

All Hallows in the West.

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CHRISTMAS-TIDE, 1899.

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Servire Deo Sapere.

A HAPPY Christmas-tide to every one !
Though from the festal board some
guests are gone,
And yet not gone for to each va-
cant place

There cometh One who hath an Angel's
face !

And there is left a store of life and love,
Links which unite us here to those above.

A happy Christmas-tide ! And let the poor
Turn with a thankful heart from ev'ry
door.

If in our hearts there's strife with kin
or friend,

For Jesu's sake let the contention end.

So ere the year is hidden 'neath its pall
Thank we the Lord to be at peace with all.

“WHEN JESUS WAS BORN.”—

These four simple words refer to
the greatest and most stupendous
event in the history of the world,
the Incarnation of the Son of God.

How familiar and how dear to
each one of us is the old, old
Christmas Story !

The short winter's day was clos-
ing in when those two weary trav-
elers, St. Joseph, and the Blessed
Virgin, neared their journey's end.
The way had been long and dreary,
lightened by none of the comforts
of travel which, in the East, only
the rich can command.

They had probably spent three
days or more on the journey from
Galilee, and when they arrived at
Bethlehem, they found the little
town crowded with those, who like
themselves, had come from the dis-
tricts round about, to register their
names in “their own city” at the
command of the heathen Emperor.

The Inn was filled and the only
shelter they could find was in a
stable. Here, in quiet and seclusion,
away from the chattering bustling

crowd within the Khan, the “Moth-
er of the Lord” found a resting
place for the night. It was on that
night God gave His Son to the
World. Within that stable, of that
pale Virgin “Jesus was born.”

The Angels sang their Christmas
Carol, and the humble Shepherds
watching their flocks in the fields
heard the “glad tidings,”

“Feeding their sheep, they found the
Lamb of God,
The Lamb without a blemish or a stain,
The Altar-Lamb, the Lamb of Sacrifice,
The Lamb from everlasting ages slain.

Feeding their sheep, they found the
Shepherd good,
Who gave His Life a ransom for the
sheep,

The Shepherd, Who in love His scattered
flock
Came down from Heaven to gather and
to keep.

Feeding their sheep, they found the fold
of Heaven,
Which whoso enters shall go out no more !
The living waters there, the pastures
green,
The soft fresh air of the Celestial Shore.”

From afar some Wise Men saw
His Star, and immediately prepared
to come and worship Him, but the
gathering crowds at Bethlehem in
whose midst the Divine Infant lay,
were unmindful, too absorbed in
their own trivial, individual con-
cerns to be awake to the mystery
and glory of that night when He
came, of Whom their Prophets had
written, and their Psalmist had
sung.

On that night the sword waving
at the gate of Paradise was remov-
ed. On that night the gulf was
bridged over that separated man
from God.

Those feeble Baby hands cling-
ing to the Virgin Mother's breast