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THE NAZARETH SHOP.

(By the late Bishop Robert McIntyre, of the Methodist Episcopal Church, who in early life was a brickmason, and never lost his sympathy for the laboring man. At the time of his death he was the resident Bishop of his Church in Oklahoma City.)

I wish I had been His apprentice, to see Him each morn-
ing at seven,
As He tossed His gray tunic far from Him, the Master
of earth and of heaven;
When He lifted the lid of His work chest, and opened
His carpenter's kit,
And looked at His chisels and augers, and took the bright
tools out of it;
While He gazed at the rising sun, tinting the dew on
the opening flowers,
And smiled as He thought of His Father, whose love
floods this planet of ours;
When He fastened His apron about Him, and put on His
workingman's cap,
And grasped the smooth haft of His hammer, to give
the bent woodwork a tap,
Saying, "Lad, let us finish this ox yoke. The farmer must
put in his crop."
Oh, I wish I had been His apprentice, and worked in
the Nazareth shop!

Some wish they had been on Mount Tabor, to hearken un-
to His high speech,
When the quick and the dead were beside Him,
He holding communion with each;
Some wish they had heard the soft accents that stilled
the wee children's alarms,
When He won the sweet babes from their mothers, and
folded them fast in His arms.
Some wish they had stood by the Jordan, when holy
John greeted Him there,
And had seen the white dove of the Spirit fly down o'er
the path of His prayer.
Some wish they had seen the Redeemer, when into the
basin He poured
The water, and, grit with a towel, the servant of all was
the Lord.
But for me, if I had the choosing, Oh, this would then
all overtop:
To work all day steady beside Him of old in the Naz-
areth shop.

These heavenly wonders would fright me; I cannot ap-
proach to them yet;
But, Oh, to have seen Him when toiling, His forehead all
jeweled with sweat;
To hear Him say softly, "My helper, now bring me the
level and rule;"
To have Him bend over and teach me the use of each
artisan's tool.
To hear him say, "This is a sheep gate to keep in the
wandering flock;"
Or, "This is a stout oaken house sill. I hope it will
rest on a rock."
And sometimes His mother might bring us our meal in
the midsummer heat,
Outspread it so simply before us, and bid us to sit down
and eat.
Then, with both of us silent before Him, the blessed
Messiah would stop
To say grace, and a tremulous glory would fill all the
Nazareth shop.