

routine in the obscurest sphere of life may be made radiant with heavenly light, and those who are called to such routine may find a diviner satisfaction in their apparently unenviable lot than is granted to many whose brilliant display draws upon them the envy of the world. Some, too, who are bewildered by the clamour of contending creeds, and are inclined to despair of ever discovering the true Church of God, may catch a glimpse of the method by which their doubts are most likely to vanish. There is an old legend of a cathedral which surpassed in "the beauty of holiness" all temples ever built by man. In the Christless wars of Christendom the beautiful House of God had been deserted, and, like the palace of the Sleeping Beauty in another legend, had been gradually in the course of years surrounded by an impenetrable forest, so that its very site came to be forgotten. Still the tradition of its surpassing beauty lingered in the memory of Christendom. Learned divines and antiquaries wrote many an elaborate treatise in defence of different theories about its locality. The search for it became another quest of the Holy Grail, in which knightly warriors wasted their lives in vain. It was not by mere theorising or by warlike adventure, it was by doing a little bit of humble labour for the improvement of God's world to make it a more habitable home, that the ideal Church was to be found. A poor woodman, who had been toiling patiently at the clearing of the forest, paused amid his toil one day to wipe the honest sweat from his brow; and, as he looked down the opening which his labour had made, there stood before his eyes the glorious vision which learning and chivalry had sought in vain.