

They who tread the path of labour, follow
where My feet have trod;

They who work without complaining, do the
holy will of God;

Nevermore thou needest seek Me, I am with
thee everywhere,

Raise the stone and thou shalt find Me, cleave
the wood and I am there."

Where the many toil together, there am I
among My own,

Where the tired workman sleepeth, there am
I with him alone.

I, the Peace that passeth knowledge, dwell
amid the daily strife;

I the Bread of Heav'n am broken, in the sac-
rament of life.

Every task, however simple, sets the soul that
does it free.

Every deed of love and mercy, done to man
is done to Me.

Nevermore thou needest seek me, I am with
thee everywhere,

Raise the stone and thou shalt find Me, cleave
the wood and I am there.

That was how Jesus came to them. As they
laboured for Him, He became nearer and
dearer than ever they had dreamed, nearer
than earthly friends, dearer than life itself.

The Jesus who toiled up the Judean hill-
sides, who cleansed the leper, who chatted
at the well, who comforted the widow, and
thought it not beneath Him to heal a mere
servant or to wash His disciple's feet, is pre-
cious, very precious to us. The tender, loving
Jesus, who came to us as the best friend of
all, as we knelt at a mother's knee, is pre-
cious, very precious to us. The Jesus, who be-
came the Gleam on the distant horizon of our
youth is precious, most precious to us. But
infinitely more precious is the Christ Who
walks beside us along the Indian road. When
our hearts are full of despair over our fail-
ures, He it is Who says, "Lo, I am with you
always—even unto the end of the age." He
it is who glorifies "the daily round, the com-
mon task." "He it is who walks beside us
into the most loathesome corners. There He
is in the filth of the madrigal hamlet, in the

squalor of the outcaste quarters. He looks
out at us with pleading eyes from the face
of some unkempt coolie. He pleads with us
in the voice of some wanderer who longs to
find the Way. The diamond digger breath-
lessly digs and sifts the soft mud. His la-
bours are rewarded. He finds the diamond,
a "gem of purest ray serene." So Christ comes
to us. He is a light that shines in the dark-
ness. He is the glory in the grey. His ma-
jesty and His splendour speak to us from
the snowy magnificence of the Himalayas.
But His glory has shone about us with great-
er intensity as we have seen hearts bound by
sin, turn toward the light.

"Not to the swift the race, not to the strong
the fight,

Not to the righteous, perfect grace, not to
the wise the light.

But sometimes faltering feet come surest to
the goal.

And they who walk in darkness meet the
sunrise of the soul."

In the sunrise have we not seen the glory
of the ascended Lord? Oh, it shall never be.
"What I have given to India!" but "What
India has given to me!" We would see Jesus.
We have seen Jesus—Immanuel—"God with
us."

"Raise the stone and thou shalt find Him
Cleave the wood and He is there."

Recognition

Out of my need you come to me, O Father,
Not as a Spirit, gazing from on high,
Not as a wraith, gigantic in its outlines,
Waiting against the tumult of the sky!

Father you come to me in threads of music,
And in the blessedness of whispered mirth,
And in the fragrance of frail garden flowers
When summer lies across the drowsy earth.

Out of my need you come to me, O Father,
When I can scarcely see the path ahead—
It is your Hand, that turns the sky, at even-
ing,

Into a sea of throbbing, pulsing red.—
It is your call that sounds across the marshes,
It is your smile that touches fields of grain.
Painting them with pale gold—it is your
nearness

That makes me see new beauty after pain.