


The Incomparable Christ



He came from the bosom of the Father to the bosom of a woman. He put on humanity that we might put on divinity. He became Son of man that we might become sons of God. He came from Heaven, where the rivers never freeze, winds never blow, frosts never chill the air, flowers never fade, and one is never sick. No undertakers and no graveyards, for no one ever dies—no one is ever buried.

He was born contrary to the laws of nature, lived in poverty, reared in obscurity; only crossed the boundary of the land once, in childhood. He had no wealth nor influence, and had neither training nor education. His relatives were inconspicuous and un-influential.

In infancy He startled a king; in boyhood He puzzled the doctors; in manhood ruled the course of nature. He walked upon the billows and hushed the sea to sleep. He healed the multitudes without medicine, and made no charge for His services. He never wrote a book, yet not all the libraries of the country could hold the books that have been written about Him. He never wrote a song, yet He has furnished the theme of more songs than all the song writers combined. He never founded a college,

yet all the schools together cannot boast of as many students as He has. He never practised medicine, and yet He healed more broken hearts than the doctors broken bodies.

He never marshalled an army, drafted a soldier, nor fired a gun, yet no leader ever made more volunteers, who have under His orders made rebels stack arms of surrender without a shot being fired.

He is the Star of Astronomy, the Rock of Geology, the Lion and the Lamb of Zoology, the Harmoniser of all discords, and the Healer of all diseases. Great men have come and gone, yet He lives on. Herod could not kill Him. Satan could not seduce Him, Death could not destroy Him, the grave could not hold Him.

He laid aside the purple robe for a peasant's gown. He was rich, yet for our sake He became poor. How poor? Ask Mary! Ask the wise men! He slept in another's manger. He cruised the lake in another's boat. He rode on another man's ass. He was buried in another man's tomb. All failed, but He *never*. The ever *Perfect One*—He is the Chief among ten thousand. *He is altogether lovely, and He is MY Saviour.*

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