely you don't expect the companions of the bridal chamber to fast while the bridegroom is with them," He said; "there will be time enough for fasting when He is gone."

Whenever He visited a city He became immediately the most popular man in it. Crowds flocked about Him to such an extent that He had difficulty in getting in or out of the house; even when He attempted to steal

away from them in a boat, some one was sure to spread the news, and as He stepped on shore it would be to find the first breathless leaders of the multitude already awaiting Him. To have Him as a guest at any sort of function was a social triumph. The stories of His life abound with expressions like these: "A certain ruler desired Him that He should eat with Him"; "They desired Him greatly to remain and He abode there two days." Even those who feared and hated Him could not resist the charm of His presence or deny themselves the pleasure of His company. After He had denounced the Pharisees as "hypocrites" and "children of the devil," they continued to invite Him to their houses; and in the closing weeks of His life, when they had already perfected their plans for destroying Him as an enemy of their system too dangerous to be tolerated, a "chief of the Pharisees desired Him that He would dine at his house."

He almost never missed a feast at Jerusalem, apparently. We read of His making the long journey with His disciples on foot, again and

again, to the Feast of Tabernacles or the Feast of the Passover. Not that He attached particular significance to the observances — indeed the thing for which the Pharisees could not forgive Him was His utter disregard of and scorn for their all-important formalities — but He loved to be in a crowd. Wherever the people were thickest, there He was certain to be found, telling them His stories, driving home His barbed criticisms of the oppressing classes, or parrying the sharp questions of wise ones among His listeners with answers which called forth a roar of applause and laughter. Living was a joyous occupation with Him; holiness and health, in His vocabulary, were twin derivatives from the same root. When He called a new disciple — Matthew, a tax-gatherer — the disciple, instead of withdrawing himself from the world for fasting and prayer, prepared a banquet, and everybody — the Young Man and the disciples and a jovial group of publicans and sinners together sat down in celebration.

He had a list of friends so long and so varied that any modern politician might well envy

Him. Those to whom He is a smugly respectable preacher, and those who view Him as merely a working-class agitator who gathered the poor to His standards by indiscriminate denunciations of the rich need equally to study the list. Arranged in the order of position and prominence — which is the way that He would never have consented to arrange it — it reached from one end of the social ladder to the other. There were rich men, in plenty, who made no concealment of their admiration for Him and pride in His friendship. A Roman centurion in Capernaum was one; the wife of the steward of Herod, and probably the steward himself, welcomed Him to their home whenever He could come. Some wealthy man, the owner of an estate on the Mount of Olives, threw it open to Him as a place of retirement when He was in Jerusalem. Did He require an upper room in which to give a dinner to His disciples? He had only to send word to one of His well to do friends and the room was set aside for Him. When at last His enemies had done their worst and His body hung

limp and mutilated on the cross, it was a rich man who came to carry Him away to the finely-finished tomb prepared for his own burial.

From the plane of these wealthy companions the line of His friendship cut down through every stratum of society to the very bottom. There were Pharisees and fishermen; rulers of the Synagogue and street-walkers, shepherds, merchants, day laborers, and even those utterly despised classes, the publicans and the Samaritans. What motley array of social outcasts may have been included in the phrase "and sinners" with which the respectable members of society were always careful to conclude the list of His followers, we can only conjecture.

And the children. Sincerity and patience and a happy disposition draw them as irresistibly as the pole draws the compass. They were always with Him; and He was never too busy or too weary to welcome them. When, after a hard day, He had seated Himself for a little rest, and the disciples were endeavoring to send away the mothers so eager to crowd

about Him with their little ones, He reproved their effort. "Suffer the little children to come unto me," He said, "and forbid them not: for of such is the Kingdom of Heaven." Some of the finest of His teachings were uttered while He sat with a child in His lap; they felt even more subtly than their elders the charm and cheer of His presence and responded to it just as eagerly.

How — from a study of this freest, most joyous life—men could have found justification for asceticism, for a withdrawal from the world and a bitter scorn of its pleasures; how they could have dared to bury His ringing laughter under the cold walls of a monastery, is one of the great, tragic mysteries of all time. His very speech was teeming with the keenness of His joy in life. He drew no lessons from the Synagogue, nor pointed morals from the dull formalism of religious practise. His stories were of a sower who went forth to sow, singing his song as he went; of a man who made a banquet and invited a great company of guests. He Himself, in His discourses, was the "bread of

life” which a man might eat and never again be hungry.

Four disciples set down their impression of His life and teachings; and every page of their writings is a testimony that in social grace, in all that makes a genial companion and a lovable man among men, their Master stood preeminent among all the men of the world. But we are not left to form our judgment from their biased testimonies. In the troubled last days of His ministry the chief priests and scribes sent out officers and men to arrest Him. These mingled with the crowd of His hearers for a while, felt the charm of His presence, the rich warmth of His voice, the wonderful appeal of His words, and returned shamefaced to their employers.

“Why didn’t you bring Him?” the chief priests and the Pharisees demanded angrily.

And the officers had no real excuse to present. “You should hear Him yourself,” was all they could say, “and you’d understand. Never man so spake.”

V

“*AND BESOUGHT HIM*”

IT is something of an axiom in the business world that the bigger a man is the more easily is he accessible. The man of small affairs and little responsibilities is most swelled by the sense of his own importance; once elude the vigilant swarm of these little ones who occupy space in outer offices, and you find the chief executive, almost always, a man affable, courteous, and considerate of suggestions.

Measured by this standard of greatness the reformers of the world have not always appeared to special advantage. The mass of humanity, with whose salvation they have charged themselves, has weighed too heavily upon their time and conscience to allow any attention to the individual. When they have had a thought they have demanded an audience commensurate with it. To cast their

pearls before a single listener, when but one lifetime is given them in which to save the world, has generally seemed to them an inexcusable waste of their substance. If there are reporters present they will talk; otherwise they are too busy.

Away from this worried, bustling crowd of those who have sought to carry out some particular bit of His program without any deference whatever to His method, one turns with relief to the Young Man of Galilee Himself — the one reformer in history who was never hurried, never oppressed with a sense of His own importance, never too busy to talk to anybody who really wanted to see Him. The number and variety of His friends, the magic compulsion of His personality, are an enigma unless we have learned with what bands of personal attention and courteous consideration He bound those friends to Him. The man who wanted to see Him was always the man whom He wanted to see. Some of His richest thoughts were uttered in the Sermon on the Mount before a vast audience; but others, equally precious, were

poured out into the ears of single listeners, sometimes of the meanest intelligence. So great was His respect for the miracle of human personality, so sacred was every atom of human life to Him, that no one who "besought Him to come down" ever sought in vain.

He was going back from Jerusalem after His first great day of triumph, a day in itself sufficient to have destroyed the sense of proportion and balance of most men, and, coming to Jacob's Well, He sat down. His disciples had dropped behind at one of the villages to purchase food. He was alone therefore when a Samaritan woman came out of the neighboring city to draw water. Even to notice a woman on the street was a serious infraction of the code of the Pharisees: those righteous gentlemen were accustomed to turn their faces to the wall when a woman passed. To accost a Samaritan, man or woman, was to be accursed. The woman was well enough aware of the Jewish prejudice and prepared to meet it with a prejudice equally proud and scornful. To her utter astonishment the Young Man spoke to her.

They talked for perhaps half an hour. The disciples, returning with food, could not conceal their dismay at finding Him so engaged, and at His announcement that He had accepted the invitation of the friends of the woman, who were residents in the city, to remain with them two days. Important business waited in Galilee; and His followers were eager to be back among their friends with reports of the great success in Jerusalem. That He should allow His simple fondness for folks to turn Him aside into a foreign and outcast city at such a time, when the report of it was certain to be circulated to the prejudice of His work, was to them inexplicable.

They would have been even more non-plussed had they known what had passed between the woman and the Young Man during their talk together. For to that single ignorant listener, whose mind seemed utterly incapable of grasping the most fundamental precepts, He had stated one of the sublimest truths of His ministry. "Your people say that God ought to be worshiped in this

mountain," He had told her, "and the Jews say that Jerusalem is the place divinely ordained for worship. But as a matter of fact it doesn't make any difference. God is spirit and they that worship Him must worship Him in spirit and in truth."

In the light of that great utterance men have reconstructed their whole idea of God and religion and worship. Any other reformer would have wanted to speak it to an audience of a thousand, or to have written it in a book, lest it should be forgotten and lost to the world. The idea never occurred to the Young Man of Galilee. Here was an audience of one, a child of God eternally precious; He gave her the best that He had in response to her particular need, bestowing one of the richest gems of His whole teaching upon her, a Samaritan and a woman.

To be sure He allowed Himself regular periods of solitude, when, alone with His God, He might recruit His strength and prepare Himself for the new demands that would be made upon Him. But during practically all the days of His ministry He was forever

available to any man, woman, or child who needed help. He might be in the city, or traveling from village to village or resting at the home of a friend — it made no difference. He could be reached, and was reached by those who sought Him, sometimes in moments when His whole spirit cried out for rest.

In the beginning of the third period of his ministry, when the clouds were thickening about Him, He had left the beloved shores of the Sea of Galilee for the only journey that He ever made into the ancient cities of Tyre and Sidon. The best friend whom He had on earth, His cousin, John the Baptist, had been slain by the hand of Herod, and the blow had caused Him infinite sorrow. Though His faith was undimmed, His hearty laugh rang out less freely in the months that succeeded; the smile, ever ready on His lips and always tender, became often very wistful. The common people no longer “heard Him gladly.” He was sensible that a period of crisis had been reached in His public work, and there were moments when the visions of His own cross loomed suddenly and vividly before Him.

The opposition, which had thus far been hidden beneath the great wave of His popularity, rose to the surface, emboldened by John's defeat. He felt it in the cities where He had done His best work and met His largest successes. Galilee grew cold; Capernaum, "His own city" which He had loved most, began to doubt Him; and Bethsaida and Chorazin, cities that had seen the mightiest of His miracles, no longer responded to His call. Brooding over all these things, and wanting more than anything else to be alone that He might think and plan and pray, He turned aside into Tyre, "and entered into a house and would have no man know it."

"But He could not be hid." Straightway a woman He had never seen, a foreigner who had not the slightest claim upon Him, came and fell down at His feet to pour out the bitter story of her daughter's illness. The child had been sick from infancy, and the poor woman, having tried without result all the crude remedies which the science of the age provided, crowded herself in upon Him and demanded help. She received it: the daughter

was healed. He on whose heart was then cast the burden and care of the whole world was not too preoccupied nor too weary to give Himself to a single soul in distress.

Some months later, when He was nearing Jerusalem for the last time, knowing what was before Him, a blind man, named Bartimæus, a beggar, saw Him and called His name. "Jesus," he called, "oh, Jesus, thou son of David, have mercy on me."

The disciples were angry. They had never seen their Lord so preoccupied. Though they could only vaguely conjecture what was passing in His mind, they knew by the way that He walked ahead of them, alone, and by the silence which had taken the place of His genial conversation, that He was sorely troubled. They hurried over to the side of the beggar man and rebuked him sharply for his impudence, bidding him be still and leave the Great Man to His thoughts. But the mind which for three years had made itself sensitive to every slightest whisper of need heard the call even through its cloud of worry and preoccupation. The Young Man stopped

quietly in the road, and turning, said, "Call ye him."

In an instant the beggar was before Him, having dropped his garment in his eagerness. The Young Man looked down at him and in that moment the dirty, unkempt, cringing figure became more important to Him than all the burden of His care for the world.

"What is it," He asked, "that you want Me to do for you?"

The blind man replied, "Rabboni, that I should receive my sight."

Over the Young Man's face spread the smile which had carried healing with it wherever it had shone, and He said, "Go thy way: thy faith hath made thee whole."

The inevitable crowd had gathered. It was known which way He was to pass, and the streets were lined with people on every side. One little man, a publican who had grown rich in the collection of taxes in Jericho, knowing that he could not see over the heads of the crowd, had run ahead and climbed up into a tree. The most that he had hoped was that he might catch a glimpse of the wonder-

ful Young Man in the street; he had known too well his own unpopularity and the prejudice of the Jews against his class to expect anything more than that. He saw the crowd approaching, a group of boys racing before, the people pushing into the street from all sides, and finally the Young Man Himself. Nearer He came, and nearer; suddenly to the astonishment of the little man in the tree He stopped almost beneath its branches, and calling him by name said:

“Zacchæus, come down; to-day I must abide at thy house.”

Zacchæus could hardly believe his ears; that he of all the men in the city should be so honored before the whole multitude was almost incredible. Trembling with eagerness, he came down before the crowd, which for once was too dumbfounded to display its antagonism toward him, and with joy such as he had never before known led the Young Man away to be his guest.

It had been years since anyone had even spoken kindly to Zacchæus, to say nothing of accepting his hospitality. In the warm glow

of the Young Man's companionship all that was best in his tortured, sympathy-starved nature asserted itself. Leaning over to his guest, he said,

“Behold, Lord, I am going to give half of my goods to the poor; and if I have wrongfully extorted of any man I will restore fourfold.”

And the Young Man who in a few days was to give not merely His goods but His life for the poor, smiled and answered,

“To-day is salvation come to this house.”

After that He “went on before them, going up to Jerusalem,” completing the hardest, most bitter journey which any young man has ever had to make. But the people who met Him by the way were not aware that the journey was bitter: the smile which greeted them when they stopped Him gave no evidence of the strife that was going on within. For each one who hailed Him received the very choicest care that the Young Man had to give; in the moment of their conversation together, the petty need of each chance acquaintance was of more importance than the awful problem of His own life and death.

VI

“*GENERATION OF VIPERS*”

IT was a weary world on which Jesus had looked out over the sides of His manger-cradle; just how weary He came to realize better during the thirty years of His life as the member of an impoverished peasant family. The cloud of Rome's greed hung over the whole earth, obscuring the sun of ambition and hope; the East, including Galilee, had for generations been the treasure-chest of every Roman adventurer whose fortunes needed recouping. One army after another overran its fertile fields and pillaged its treasuries, until hope had been blurred out of all life, and self-respect was dead.

Of what use was it to be ambitious? The larger the prosperity the more sure to attract the covetous glance of the despoiler. Why seek for an increased crop or a growing herd? The greater the increase the heavier the taxes.

Added to the extortions of the priests and the insatiable demands of the Herods came the decree of Cæsar that "all the world should be taxed." More money must be forthcoming from the groaning proletaire to provide the Roman holiday, or rather the one hundred holidays, the third of every year, which Rome had hallowed to dissipation. Like a great beast she lay along the banks of the Tiber, sucking the blood of the whole world; and from its farthest corners came a sullen roar of hatred, as men beheld their slender flocks cut in two, their household goods pillaged, their sons carried off to be pitted against the sons of their neighbors in the arena, their daughters snatched away to be made the playthings of some pleasure-sated Roman lord.

The world was not merely economically exhausted; it was spiritually dead. In its first days Rome had professed a religion, but long since that religion had fallen into decay as a useless encumbrance to a "practical" people. To be sure, its forms were still in evidence, but they were forms alone. The priests in Rome sold their auguries to the

highest bidder, emperors disported themselves with the Vestal Virgins, and at the contests in the arena, where sometimes hundreds of gladiators met death in a single day, these Virgins occupied a box especially set apart for them. Though no temple was erected to Money in the great city, Money none the less, as Tacitus has pointed out, was the only real god. Everything was subordinated to a rapacious greed for wealth which left no place for any other motive. The world was covered with an everlasting twilight in which the men and women moved about wearily, too trod upon to think; too soul-sick to plan.

Against all this bitterness of oppression the hot young blood of Jesus rose rebelliously. To Him the one sacred and worth-while thing in the world was personality; every single soul, every man and woman, was a thing mystical, wonderfully capable of divine possibilities. That the world should have been handed over bodily to a little group of degenerates on the Tiber, who had coined men's souls into dollars and ground the precious stuff of manhood and womanhood

into the dust and ashes of palaces, and villas, and arenas, and temples, and mere wealth — all this was to Him the vilest sacrilege. He needed not that any man should tell Him the conditions: He Himself had grown up in a peasant home and felt the pinch of poverty. When His father and mother had taken Him up to the Temple at the age of twelve for dedication, they had been compelled, by their want, to substitute two pigeons for the usual sacrifice of a young kid. He had never forgotten that, nor the bitter shame of His parents because of their necessity. The beginnings of His own public ministry had been delayed until after His thirtieth year — a long time in a country where men mature in their teens — for the demands of a family of growing children had kept Him at home until they were able to look after themselves. It may be, indeed, that His surrender of the privileges of marriage was a sacrifice laid upon Him by the burdens which His father's death had entailed. For there are unmarried men, He once said, who were born incapable of marriage: and there are others who have

voluntarily foregone the privileges of marriage for the Kingdom of Heaven's sake. Was He speaking out of His own experience when He said it? Did there lie back in Nazareth the memory of some defeated romance of His earlier life, crushed to death, like too many other joys, by the hand of poverty made ruthless by extortion? We can only conjecture.

