



A MERRY CHRISTMAS
AND
HAPPY NEW YEAR.

A *Child is born to us, a Son is given to us!*” exclaims Isaias, Emmanuel’s prophet. “*Glory be to God on high, and on earth peace to men of good will;*” sing the angels in the midnight skies. “*The grace of God our Saviour hath appeared to all men,*” proclaims the Apostle of the Gentiles. What assurances, aye, and infallible pledges, of peace and happiness are wafted down through the ages and repeated to us each succeeding New Year! For us, no less than for patriarch and prophet, for shepherds and kings, “the desire of the everlasting hills” has been accomplished, the heavens have dropped down their dew, and the skies are filled with honey. Only, with the shepherds and kings “let us go over to Bethlehem and see the word which is come to pass,” and we too shall find Mary and Joseph and the Infant lying in the manger, and we shall wonder and ponder in our heart, and return glorifying and praising God.

But, alas, the world, even the Christian world, has forgotten the road to Bethlehem. Its sky has no angel’s song; its Christmas no Child, nor Mother, nor Crib, nor Manger; the “brightness of God” has vanished and given