

bone, flesh of our flesh. He is God, but God now clothed in flesh, that He may draw near to us in human sympathy and draw us "with the cords of a man." Who can sympathize as He? As God He knows us who owe to Him our being; as man He shares whatever belongs to the nature which He assumed. God with us. God in Heaven, yet with us still in the Sacraments of His Church, throwing His arms about us in our Baptism, drawing us forgiven to His breast in Absolution, visiting us, abiding with us in the Communion of His Body and Blood, so uniting us to Himself. God with us.

With us in sorrow to comfort every loss with the assurance of a love far greater than any whose absence the heart may mourn. With us in distress, to promise more abundant joy through the trial of patient suffering in His fellowship. With

us in temptation, with the trophies of Victory in His hands, and the pledge of triumph to all who persevere through faith in His name. With us in death, "though thou walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I am with thee," I, Who have overcome death and opened the gate of everlasting life. Emmanuel, God with us, this is the fulness of joy, and this is the meaning of that mystery which we celebrate on Christmas Day. This is the only true meaning of "Merry Christmas."

—Don't fail to enter into the Christmas joys of the children about you; nothing will so freshen you and help you morally, yes intellectually too, as to enter into and understand the innocent joys of childhood. Don't leave the decoration of either your church or home to others.

—How can such things be?—Almighty God made a little child, the Infinite and Everlasting, born in human flesh, born to die! It would be overwhelming, indeed, if we were creatures of simple intellect; but we are creatures who, besides—yes, *above* intellect, are endowed with a nature which knows what it is to love, to venerate, to rejoice, to adore; which finds, not in its intellect, but in its affections, its highest conceivable ideal.

—May He who was once presented veiled in human flesh before human eyes, and who is now presented unveiled to our memories and faith in the truth and majesty of what He really is, grant us all, in His own good time, to behold Him face to face and eye to eye, where saints and angels and all the companies of the blessed, rejoice forever in the light of His countenance.



From Harper's Bazar.



MY CHRISTMAS PRAYER.

To-day I sat and listened as they sang
Thy praises high.
The circling dome and lofty arches rang
With prayerful cry.
Hosannas to Thee, Lord,
Thy Life and Word.
Full cheerily the mellow tones pealed out
Sweet Peace! Good will!
All heard the heavenward ringing, gladsome shout,
With rapturous thrill.
It said all men are glad:
None need be sad.
Yet now, alone, I turn again to Thee,
With pleading heart.
I cannot with the joyful sounds agree.
I kneel apart;

My prayer a silent one,
As deep streams run.
Lord! for the wasted and the bitter lives,
For lonely homes—
Lord! for the tempted hearts where dark sin thrives,
Where sorrow roams—
I bow my soul and pray,
Seek them this day!
Sweet are the songs and smiles of happiness;
They need no prayer.
But let me follow Thee to sore distress
And linger there,
Among the poor and sad,
To make them glad.

—Ada Nichols Man.