He had Himself seen the woman, of whom He told, who, having gathered together a petty sum of ten pieces of silver, lost one and swept the house feverishly from top to bottom until she found it; He had seen the man with the slender flock of a hundred sheep, who trudged all night long through briars and brush to recover the single wanderer. The poor householder stirred out of bed by an unexpected guest and compelled to beg three loaves of bread from his neighbor was a character easily recognized by His listeners, in whose experience empty cupboards were the rule rather than the exception. The laborers in His parable, who, when asked "Why stand ye here all the day idle?" had answered, "Be-

cause no man hireth us," and who eagerly accepted the offer of work at a penny a day, were represented in large numbers in the crowds that followed Him. They were not in slavery — as nearly one half the population of the civilized world was at the time — but they might nearly as well have been. In the attitude of the well to do members of their own race, the Pharisee and the Scribe and the lawyer, there was the same disdain and contempt which well-bred Romans felt for their bondsmen. "Out of Galilee," said the Pharisees sneeringly, "arise no prophet." Samaria was a "city of fools." "This multitude that knoweth not the law" — all the great mass of artisans, small farmers, day laborers, publicans, and sinners, the multitude to whom Jesus belonged and whose prophet He was — "this multitude is accursed."

Insurgency in our day has become the easy and popular thing. To revolt is to have one's picture published in the magazines; insurrection is punished with publicity. Nobody dies for his faith or perishes leading a hopeless crusade for the recovery of his shrines; burn-

ings at the stake have long since passed out of fashion, and even were they to occur, their terrors would be mitigated, at least, by the consoling presence of the moving-picture camera. But in the days of Tiberius and Herod, he who lifted his voice against the greed and oppression of the System, did so at the imminent risk of his life. The Young Man of Galilee knew precisely what it meant to be an insurgent, if not at the very beginning of His ministry, at least before He had progressed very far. He had seen the fate of some insurgents with His own eyes. In His first impressionable years a certain Judas, a patriot Galilean made mad by the tyrannies laid upon his people, had risen in revolt, and several thousand had flocked to his banner. The memory of it must have been with Jesus like a restless dream throughout the days of His own protest. For the Romans had made short work of Judas. Two legions had stamped down upon Galilee. For weeks the sky was black with the smoke of burning villages; and every roadside was made horrible with the writhing forms of the men

nailed on crosses in warning to the rest of their kind.

It needed no one to tell the Young Man of Galilee the cost of revolt. He knew both the cost and the penalty. While greed and extortion were crushing out the souls of men, He who had come to make them conscious of their divinity could not be silent. "Think not," He said to His disciples, "that I am come to bring peace into the world. I am not come to bring peace but a sword." And to those who sought to cast their lot with Him He made no concealment of the danger. "If any man would come after me, he must be prepared to take up his cross and follow me." He and His disciples went forth as "sheep among wolves," knowing full well the danger and inevitable consequence. Yet they went.

How He struck His first blow at the very heart of the wicked System we have already seen in the opening chapter. The sin of the Temple rulers consisted not merely in the extortion of more than \$3,500,000 from the poor a year — there issued from the Temple also that hateful spirit which regarded all the

race outside of the narrow confines of Pharisaism as “accursed,” the spirit against which the resentment of Jesus burned most hotly. One can imagine how His first messages must have fallen like oil on the smoldering spirits of the oppressed classes. He told them that He had come to preach the Kingdom of Heaven, and that they — sinners, social outcasts, harlots, publicans, out of whom all vestige of hope and self-respect had been crushed — were to enter into that Kingdom in advance of the Scribes and Pharisees. He told them that God was their relative, their Father, and that each one of them was equal in His sight with the greatest and most powerful of the world. To the poor He said, “Yours is the Kingdom of Heaven”: to the meek and downtrodden He promised that they should “inherit the earth.” On the rich and powerful, who had grown great through oppression, He poured out warnings of destruction.

“Woe unto you that are rich,” He said, “for ye have received your consolation.”

“Woe unto you, ye that are full now: for ye shall hunger.”

“Woe unto you, ye that laugh now: for ye shall mourn and weep.”

He sowed that leaven of democracy which in every age since has proved the most powerful inspirer of self-respect and the most active fomenter of revolt. “You are God’s special care,” He told them, “not a hair of your heads can be touched without His knowledge. He has commissioned Me to preach the Kingdom of Heaven among you. I am His son. You are His sons and daughters; believe in Me and you shall see Him. I am come to you to preach deliverance to the captive: to declare the acceptable year of the Lord.”

It was terrible language, viewed from the standpoint of those who lived by oppression, and from whose minds there was never absent the haunting fear of a peasant revolt. Its syllables echoed from Galilee to Judea, from the Temple to the Palace of Herod, and inside the Palace, where the servile tyrant heard and quaked at their sound. Thirty years before, his father had learned from Galilee disquieting news of the birth of a child who was hailed by the populace as a

promised deliverer. "When Herod the King heard it he was troubled, and all Jerusalem with him." The father had been a man of magnificent nerve, capable of dealing vigorously with rebels of any sort; the son was a weakling, forever trembling between dread of the Romans on one hand and of the people, who hated him, on the other—a creature of intrigue and stealth. His very existence was dependent upon his success in keeping the soul of the nation dead: when therefore he heard that a strange young man was preaching in the North country, denouncing him, as John the Baptist had done, using the very phrase of John—"generation of vipers"—in describing those who were the bulwarks of his power, the report shook his petty being to its foundations. "It is John the Baptist," he moaned, "whom I beheaded." And he immediately took counsel against Jesus how he could kill Him.

Jesus knew it. He was aware that He could not hope to kindle a new spirit of hope and faith in the people without engendering revolt against the unrighteous rule of Herod, and so

inviting His own destruction. For a time He attempted to discourage any uprising; He disclaimed all desire for a temporal Messiahship. To those zealous partisans who would have made Him king He answered flatly that they could not look to Him to follow in the footsteps of Judas and lead a futile uprising. But the wonderful seed of His democracy had been too well sown. Between Herod and Himself, with His gospel of divine sonship, there could be no compromise. He sought none. "In that very hour there came certain Pharisees saying to Him, 'Get Thee out and go hence for Herod would fain kill Thee!'"

Rising to the full height of His splendid stature the Young Man of Galilee flung back His answer in a voice loud enough so that all the crowd might hear it, beginning with the words, "Go tell that fox —"

"That fox." The phrase, so aptly descriptive of Herod's cringing nature swept through Galilee and Judea and all the provinces. It was a bit of insurgent rhetoric which for the courage involved in it is hardly equalled in history.

But Herod was not the only oppressor against whom His wrath was kindled. The priests, the Scribes and Pharisees — all that self-righteous, disdainful aristocracy whose activities centered at the Temple — were possessed of great power. Much of the distress which the people suffered was caused by their exactions. From the day when He had struck at them in their tenderest spot — the monopolies and vested interests which yielded their income — they did not cease to pursue Him. With an implacable hatred they dogged His footsteps with informers, sought to entrap Him by sharp questions, and plotted “how they might take Him.” He accepted their enmity as a justifiable feature of His ministry, and met their assaults with courage that never wavered.

Did they invite Him to their tables, and seek there to entrap Him into some damaging statement which might be used against Him? He turned upon them, in their own houses, with the most outspoken denunciation:

“Woe unto you, Scribes and Pharisees, hypocrites; because ye shut the Kingdom of

Heaven against men; for ye enter not in yourselves, neither suffer them that are entering in to enter.

“Woe unto you lawyers, for ye load men with burdens grievous to be borne, and yourselves touch not the burdens with one of your fingers.”

And in the hearing of all the people He said: “Beware of the Scribes which desire to walk in long robes and love salutations in the marketplaces, and chief seats at the synagogues and chief places at the feasts; which devour widows' houses and for a pretence make long prayers: these shall receive the greater condemnation.”

The Scribes, the Pharisees, the lawyers, and Herod — they were all “loading the people with burdens grievous to be borne”; they were all “devouring widows' houses”; and He poured out His denunciation upon them in equal measure. He had not come to preach economic deliverance nor to captain a social revolution, but He was a Son of Man — not of any special man, but just the common, poor, eternally-oppressed man, disdained

by the oligarchy — and in behalf of His own class and of the poor and despoiled everywhere He lifted up His voice against the powerful oppressing element in the nation. Even when it meant, as He knew, that He must lay down His life as the price of His words.

There came a time when the people deserted Him, impatient because He would not throw the spiritual message of His ministry to the winds and lead them in arms against their material enemies; when many of His disciples walked with Him no more, and it grew safe for His persecutors to pursue in the open the attacks which they had hitherto urged against Him privately. He sensed more quickly than anyone else the change in the situation, and knew its portent for Him. There was plenty of time for Him to save Himself; indeed, on any night during His final week He might have slipped off from His retreat in the Mount of Olives to retirement in safety. But instead He walked boldly among them up to the very end, His insurgent spirit unbroken by their threats or the knowledge that they would ultimately prevail against Him. All the last

week He blocked their streets with His crowd, which brushed boisterously against them; and the harshest words which He spoke were said at a meal in one of their own houses.

When they led Him finally before Pilate it was to accuse Him with having stirred up the crowd against Rome and "forbidden men to render tribute to Cæsar," a thing which He had never done. It was in their own private star-chamber session of the Sanhedrin that the real rankling motive for their hatred came out. There they shook their fists at Him in their fury and said, "We heard you say 'I will destroy this Temple that is made with hands and in three days I will build another that is made without hands.'"

The place where they had heard Him say it was in the court of the Temple itself, when He had driven the thieving crowd of their underlings before Him. Not because He had denounced them but because He had struck at their source of revenue were they bent on His destruction; not because they were priests but because they were robbers.

In an age when the wages of protest were death, He raised His voice gladly and without fear, giving utterance to those great truths which have been the inspiration of every succeeding crusade for the rights of men. If the words seem sometimes harsh and jarring, it must be remembered that the abuses against which He hurled them were deep-rooted and cruel, and the consciences that He hoped to stir had been a long time dead in indifference. No gentle rebuke could have availed anything.

In another chapter we shall discover the constructive program which He had for a new social order to be evolved out of the elements of the old. But at this point, with the record of His denunciations before us, we cannot fail to be impressed with the gulf of infinite dimensions which separates the Young Man of Galilee from all the other great economic reformers of history. They have protested against economic wrong because it keeps the great mass of men from having something that they ought to have; His protest was uttered because men, His brothers, were prevented from being something which

they ought to be, the sons and daughters of their Father, God, and heirs with Him in the Kingdom of Heaven. The evils against which He protested have not disappeared. There are still rich and poor, rulers and ruled, oppressors and oppressed. But He put into the hands of the oppressed the weapon with which social righteousness must one day conquer. He taught them to say "Thou shalt not do this thing to me, for I, too, am a child of God."

Thus He stands as the founder and guiding spirit of all unselfish protest against injustice; and youth, in whose hot arteries insurgency dwells, claims Him for its own on that account. But the form of His protest or its language become meaningless, unless clothed with the reverence for human souls that prompted it, a reverence great enough to include even the souls of them whose actions He denounced.

VII

THE OUTSIDE OF THE CUP

NO man could be an economic insurgent in Jesus' day without being a religious insurgent as well. The same system that was responsible for the poverty and distress of the common people had petrified their religion into a cold, formal thing of rites and ceremonies; the same little band of priests and Pharisees were responsible for and profited by the corruption of both the social organization and the religious life. Both had their heart and center in the Temple, that great, glittering monument to a dead faith on whose construction the elder Herod had poured out the lives and treasure of the nation for forty-six years. Jesus had laid the axe to the root of the tree unerringly when He opened His ministry with that dramatic cleansing of the Temple court.

Formalism and ritualism sank their roots deeper every year into the dying faith of the people, sucking what little life-blood remained. The law became a code of petty exactions terrifying in their detail, and grew so complex that it could be mastered only by the little group of Scribes and lawyers in Jerusalem who devoted their whole life to it: they took to themselves great honor because of their rigid observance of every requirement and were vehement in their scorn of the great mass of the people "which knew not the law" and was therefore "accursed." Sixty-four pages in the accepted version of the code were devoted to minute prescriptions as to what might and what might not be done upon the Sabbath. Tithing was carried by the formalists even to the "mint and rue and every herb" that grew about their houses. A large portion of every day was expended in the various ceremonial washings and in prayers made ostentatiously "in the market places" and in deeds done "to be seen of men."

Meanwhile the spirit of real religion was fast dying in the rank and file of the nation:

in its leaders it was already dead. They "made broad their phylacteries" but they despised their fellow men; they made a show of philanthropy, but they employed the letter of their law, as the Young Man of Galilee pointed out to them in scathing language, to "transgress the tradition of God."

"For God said," He repeated to them, "Honour thy father and mother, and he that speaketh evil of father or mother, let him die the death. But ye say, Whosoever shall say to his father or mother, That wherewith thou mightest have been profited in me (the support that you have a right to expect from me) is Corban, that is to say, is given to God — ye no longer suffer him to do aught for his father or mother; making void the word of God by your tradition which ye have delivered; and many such things ye do."

Clearly enough He realized in His youthful idealism that the moral awakening which He strove for could never be accomplished until religion was rid of this cankering mass of tradition and ritual. From the very beginning of His ministry, straight through to the end,

He never ceased to pour forth His burning denunciations of the whole priestly class, who had slain the faith of a people in order to build up a ceremonial law for their own use.

“Woe unto you scribes and Pharisees, hypocrites!” — the words were constantly in His mouth — “for ye tithe mint and anise and cummin and have left undone the weightier matters of the law, judgment and mercy and faith. Ye blind guides which strain at a gnat and swallow a camel.

“Woe unto you scribes and Pharisees, hypocrites! for ye cleanse the outside of the cup and the platter, but within they are full of extortion and excess. Thou blind Pharisee, cleanse first the inside of the cup and the platter, that the outside thereof may become clean also.

“Woe unto you scribes and Pharisees, hypocrites! for ye are like unto whited sepulchers which outwardly appear beautiful but inwardly are full of dead men's bones and of all uncleanness. Even so ye outwardly appear righteous unto men, but inwardly ye are full of hypocrisy and iniquity.

“Woe unto you scribes and Pharisees, hypocrites! for ye build the sepulchers of prophets and garnish the tombs of the righteous, and say, If we had been in the days of our fathers we would not have been partakers with them in the blood of the prophets. Wherefore ye witness to yourselves that ye are sons of those that slew the prophets. Fill ye up then the measure of your fathers. Ye serpents, ye offspring of vipers, how shall ye escape the judgment of hell? Therefore, behold, I send unto you prophets, and wise men, and scribes; some of them shall ye kill and crucify; and some of them shall ye scourge in your synagogues, and persecute from city to city.”

There is not in all literature more scathing excoriation than this. It rises in majesty and intensity through the three years of his public work, until it culminates in the magnificent sentences first quoted above, delivered in the final week of His life almost under the very shadow of the cross. The enthusiasm with which such utterances were received by the common people, who had suffered long under

the intolerance and disdain of the priests and therefore "heard him gladly," was equalled only by the hatred which they engendered in the hearts of those against whom they were hurled. In the earnestness of His protest, His actions and examples spoke even more loudly than His words. So eager was He to establish the truth that real religion is a matter of spirit, purpose, and desire rather than of ritual or presented performance, that He swung His disciples away from every formal act, no matter how harmless, which might crystallize later into a ceremony to plague His faith.

Among all the Jewish religious customs none was more severely enjoined than fasting. As originally instituted by Moses in the wilderness, fasting had unquestionably contributed to the health and vigor of the nation, but it had long since degenerated into a mere religious formality, and was much abused. Nevertheless John had practised fasting and it was his disciples, worried by the good fellowship and convivial habits of Jesus, who had put the question to Him:

“Why do we and the Pharisees fast oft, but Thy disciples fast not?”

In His answer, had they but understood it, He embodied the whole philosophy and purpose of His antagonism to forms and ceremonies.

“No man putteth new wine into old wineskins,” He said, “lest the wineskins burst and the wine be spilled. I must have an entirely new container for my message: the old forms and customs are weak and rotting; if I consent merely to pour my new gospel into them it will not remake them. They will merely burst and my message will be lost in the general ruin.”

When Scribes and Pharisees from Jerusalem came to ask Him, “Why do Thy disciples transgress the tradition of the elders, for they wash not their hands when they eat bread?” His answer was, “Why do ye also transgress the commandment of God because of your tradition? Ye hypocrites,” He continued, “well did Isaiah prophesy of you saying,

This people honoureth me with their lips,
But their heart is far from me,
But in vain do they worship me,
Teaching as their doctrines the precepts of men."

Like the other religious institutions of the nation, the Sabbath and attendance at the Synagogue had become idols whose neglect was punishable with a detailed list of penalties. Some of the bitterest controversies in the life of the Young Man were waged over His refusal to recognize any other necessity on the Sabbath except the divine injunction to rest and to worship. Usually, to be sure, He entered into the Synagogue — "as was His custom — " but not always. Sometimes He would take His disciples for a walk. And if in the course of the excursion they passed through cornfields they did not hesitate to satisfy their hunger, even though by so doing they violated no less than five separate articles of the Jewish law. Again and again the Pharisees came to Him in a towering rage because of His violation of their tradition and nothing in His life illustrates better His supreme mastery of men than the interviews which

followed. For He did not content Himself with mere denunciations of their narrowness: out of His intimate knowledge of history and the literature of His nation, He drew illustrations to support His course, even quoting sometimes their own law to confute them.

