

*Jesus in the Tabernacle, Our Consolation.*

Pilgrims to the Holy Land love to tarry in the blessed places where every pathway bears traces of the feet of Jesus, where every stone has a tale to tell of Him. We long to have dwelt in Nazareth, to have seen Him, spoken with Him, watched Him, followed Him, and to have kissed the print of His feet in the Galilean soil. We say: "I should indeed have been happy to have sat at His feet on the mountain, or in the olive-grove, or by the seaside, or away in the loneliness of the desert where He went to pray. Not a wish of my heart but I should have told Him, not a sorrow but I should have laid before Him. And surely He who fed the hungry and gave sight to the blind and forgave the most abominable crimes, and even raised the dead and gave them once more to the arms of the mothers that mourned them—surely He would have given me all that I stood in need of; and how holy and happy I should have been! As we thus muse and long a voice seems to come reproachfully, from the tabernacle, and to murmur in our ear: "Am I not always with you—the same Jesus who dwelt at Nazareth in Galilee?" Jesus is near us still. In the solitude of the lonely church, where the lamp burns softly, and all is still around, is the same Jesus Who was on the mountain and in the olive-grove and by the seaside and in the lone desert; and He has the self-same loving heart to offer us consolation, and the self-same divine power to aid us in all our necessities. You do not see Him, it is true, but neither did the blind people whom He cured; they only knew that He was there and they followed Him. What does it matter if He is hidden from our view? We know, we believe that He is there. And He is always ready to impart comfort to us in adversity. Too often, however, we do not listen to Jesus in the tabernacle as we should. Too often we enter the presence of Jesus to pour forth our own trouble and requirements only, and after perhaps a few hurried

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