

up to the gates booted and spurred and splashed with mud. Sometimes there is blood on the feet of the horses which it rides. It comes with force and impatience. Its riding-whip beats a loud challenge upon the door. Pushing in, also, to book for rooms, are the varied Pleasures which our modern civilisation affords. Loudly they knock for entrance. They promise song and story and games and laughter and forgetfulness. The danger is that amidst all these claimants for our hospitality Christ may be crowded out. There are some quaint, sweet lines in an old Moravian hymn-book which may serve to work in us a greater carefulness in this regard.

"But art Thou come, dear Saviour? Hath Thy love
Thus made Thee stoop, and leave Thy throne above
The lofty heavens, and thus Thyself to dress
In dust, to visit mortals? Could no less
A condescension serve? And after all
The mean reception of a cratch and stall?
Dear Lord, I'll fetch Thee thence! I have a room
(Tis poor, but 'tis my best), if Thou wilt come
Within so small a cell, where I would fain
Mine and the world's Redeemer entertain;
I mean, my heart; 'tis sluttish, I confess,
And will not mend Thy lodgi; Lord, unless
Thou send before Thy harbinger; I mean
Thy pure and purging Grace, to make it clean
And sweep its nasty corners; then I'll try
To wash it also with a weeping eye.