

His ministry is wider than all the creeds; more catholic than all the churches. Before the human worker appears on the scene, He has been ploughing and sowing the seed. The desire which trembles in the breast for something better than we have been or known, is, "Christ in us" not the fulfilment, but "the hope of glory." And He Who created the hope will bring it to maturity. Travellers tell us of hillsides now clothed with vegetation which once were lurid with volcanic fires, of luxuriant flowers blooming in districts once barren and desolate. So does the Husbandman work in character. "The wilderness and the solitary place shall be glad and the desert shall rejoice and blossom as the rose. It shall blossom abundantly and rejoice even with joy and singing . . . they shall see the glory of the Lord, and the excellency of our God." It is His glory and no other for which the poet cries:—

*"O lovely lily clean,
O lily springing green
O lily bursting white
Dear lily of delight,
Spring in my heart agen
That I may flower to men."*