

which they had been lulled by a priesthood without soul or conscience?

Are these not usually the real hours of joy and moments of exaltation of a servant of God, the true gleams of light in his life, when he can hear an echo of his testimony and is permitted to see some fruit of his work? Not that a true servant of God is not often forced to work on for long years without a sign of recognition by the world; not that we should attach much importance to the applause of men, or build high hopes on a spasmodic movement of men. But yet it is a sweet recompense for much trouble and toil, a joy to the heart amidst many depressing experiences, a strengthening of faith for courageous endurance at our posts, when, now and then, we see, hear, and feel: My work is not in vain in the Lord; when the preacher perceives: I am no mere preacher in the wilderness; I speak not here to mere stones; I see here and there a rousing of hearts, a grateful reception of the divine Word, a penitential feeling within the breast, an earnest seeking of the truth; when the teacher and tutor has the consciousness: the young make progress, my counsels take hold, my instructions bear fruit, I find entrance into heads and hearts; when the philanthropist, with much trouble and labor, against much prejudice and opposition, succeeds in calling into existence some good work and in seeing his honest purposes recognized; when the writer, poet, artist, who places his gifts at the service of the true, the good, the beautiful, reaps the applause of the good, and finds approbation among sympathetic souls; when a true servant, an honest worker, obtains now and then a sign of confidence, of esteem, of love and gratitude from those for whom he devotes his powers—these are sun-gleams on the path of our vocation, joyful hours in this life full of battle and strife, for which we may thank God from the heart. And the great God in heaven leaves none of His servants entirely without such strengthenings to faith, and often just there where we least

expect it; often just then when we think we have cast out our net in vain, we are rejoiced with an unexpected draught of fishes, which again shows us: Thy work is not in vain in the Lord. Do thou thy part; God is doing His. He does it even when thy strength is gone and thy time has reached its end. Even then there are joyous hours for a true servant of God:

3. *When he can hope that his work passes over into the right hands.* "I baptize with water, but there standeth one among you whom ye know not; the same is he which baptizeth with the Holy Ghost. . . . Behold the Lamb of God which taketh away the sin of the world." These are the glad promises wherewith John points out to himself and his people the Mightier One, who cometh after him. That his own power was limited he declares with clear consciousness in his testimony of himself. That his time was destined to be brief he was soon to experience in the prison of Herod. But what consoles him for the narrow range of his own capacity and calling, for the short space of his own life and work, is the certainty: God's work is in good hands. What I only begin, that shall the Mightier complete. And as Moses from Mount Nebo cast his dying gaze over the Promised Land which himself should never enter, so does the forerunner of the Lord, ere he quits the scene, cast forth a glad glance of hope on the glorious work and blessed kingdom of his Lord and Master.

Happy be who can imitate him. A bad man that, who thinks of naught beyond his own brief existence, or who consoles himself: If I only get along, let it go as it may after me, and the worse it is after me, so much the better, for the more will people miss me. A sad man he, who must leave his unfinished day's work with the thought: What I have begun must lie unaccomplished; what I built up must fall to ruin again; what I gathered must be scattered, for there is here no hand to carry it forward. But happy the man who, when his time is over, can transfer his work into the hands of a trusty son,