“Why do you find fault with my disciples for plucking the ears on the Sabbath?” He inquired in pretended astonishment. “Don’t you remember how David when he was hungry went into the Temple and ate the shew-bread which is not lawful to be eaten by any except the priests? Surely if David was not to be condemned you need not blame me.”

And when they protested because He had healed a sick man on the Sabbath, He said,

“Does not your law allow a man if his sheep or his ass fall into a pit on the Sabbath to pull him out? Is it any less lawful for me to pull this man out of the pit of his infirmity? What is your idea of the law, anyway? Is it lawful on the Sabbath day to do good or to do harm, to save life or to kill? The Sabbath was made for man, not man for the Sabbath.”

They could not answer the logic of His

contentions, but they recognized how fatal His teaching must prove to their religious system and the position of prominence which they enjoyed because of it. Thus shortly after this incident we find the Pharisees (who were ordinarily bitter against the followers of Herod) sinking their personal differences in the overwhelming hatred which both classes had come to feel for this common enemy, and "straightway taking counsel with the Herodians how they might destroy Him."

He did not Himself baptize any of His converts but allowed His disciples to do so, since baptism was a custom with whose significance the people as a whole were familiar, but He apparently attached little importance to it. Indeed He was jealous of any rite or ceremony which might come to attain an undue value, and so weaken the emphasis which He sought to place upon the essentially spiritual quality of religion and worship. His whole life was a living protest against a formalism which had held the human soul in bondage. "God is a spirit: it is not in a mountain or in temples that He would be

worshipped, not with rites or ceremonies, but in the ideals and purposes, the spirit of your life." This was His message — the truth that sets men spiritually free.

Nothing was farther from the desire of the Pharisees and priests than that men should be free; their whole existence was dependent upon a complicated code which kept the spirit of the nation trammelled; if they were to continue to "occupy the chief seats at the feasts," and "receive salutations in the market places," the law must be enforced in its every letter. Once allow a single precept to be questioned and there would be loosed a spirit of interrogation which would not rest until the whole vicious structure should be destroyed. If the Young Man of Galilee, in the first flush of His youthful idealism, failed to realize how insurmountable were the ramparts against which He was striking, the realization was not long delayed. After the death of John the Baptist He no longer deluded Himself with the hope that in His single lifetime the whole nation might be stirred to the beauty of the vision which shone in His own soul.

It was necessary first that seed should be planted and watered with blood.

So, young as He was and throbbing with the joy of life, He offered His life as the final protest against the ritualism and greed and selfishness that were eating out the soul of His people. The system that had sought His destruction emerged triumphant; but its triumph was surprisingly short lived. His work had been too well performed. Within a single generation after He had gone His followers had penetrated into the eternal city itself, the center and heart of all greed and formalism, proclaiming "ye shall know the truth and the truth shall make you free." And in far-off Macedonia the cry was raised, "They that have turned the world upside down have come hither also."

So end the two chapters in which we have walked with the Young Man of Galilee in the hours of His insurgency, hours when His anger blazed hot against intolerance and formalism and extortion and greed. So sacred was human life in His sight, so reverent was

He in the presence of every atom of personality, no matter what its outward dress, that He could not but cry against the infamy that had ground out personality under the wheels of ritualism, and sacrificed souls to a system. Yet here again the ear must guard itself lest a part only of the message be received, lest beneath the flaming syllables, "woe unto you scribes and pharisees, hypocrites," it should fail to hear the gentler tones, "do good to them that hate you, and pray for them that despitefully use you": lest in the tumult that attends the seeming triumph of His adversaries, there should be lost the last words spoken by the lips that had denounced them, "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do."

VIII

“*AS YOURSELF*”

WAS the Young Man of Galilee an Individualist, a Socialist, an Anarchist, a Single Taxer, a Social Settlement Worker, a Communist, a Woman Suffragist? All these cults and a thousand others have laid eager hold upon Him, snatching at this or that sentence in His teachings to support their claim. Can He be classified with one of these groups, or was His social philosophy too broad to be included in any of them? Had He any real social philosophy at all; and if so what is it, and how much guidance does it afford in the myriad problems of our complex modern society?

Nothing is more certain than that He did have a clearly-defined remedy for the evils which He struck at so vigorously, and that He believed its application would heal every social complaint. He was no mere denouncer.

That was John's difficulty. People flocked around John to nod their heads in approval when he characterized the Pharisees and priests as a "generation of vipers," but when they asked him what they were to do about it he was nonplussed. He had nothing to suggest except that those with two coats should divide with those who had none, and that the publicans should cease their extortions and the soldiers refrain from violence. It was an unsatisfactory program: John was as keenly conscious of the fact as were his auditors, and he looked eagerly for the arising of a greater prophet than himself who should lead the people boldly along the rough road which his denunciations had blazed out — and beyond. His wish was not long in being gratified. Within a few weeks the disciples of Jesus were baptizing more than John, and the Pharisees had turned their attention away from him to this new enemy of their privilege.

It required no careful process of reasoning to align the Young Man of Galilee on the side of the poor: He was born on their side; He

grew up a poor peasant, practising a trade which, in common with all other trades and all merchandising, was regarded with disdain and contempt by the well to do. The "common people" who "heard Him gladly" had no need to pour out the story of their privations in His ear: He, too, had gone to bed hungry; He had felt the biting chill of a cold morning; He knew what it was to have "no place to lay His head." The very day of His birth was the day designated by the decree of Cæsar on which "all the world should be taxed"; and often in His youth He must have witnessed the heart-breaking scenes which attended the collection of a tax from some poverty-stricken neighbors. Yet this experience had not embittered Him, nor narrowed His vision. He could always see the other man's point of view: in His virile denunciation of the wealthier classes, He was broadminded enough to recognize exceptions, and to welcome among His friends at least some rich men whose wealth had not destroyed their social consciousness.

Nevertheless He felt, as did every prophet of His race before Him, that surplus wealth is the great impeder of any program for social betterment, and that the gnawing greed for wealth with which the world of His day was eaten was responsible for all of its other troubles. "And the cares of the world, and the deceitfulness of riches," He says, "choke the word, and it becometh unfruitful." "How, hardly, shall they that have riches enter into the Kingdom of God." That sentiment stands out boldly in a number of those story-preachments which were His peculiar method of conveying moral truth.

There was a certain rich man, He said, named Dives, who lived on the fat of the land; and a beggar, Lazarus, was accustomed to lie at the rich man's door and ask for alms. In course of time, Death, the great leveler of all social distinctions, removed them both, Lazarus to his reward, Dives to punishment. Dives in the midst of his distress looked across and seeing Lazarus in Abraham's bosom asked that he might be sent down with a cup of water. The request was refused, not

merely because Dives had received his riches and pleasures in his lifetime, while Lazarus had suffered, but because between the two there was a "great gulf fixed," which neither might cross over.

The story as the Young Man related it did not say that Dives was a bad man, nor that he had gained his wealth dishonestly. The inference is that he had inherited it and had grown up never knowing any other life than that of a well to do idler. Undoubtedly he occasionally threw alms to Lazarus as he passed in and out of his home, and regarded himself as a thoroughly respectable and valued member of society, furnishing employment by his wealth to many laboring men and making occasional routine contributions to the Associated Charities of the city. It was with the bitterest astonishment that he discovered the positions of himself and the beggar reversed in the other world. He had assumed, of course, that he would go on through eternity as he had through time, comfortable, well cared for, deferred to. His sin was not in any actual oppression for which he was re-

sponsible, but in the isolation from his fellow men which his wealth created. It never occurred to him that he had any brotherly responsibility for Lazarus nor for anyone else. The protecting walls of his fortune drew in closer upon him as years passed, narrowing his vision. He became more firmly convinced of the divine right of money, more certain that he and his kind were the bulwarks of society, more impatient at any voice that was lifted in behalf of the rights of men as against the rights of property. The gulf between himself and Lazarus was not one arbitrarily created in an after life. He himself had created it in the selfish enjoyment of his wealth; it had grown with the shrinking in upon itself of his own nature, until it was impassable.

A clean-cut, fine-featured young fellow ran up to the Young Man one day, and kneeling before Him said, "Good Master, what shall I do to inherit eternal life?" And the Young Man said,

"You know the commandments — do not kill, do not commit adultery, do not steal, do

not bear false witness, do not defraud, honour thy father and mother."

The inquirer smiled happily. "Master," he said, "I have done all these things from my youth up."

And Jesus loved him; he was so genuine in his enthusiasm, so apparently eager to lead a life of respectable usefulness.

"One thing thou lackest," He replied, "go sell whatsoever thou hast, and give to the poor, and thou shalt have treasure in Heaven; and come, follow me."

"But his countenance fell at the saying and he went away sorrowful, for he was very rich."

Jesus, looking after him pityingly, as he walked away, said to His disciples, "How almost impossible it is for a man that has riches to enter into the Kingdom of Heaven."

That wealth cuts a man off from his fellows and so unfits him for the exercise of brotherhood, and that the greed for wealth is the root of all social evil — these were the Young Man's convictions, oft reiterated. To the Pharisees who were "lovers of money" He

told the parable of the Unjust Steward with its solemn warning, "No man can serve two masters, for either he will hate the one and love the other; or else he will hold to the one and despise the other. Ye cannot serve God and Mammon." The whole ancient world, from Cæsar down, might have seen itself pictured in the story of the man who in his eagerness to grow richer, "tore down his barns that he might build greater" and had pronounced upon him the searching question, "What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul?"

"It shall not be so among you," said the Young Man of Nazareth, pointing to the bitter spectacle of a society wearied and desolated in its madness after riches and sensual pleasure. "Whosoever will be great among you let him be your minister; and whosoever shall be chiefest shall be servant of all. For even the Son of Man came not to be ministered unto but to minister." It shot through the turgid atmosphere of that self-serving, loveless world like the cleansing flash of lightning — this law of service, which

was to rule the new social order. If a man would hold the highest place let him be the greatest servant; not the greatest menial, the greatest butler, or the greatest footman; but the greatest servant, as Edison has been, or as Lincoln was. If any man have wealth, let him regard himself as his brother's keeper, a trustee of Almighty God.

Wealth, said the Young Man, is like every other talent: the man who is most richly endowed is required by God to render the largest return. And He illustrated it by the story of a wealthy man, who, departing into a far country, gave to each of his servants a certain sum of money in trusteeship, until he should return. When the day of reckoning arrived it was found that some servants had employed their gifts to such good advantage as to double them in their master's interest. These were promoted, and having been faithful in small trusts were given larger ones. To those, however, who had done badly no reward was given, and the single servant who because he had had but one talent had thought it not worth while to make any effort at all,

was stripped of even the little that he had, and suffered severe condemnation. Whatever the amount of possession, either material or mental, it is a loan from God, to be employed with the utmost efficiency in the service of His children. According as a man serves his fellow men shall he have honor — this, said the Young Man, is the whole law and the prophets.

It is easy to pick His teachings to pieces and to find in them commendation for this modern propaganda or that. He who said “it is better that a millstone were hung around your neck and you were drowned in the sea than that you should blight the lives of one of these little children,” would unquestionably align himself with the foes of child labor. Hanging His whole social hope as He did upon the preservation of the family, it seems sure that the Young Man, if He were living today, would take an exceedingly conservative attitude on the question of divorce; certainly He would do His utmost to end the exploitation of the labor of women in industry. He who defined adultery not alone as a physical

act, but as impurity of mind as well would loose the vials of His wrath upon those that share in the blood-profits of the white slave traffic.

All this and much else one may conjecture as to His attitude on modern social problems, citing His own words in proof. Yet it may properly be questioned whether the Young Man of Galilee, were He at work today, would scatter His energies very much in propaganda aimed against specific evils. He did not do so in His three years in Palestine. There were robbery, and social crime, and a hundred other problems in that day, no one of which is specifically dealt with in His discourses. His work, as He conceived it, was not to form committees to deal with the varied shortcomings of life individually, but to create in those with whom He came into contact a new heart and to renew a right spirit within them. To this end He devoted Himself with a fixed purpose that never wavered. The new heart, and the right spirit, He knew — if He inspired them in a sufficient number of people — would banish greed with all its

attendant evils and usher in the brighter day of the brotherhood of man.

So He said to Martha, who was doubtless a member of a score of synagogue committees, and sewing societies and tenement commissions and working-girls' leagues, and was "cumbered with much serving": "Martha, Martha, thou art anxious and troubled about many things, but one thing is needful. Seek ye first the Kingdom of Heaven; and this is the law of the Kingdom — to love the Lord thy God, and thy neighbor as thyself."

Not "more than thyself," as some preachers in their over-emphasis would have it inferred. The Young Man of Galilee was first of all a preacher of self-respect, in a world out of which self-respect had been almost crushed by greed and intolerance.

"You are to love yourself," the Young Man would say, "for you, too, are a member of the Kingdom of Heaven. To debase yourself in the service of your neighbor is to do injury to a child of God as truly as though you sinned against another. But having developed a wholesome self-respect, a right-

eous love for yourself as a child of God, you are to love your neighbor with an equal affection. Loving him, you will be a good citizen, because the efficiency of the various activities of your city and state — its schools and police and health — is essential to your neighbor's happiness and to yours. Loving him, you will not underpay nor overwork his son' who is in your office, nor mislead his daughter, nor defraud him of his lands nor covet his goods. You will extend the circumference of your sympathies until it becomes a horizon, embracing the whole world of God's children. Thus men shall come to know God by His love exemplified in you, and 'seeing your good works shall glorify your Father who is in Heaven.'”

It seemed a singularly simple program with which to replace the complicated system of economic wrong which He protested against; and yet the world has not yet grown beyond it. “Love the Lord thy God, and thy neighbor as thyself,” is still the social gospel of those who cherish the purest, widest vision of the social future of the race. It is His whole

economic message compressed into a single sentence. And to every program or movement for social betterment, in proportion as it partakes of the spirit of this Gospel, He contributes a sympathetic and virile allegiance.

IX

“FIRST THE KINGDOM OF HEAVEN”

IT is hardly fair to the Young Man of Galilee to separate His social and His religious teachings even by putting them into different chapters. His whole thirty-three years was spent in an effort to erase the artificial barrier which men had erected between religion and life, to show that all right living is worship, that the full-hearted enjoyment of a social occasion is no less religious than attendance on a church service, that man may push a plane to the glory of God as truly as he may preach a sermon. Yet books have to be divided into chapters or no one would read them — and in this chapter we want to set down in the fewest possible words just what it was that the Young Man of Galilee left His carpenter’s bench to say about religion and about God.

We have seen already how His youthful

idealism flamed against the religious system which had debased the simple faith of the prophets into the bloodless formalism of the Temple worship; and how almost the very first act of His public life was to strike a ringing blow at that system. He found the ten commandments of Moses pulverized into more than six hundred petty "thou shalt" and "thou shalt not"; the priests and Temple given over to doctrine and to greed while the people perished; the nation blinded and being led by the blind. He had seen how the same condition had repeated itself again and again in Jewish history, one prophet after another arising with his "Thus saith Jehovah thy God" and attempting to call the nation away from form and back to faith.

"Bring no more vain oblations: incense is an abomination to me: the new moons and Sabbaths, the callings of assemblies, I cannot away with; it is iniquity, even the solemn meeting: your new moons and your appointed feasts my soul hateth."

So Jehovah had said through the mouth of Isaiah his prophet, and the words must have

vibrated through the Young Man's soul on every visit into the pandemonium of the Temple. It was inconceivable to Him that the educated men and women of His time could have studied their own literature to so little purpose; could have mumbled over the writings of the prophets until they knew them by heart and still have gathered nothing whatever of the prophets' clear, simple picture of the nature of God.

“He hath showed thee, O man, what is good,” said Micah; “and what doth Jehovah require of thee, but to do justly, and to love kindness, and to walk humbly with thy God?”

In that paragraph the Young Man found summarized all the teaching which the prophets had striven to din into the ears of the people since the days of Moses; starting with that He built His own teaching, the purest, most simple, most satisfying conception of God and religion that the world has ever known. To the confused and embittered disputes that raged all about Him, to the heated contentions about duties and rites, heaven and hell,

the saved and the unsaved, He applied one all-powerful dissolvent. "When ye pray," He said, "say 'Our Father.'"

Pretty nearly all His religious teaching may be summarized in those two words: certainly *all* of it, if we add to them these also, "Seek ye first the Kingdom of God and his righteousness." Once catch the vision of His full meaning in these simple phrases, and you have the whole message which He came to bring; the message that, distorted into a thousand creeds, still lives to give vitality to the church and to religion.

