

# Northern Light

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## THE UNIVERSAL MAN\* THE UNIVERSAL DAY

Life is a failure, man is a failure unless he becomes acquainted with, and his life is lived thru the Nazarine.

So exhaustless are the resources of the Thousand Sided Christ that Isaiah lost in the splendors of the approaching tho unseen Son of God in exultation cried, "Thou shalt call his name wonderful."

Even as a babe in his mother's arms this was so emphatically true that Simeon of old looking into the face of the Manger Child, cried out, "Lord, now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace according to thy word. For mine eyes have seen thy salvation." Years later a sick, discouraged and weary one, as a last resort, made her way thru the multitude saying, "If I may but touch his garment I shall be whole". She touched, just touched the HEM of his garment and a new life began in body and soul. By some one 'twas said that Socrates died like a hero but Christ died like a God.

So much was it the dying of the divine that a smitten conscience cried out "Sruely this is the Son of God."

Thus from Bethlehem's manger to Calvary's Brow a life was lived so surpassing wonderful that it admits of no comparison; There is no parallel.

It is said that at the World's Parliament of Religion that the lives and motives of buddah, confucious, mahomet and Zoroaster were discussed

pro and con but not one word was lifted against the life and teachings of the Million Sided Christ who came with one mission and that was to make it possible for you and me to become the Sons of God. He came vested with all power and yet for himself used none; Kingdoms and crowns were offered him. He spurned them all. He was more than the King of the Jews. He was a King of a Jew— A master of Self.

He came facing the betrayal the trial the mocking and the cross upon which he died in the eyes of the world as a criminal among transgressors, an impositor of impositors and a failure of failures with only a handful of trembling follows about him.

Thus he died and the world said— Failure. But that death was the bursting blossom the fruit of which makes it possible for you and me to stand on the brink of the grave and triumphantly face the blackest work of Satan. For since that hour Christ has lived-Lived in the hearts of the believers, and to day is marching at the head of Christendom in the greatness of His might, around whom millions have been flocking since that hour. In sixty minutes you can read all the printed sayings of him who was predicted by the prophets, revealed in the Gospels and interpreted by the epistles—Page 4.