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A Song of Christmastide.

What are the sweet bells pealing,
What do their echoes say,
Far o'er the peaceful meadows,
Wak'ning the sleeping day?
What is that song of gladness
Caught from the Heav'nly strain,
Borne in the starlit dawning,
"Christmas has come again!"?

What are the snowflakes bringing
Down to the earth once more?
Flowers from the hands of angels
Far from the heavenly shore,
Falling amid the shadows,
Pointing the road above,
Hailing the gladsome Yuletide,
The Christmastide of love.

Ah! there are songs of gladness,
Good will, and peace for aye,
As in the distant dawn-time,
As on that Christmas-day,
When, from the angel-chorus,
Echoed the deathless strain:
"Glory to God in the Highest,
Peace be on earth again."

Merry Christmas.

Before our next issue, Christmas—that day on which the heart of the Christian pulsates with ineffable joy—will have come and gone. Let kindly interchange of friendly interest strengthen the bond of mutual love. Let every home—no matter how humble—be brighter and every heart happier for its rising sun, and in its serene setting may it leave us with a deeper devotion, and a more general "good-will" that shall promote peace throughout the earth. And meanwhile let us not forget the Babe of Bethlehem. His influence is moving mightily upon the world to-day. His power shall yet prevail over superstition and infidelity, and then the flowery vales and the vine-clad hills and the blooming isles, like recovered Edens, and the happy continents, from sea to sea shall sing, from shore to shore shall ring, from the deepest depths shall cry, from the highest heights reply, and thrill the enchanted sky with the good news on earth and the glad tidings from heaven "that Christ Jesus came into the world."

Ring the joy-bells again, join the angels refrain,
Hallelujah, hallelujah, peace, good-will to men'

Christmas Day.

Christmas comes fragrant with memories of the past. We remember how in days gone by we looked forward to the happy time of re-union, back from school, in the dear old home full of joy and peace; and now that time has rolled on we look at our own little ones, as they cluster round us, and one almost feels as one once did. The snows of time may have whitened the hair, but the heart feels young and fresh still, beside the crib at Bethlehem where the Infant Saviour lies.

Old faces have gone, old voices are stilled, yet around our sorrow shines a halo of glorious light, as we ponder on the past, with the Incarnate by our side.

Dwellers in country places, take heart. This day God knows all about your daily work. As you tend your sheep and oxen, as you go amongst your horses, remember Jesus was born in a manger, and your lowliest labors will be hallowed by that thought.

Humble may be our calling, but it was to shepherds the glad tidings came, and still in the silent night of trial the good news, the Gospel, comes, that a Saviour, who knows all your life and your work, has been born.

In winter time He was born, and so still full oft in life's wintry days the Saviour is born, and peace falls upon the weary hearts.

We have grasped each other's hands and given the cheery greeting, "A Happy Christmas!" all in memory of that time "when shepherds watched their flocks by night"; and God be praised, even as then, so in our lives the heavens have opened, and glad tidings of great joy have been poured into our heart.

But shall we not go further, and say: "I have heard the angel's song, but have I done as the shepherds did: have I gone to Bethlehem—gone to find Christ, Him of whom all these glorious things are spoken?"

Christmas festivities, what are they, without Christ?

There lies a palette, all covered with glorious tints, and there stands an easel, with the canvas, but all is useless till the living hand of the artist comes, and then the picture grows, till at last it stands finished in all its beauty.

Christmas joys lie around us; our souls are here, but we must have more: we must have the Living Hand of Jesus to make the picture complete.

If we take not heed, we can get a certain sort of joy at this time, but no peace—that peace which passeth all understanding. Let us go, then to the crib, and behold the King in His Beauty, the Beauty of Humility and Innocence. Take your life there, and see if it is humble. God lends us talents, and we grow proud of them, as if they were our very own; others stride on through life with uplifted heads, scorning the less fortunate.

Pride is the most contemptible of all things, when it lifts its head and rules us; let us be off to Bethlehem, and see God's idea of true nobility, and what the Lord of lords did for your sake, and more, look back on your own childhood and what you were then, and then what you are now. "Can it be," sighed a great man, "that that innocent child I remember years ago was myself?" Many another soul may echo that bitter cry as this Christmas is compared with the Christmas of long ago.

Let childhood's festival speak, and make us child-like in our faith and trust, and, like another rod, strike stony world-worn hearts and make the waters flow.

Rejoice, and in your joy make others join. Let some poor neighbor or some sick one be the better for your presence, for wherever Jesus is there must be joy, and whoever has been in His presence must be as Moses when he came down from the Mount—living witnesses of the glory of God.

Around whirls the busy, noisy world, yet just as there is an instrument by which you can hear one note if it is sounded, never matter how many other sounds there may be at the same time, so you have in your hands a Spiritual Resonator, and at all times, no matter how loudly the noises of the world clang around, you can hear the angel song of peace and joy, and this will give you what we wish you dear Reader, with all our heart—a happy, holy Christmas-tide.