

statement; while the treatment of the whole subject culminates in the clear and victorious identification of the teaching and life of Christ with the idea of immortality, not as a mere continuance of individual existence, but as the present and only life, the knowledge of and fellowship with the only true God.—Summing up the ideas of life held by the Hebrew prophets, Dr. Gordon introduces this striking illustration :

“As one standing among the Scotch hills in the early autumn, at sundown, and when the heather is in full bloom, perceives first the glory of the whole as it fashions itself into one seamless and superb robe, flung like royal purple round the shoulders of the kingly elevation, then observes the rich clusters and groups of beauty in the separate bushes, and, last of all,

notices the single flower, the individual blossom, and its delicate and exquisite tint and tone, so the Hebrew prophets regarded life. The general outline was the first to impress them, the gathered greatness and collective dignity of men, the multitudes of people as they melted into one mass of royal possibility, with the beauty of the Lord their God resting upon them; then came the recognition of the smaller groups and wholes, the sense of the loveliness and lofty import of home; and finally the prophet's eyes fell upon the individual heart and discerned its wonderful structure, its sacred office, its priceless worth. The moral government of God, first discovered as concerned with the nation, is next beheld as extending to the family, and lastly is seen searching the heart of the individual human being, and clothing his life with a dignity altogether unspeakable.—*The Outlook.*

A CHRISTMAS SONG.

BY R. WALTER WRIGHT, B.D.

I know not the day that the Lord came down,
With an emptied glory and a vanished crown,
As a babe in a manger in Bethlehem's town,
But I know in my heart that the Lord came down.

I saw not the star gleaming far in the west,
Guiding Persian magi in wandering quest,
Till they found in His worship their soul's truest rest,
But I see in my heart that the star shineth on.

I saw not the blaze in the dark midnight sky,
Nor the white-winged messengers earthward hie,
Nor heard I their glory-song echo and die,
But I hear in my heart their sweet Gloria now.

I know not how man may the great God embrace,
How the Infinite finds in the finite a space,
How the attributes, human, divine, interlace,
But I feel in my heart that the Christ findeth room.

I know not how men from their sins are beguiled,
How the past is forgiven, and the savage grows mild,
How the world is redeemed by the touch of a Child,
But I know in my heart that the Child saveth me.

I ask not how rulers sore troubled may be,
How scribes may interpret the sure prophecy,
How the world's blinded eyes nought of beauty may see,
'Tis enough for my heart He is Jesus to me.

PLATTSVILLE, Ont.