"God is your father," He told that soul-sick, oppressed crowd that jostled about Him on the shores of Galilee, and the words blew down into the spirits of each one of them, clear to the bottom, where there yet smoldered a tiny flickering ember of self-respect, and fanned it into flame. They had never been told such gospel as that, such good news, for that is what "gospel" means. They had heard themselves spoken of as "accursed" and as "outside the law," as "fools," and "slaves," for so long a time as almost to believe they

were. Here was one who told them that they were children of God, that not a hair of their heads could be touched without His knowledge, that they might enter into the Kingdom of Heaven before the scribes and Pharisees. Those who wonder why the common people of that day "heard Him gladly," while the common people of this day pass by the church, may find here some gleam of light. People are interested always in news: what that crowd of tired-eyed Galileans heard was the greatest news that had ever come into the world. Human nature has not changed. When the Church has news to give, men will crowd its doorways and stand before it in the streets.

"God is your father," He said, and the inference was very plain. "If you say you believe that to be true, and do not respect yourself, do not hold your own personality in sacred reverence as a thing of supreme concern to the Maker of the world, you are deceiving yourself — you do not really believe it — you are not really my friend; you cannot properly call yourself a Christian."

“God is your father.” If you say you believe that and are not happy; if you do not greet the morning sun with a smile on your lips; if you do not fill every day with the most joyous wholesome good time; if you have not the reputation of being the best and happiest man on your street, you only half believe in your heart what your lips repeat.

The chief business of a father is to love his children, said the Young Man. Your Father loves you; in making this world He has done the best He knows how to provide a place that will give you a lifelong good time. If you do not find it good you are hurting Him; every frown that crosses your face, every harsh word that passes your lips, is a criticism of His world, or of one of His children, and strikes deep into His heart. On the other hand every smile is worship; every hearty laugh is a *Te Deum*; every word of praise or hand-shake is a Hallelujah Chorus.

This is the news that the Young Man flashed across the dead sky of that weary, sin-sick, poverty-stricken world; no wonder the crowds hardly allowed Him time to eat in

their eagerness to have Him repeat it. His message had its obligations as well as its benefit. Love is a two-sided business; he who covets its enjoyments must stand ready to fulfil its duties. "You cannot please your Father," said the Young Man, "unless you really love the other members of His family as He loves them. You must learn that there is no such thing as 'common people,' that nothing which God has made is 'common or unclean,' that every human being with which he has clothed a spark of his spirit is to him sacred." Any thought or action, any institution or social usage that oppresses one or more of these sacred children, that makes it harder for them to live their lives to the full, to express themselves to the limit of their capacity, is sinful. Whatever cheers and raises up, whether it be a cathedral mass or a ball game, a communion service or a social party, is holy unto the Lord.

"It does not make any difference where you worship God," the Young Man said to the Samaritan woman, "whether in this mountain, as your people are taught, or in

Jerusalem, as the Jews contend. God is a spirit: they that worship Him must do so in spirit, in the real purpose and aim of their lives."

They brought Him one day a poor woman who had been taken in adultery. A very righteous, holier-than-thou crowd of Pharisees and scribes it was that brought her: most of them had not been absent from the Synagogue on a single Sabbath for years; not a single jot nor tittle of the cumbersome law had escaped their obedience; they looked disdainfully on this unschooled carpenter-prophet, this man who associated with publicans and sinners, as they set the cringing, red-faced girl before Him.

"For this crime Moses said that we might stone her," they told Him. "What do you say?"

He did not answer them immediately, but stooped down and wrote on the ground. Perhaps the words He wrote were names of places or people in the city whose memory caused severe discomfort among that smug, accusing company; perhaps He wrote merely

to hide the smile that played across His face as He considered the effect that His reply would produce. Finally He said:

“Let the one among you who is sinless cast the first stone.”

Still He stooped low, and traced with His finger in the sand, and when at length He looked up, every man of them had slunk away leaving the woman there with Him alone.

“Daughter,” He said, “where are they that accuse thee?”

“They are gone,” she answered.

“Is not one left to condemn thee? No? Neither do I condemn thee; go and sin no more.”

He whose soul was stung into hot protest at the long prayers and blatant cant of the Pharisees could find no word of censure for the sin of a shrinking woman — not because the act was un sinful in His eyes, but because He looked behind the act to her shame, the overpowering affection that had carried her off her feet; because any mere act to Him was of secondary importance to the spirit, the thought behind it. “Ye have heard it said,

do not commit adultery," He told them once, "but I say to you that the mere act is nothing; any man who has looked upon a woman in lust hath committed adultery already in his heart." "Moses said, thou shalt not kill, but I say unto you that any man who is angry at his brother, is guilty of murder in his heart; and he that says to his brother in hatred, 'Thou fool' is in danger of hell fire. You have been commanded not to steal, and you think it is enough if you refrain from actual theft; but I tell you that any man who even looks covetously on another man's goods is already a thief." "As a man thinketh in his heart, so he is." God is a spirit: He must be worshiped not by prescribed acts or forms, not by doing this or refraining from that, but in spirit, in the ideal and purpose that actuate the life.

How immediately all the so-called problems of moral conduct fade out in the light of that simple teaching.

Would Jesus go to church today? Undoubtedly; because the Church, in spite of its lack of vision and its shortcomings, stands

for the best in the life of the community and is therefore worthy of help. But He would make it clear that He went to church because He loved His Father — not that He loved His Father because He went to church; that the Church is not the kingdom of heaven, but only a little section of it. He would go to church because He would believe that the Church is capable of great service to the men and women of the day. But should it ever become, what the church in His day had become, a fossilized institution, preying upon its members, maintaining a ritual instead of serving the race, the mere fact that it is labeled “church” and that it says “Lord, Lord” would not hold Him in it. He would arraign it for the betrayal of its trust as scathingly as ever He condemned the priests and scribes of Jerusalem.

Would he play ball on Sunday? He walked always on the Sabbath. If Sunday ball lifts men out of the close air of crowded homes, and the bad environment of saloons into a more vigorous health: if it makes it easier for them to live happily and wholesomely, and to

believe that there is a God who cares for them and wants them to be happy, it seems altogether possible to conceive Him at a Sunday ball game. Would he drink wine? He did, undoubtedly; but it is equally certain that with the bitter record of the saloon's extortion and destruction, He would today not merely refrain from drink but would fling Himself unsparingly into the crusade that would end this fearful curse forever. Would he tithe His income? Would He run a union shop? Would He favor votes for women? Would He do this and that and the other thing?

Ask Him these questions, and He would doubtless reply,

“Ye know the commandments. Seek ye first the kingdom of heaven. Do these things hasten the coming of the kingdom or retard it? Do they make life easier and happier and more joyous for the children of God, or harder and more miserable? Do they lift men's eyes up, stir their ambitions, raise their hopes, and make them conscious of their eternally precious heritage as heirs of God, or is their effect destructive to the best that is

in men? Love your God and your neighbor, and all of these problems will answer themselves."

Above all, He would be joyous if He were here on earth again. That much is certain. He would not cease to preach the glad news that "God is not the God of the dead but of the living" and that they who are most keenly alive are they who share most fully in His divinity. There is no key to which the doors of Heaven swing open more readily than the music of a hearty laugh. The truth that He came to declare imposes no wearying burdens: He came to "set men free." His yoke is easy — the simple expression of one's best self in love to God and to the men and women and children in the world, every one of whom is equally a child of God. He who glories in the sunshine, whose heart is lifted at every manifestation of beauty — whether in trees or flowers, or a river's sparkle, or a cathedral's arch — praises God. He who is never too busy to do a kind thing to the man or woman nearest, who does it not because it is commanded or from any sense of duty, but

because it is the spontaneous expression of a life filled full with love, is a brother of the Young Man of Galilee — a Christian. For in the stead of six hundred laws and precepts He gave His own two-sentence gospel:

“Seek ye first the kingdom of God and His righteousness,” and “Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me.”

This is the whole law and the prophets.

X

THE MAN WHO COULD HAVE BEEN KING

BECAUSE what He *was* is so vastly more important than what He *did*, we have somewhat disregarded the chronology of the life of the Young Man of Galilee. His strength, His courage, His warm social nature, His insurgency, His mastery over men and His leadership as expressed in a constructive social and religious program — all these elements in His character have been so long omitted or pressed into the background that it is proper for us to have thrown them into the forefront of our portrait. Yet the chronology is important; it too has been neglected. Men have been taught to think of His life as though it had no well-defined stages of progress, as though He had made no mental growth during the three years of His public

work, but had started with the purpose of proclaiming certain ideas, and had died without modifying those ideas in any way nor adding to them. As though, indeed, His life was no real life at all, but a bit of stage-play in which He had seen the end from the beginning, and had proceeded to it wearily, thankful that it was to be delayed only three years. Against the bitter injustice to the Young Man of such a view as this all young men who really admire Him must make continuous protest.

We have seen Him launch His career upon the attention of the world by His spectacular cleansing of the Temple. He had probably had no plan for any such virile outburst when He first turned His feet away from Galilee toward Jerusalem. But the bitter complaint of the poor had dinned itself into His ears and heart on that long journey until He knew that He must strike a blow at the very center of the system that oppressed them. It was the same call to which the idealism of every other youthful reformer has responded since the world began; the bitter outcry under

which Emerson represents God Himself as smarting:

God said, I am tired of kings,
I suffer them no more,
Up to my ear the morning brings
The outrage of the poor.

The echoes of the deed done that April day in the Temple were carried to the ends of the known world by the mass of pilgrims returning from Jerusalem. In any village large enough to have sent a single representative to the feast, the story was told before the end of another month. Almost instantly, therefore, the Young Man of Galilee became a figure of world-wide reputation; those who represented the system against which His message must prevail were cowed and silenced by the tremendous storm of popular approval which His act had created; the wildest dreams of His youth appeared certain of realization. He was started upon a public career which seemed assured of the greatest possible success.

The week which He spent in Jerusalem was a triumphal one. His appearance on the streets gave the signal for an outburst of

enthusiasm; crowds gathered at the corners, blocking traffic, and cheered wildly the short epigrammatic sentences with which He spoke His message. To complete the measure of His satisfaction He opened the door of His lodging one dark night to find Nicodemus, a member of the Sanhedrin, come to visit Him.

“Rabbi,” said the great man to the Young Insurgent, “we know that thou art a teacher come from God.”

He seemed to speak not merely for himself but for the whole ruling class of which he was a representative. “We know” — well might the enthusiasm of the Young Man run high. A month before He had been an unknown carpenter-preacher in the despised province of Galilee. In a single day the common people of the nation had been won over to Him, almost in a body; and now apparently the rulers themselves were ready to follow in their lead.

He left Jerusalem and turned His steps northward toward His own Galilee. It was a little province, and much disdained by the aristocracy of Jerusalem and Judea, but it

offered a very fertile field for the new gospel. Other reformers had found it responsive, notably Judas, who in the first years of the Young Man of Galilee had formed here his ill-fated rebellion against the Romans. On the way He passed through the borders of Samaria, and to His great satisfaction discovered that even this comparatively foreign population had heard of His achievement in Jerusalem and were eager to have Him remain. For two days He stayed, and then pressed on; but even before He reached the borders of Galilee messengers came to tell Him the public announcement which John had made concerning Him — John the Baptist, who, until then, had been the foremost insurgent orator, and one of the great public figures of the nation.

“He is the Christ, the promised one!” John had said; “my joy is now fulfilled. He must increase and I shall decrease.”

Apparently there was not a cloud in His sky; the vision which He had of restoring a new heart in His nation, re-creating the self-respect of the people, abolishing the rule of formalism and substituting for it a fresh con-

ception of the fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man, seemed to be on its way to realization. The year, or year and a half, that followed in Galilee was filled with days of increasing success and reputation. In Cana, where He had performed His first miracle a few months before, a nobleman from the neighboring city of Capernaum met Him, one of the chief men of that important center. "Master, I beseech you to save my son," pleaded the ruler; and when the news spread through Capernaum a few hours later that the son had been restored to health by the mere word of the Young Man, hundreds hurried across to Cana to see Him. His days were filled with preaching and with healing: almost every night a dinner was given for Him in one of the finer houses; on the visit to Capernaum itself, which was made a little later, the crowds were so great that He had difficulty in making His way into the house. Sick people were carried to Him from miles around, and particularly those "possessed of devils," a curious mental affliction of the time which yielded with special readiness to the

magnificent normality and optimism of the Young Man's presence. Any constitution except a very rugged one would have given away under the strain of days so full of activities as these, but the Young Man woke every morning thoroughly refreshed, and leaped joyously into the problems and conquests of the new day.

His success was not unobserved by the little group of reactionaries in Jerusalem who had been so incensed at His first cleansing of the Temple. They sent their spies and informers into the North country to report His every action, and to do what they could to turn the people away. The Young Man was conscious of the presence of these unfriendly ones in His audiences but He was too happy to care. What did it matter, anyway? The Jerusalem hierarchy would never dare to seize Him in Galilee: when such a crowd of almost worshiping followers were about Him even the Romans might well have hesitated to interfere. His fame was spreading faster and farther than the power of the Jerusalem clique could ever reach: for every convert whom they lured

away He was adding a hundred. The kingdom of heaven was at hand: He proclaimed the fact joyfully, and at every repetition of it the multitude burst into renewed shouts of enthusiasm.

They were perhaps the most gladsome days that any preacher or reformer on this earth has ever experienced. The warm sun which makes Galilee a garden of delight seemed to be outdoing itself in an effort to contribute to the general rejoicing. To hear the Young Man of Nazareth became the great pastime and recreation of the province. The business of making a living in such a climate and among such people is not an all-day affair; whole families could leave their tiny houses for days without great embarrassment. So the crowds about Him grew, until finally He was compelled to withdraw out of the cities into the nearby hills. The women and children could not so easily follow Him there, but the men were not to be thwarted by any journey, no matter how difficult. Even into the hills a great multitude flocked about Him, and, seating Himself on a boulder that raised Him

a little above their heads, He spoke the immortal sentences of His Sermon on the Mount.

“Blessed are you poor; blessed are you meek. . . . You are the salt of the earth. . . . Ask and it shall be given unto you: seek and ye shall find; knock and it shall be opened unto you. . . . If ye then, being evil, know how to give good gifts to your children, how much more shall your Father which is in Heaven give good gifts to them that ask him? . . . All things therefore, which ye would that men should do unto you even so do ye also unto them; for this is the law and the prophets. . . . Not every one that sayeth unto me ‘Lord, Lord,’ shall enter into the Kingdom of Heaven, but he that doeth the will of my Father which is in Heaven. . . . Everyone therefore that heareth these words of mine, and doeth them shall be like a man that built his house upon a rock, and it stood against all storms and winds. But he that heareth these words and doeth them not shall be like a foolish man that built his house upon the shifting sands, and when the storms came

the house was washed away, and great was the fall thereof.”

Never in all history had there been such speaking as was heard on those Galilean hillsides. Day after day the crowds flocked to Him, to ask for the explanation of some point in the previous day's teaching, and to listen eagerly for such new truth as He would unfold to them. Enthusiasm grew as the whole plan of His message began to unfold itself and men saw in it a new self-respect, a release from the bondage of formalism and intolerance. But what inspired even greater joy than the words themselves was the manner in which they were spoken. There was no note of apology for their revolutionary character, no slightest hesitation, no references to authorities nor appeals to the law. The Young Man spoke as one who had come to present a message greater than the law; He told them not boastingly but calmly, quietly, as a matter of course, that He was the Son of God, and that they were also sons. He gave them His message as one which His Father and theirs had revealed to Him for them —

and encouraged them to ask their Father for anything they might want in the confident assurance that their requests would be granted.

“And it came to pass that when He had ended these words the multitudes were astonished at His teaching; for He taught them as one having authority, and not as the scribes. And when He was coming down from the mountain great multitudes followed Him.”

Even greater days were in store for Him. From village to village He went joyously, dining sometimes with rulers, sometimes with publicans and sinners, sometimes with Pharisees, but extending always the number of His devoted followers, and spreading the good tidings. As the vision of His gospel grew in His own mind He saw that the old ritualism must be swept away before His truth could really possess and vitalize the spirit of the nation. Hence it caused Him no embarrassment when the disciples of John came to protest because His own disciples did not fast. “I have not told them to fast,” He responded; “what is the use of pouring new

wine into old bottles, of attempting to compress a great new truth into an outworn form?" His disciples, when they were hungry on the Sabbath, plucked ears of corn; and He, far from rebuking them, defended them from the assaults of the legalists, turning the very law and the prophets to their aid. When He healed a man with a withered hand, one Sabbath, and the ruler of the Synagogue rebuked Him, He responded that the Sabbath was made for man, and that to do good on it — even though the law was transgressed — fulfilled its real purpose. And it terrified Him not at all — so sure was He that He was right and that the people were with Him — when it was reported to Him that the "Pharisees and the Herodians had taken council together how they might destroy Him."

