

the forces of the universe, to the peculiar problems confronting us in life we must know Him and His law. The person and indwelling of the Holy Spirit to the Christian worker should be clearly apprehended. It is true he is like the wind which blows where it lists. We cannot command Him nor bring Him at will, but knowing His ways we can place ourselves in the line of His operations, be clothed with His power, and so apply Him to the various conditions which may confront us.

One of these peculiar conditions is that of *the nature of every day work*. Perhaps the greatest and most subtle temptation which comes to the student is to regard his college days as simply preparatory to his real life's work, and hence on the part of many there is a chafing for a larger sphere. A true conception of our relation to the Holy Spirit dispels this delusion. By making our lives sacred with His indwelling, everything we touch becomes sacred. Studying becomes a service as well pleasing as preaching. This is beautifully illustrated in the life of our Lord. For eighteen years we hear nothing of him. But from the subsequent remarks of his neighbors at Nazareth we learn that he was during that time serving as a carpenter's apprentice and afterwards plying his trade, making ploughs and yokes. At the expiration of these silent years we see him come to the Jordan to enter upon his public ministry, and we hear a voice from the cloud saying, "This is my beloved Son in whom I am well pleased." To what did these words of commendation refer? Certainly not to his ministry in Galilee and Judea, nor to his experiences in Gethsemane and on the cross, for these were not yet accomplished. But this testimony throws a ray of light on those years of preparation. If God was well pleased with him, no shoddy work ever came from his hands and never an unholy influence from his life. These years of honest, faithful toil gave tone to all his after work and made the cross the power it is to-day. A student who was invariably unprepared with his work at class, excused himself on the ground that he spent his evenings in evangelistic work. One day a professor dryly remarked, "I can see through that excuse and I think God can see just as far as I can." In the new library, Boston, there is a painting of the Holy Grail which never fails to attract attention. According to the legends, the Grail was the cup of which our Lord partook of the last supper. It was brought to England but disappeared, and it became the favourite enterprise of knights to go in search of it, believing this to be a service well pleasing to Christ. James Russel Lowell tells of a young knight, Sir Launfal, who was determined to find the lost treasure. The night before he was to set out he dreamed. It was a beautiful spring morning, the birds were singing their sweetest and the sun shining its brightest. As he rode away from the castle gate a leper stretched forth a hand and begged an alms. The young knight turned from the loathesome sight and contemptuously tossing the beggar a coin, rode out into the world in quest of the Holy Grail. The scene is changed. It is winter and the knight sees himself re-