

14 CHRIST IN THE MANGER

And when 'tis swept and wash'd, I then will go
And with Thy leave, I'll fetch some flowers that grow
In Thine own garden, Faith and Love to Thee;
With these I'll dress it up, and these shall be
My rosemary and bays. But when my best
Is done, the room's not fit for such a Guest.
But here's the cure; Thy presence, Lord, alone
Will make a stall a Court, a cratch a Throne."

I have read that if one were to suspend a bell weighing a hundred tons, and a little child were to stand beneath it and play upon a flute, the vibrations of the air produced by the playing of the flute would cause the bell to tremble like a living thing and resound through all its mass. As bell responds to flute so the heart of the Christian responds to the music of the message that issues from the manger-cradle of the Babe of Bethlehem. The time will come when the music from that manger shall melt into itself all earth's Babel sounds and fill the world with harmony. When the heart of humanity has been everywhere touched and tuned into accord with the ground-note of Bethlehem, it will become a golden bell whose rhythmic strokes in the tower of Time shall -

"Ring out the want, the care, the sin,
The faithless coldness of the times."