For in spite of the growing antagonism of the inner circle, who recognized the menace of His message to their special privileges, His popular following grew by leaps and bounds. One day after a series of miracles of healing, which had left Him and His disciples not even time to eat, He took a boat and, setting sail

on the Sea of Galilee, landed in a desert place, where He planned to spend the night. To His surprise as He stepped ashore He discovered that the place, instead of being deserted, as He had supposed it would be, was already filled with the crowd of those that had been with Him all the morning. They were not to be thrown off: they would follow Him even though it took them far from home; even though there was every prospect that they would have to spend the night out of doors, with nothing to eat either that evening or the next morning. And when He saw them, He "had compassion on them." They remained with Him all day long, and in the afternoon His disciples came to Him, wearied almost to the point of petulance, and asked Him to send them away.

"But they have come a long journey and been with us all day without food," He replied. "We will feed them before they go."

The disciples looked at Him with that expression of dumb surprise which they were never able to conquer even to the end of His life.

“Feed them — on what? We have no money and if we had there are more than five thousand of them, to be fed.”

The Young Man, apparently, did not hear them. “Go out into the crowd,” He said. “Have them sit down; and gather up whatever food they have and bring it to me.”

Doubtingly, but too well trained by their previous experiences with Him to disobey, the disciples followed His instructions, bringing back to Him the meager supply of food that the more prudent members of the crowd had provided. Laying it out before Him, and lifting His eyes to heaven, He blessed it, and ordered it distributed among the multitude. And they all ate, every one of the five thousand, and were satisfied.

It was the moment for which they had been waiting; the last sign that completed their assurance of His Messiahship. Moses had fed their fathers upon manna in the wilderness; here was one, who, in another desert place, spoke the blessing of heaven upon an apparently inadequate food supply and so divided it that all of them were fed. Surely

He was the Messiah, the Christ, who would arm them against the Romans, and leading them in triumph to Jerusalem, reestablish the throne of David. With hurrahs and hosannas they shouted the news back and forth to each other. The day of deliverance of the Jews had come at last; the Son of David was with them; they would take Him and make Him their king. He had ordered His disciples to seat them in fifties and in hundreds so that the food might more easily be passed among them: now these little groups started to their feet and found themselves organized almost as though by magic into companies. They were an army and they had not realized it: right there, as they stood, they were enough to outnumber the Roman garrison in Jerusalem; and they were only a fraction of the hosts who would rally to the standard as they marched through Galilee and on through Judea. A half dozen of their leaders started forward to the place where the Young Man had been, with the offer of their allegiance, and then —

He had foreseen their purpose, and while

they had been shouting back and forth to each other, perfecting their own arrangements, doubt had raged through His mind with the force of a tempest. Here was His opportunity; should He seize it? The five thousand organized before Him would swell to fifty thousand, perhaps a hundred thousand, should He but give the word. Once let it be known that He had put Himself at the head of an insurgent army, and the whole nation would flame with revolt. He would go up to Jerusalem with hosts that would simply overwhelm any army which the Romans could possibly marshal. Should the city close its gates against Him, the Jews inside, bitter as many of them were, would forget their enmity in their greater bitterness against the Romans, and open them to Him. In a month He would be sitting upon the throne of David, King of the Jews, with an army ready at His hand to defend the title.

It was an appealing picture. He would have to surrender the vision which His youthful idealism had created, to be sure — the vision of a people spiritually revived and fit

to assume the spiritual leadership of the world. And yet after all He *might not* have to surrender: Solomon had been a king and at the same time a prophet: David had written his Psalms even while he ruled the people; might not He, too —

It was as splendid a picture as ever stirred the ambition of a strong man with the full pulse of youth athrob within him. For only an instant the Young Man of Galilee allowed His eyes to rest on it. Then He saw the other picture — the great mass of men and women, His brothers and sisters, not merely in Palestine but throughout the known world, as blind led by the blind; oppressed, their self-respect destroyed, their souls squeezed dry of hope and faith and love by the hard machinery of formalism and intolerance. He saw generations born and die and new generations take their places, all slaves to the same spiritual bondage, a servitude which nothing could end except the truth He had come to declare. To put Himself at the head of the army of fanatical patriots would be perhaps to risk His life and His message with it. But worse than the possibility of such a failure

was the probability of success. For to be King of the Jews would mean a lifetime spent in the defense of that empty title, a lifetime of strife and bloodshed and intrigue, a lifetime in which His message would never be spoken. Living, He would give His people only an empty semblance of national life; dying, He would leave them to be recaptured by the Roman power — and the truth which he had come to declare, the truth that was capable of continuing its work of emancipation throughout the earth so long as time should last, would be traded for a glittering crown and an empty name. He saw it all in a flash, as He stood there looking out over the eager crowds of His followers. And even as their leaders separated themselves from the multitude and started toward Him, He issued a few quiet orders to His disciples, and turning, quickly disappeared.

“Jesus, therefore, perceiving that they were about to come and take Him by force to make Him King, withdrew again into the mountain Himself alone.”

XI

“WALKED WITH HIM NO MORE”

THE weak man falters into a decision only to recede from it the next moment. His mind is continually at war with itself; real decision, the kind that carries unwaveringly to the end, is impossible. There was nothing of that deficiency in the character of the Young Man of Galilee. What struggle He may have had in the hours following His withdrawal from that shouting multitude can only be imagined, but when He returned at length to His followers there was no more evidence of struggle. His face had new light. His talk from that moment sounded a new note. For in those hours of solitude He had looked down the path of His future to see Death staring back at Him from the other end. He knew at last that He should fail, that the forces which had proved too strong for John would ultimately compass

His destruction also. Out of the wilderness He stepped as one on whom the sentence of the cross had already been pronounced.

Men receive that sentence in different ways according to the measure and the material of their manhood. Some are crushed utterly; some plunge into dissipation, determined to forget; and some draw back from the world into prayer and fasting. The Young Man of Galilee did none of these; in all its outward manifestations the course of His life remained unchanged. They continued to invite Him to their dinners and He was, as ever, the center of all interest; they brought the sick to Him and He healed them; His days were as busy as ever, and apparently as happy. Indeed when it seemed to Him that He could no longer withhold the secret from His disciples, lest the end should come even more suddenly than He thought, and leave them entirely unprepared, they could not think that He was serious. He be executed — the thought was incredible. Why, He was the hope of the nation, it was He who should restore the throne to Jerusalem. They were sure of it,

these disciples of His; the idea that all His immense following could be dispersed, that He Himself could be taken into custody by the Temple clique, which now stood so manifestly in fear of Him, was too absurd to be entertained for a moment.

“From that time began Jesus to shew unto His disciples that He must go into Jerusalem, and suffer many things of the elders and chief priests and scribes, and be killed. . . . And Peter took Him and began to rebuke Him, saying, Be it far from thee, Lord; this shall never be unto thee.”

But He was wiser than they. The year that followed that splendid but abortive attempt to make Him king was far different from the two years of happy triumph that had preceded it. In it, He passed through the trial that is the severest test of greatness; He saw His following crumble away, His popularity fade, cheers turn into curses and reverence into hate; yet His faith was unshadowed, His spirit unsoured.

It must have been a dramatic moment when He returned from His solitude to face the great

company whom He had fed upon the mountain side. They were still hoarse with hosannas, still ready to crown Him if He would. One can imagine the startled dismay which His first words cast among them. "I am not come to restore the kingdom to Jerusalem," He said; "mine is a spiritual mission. I am the bread of life. You have been following me because I fed you in the wilderness, but I tell you what I have come to offer you is myself, that by knowing me you may know your Father." It was too much for them. They had flocked about Him because they had seen Him heal the sick, because He had denounced the oppressors who made their lives unbearable. He was to be their hope of emancipation, their leader against the defilers of the Temple; what did He mean by this senseless mysticism?

"The Jews therefore murmured concerning Him, because He said, I am the bread that came down out of heaven. And they said, Is not this Jesus, the Son of Joseph, whose father and mother we know; how doth He now say, I am come down out of heaven?"

What nonsense! Gentiles might continue to follow such a man, but His company was clearly no place for a self-respecting Jew.

Yet a somewhat diminished group continued with Him through the week and on the Sabbath crowded the synagogue, where it was known that He would be, but there was no comfort for them in what He spoke there. It was a repetition merely of the seemingly senseless talk about the "bread of life." What had happened? Why had He played with them thus? What was it that had so suddenly destroyed His senses? Sorrowfully they acknowledged themselves baffled, and their last hope for Israel destroyed. "These are hard sayings," they said; "who can understand them?"

"Upon this many of His disciples went back and walked with Him no more."

"Will you also go away?" He asked the little group of twelve whom He had taken from their fishing and made famous throughout all Galilee by His friendship. And they answered, "Lord, to whom shall we go? Thou hast the words of eternal life." It was the

one gleam of light in the darkness of His desertion.

The pleasant coasts of Galilee which had been the scene of His triumphs became now unbearable to Him. They were too full of associations, too teeming with memories that in these hours returned to plague Him. For the only time in His public work He left Palestine, and led His wondering but still dutiful disciples into the foreign cities of Tyre and Sidon. We have followed Him there in a previous chapter.

This little journey through those foreign coasts was indeed something of a repetition of His earlier triumphs. These people were not Jews; they had no hope for the establishment of a throne in Jerusalem and their interest in Him was untinged by any thought that in His triumph they might find individual place or profit. They sought Him only because His words thrilled them, because they felt their better selves touched and made vibrant by the wonder of His life.

When at length the time came to turn His steps back to Galilee He experienced a feeling

of sorrowful reluctance. Every road, every street corner, almost every house and tree, were alive with memories of His success. To tread those paths again, knowing that it might be the last time, that He should leave them, a failure, on His way to death, must have cut deep. In His distress, He cried out against the cities where His mighty works had been done — Chorazin, Bethsaida, and even the beloved Capernaum. He had healed their sick, and fed their hungry, and spoken His greatest words in their streets; their crowds who had waited outside His door all night in order to catch the first glimpse of Him in the morning — it seemed as though they at least, might have stood faithful. “Woe unto you!” He cried to them out of His loneliness, “for if the mighty works which were done in you had been done in Sodom and Gemorrah, they would have repented long ago, sitting in sack-cloth and ashes.”

For a few weeks of that last summer He staid quietly in Galilee, part of the time in the cool of the woods wherein He could be alone with His disciples. But when autumn came

He determined to visit Jerusalem again, and attend the Feast of Tabernacles. It was an almost foolhardy resolve. The report of His dwindling following had been carried eagerly to the Temple clique, whose members were emboldened by the news. There were spies in every company that listened to Him; the echo of His smallest act flew to the capital; He could not hope to arrive inside the walls without imminent danger of arrest. All this He knew, but it did not weigh against His resolve. This might be His last feast. There would be visitors from all over the world, some perhaps who in future days might help to spread the message. He must be true to His mission, at whatever cost. Thus He went. We catch one fleeting glance of Him standing on the Temple steps, a snarling crowd of Jews about Him. Into their very faces He hurls His defiance, yet there is a mighty wistfulness in His tones, as of one who has loved deeply and has had His love scornfully rejected. "I have come to give you the truth," He says, "the truth that will make you free." Indignantly they cry out,

“We are Abraham’s children and have never been in bondage to any man.”

“If you were Abraham’s children,” He cries, His voice rising full-toned above the clamor, “you would hear me, for Abraham knew the spiritual freedom that I am come to proclaim, and lived in it. But you are not his children, you are children of the devil.”

Imagine the scene — the crowd surging about the steps, already determined upon His destruction, the Young Man towering majestically above them. Infuriated, they took up stones to cast at Him, but even while their hands were drawn back they looked upon Him, and feeling anew the mystery of His personality, the divine perfection of His life, dropped their stones to the ground. A moment longer He gazed sorrowfully out over them, His own people whom He had loved and lost, and then striding calmly through their parted ranks, made His way out of the city and so back to Galilee.

Much has been made of the forty days’ temptation which He underwent in the wilderness in the first months of His ministry — too

much. And almost no one has remembered the long year of harsher trial between the day when they offered Him the crown and that other day when they nailed Him to the cross. Yet every single hour of that year had its terrible temptation. There was the temptation to drop out of sight, to retire and so avoid the bitterness of death; there was the temptation to placate the Pharisees by some easy sophistry that would swing His followers back into their ranks; and there was still the temptation, renewed every day by His own disciples, to abandon the spiritual emphasis of His message and let them make Him king.

Did He retire? See Him as He twice goes openly to Jerusalem, and each time so infuriates the Jews with the sting of His truth that they would stone Him. Did He seek compromise? To this year belongs the parable of the Pharisee who made ostentatious prayer, and the poor publican who said only, "Lord have mercy on me, a sinner," whose prayer availed while the prayer of the other was branded an offense to heaven. All Jerusalem must have laughed its appreciation of that

comparison and retold the story in the streets and meeting-places. It was in this last danger-fraught year, also, that He termed them "vipers," "children of hell," "hypocrites," "consumers of widows' houses" — these proud Pharisees who had the power to kill Him and were at the very time plotting how it could be done.

Did the kingship tempt Him from His mission? Studied in the light of its last chapter the whole story of the year shows Him eager only to perfect His little following, that the message might go on. Indeed from them, ploddingly loyal as they were, and not from His enemies, came the haunting dread that harassed Him through the year. Suppose they should prove incapable of grasping His real message, even to the end. What confidence could He feel in them, who after almost three years of intimate association still understood Him so little as to dispute who should be prime minister in His kingdom? Had He been wise, after all, in staking everything upon intelligences so painfully circumscribed? What if they were to fail Him?

Spring came, and He turned His back on Galilee forever. The departure meant little to the disciples; a dozen times they had left Galilee with Him to attend various feasts at Jerusalem. To their blunted perceptions this departure was no different from any of the rest — they record their recollection of it in two sentences. It meant nothing to them. But to the Young Man of Galilee it was everything. Once more He looked about Him on the familiar spots of His triumphus, the synagogues that had been crowded to hear Him, the streets where multitudes had almost trampled upon each other, the houses in which lived men and women whom He had healed. It was a heartrending farewell. Weakness would have spilled itself out in bitter complaint. The Young Man of Galilee gave no sign. His soul was bleeding, but even they who shared His closest companionship had no suspicion of it.

Just for the moment there seemed a revival of interest in Him. The crowds flocked back again in the old triumphant way, and the disciples noted their presence joyously. “The

multitudes come together unto Him again," they exclaimed gladly, and out of their bubbling hope they revived their vision of His success. But dismay followed fast upon their dreams. Against their ardent protest He carried them off, away from the crowds, into close retirement. They were restless there, discouraged at the dwindling multitudes, distressed at the careless fashion in which He alienated His supporters. Was it necessary to be quite so harsh with the Pharisees? After all there were many estimable gentlemen among them, who could have contributed much to His success. Why should He have ridiculed them out of His company? Why tell the world that with all their attention to religious rites their prayers were less acceptable to God than the prayers of a hated publican? There were hundreds of earnest Jews who might have followed Him. Why should He slight their ready hospitality by turning aside into the home of Zacchæus, an outcast? With the Pharisees gone, the scribes and lawyers antagonistic, the rank and file of the Jews offended, how could He hope for success?

So they questioned among themselves, still groping without vision of His real message or mission, while they moved down slowly to Jerusalem, to the great feast. Most of them had not been with Him three years before, but to Him almost every spot along the roadside brought memories of that other journey when He had been so young, so sanguine and so certain of success. He remembered how the crowd had sat late around their camp-fires to listen to Him, how they had poured into His ears the story of their wrongs at the hands of the Temple clique, how gloriously they had shouted His praises when He had scourged the oppressors before Him. Three years had passed — years of hard, consecrated endeavor — and He was going to Jerusalem again. Three years in which He had hoped to create a new heart in the world and renew a right spirit within it. And in those years John had been slain; the grafters had reentrenched themselves in the Temple more firmly than ever; the common people, who had “heard Him gladly,” had grown tired of waiting for His success; their oppressors now

made no concealment of their hatred — what had the three years profited?

Just outside the city, in the little town of Bethany, He stopped for supper at the home of Simon, a leper whom He had healed. As the meal was drawing to a close there came a woman through the crowd, and, making her way to where He sat, she opened a cruse of exceedingly precious ointment and poured it on His head. It was an act of reverence peculiarly impressive. While the fragrance of the ointment spread through the chamber there was a moment of reverent silence. Then suddenly, jarringly, came a murmured protest from the end of the table where some of the disciples sat.

“To what purpose is this waste?” they whispered indignantly. “For this ointment might have been sold for much and given to the poor.”

The Young Man of Galilee, hearing them, looked around upon them sadly. It was the end of His third year; tomorrow He would enter Jerusalem to face the malignant hatred of His enemies; the crowds had

lost their faith in Him; the powerful among His followers had nearly all of them deserted; and now, on the very eve of His supreme trial, His own disciples, the poor fishermen whom He had called from their nets to be His confidants—even they—murmured against a simple act of reverence toward Him.

