

the thirty years of toil in the workshop of Nazareth than we could have reconciled the Transfiguration on Thabor with the scene beneath the olive trees, or the three hours on Calvary. Yet all has been harmonized for the confirmation of our faith and hope, and for the sustaining of our courage along the toilsome way of homely duty by the force of His example who is like to us in all things, save only sin. Thabor, Gethsemane, Calvary, are our resource in the crucial hours of life, in the strife between the spirit and the flesh, which reduces to an agony. But these reasons are the exceptions, and the lessons they call for were briefly given. A few moments He showed Himself to us as our glorified Head; a few hours as our Model in the extremity of mental and physical pain. But for the monotonous round of labour which is the rule of our life, He judged a corresponding term of teaching to be necessary. And so we have the thirty years of hidden life in the cottage and the workshop of Nazareth.

It is only because we have not studied it in detail that this period of our Lord's life appears less wonderful than the years of miracles or the death of the Cross. In one sense it is more wonderful. That earth and sea, and disease, and death should obey Him, that all nature should be convulsed on Calvary, is not surprising. But that God could do anything commonplace, that He should be a helpless Babe, an errand Boy, a tradesman—His back bowed beneath burdens, His hands hardened with toil, His work of the simplest and commonest, uninteresting, unnoticed, bringing Him no reputation—could it have entered into the heart of man to conceive this?

Nazareth is the school in which all must learn. In whatever station of life our lot may be cast, there must be labour, and labour sanctified. Though heaven has