

He learned to "see life steadily and to see it whole." Through the indwelling of the Holy Spirit vitalising in His soul, the discipline of daily toil, the Spiritual nature of Jesus came at length to perfect fruitage. And then He shed His fruit. Into the winepress He cast Himself, and when the vintage season ended the cup of the world's need was filled with the cordial of a healing grace.

One cannot imagine that the home-leaving of Jesus would be marked by any special excitement. Doubtless the thought of leaving His mother wrenched His heart. But the voice of duty was too clearly calling Him to permit of any inward conflict or confusion. Calmly He would lay aside His hammer and His plane, roll up His apron, put the carpenter-shop in order, pass over the little store of savings (if there was one) to His mother, and turn His steps down into the Jordan valley, where the ministry of His cousin John was creating such unwonted stir.

We may not conjecture about the thoughts which were in His mind that morning, but we may be sure that He took the road with confident, though unhasting step, and that He went with