Surely He would have been justified in turning back into retirement and safety. No one could say He had not done His best: why need He throw away His life for an ignorant crowd, and a band of fickle disciples ever ready to lose patience? So He might have argued with Himself that night. The road runs straight through Bethany in either direction—eastward back to Jericho and into Galilee's peaceful recesses, where no destroying enemy would follow, out of which no endangering report would be carried; and westward toward the Jordan and Jerusalem, where were gathered the Herodians, whose king He had called a fox; the Pharisees, smarting under His denunciations; the lawyers and scribes, jealous of His prominence and hating His doctrines;

the grafters whom He had driven before Him; and the rabble whose proffered kingship He had so stubbornly refused.

“And on the morrow He drew nigh unto Jerusalem.”

XII

“WITH HIM TWO ROBBERS”

AFTER all it is the last week that makes Him forever the Young Man's Jesus. An old man would have fallen under its manifold activities from mere want of physical strength: he would have arisen tired-eyed out of restless nights and faced the repeated challenges of the cleverest men in Jerusalem with a brain fogged and impotent; he would have crumbled away completely under the gruelling processes of that final ordeal. Not so the Young Man of Galilee. The rich treasure of His reserve strength, stored up through years of outdoor life and labor responded to every demand. Day by day He strode through those streets in the midst of His enemies, commanding respect by the grandeur of His bearing and the subtle perfection of His manhood. Thirty-six hours of sleepless trial at the end of the week left

Him still fresh and powerful: He met the final hours of agony clear-eyed, with nerves that never flinched.

In truth every feature of His splendid manliness which has been the subject of comment in these pages shines out with redoubled brilliance in the record of these last few days. It was inevitable that with such a vibrant sympathy for the poor He should let His wrath blaze against the oppressors even in the very hours when they had completed their plan for His destruction. And so we find Him uttering here, upon the threshold of His departure, stronger strictures than had yet passed His lips. "Woe be unto you scribes and Pharisees, hypocrites, ye serpents, ye offspring of vipers," he repeated again and again, knowing that every repetition raised higher the flame of their wrath. The friendliness, the love of man that made Him always accessible to the individual in need, never displayed itself so wonderfully as in that later moment when He turned, burdened with the weight of His cross, to speak words of comfort to the sorrowing women who followed Him.

The social instinct, that had caused Him to be the most sought-after guest in every city which He visited, made it natural that He should take leave of His friends, not at some tearful fast, but around the table, after a final supper. And His supreme dignity, recognized even in His first days out of the carpenter shop by the rulers of the nation, caused the hardened Roman governor to render Him a reluctant word of homage in the very speech that sentenced Him.

His disciples had never been in higher spirits than on the morning of His entry into the city. Time and again He had attempted to make clear to them the nature and probable outcome of this visit, but their ears were deaf to His warnings. To their eyes, He was still the Son of David, the promised King of the Jews; the presentiments of death, which He endeavored to communicate to them, were regarded as mere vagaries of a passing depression. And the nature of His approach to the gates seemed for the while to fulfil their richest desire. The simple Galileans, who had traveled the road to the

feast, heard that He too was on the way and waited for Him outside the walls. As He came riding along, followed by His disciples, some one among them quoted the bit of ancient prophecy:

“Tell ye the daughter of Zion,
Behold thy King cometh unto thee
Meek and riding upon an ass,
And upon a colt the foal of an ass.”

The mere suggestion was like a spark dropped upon their volatile spirits: immediately the cry was raised, “Hosanna to the son of David! Blessed is He that cometh in the name of the Lord! Hosanna in the highest!” From lip to lip it spread until the enthusiasm of the crowd was fanned into a flame of excited demonstration. Men tore palm leaves from the trees and threw them in the road before Him, others flung out their coats, women tossed flowers, and little children waved their arms as they ran before. “Hosanna!” they cried, and the encircling hills threw back the shout, “Hosanna!”

Joy thrilled the hearts of the disciples. It was come; the outburst which they had ex-

pected so long had swept Him up and would carry Him through the gates, over the feeble resistance of His enemies and into the palace. Their own shouts were louder than the cries of the rabble. In all the crowd only the Young Man Himself was unmoved: only He knew how ephemeral, how futile, was the outburst. His eyes were trained upon the future, and already there sounded in His ears that other cry, which would four days later burst from lips like these — the cry of “Crucify, Crucify!” For the first time in His life He was too preoccupied with His own thoughts to be really conscious of what was going on about Him. While the shouting grew louder and the palm branches were strewn thicker before Him, He pulled up His little steed, and looking out over the city, the capital of the nation that He had hoped to save, He wept. They were not tears for Himself. Jerusalem, the splendid center and heart of the national life, lay before Him. Three years earlier He had set forth to restore its faith and make it the spiritual ruler of the world. And He had failed. Its days

were numbered. Already He could foresee the destruction that would come. "O Jerusalem," He sobbed, "if thou hadst known the things which belong unto peace, but now they are hid from thine eyes. For the days shall come upon thee when thine enemies shall compass thee round and shall dash thee to the ground, and they shall not leave in thee one stone upon another, because thou knewest not the time of thy visitation." There was no weakness in those tears. Weak men sob for themselves: it takes manhood and vision to weep for a city.

But the shouting after that was more subdued; it did not seem a kingly thing to this fickle crowd to weep in the hour of triumph. They picked their garments out of the way, and when the first rank of them reached the city gates, it was not "Hosanna to the King!" that they shouted. To the cynical questionings of the loiterers who came out to meet them, saying "Who is this?" they answered meekly, "This is the prophet, Jesus, from Nazareth of Galilee." They hung their heads a little as they said it, and

slipped off into the byway, leaving Him to pass quietly into His lodgings.

But there were those in the crowd to carry the announcement of his arrival further. Within an hour, the chief priests knew that He was in the city, and the councils of the Temple clique buzzed with plans for His undoing. "The whole world is gone out after Him" cried those who brought the report of His triumphal reception, and the shrewdest, most powerful men in Jerusalem trembled at the words. Their hour had come; they must win against Him now, or lose forever. Once let the emotional crowd that thronged the city raise the cry of "Hosanna to the King!" again, and blood would flow in the streets; they and all the entrenched power and privilege, which they represented, might be swept away before the onslaught. The crowd must be won away from Him. It was no time for a display of force in the face of that excitable multitude; they must trap Him into damaging public statements that could be used against Him. They must turn His own fickle following to His destruction.

So, group after group, they flung themselves upon Him, the shrewdest, most subtle leaders of every faction in the city. The chief priests and scribes, having most cause to dread Him, tried their skill first. They found Him in the Temple area. Pushing through the breathless crowd about Him, their bright robes gaining place for them, they interrupted Him rudely.

“By what authority doest thou these things?” they demanded. “Who gave thee thy authority?”

The Young Man of Galilee, knowing the crafty hatred that prompted the question, and the danger that lurked beneath it, responded:

“I will ask you one question: answer me, and I will tell you by what authority I do these things. The Baptism of John, was it from heaven or from men. Answer.”

They reasoned with themselves, for they were shrewd and not easily entrapped. “If we shall say from heaven,” they said, “He will say, Why then did ye not believe him? But should we say from men — they feared the people, for all verily held John to be a

prophet. And they answered Jesus and said, We know not. And Jesus saith unto them neither tell I you by what authority I do these things.”

Amazed, discomfited, they fled, and after them He hurled His reproaches, the crowd catching every sentence as it dropped from His lips and shouting their approval.

“I say to you that the publicans and the harlots go into the Kingdom of Heaven before you. For John came unto you in the way of righteousness and ye believed him not: but the publicans and harlots believed him. . . . Therefore, I say unto you the kingdom of heaven shall be taken away from you.” Their hatred of Him blazed up into sudden fury. They would have slain Him on the spot, but they were afraid of the multitude about Him.

So the first onslaught upon Him ended in the complete repulse of His enemies. Within half an hour the result had been reported to the Temple rulers, and those responsible for it were heaped with reproaches. Why had they blundered so crudely in their attack; why had they gone at Him with a plan so

ill formed, so certain to react upon themselves? Did they realize that they had deliberately played into His hands? He was stronger than ever with the multitude because of the encounter. Something must be done, and at once. In their perplexity the leaders of the Herodians, together with certain shrewd Pharisees, came to them — for the fear of His popular following and the destructive democracy of His teachings had united all parties — and offered a plan admirable in its simplicity and keenness. They would ask Him about rendering tribute to Cæsar, the question of fiercest national controversy. Should He say that Cæsar was entitled to tribute the crowd would cry out against Him; should He take the popular position they would accuse Him to Pilate as a traitor and an inciter of riot.

“And when they were come they said unto Him, Master, we know that thou art true and carest not for any man: for thou regardest not the person of men but of a truth teachest the way of God. Is it lawful to give tribute unto Cæsar or not? Shall we give or shall we

not give? But He, knowing their hypocrisy, said unto them, Why tempt ye me; bring me a penny that I may see it. And they brought it. And He saith unto them, Whose is the image and superscription? And they say unto Him, Cæsar's. And Jesus said unto them, Render unto Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's and unto God the things that are God's. And they marveled at His answer and held their peace."

It was a magnificent answer. For a second time in a single day He had proved Himself the master of the brainiest men in the Capital. Yet His victory was not an unmixed triumph, as no one knew better than Himself. The crowd had expected to hear Him hurl back the question with some demagogic outburst against the iniquity of Cæsar's rule and the injustice of his tribute. They had hoped for a crisp epigram with which to rouse the smoldering spirit of nationality. It was the last of His great temptations. To have answered as the people hoped He would answer would have been to sweep the city into a revolt out of which He would have emerged

either as king or as martyr. For the last time He met squarely the evil impulse to subordinate the spiritual element of His message to a mere economic and political leadership. "Render unto Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's," He said, "and to God the things that are God's." Whilst the questioners were silenced and abashed, the crowd repeated the answer over to themselves, remembering the first half and forgetting the rest. "He told us to render tribute to Cæsar," they said, "surely then He is no king." Deliberately He had pricked the national hope at its most sensitive spot. From that moment the hosannas grew faint and more faint until they were drowned down entirely in the bitter cries of "Crucify!"

The Sadducees, cynical, but intellectually keen, brought Him their vulgar question, and them He answered with logic so keen and incontrovertible that "they durst not any more ask Him any question."

Only the scribes were left: before the day was over one of their number rose to try conclusions with Him. The question as to

which was most important among the five hundred laws and precepts of the Pharisees had been always discussed and never settled. To venture an opinion on it was certainly to inflame one or another faction of the Pharisaiical party. It was a question loaded with explosive and the scribe knew it. "What commandment," he asked Jesus, "is the first of all."

Closer the crowd pressed about Him as they waited for His answer — especially the Pharisees — ready to snatch up His reply and dispute it with Him. But He gave them no opportunity.

He answered, "Hear, oh Israel! The Lord our God, the Lord is one: and thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy mind, and with all thy strength. This is the first commandment. The second is this, Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself. There is none other commandment greater than these."

Deliberately disregarding the elaborate code of their law, He compressed His whole teaching into a single paragraph, which included,

so He said, all the moral law that could possibly be written. Let men observe the spirit of this commandment, and it mattered not about the form of their worship, the character of their dress, their rituals or their ceremonial. In these two sentences were the whole law and the prophets.

So the day closed, leaving Him unquestionably the intellectual champion of Jerusalem. Wise men were there from all over the world, and He had proved Himself wiser than them all. The leaders of every party had tried their skill against Him, and He had flung them back beaten and discomfited. It was His day of supremest triumph. And yet, such was the nature of the situation, by His very victory He had made more certain the final defeat. Each group that had felt the sharp sting of His logic retired more bitter in their hatred, more certain that His continued existence meant destruction to their power. He had offended priests, Pharisees, scribes, and Sadducees, and even the more revolutionary among the populace. He knew it; He realized that the day's proceedings had

sealed His fate, and yet majestically He walked out from among them, and lay down upon the Mount of Olives to untroubled sleep.

No one molested Him upon the following day, which was spent in retirement with His disciples. No guard watched over Him; no spies were sent to invade His resting-place. It would have been a simple thing to set out again toward Galilee, and they, who, inside the city walls, had perfected their plans for His defeat, would have rejoiced had He seized the opportunity. But there was no wavering. Young as He was, with bounding pulses, loving the world and the joys of life as few men have ever loved them, He had deliberately determined to die. The disciples even then did not suspect it; but He knew, when He walked into the city on that Thursday afternoon, that He was entering those gates for the last time.

That night at supper He gathered them together, the same friendly, companionable Lord who for three years had broken their bread and blessed it. Others in His position might have sought to be excused from eating,

or called their followers into an hour of solemn fast, but not He. After supper they went out into the Garden of Gethsemane, where so many of their evenings had been spent. The very air was fragrant with the memory of their happiest hours. Under this tree they had gathered for worship, while the setting sun gilded the towers of the city: in the waters of that brook they had often found refreshment: to left and right of them the very trees and stones cried out in heartrending reminder of the days that were gone. He walked a little ahead, in silence, followed by the eleven — for one had slipped away at the supper table, to walk with them no more. Thus He led them up into the Garden until they could see the city in dim outline behind: and He left them while He fought out his last battle alone — and won.

In the loneliness and darkness the barriers of His determination, which had held firm under the taunting insults of men, broke, and there burst over His soul all the accumulated flood of grief and humiliation which the preceding weeks had piled up. One after another

the experiences of His ministry repeated themselves — the rejection by his own townspeople, the doubt of John, the stumbling discipleship of the twelve; the plottings of the Pharisees, the hatred of the Temple group; all these stampeded in quick succession across His wounded mind, until He cried out in tortured protest —

Where was the justice of it? How could it be explained? He knew His own heart: never in the history of His people, He knew, had one gone forth with purer motives or more unselfish ideals: never one had struggled harder for the right, and the end of all the struggle was what? Not merely death — the fear of death had lost its terror — but ignominy, shame, the accusation of blasphemy, a reputation before the world of one who had sought to destroy religion and truth, and had failed.

Beaten down, broken in the effort to stem alone the tide of His grief, He sought the companionship of His disciples. “My soul is exceeding sorrowful even unto death,” He had said to them. “Tarry ye here and watch

with me." And when He came back to them, after only a little absence, He found them slumped upon the ground in a dead, unknowing sleep. Even so short a vigil had proved too heavy for their feebleness: there was no comfort to be found with them.

The evening hours wore on, and still He struggled. "Father," He cried in the agony of His spirit, "Father, if it be thy will let this cup pass from me. Let me not die amid the wreckage of everything for which I have hoped and struggled. Save me from a death that will leave my name a blot upon the world's memory. Give me time in which to wipe out the shameful charge of blasphemy and evil that they have heaped upon me: time in which to build this little handful of my disciples into sturdier righteousness, that the work which thou wouldst have done in the world may not be halted. Oh, Father, not yet — let the cup pass for a little while until the work is done — not now — not yet —"

A second time He picked His way back to the disciples, only to find them still lost in slumber; and this time He did not disturb

them. The furore of His grief had worn itself out: the manliness which had never deserted Him in a single moment of His three taxed years, which had never been taught to rely on human reenforcement for its strength, forced back the tide of His humiliation and distress. There have been in the world other strong men, who have conquered every human obstacle only to batter their souls into defeat against the inscrutable plans and apparent injustices of the Infinite. The Young Man of Galilee met that final temptation to betray His manhood and rejected it. Out of the very valley of His despair He won His way back to self-control, and to His manliness brought the final crown of perfection in the complete entrusting of His faith and His work to the hand of God.

“If it be not thy will that this cup pass from me,” He prayed again, “then, Father, thy will be done.”

It was the victory chant after the pivotal battle of His three-years' war. With the calm peace of the conqueror He could go back to His disciples, who still slumbered all

unconscious of the struggle that had taken place not a dozen yards beyond them. He was perfectly prepared for the final scenes in the drama of His life; and it was thus, in the midst of His disciples, still heavy-eyed, that the soldiers found Him. From His resting-place, far up on the side of the hill, He could see them crossing the brook, and could follow the weird glare of their torches as they made their clumsy ascent towards Him. The clang of their armor rang jarringly through the peace of the Garden: the occasional rough word, borne on the breath of the evening, seemed more than profane in such surroundings. He waited until they had stumbled almost into His presence, and then, rising, stepped forth to meet them.

“Whom seek ye?” He inquired.

Taken by surprise, and awed by His presence they could only mumble His name:

“Jesus of Nazareth.”

“I am He,” He answered them.

They had been prepared for a violent outburst, or even armed resistance, but such magnificent composure was beyond the narrow

limits of their experience. Involuntarily they drew back, and some of them, responding instinctively to the tones of power, "fell to the ground." It was a tribute silent but magnificent; He was never more the master than in the moment of His arrest.

"I told you," He repeated calmly, "that I am He." And then, His thought rebounding to those who had shared with Him the joys and perils of His three years of public life, "If therefore ye seek me let these others go their way." But He had no need to make the demand. As He turned in the direction where His followers had stood, it was to find the spot deserted. "They all left Him and fled." Silently the soldiers closed in about Him: and they led Him away — alone.

