

heavenly works, and lived his heavenly life upon the earth, yet here we are, living for low aims—earthly-minded, when we ought to be heavenly-minded. When I think of what the gospel would make us, if we only imbibed its holy truths aright—when I think of what we might *be*, all of us, young and old, and what we might *do*, if we had the spiritual Christ formed within us—when I think of the great and beautiful lives we might lead, fragrant with truth, wisdom, sympathy, holiness, and love, if we were only faithful to the message of Jesus—when I think of how such fidelity would surround the young with a moral beauty, lovelier and more lasting than the beauty of the stars, and of how it would surround the old with a glory brighter and more abiding than the glory of all earthly diadems—when I think of these things, and then think of what we *are*, and what we *do*, and for what we are living from day to day, I perceive a contrast sufficient to make angels weep. As year after year this Christmas season comes round with its solemnities and cheerful festivities, should we not reflect on these things? And if, on this day, we could resolve to look to Jesus as he was manifested, and earnestly study his divine life—if we could resolve henceforth to discard all hollowness, and selfishness, and frivolousness, and strive, with simple and devoted hearts, after that spiritual sympathy, or oneness, with him to which he has called us—if we could thus resolve, and steadfastly act upon the resolve, the Spirit of God would help our efforts, and we should speedily become new creatures in Christ, and this Christmas day would be a day worthy of remembrance through life, through death, and through eternity.

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