



CHRISTMAS is our yearly reminder of the childlikeness of God. So astounding is the fact that few believe it, yet for those who do, the air is full of angel visitants, singing "On earth peace, good will to men."

For some, God is the Universe-embracing All, who is honored by our Pantheistic self-annihilation. For others, he is brute force or dead matter and life is a groping through agnostic darkness out of an unknown past into an unknown future.

Some make pleasure their god and others make success and lay waste their lives in following them.

There be gods many and lords many, but only one God, and through the unfolding centuries a few have stood with bowed, bared heads beside the manger at Bethlehem and understood the Master's words "Whosoever shall not receive the Kingdom of God as a little child shall not enter therein." To them has come the wondrous truth that the sinless life of the man of Nazareth was the full and perfect unfolding of the babe of Bethlehem, unmarred by mistake, unsullied by sin, ever keeping the child heart, simple and tender and appealing, ruling the hearts of men by the simple art of love—and this life, from Bethlehem to Calvary is God, incarnate in our humanity.

And this discovery makes them bond servants forever to the most absolute sovereignty in the Universe, the law of love, yet they know themselves free, for it is their deepest joy to do the will of the Master whose mightiest instrument of compulsion is the hand of a little child.

And so, dear reader, in this wonderful West land, where we are too much impressed with our money and our clothes, our corner lots and our earthly habitations, I wish you none of these things, but the pure heart, the childlike spirit that sees God and knows that Heaven is here this Christmas of 1911.

John Mackay