There was no pretense to a fair trial. The decision had been made against Him three years before, on that memorable morning when He drove the robbers from the Temple and set the whole corrupt structure of their world to tottering. The Sanhedrin — the Supreme Court — of the nation hastily convened in an illegal night session, utterly forgot its sense of

dignity in the mad hatred of its members against the Young Man who had menaced its fortunes. Like ill-bred children they spat upon Him and struck Him with their hands, dancing about Him in the ecstasy of their hate. Their blows left Him unmoved; neither taunts nor insults could cause Him to answer a word to their false accusation. He was their prisoner, but it was by His own free will. They knew it. Even in their wrath they felt His mastery, and the guilty consciousness added to their wrath.

A little thing occurred as they were hurrying Him across the city to the judgment hall of Pilate, just an incident that showed them Pharisees and formalists to the last. It was their Passover period, when to enter the house of an unbeliever was to sin against their law. Up to the judgment hall they rushed, and just outside, their voices hoarse with the cries of "Crucify!" they stopped. They were there to shed the innocent blood of one whose only crime had been to rebuke their excesses. Murder was nothing to them, but to enter the house of a Gentile — that was an offense against their religion.

Reluctantly, and after a resistance, remarkably sustained in a politician and a hireling, Pilate yielded the Young Man of Galilee into their hands. "Behold a man," he said, rendering his involuntary tribute to the most remarkable prisoner who had ever been haled before him; but the words were drowned in the hateful roar that rolled in great waves below. "Crucify! Crucify!" came the shout from the robed judges and priests crowded close about the palace, and "Crucify!" echoed the multitude that once had "heard Him gladly."

So, on a barren hillock outside the city, they murdered Him, hanging His perfect body on a cross; and on either side they hanged a robber. It was the end. The crowd had sickened of its revenge in the moment of realization, and was gone; His followers were scattered through the city, each alone with his sorrow; there was nothing left of the external influences that had impressed men's minds and made it easy to believe on Him. He could do no miracle there, hanging as He was in the throes of a shameful death; and yet—

“Jesus,” said one of the robbers, turning his head painfully to speak the words; “Jesus, remember me when thou comest into thy kingdom.”

Think of it—even as He waited for death there upon the cross, tortured by pain and taunted with the cries of passers-by, the strange magnetism that had drawn the multitudes to Him still made itself felt. A thief, hanged like Himself upon a cross, felt His charm, the compelling power of His presence, and even there believed. To the very end He was still dominant, the incomparable master of men.

XIII

THE THIRD DAY

SO came night. Along the stony paths that led back to the city, wet-eyed women stepped droopingly. Inside the gates at the house of the high priest, His murderers reclined in eager celebration of the event that had removed the chief menace to their security. And down from the stained shoulders of the cross friendly arms lifted Him tenderly and bore Him away.

It was over, there could be no doubt of that. In a few weeks His little following, all undisciplined, would be scattered abroad; sixty days would be enough to render His name only an obscure memory. It had been so with a hundred other rebels against the established order, whose names were recorded only on the executioner's record; it would be so with Him. Thus they reasoned, who

drank their wine that night in celebration of His destruction, and there was none among His disciples who even dared cherish any hope. What they did, where they went, for the next two days, they could not afterwards remember. Grief covered their world like a shroud, and there was no sun.

And on the third day something happened.

Some way, somehow, the sun shone again upon the tired world. By some magic they who had buried their hearts with Him received them back again. Hope sprang suddenly afresh within their souls; their eyes danced.

Men have disputed much as to what it was that happened to them on that third day. Their own explanation was this—the Young Man of Galilee, whom they had seen crucified, came back into their dead lives.

Down through the pageant of the ages that explanation has passed from generation to generation, carrying hope. “Because He lived, we shall live again,” men have whispered to each other, while they clasped hands above the bitter wreckage of death.

A magnificently audacious hope, you say; a fateful hope to hang upon the slender word of a few Galilean fishermen. Perhaps, and yet it does not hang upon their word alone. "He rose from the dead," said the eleven. But you need not depend upon their testimony. Close about you, in your own city if you will, you may find hundreds to tell you the story of how He is risen.

"He came back into our lives on the third day," was the glad news the disciples preached. That was nineteen hundred years ago. But into a thousand lives today, out of which He has died as completely as ever He did out of theirs, He does come back with power that breeds a manliness of the quality of His own.

On more than one occasion I myself have seen Him come.

Under the elevated railroad structure on Van Buren Street, Chicago, on the south side of the street, is a narrow doorway that leads neither into a cigar store nor a saloon. The buildings that crowd about it rise several stories higher and bend down over

it sneeringly. Electric cars, which in their happier moments traverse the broad thoroughfares near the lake front, clang out their protests as they are hurried by. The "elevated" thunders up above. And all along the sidewalk the well to do are jostled up against the worthless. Van Buren street is the dead-line of downtown Chicago. To the north of it respectability travels and barter, worships, marries and is given in marriage. To the immediate south poor, hopeless bits of human wreckage are tossed about from bar to bar, empty bottles on the sea of life. The building which is neither a cigar store nor a saloon is the Pacific Garden Mission. Its door opens north, but those who enter through it come up from below the dead-line from the south.

Two days before Christmas you will find a guard at the door who will inform you that the room is full, and then, noting that you come from the north instead of the south, will step aside, deferentially, to let you in. And you will pass into a long, rather dark hall packed full of men. It is not different

from other missions. There are the same platform and organ, the same verses painted on the walls, the same ragged song-books, and the same smell. Clothes that do duty both night and day come to have that smell after a few weeks. When you have been to many missions you grow accustomed to it, and they who work there all their lives pretend not to notice it at all. You will sit upon the steps of the platform probably, because the chairs are full, and from that point of vantage you can read the signs that are printed on the faces down below.

It is sometimes said of a character in a book that "His face was like parchment." These faces are of that sort; yellowed they are, and drawn, and life has written on them in black lines and in red. Most of the messages are as easily distinguished as the verses printed on the walls. For instance, the face of the bent, blear-eyed old man in the second row — you see it — reads, "The wages of sin is death." The middle-aged chap whose features have some trace of an earlier distinction — the lines there read, "They who sow the

wind shall reap the whirlwind." The writing on the face of the young fellow who sits two rows back on the left is so not distinct. One has to look twice and carefully to make it out. Under such scrutiny it reads, "Unless ye repent ye shall likewise perish."

They are not pleasant messages; one turns from them with something of relief to the face of Harry Monroe, the chief gardener in this Pacific Garden. He is a hard-packed man of medium height, who preaches in short, swift sentences, driven home with sharp jabs of his arms. He was leading the singing as we came in at the door. Now he steps forward to introduce one of the mission's converts who is going to "talk to the boys."

"Boys, I want you to take a good look at this next speaker. Do you see him? Looks pretty good, don't he — black coat and creased pants? You ought to have seen him ten years ago. Why, when he first walked in here he hadn't had a bath in six weeks and he was so crooked he cast a shadow like a corkscrew."

The speaker begins, but you have heard stories like his a good many times before and

unconsciously your attention drifts back to the faces in front. Your eyes pass searchingly from one to the other and settle finally on a man who at first glance has little to distinguish him from the others. His clothes are almost as shabby, and his back is stooped. But something in his look arrests you — the eyes shine with an unusual brilliance; it is as though an unseen spirit had breathed on dead embers and started them into a new and brighter light. You wish some way that you knew the story connected with that face.

And here it is.

“I don’t know as you’d rightly call it a story, pardner. I’m what you might call just the ordinary sort of a short-stake man. You don’t know what a short-stake man is? Of course you don’t — I forgot. We’re all either short-stake men or long-stake men, all us poor lads that works in the construction camps. The long-stake man saves his wad and the short-stake man blows his in, and there you have it — the difference. The long-stake man may be savin’ for the old lady and

the kids and sendin' his wad home regular every month. Or he may just be savin' for a couple o' months till he gets enough to go on a continuous jag. But us short-stakers never saves nothin'. It's work a week and then all night at the bar, and then work another week. And when we don't show up Monday mornin' they fires us and we move on to the next camp and starts in all over again.

“It sounds horrible enough all right, but you'd understand it better if you ever went to the camps. Your sort never does go, of course. You ride over the road when it's finished and look out along the track and see a row of tar-paper shacks and say: ‘There's a construction camp,’ but you never seen the hell that's there when the road is goin' through. If you did you'd understand how we get to be short-stake men. You'd know how it is to work ten hours in the mud and have nothin' to do on Sunday but get drunk and imagine you're somewhere else.

“You don't care about my family — and there ain't much to tell about them, anyway.

The old lady was decent and hard workin' enough — and there never was no old man. Least I never heard her speak about him. And soon as I could walk to the railroad I left and went into the camps. I had some ambition at that; most of us do at the start. And when they started me in as water boy I thought maybe I could see my way clear right up to foreman, and maybe even higher'n that. But, man, you don't know the curse of it. You don't know what it is to work and work, and roll in between dirty blankets on hard board bunks. You don't know the rotten things you hear and the rotten sights you see. And hell camps on the trail of the construction gang, and the Devil is the first passenger over the rails. And you're lonesome for decent people and home and nice girls and some one that cares.

“It's an awful business, pardner. I remember the first camp that I went to; they claimed that the town was the wickedest town in the world, and I guess probably it was at that. We was sort of proud of the claim, anyway, and the fellows took some pride in

makin' it good. There hadn't been no town there at all ten days before. And then suddenly the work opened up. Five camps was started within five miles. The graders come and the bridge gangs, almost a thousand men in ten days, shipped in in bunches like hogs. And where there hadn't been nothin' before but one little store, with the post-office in it, all of a sudden there was ten saloons and a couple of gamblin' joints and a barber shop. And girls come, too — poor things. The city'd had its use of them and had thrown them out, and they found their way into the camps. And that was home to me for a year.

“I don't know just how I come to get to drinkin' but maybe you'd understand if you'd been in the camps. I was all right while the work lasted, but Sundays, when the job shut down, it just seemed as if I couldn't stand it at all. The lonesomeness, pardner, is what does it, that and to know that whatever you do nobody's goin' to know it, and nobody cares. It just used to seem to me that if there was one human bein' that would care whether I kep' on livin' or not, that maybe I

would have pulled through all right. But there wasn't no one. And so I just got to goin' the way of the crowd, and pretty soon I was workin' for the saloons as hard as the rest of the guys.

“There ain't any use of botherin' to tell the whole yarn. You wouldn't understand anyway, because you've never been to the camps. I got to firin' on a dinky, and after a while they gave me one to run. And that paid me \$3.50 a day. First I used to save a little every month, but there weren't nothin' to do with the money except to buy booze. And I kept makin' the stakes a little shorter and the celebrations a little longer, until finally they chucked me out of the job and I banged around from one camp to another, workin' a few days and blowin' it in, and workin' and blowin' it in.

“Winters when the jobs shut down I drifted back to Chicago with the rest, or to Denver or San Francisco, or wherever the nearest city happened to be. Sometimes there was the ice camps to give you a job through the cold months. Sometimes I just hung around the

gin mills down here south of Van Buren; sometimes I shovelled snow for a while, but it was always the booze. Work and drink, and more work and more drink, made up the program — and I come to sort of like it finally, and then to think that after all it was all the life that I'd ever know, or care to know. And finally I just quit thinkin' at all.

“I presume you're married, pardner? No? Well, you got some folks, ain't you — someone that you sort of care for more'n the rest of the world, and that sort of likes you? I thought so. Was you ever away from them at this time of the year, along now about Christmas, in some town where you didn't know no one? If you was you can imagine a little how it used to hit me. Lord, how I used to hate it — the things in the windows, and the fellows in overcoats and the good-lookin' girls on the streets. And everyone happy and laughin' and spendin' their money and plannin' good times at home with the folks. Home — the word used to make me pretty near sick. To know that everyone else in the world had a home, and someone in it that cared.

“Last year some way it seemed to get me worse than it ever had before. I don’t know why—perhaps because I’m not as young as I used to be, and it seemed as though I’d done everythin’ in the world that I could to find pleasure, and all I had for my pains was memories that hurt when I looked at them. Everywhere was Christmas, until, pardner, it seemed to me that rather’n have that cursed day come on me again I’d end the whole business. Sounds awful to you, probably, but it didn’t seem awful to me then, least not so awful as the lonesomeness and hell of the day. And I made up my mind to quit the whole business—the river was cold, but it would do its work quick, and I knew other fellows that had gone out that way before, and it seemed to me they was lucky.

“Does it bore you? No? Well, there ain’t much more to tell. Why I didn’t do it I don’ know. But some one had told me that this mornin’—it was just a year ago this mornin’—some one told me that today Harry Monroe and his crowd in here would be feedin’ the bums. Why not get a square

meal? I says to myself. If you're goin' to end the rotten game, why don't you end it with your stomach full? Maybe it was that, or maybe it was because I needed a little time to brace up my nerve. But I turned in here anyway, and sat down right here in this seat.

"It was the first time I ever got into a place like this, and what they were doin' didn't mean much to me. I was too busy thinkin' about my own troubles. There was a lot of singin', mostly by Harry, with a little by some of the bums that thought they would get more of the grub if they sang. Then there was speakin' by well-dressed fellows from uptown that looked as though they had homes and someone to work for. And I didn't listen to them. Finally Harry got up. I didn't pay much attention at first, but after a while what he was sayin' sort of drummed into my ears and I sat up and began to take notice.

"I don't remember it very well now, but I mind that he said he was down and out once himself. And he told us his hard luck story,

and finally he says, 'You fellows think there ain't no one as cares; but I'm here to tell you you're wrong. There's One that does care and He's cared ever since you was born. Every night that you've been soaked with booze He's cried for you. And every day that you've pan-handled your way along these dirty streets He's been walkin' along with you and tryin' to give you a hand. And you wouldn't have nothin' to do with Him. You gave Him the marble shoulder. And He cried for you, and He loves you, and He wants you to give Him a chance.'

“‘What sort of foolishness is that?’ I says to myself, but I didn't say nothin' out loud and Harry went right along talkin'. 'He used to work at the carpenter business,' says Harry, 'and He had his own troubles in life, and He knows what it is to be down and out and have everybody in the world on the other side. That's why He's strong for you. His name is Jesus. He followed you in here today and He's standin' right alongside of you now. And He cares for you, boys, He cares.'”

“Well, that’s all — except that I give Him a chance, the way Harry said — and I find out what Harry says was no lie. I been sober now for a year, pardner, the first decent year in my life since I was fifteen years old. And I’m savin’ the stake every week for a little home of my own, and there’s a girl that’s promised to come in when I get it fixed. And every day for a year I been walkin’ through these streets with one shoulder a little higher’n the other, because He’s had His hand on one of them. And, pardner, it’s the greatest feelin’ in the world to know that He’s walkin’ alongside, and He cares —”

There is a rustle back by the door and waiters come elbowing their way into the room with great trays of ham sandwiches and pitchers of black coffee and plates of rolls. The dark, bleared eyes of the men turn hungrily in that direction. They reach out like animals and snatch at the trays as the waiters pass down between them. In swift, beast-like gulps they swallow the food, stretching out their grimy hands at the same time for

more. Some visitor at your side, who has come from curiosity and who does not believe in missions, turns away in disgust. "Look at them fighting their way up to the trough," he grumbles. "What good does it do to feed them? Look at them fight for it—the beasts."

You look, but your gaze turns back to your friend in the rear of the room near the door. It was just a year ago, you remember, that he, too, was a beast, fighting his way into the trough. He has paused in his eating to speak earnestly to the wistful young fellow who sits at his right. And as he speaks there comes over the wistful face an expression of wonder, then greater wonder, and finally a gleam that seems almost the promise of content.

Hundreds of times in all sorts of places, I have seen a tremor in a very grave of a life, and out of that grave the Young Man of Galilee has emerged triumphant. It is a sight not reserved for the wise or the privileged. Anyone may see it for himself on any

night on the Bowery, in Water Street, in Van Buren Street, in a dozen parts of almost any city. Wherever it happens it is the one greatest masterpiece that can ever be written on the life of the Young Man of Galilee, the only perfect tribute to His manliness.

For there have been many manly men in the world, many even with courage sufficient to die for their faith. But in all history there has been only one manliness so potent, so superlatively youthful and vibrant with life that it can reach across nineteen centuries, and, touching a dead life, create new manliness in its own image.

These beings new-created — they are His resurrection.

XIV

MORE THAN A MAN

A GENERATION later, in the Imperial City of Rome, another young man died, in his thirty-first year. Only a handful of sobbing peasants mourned the Young Man of Galilee. The tidings of His death were carried a little distance beyond Jerusalem into the villages that He had visited, where they caused a momentary flutter of comment and passed rapidly out of memory. The great historian of His nation mentions the crucifixion in a mere sentence and in enumerating the religious sects of the period omits any reference to the pathetic little band of His followers. No disciplined organization remained to keep His memory fresh; no books to perpetuate His message; nothing —

But when, in the Imperial City, the other young man died the whole world heard, and

remembered. For since his seventeenth year his word had been absolute from Spain to the Himalayas; a thousand governors and tetrarchs had borne rule in his name, and to the farthest corners of the known world armies had carried the eagles of his standards.

