

the patience, the thoroughness of the true workman, but they had also the courage to see that the moment to strike had come, to recognise that the new Truth had dawned. What was it, this new sign in the heavens? Was it new, or was the normal used in an abnormal way by God's kindly hand? We know not; but whatever it was, it was only according to the measure of the thoroughness of their calculations, only by the knowledge which had been theirs before that they were aware that the sign had been given. Thy knew it, because of the patience with which they had pored over the signs and indications which had preceded. Their work had its fulfilment. The star—meteor or comet—might have come and gone unnoticed, but these patient, watching men were ready with a response to the signal given. So ready are they that, like the Merchant in the Gospel whom our Lord praised, who, when he saw the pearl of great price, went and sold all that he had to gain that one prize—these men, in audacious courage of intellectual vigor, will risk all, will set out on their great adventure, leave all behind them, knowing that what they had seen cannot have been given in vain. What is it, this new birth in heaven, this birth of some wonderful thing? These patient, yet audacious men, clinging to the old, yet ready for the new, they are the true type of all intellectual workers; the sign is given to them in the way of their work, and they find themselves in the place where He is—at the feet of the young Child.

And we can have that in our thoughts and our prayers, praying that the Star of the Epiphany may come to us along the lines of our dally work, may come in response to that particular intellectual labor which is ours. We may find that it is there that God arrives; over that work the star arises. In the very heart of it, just where we least expect the vision of the Epiphany glory, Christ is born again in our soul. So often do we desire to find Christ by some strange way; often our work flags, our hearts grow weary, it seems the most mechanical, the least godly side of our life; for relief we must turn elsewhere—not along this dry and dusty road can we find the light which our soul desires. Yet the Wise Men would say, Turn again into the old paths. There, where your work is, where your life is, seek it there—there you will find it. Within the lines of your toil prepare the road down which He will come; there, where is the most hard, tiring, mechanical routine, look for the Star—it will arise there. Wait for it; remember the Wise Men, their tenacity, their patience. Remember those who had gone before them, who had toiled all their lives, who saw no star, yet worked and passed on the great hope, the expectation. So work on there, spend your prayers there, among the desks, the class-rooms, the dry routine, looking for the Epiphany to break. And when it does, cling to it; the Wise Men passed away—how pathetic the thought!—back into the darkness, back to their old studies; yet they had seen the Star, they had worshipped the Babe, had given their gifts. They must have re-