

ONE SOLITARY LIFE

He was born in an obscure village, the child of a peasant woman. He grew up in another village where He worked in a carpentry shop until He was thirty. Then for three years, He was an itinerant preacher. He never wrote a book. He never held an office. He never travelled farther than two hundred miles from the place He was born. He did none of the things one usually associates with greatness. He was only thirty-three when the tide of public opinion turned against Him. He was turned over to His enemies and went through the mockery of a trial. He was nailed to a cross between two thieves. When He was dead, He was laid in a borrowed grave. But nothing could keep Him in that grave. Three days later He arose!

Nineteen centuries have come and gone, and today He is the central figure of the human race and the leader of mankind's progress. All the armies that ever marched, all the navies that ever sailed, all the kings that ever reigned have not affected the life of man as that One Solitary Life.