Not a dozen men in all history have enjoyed so splendid an opportunity to re-create the earth in their own image. Rome had welcomed him eagerly; he was so young, so handsome, and in his first few years, apparently so good. The Senate had hastened to confer its honors upon him, and the rough voices of soldiers broke forth into enthusiastic acclaim at his approach. Let him but nod, and a city would rise full-grown out of the sands of the desert, or three thousand miles away a whole province be laid desolate. What he did was right, for was he not Emperor, and a god?

For seventeen long years — six times the public life of the Young Man of Galilee — there was no other will within the weary world but his. When brutish passion slowly overran his soul, subjugating the finer sensi-

bilities of his earlier years, there was no effective protest against his ruthlessness. The wisest, most patriotic men in Rome were blotted out to ease his guilty dread, and there was only a murmured discontent. Even the smoldering ruins of the Imperial City itself, sacrificed to make an evening's spectacle for his degenerate enjoyment, were not sufficient to rouse revolt. The world was his own; he was omnipotent in it; and when at length death struck the blow that had been so long delayed, men could not believe that he was dead. Surely omnipotence could not perish; surely a god, to whom the world had proffered worship during the memory of half the living population would not be subject to the common fate of men. "*Nero redivivus*," they cried — "Nero will return" — and for a thousand years there were those that believed it.

The age was prone to superstition; even men of solid sense in Rome felt the spell which the dominant personality of the dead emperor had cast upon them. The whisper "Nero will return" was sufficient to carry a tremor into the very heart of the palace;

and at intervals for ten centuries men rose in this province or that to proclaim themselves Nero reincarnated, and always there were believers who flocked to the raised standard.

Even the persecuted Christian Church did not escape the influence of the superstition. Such fearful moral turpitude as his, it seemed, must have gained itself an immortality of infamy. The author of the Apocalypse, though he did not credit the superstition, made use of it; his "beast with the healed wound," was none other than the hated emperor resurrected, and in his vision of the Antichrist, shared by the great multitude of his fellow Christians, one may read the dread belief that Nero would return.

But generations passed and Nero did not return. Little by little the legend of his resurrection grew more faint, one by one they who had centered their hope, or their fear, upon him dropped off. And today there is not in all the world a single human being to whom the cry "Nero redivivus" would cause one momentary flicker of hope. Nero is forever dead; the man who held the world in

his hand, for whose return thousands looked, has today no shrine in any single human heart.

And the Young Man of Galilee, draining out His heart's blood upon a felon's cross — what of Him? Three days after they had laid Him into the tomb, there were a score of sorrowing people in Jerusalem to whom in some astonishing fashion the conviction came suddenly that He had risen from the dead, was in truth again among them. Sixty days later the score had become three thousand; a decade passed and the far-off provinces were startled by the announcement, "They that have turned the world upside down have come hither also"; and within a short century it was written, and acknowledged by both friends and enemies alike, that "At this time there is no people under heaven, even of those that wander on the desert and dwell in tents, where prayers are not daily offered in the name of the crucified Jesus."

The faith that centered on a throne grew dimmer in each generation until it flickered and went out; the faith born underneath the

cross and at the mouth of a borrowed tomb finally compassed the world. What shall be said in explanation of a phenomenon so contrary to all human probability? Of all the great ones who have sought with their little lifetimes to reshape the world, only one — the Young Man of Galilee — has inspired permanently in any considerable portion of humanity the conviction that He is still present in the world, actively and dominantly influential. Shall you say that credit is due to the shrewdness of His chief followers who fabricated the myth concerning Him and perpetuated it? Nero's followers were greater in number, more powerful in wealth and not less shrewd. Or is it easier to say that He was *more than a man*?

“Heaven and earth shall pass away,” said the Young Man of Galilee, “but my words shall not pass away”—an astounding utterance in the mouth of a youth, an untaught peasant, hardly out of the shadow of a carpenter shop. But not more astounding than scores of other sentences that fell from His lips. Forget for a moment that

you know the source of these words; try to hear them as though they were new to your ears; get the full compelling power of them. Listen —

“I am come a light into the world that whosoever believeth on me should not abide in darkness. And if any man hear my words and believe not, I judge him not; for I came not to judge the world, but to save the world.”

“I am the way, the truth and the life: no man cometh to the Father but by me.”

“All things that the Father hath are mine. . . . Verily, verily I say unto you, Whatsoever ye shall ask of the Father in my name he will give it to you.”

“In the world ye shall have tribulation, but be of good cheer; I have overcome the world.”

“These things spake Jesus and lifted up His eyes to heaven, and said, Father the hour is come, glorify thy son, that thy Son may also glorify thee.”

“As thou hast given Him power over all flesh that He should give eternal life to as many as thou hast given Him.”

“And this is life eternal that men should believe upon thee, the only true God; and Jesus Christ whom thou hast sent.”

“Also I say unto you, Whosoever shall confess me before men, him shall the Son of Man confess before the angels of God. But he that denieth me before men shall be denied before the angels of God.”

“I am the bread of life; he that cometh to me shall not hunger, and he that believeth on me shall never thirst.”

“For I am come down from Heaven not to do mine own will but to do the will of Him that sent me. For this is the will of my Father that everyone that beholdeth the Son and believeth on Him should have eternal life; and I will raise Him up at the last day.”

“Jesus answered, If I glorify myself my glory is nothing; it is my Father that glorifieth me; of whom ye say, he is your God. And ye have not known him, but I know him and keep his word. Your father Abraham rejoiced to see my day, and he saw it and was glad. The Jews therefore said unto him, Thou art not yet fifty years old and hast thou

seen Abraham? Jesus said unto them, Verily, verily I say unto you, Before Abraham was I am."

"And I, if I be lifted up from the earth, shall draw all men unto me."

"Not everyone that saith unto me Lord, Lord, shall enter into the kingdom of heaven; but he that doeth the will of my Father which is in heaven."

"Again the high priests asked Him, and said unto Him, Art thou the Christ the son of the Blessed? And Jesus said, I am: and ye shall see the Son of Man sitting on the right hand of power, and coming with the clouds of heaven."

Merely drops, these, dipped up at random out of the majestic river of His utterance, yet how astounding! In the glory of His physical manliness, in the keenness of His enjoyment of life, He was as we have seen Him, delightfully but superbly normal. What shall be said of utterances like these in one otherwise so splendidly well-balanced and sane? Shall we say that He was carried away by the ecstasy of His emotions, that

He who in all else was so clearly master of every situation, failed in this respect to be master of Himself? Or is it easier to accept the belief that has persisted from heart to heart through nineteen centuries, that these words are the final manifestation of His real character; that abnormal and meaningless as they are on the lips of any man, they are the perfectly natural expression of one who was *more than a man*?

If time be the test of words as it is of lives, what shall be thought of the continuing vitality of these sentences in comparison with any other words that have ever been spoken or written. Socrates, too, gave the world great utterances, as did Aristotle and hundreds of others. Placed in the curriculum of a seminary or college, they are still, after more than two thousand years, capable of bringing to those who read them a new vision of truth, a clearer habit of thought. But in all the generations that have passed since Socrates lived no one has ever thought it worth while to risk his life in order that the words of Socrates might be translated into the

speech of a savage tribe. Milton wrote magnificently of life and death and Heaven and eternity, the very subjects of the Young Man of Galilee; and men of sensitive soul are lifted out of themselves at the beauty of Milton's thought. But translate Milton into the language of the South Sea Islanders, teach them his cadences by heart, and they would be savages still.

But once carry the words of the Young Man of Galilee to a pagan shore, and behold a miracle. In even one generation a civilization is created full grown and perfect, and justice takes the place of hate.

Much can be wrought in the minds of men by clever ruse, but is it reasonable to believe that a civilization could be reared on a cornerstone of falsehood? If the Young Man of Galilee was self-deceived in the claims that He made for Himself, how have those words retained regenerating vitality through a lapse of nineteen hundred years?

Almost any reformer in history had a better chance than the Young Man of Galilee to perpetuate his influence. Marcus Aure-

lius, Roman Emperor, speaking his thoughts with the bulwarks of the Empire as his sounding board, also trained a little group of disciples who were to carry forward his reforming message after he should be gone. But a single generation removed them, and so far as its life and habits are concerned the world might never have known that he or his followers had sought to influence it. Socrates left Xenophon to preserve his message, and Plato, a pupil almost greater than the master, to develop and perfect its power. Thousands today are grateful to him for the mental stimulus which His message brings. But never yet have I seen a man turned from a drunkard's course into good citizenship by reading Socrates, nor a community that gave credit to his words for whatever in its character is best.

Napoleon said: "Alexander, Cæsar, Charlemagne and myself founded empires. But on what did we rest the creation of our genius? Upon sheer force. Jesus Christ alone founded His empire upon love; and at this hour millions of men will die for Him. In every other existence but that of Christ how

many imperfections. From the first day to the last He is the same; majestic and simple; infinitely firm and infinitely gentle."

Empire is a large word. It denotes numbers, and wealth, and absolute rule within fixed boundaries. Can the rule of the Young Man of Galilee be justly called imperial? Is the influence of His words and life gaining dominion over the affairs of the nations? Are the kingdoms of the world becoming the kingdoms of His God? Observation must join its hand to faith in the answer of all such questions, and no two men will read the record with the same eyes. For myself I have found some satisfaction in sinking a test pit here and there into the great powerful forms of modern industrial life, to discover whether, near its heart, it carries anything of the teachings of the Young Man of Galilee. Within a few months I have talked with six men, typical representatives of the successful men of America, directing great enterprises, and dreaming big dreams.

"What is your ambition?" I said to one, the president of a railroad that spans a con-

continent. "Why do you work so hard when you have money enough?" And he looked at me quizzically, as though surprised that I should understand him so little as to suppose money the mainspring of his life.

"Come with me," he said, "and I will show you."

We went far out into the West, where his railroad controls an area that is several times larger than some of our smaller states. We saw the untouched part of the vast expanse, a barren waste unfit for anything. Then suddenly, we had stepped across an imaginary line, and as if by a miracle the landscape blossomed all about us. Flowers bloomed, crops held forth their bounty, men and women and red-cheeked children played joyously at the business of life.

"That's why I work," said the great man. "I'm finishing up the part of God's plan that He left undone. I'm taking the desert and making it fit to live in. I'm picking up folks that have scraped and starved and struggled through their married life, and I am bringing them up here into this wonderful new country

where they can find health and prosperity and education for their children and the fulfilment of dreams — where they can crystallize their existence into lives. That's why I'm working eighteen hours a day; the money is incidental. Before I die I expect to bring a million people up here and have them worshipping God in happy useful lives. That's my faith, my life, my religion."

"Where did you learn it?" I asked.

And he answered, "It was born in Nazareth."

"What is your vision?" I asked of a man who directs a giant corporation, with factories in every country of the world, and hundreds of millions in assets. "Why are you working so hard?"

"It's a long way from realization — my vision," he answered. "There are lots of abuses that have grown up inside corporations and when you are working with twenty-three thousand men the mass moves sometimes very slowly. But at the first meeting I ever held with our directors, I said,

“Gentlemen, the very first thing I propose to do is to put our own house in order. I mean to make this corporation so free from criticism in its business methods, so fair in its dealings with its employees, so open in its competition that it will be a model to all others of its kind.’

“It’s a long, hard fight,” he continued, “but we’ve made a little progress. We’ve adopted the most advanced profit-sharing scheme that has yet been evolved; we have formed a mutual benefit association among our employees; we have offered to open our books wide to the government; we have reduced prices instead of raising them; and we have taken our company out of politics just so far as the politicians will let us. But progress is mighty slow. We’re a long way off from our vision.

“For I believe our company can be made the greatest missionary society in the world. We go into a land stricken and barren and unprogressive, a land where women are hitched to the plows and men strive all day in the sun for a bare living, and we hand them the

magic power of machinery. We make it possible for one man in an hour to do the day's work of three. We remove forever the haunting dread of famine; the joy of living takes the place of bitter struggle. The people are left emancipated to new happiness and education and real worship. That's my religion; there are lots of crosses in it, but it's a working creed."

"Where did you learn to live like that?" I asked him. And he answered, "That's the way He lived."

If that is not empire I do not know what empire is. Together these two men command more wealth than was ever in a Roman province; their army of workmen would outnumber a dozen Roman legions. Yet they regard themselves as mere stewards of the Young Man of Galilee, tetrarchs bearing rule by His favor and in His name.

In a thousand diverse places I have taken the back covers off successful men and watched their souls go 'round — in the offices of department store heads, in the back lobbies of big hotels, in the private cars of railroad

presidents, and the offices of penitentiary wardens — and time and again where I never suspected it, I have been astounded to discover the insignia of the Young Man's empire indelibly inscribed. I have scratched successful men with a sharp question such as, "What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul?" — scratched them just to make them bleed a little. And hardly a single sample of real red business blood have I ever examined without finding some trace of idealism, of faith, and hope and love — the stuff that made the life-blood of the Young Man of Galilee.

What shall be said of empire such as this — invisible, yet all-pervasive and all-powerful? Or of words which through nineteen hundred years are still potent to establish empire and to rule? Did He deceive Himself, who said that God had given Him the kingdoms of the world for His own? Could deception have persisted nineteen hundred years and still gain victories?

We have traveled through the preceding pages together, meeting the Young Man of

Galilee on only His warm, virile, human side. We have sought to avoid all those doubts and suppositions concerning Him that have been the occasion for unceasing discussion; we have tried to voice a protest against the great mass of literature that in exalting His divinity has made His life so unreal as to seem almost a myth. We have rejoiced with Him in the glory of physical strength and achievement; we have laughed happily at the jests of the sinners and publicans, and His own quick retorts, as we have sat with Him at dinner in their houses; we have thrown back our heads with Him to draw in the full rich tonic of the Galilean breezes; we have cheered with the multitude at His fearless denunciations of those that “devoured widows, houses and for a pretense made long hypocritical prayers”; we have felt our pride in His friendship lift us high, as we watched Him stand majestically before the rulers of His nation scorning their subterfuge and refusing a single word in answer to their false accusations; we have stood crushed beneath His cross, and yet wonderfully happy because,

to the very end, He had shown Himself a man, and a master of men. Our little journey through these pages will have come to no end, unless we can close our eyes, and see Him right at this moment, virile, broad-shouldered, His strong corded hand outstretched, His lips parted in a smile revealing perfect teeth, a flash of joy in His eyes; unless we can hear the hearty man-to-man hail with which He would welcome us; unless we can know that, of all the men in history whom one might choose as the companion of a joyous half-day, the Young Man of Galilee would be most joyous, most completely and inspiringly attractive and worth while.

That is the picture that I should like to leave of Him, and to it I should add, not a halo, but just a single beam of transfiguring light. For I have not been able to read His story critically, to follow Him day by day through His various experiences, marking the absolute perfection of His life, and His wonderful mastery of men, without concluding soberly that there is something greater in the Young Man of Galilee than in any who

has ever walked this earth, and something different. By each human being who comes to know Him, and to count Him as a friend, the question of the divinity in His nature has to be settled individually, not from such fragmentary glances as have been furnished here, but from the record of those who were His first friends, or the record written in the lives and work of those who profess His friendship today. The evidence is ready to the hand of him who would open it. It has been submitted again and again to courts of priests and prelates, and to courts of robed judges. But because this is a man's book, for men, I have thought it worth while to pass by all such tribunals, and to record the judgment of a court martial upon the Young Man of Galilee, in His claim to divinity. Surely among soldiers, if anywhere, one may expect to find cool judgment, unswayed by sentiment or interest.

“What think ye of Him?” we ask.

There are three soldier judges, and they render their opinions individually. The first is he who was sent out with a band of guards

to arrest the Young Man, and returned empty-handed after mingling with the crowd that listened to His words.

“What think you of Him?” we ask. And he answers.

“Never man so spake.”

“And you?” we demand, facing the second judge, a short powerful man, who led the best manhood of a nation to destruction, and leveled the thrones of Europe at his feet. “You, Napoleon, what think you of Him?”

“I tell you,” he answers deliberately, “that I understand men; and Jesus was *more than a man.*”

The last of the judges has left his opinion recorded in the story by Mathew. He is the Roman centurion detailed to superintend crucifixions in Jerusalem. Sentiment has no place in his character; his duty is to nail the victims to the cross and to get it done quickly. There is much blood on his hands, some of it the blood of the Young Man of Galilee.

“Now when the Centurion and they that were with him watching Jesus saw the earth-

quake and the things that were done they feared exceedingly, saying:

“Truly this was the Son of God.”

Infinitely firm, yet infinitely tender, powerful, majestic, perfect in all the qualities that excite the admiration of strong men, He remains the one all-satisfying ideal of young manhood. Of all great lives only His led beyond the grave into greater life; only He could say in the apparent awful collapse of everything that He had given His life for, “I have overcome the world.” Because of the marvel of that life, rather than because of His works or words, or the testimony of men concerning Him, we call Him not merely Friend and Companion, but Master and Lord. The Young Man’s Jesus is, too, the Young Man’s Christ.





$$\begin{array}{r} 14 \\ 86 \\ \hline 28 \end{array}$$

