

Can each child who reads this say so?—Is God at home in your heart, and making it so pure and holy, that you think it the most solemn thing to say, when you are tempted to sin, as that ragged child said, *"Myself will see me!"*

"FOR OUR SAKES HE BECAME
POOR."

Behold Christ on earth—in his humiliation.

Follow him from heaven on his mission of mercy. What a descent! Who has looked into a gulf so dark, profound?—Philosophers expatiate with wonder on the distance of the fixed stars; and we attempt in vain to fancy the space that stretches between our world and orbs so remote that, notwithstanding its speed, light takes six thousand years to perform its journey between some of them and us; and thus, marvellous to tell or think of, the rays of the star which we saw last night left it at the period when man was made, or our world was shaken by the fall. Still, that distance, though not to be conceived, may be measured. You can express it by numbers; but how immeasurable, as well as inconceivable, the distance between the throne of the Eternal, and the stable of Bethlehem—the bosom of God, and the breast of Mary!

People are fond of tracing rivers to their sources; and Bruce, the traveller, pronounced it the proudest moment of his life, when he stood, as he fancied, at the lofty mountains of the Nile. But when we trace the waters of life to their earthly source, how lowly the spring where they well up into light! Would you see it? Bow thy head; enter this stable; and in this stall, whence beasts have been turned out to accommodate a woman in her hour of sorrow, look into the manger; gently raise this rough swaddling cloth; and there, in a feeble creature that, disturbed, raises perhaps an infant's cry, behold the Lamb of God—the Love of God—the Saviour of the world!

Look again! When times were hard, and work was scarce, and men had to leave their homes to seek about for bread, did you ever meet a houseless family; and see the mother, as they trudged along the wild moor, trying with scanty coverings to protect her infant from the pelting rain and

storm? In some such plight behold the Lamb of God! The holy family are flying to Egypt. Mary has seized her child; and, pressing it to her bosom, has rushed into the tempest and the dark night, and on untravelled paths, to save its infant life from the massacre of Bethlehem—the bloody sword of Herod!

Look again! On one stormy night, when the wind howled in the chimney, and the rain beat on the window, and the wild beast was driven back to his lair, and mothers that had boys at sea, trembling for their fate, betook themselves to prayer, did you ever, hastily summoned to the bed of the dying, pass some outcast crouching in the shelter of a doorway, or lying with weary head pillowed on a cold stone step? Whatever you may have felt, Jesus had a fellow-feeling for that houseless man. Lord of glory! he had been such an outcast—an outcast from human sympathies—every door he sought shut in his face. Did man ever utter a more touching plaint than this: "The foxes have holes, the birds of the air have nests, but the Son of man hath not where to lay his head?" Behold the Lamb of God—stretched on the cold ground—no roof to shelter him—his locks wet with the dews of the night. He is an outcast from man, that man, that you, might cease to be an outcast from God!

These sorrows were but the muttering thunder, the first big drops that precede the bursting of the storm. It came roaring on; and would you see the Lamb of God in the great sacrifice, look here! Pass into this garden: draw near with reverent step; he prays in an agony; he is sweating great drops of blood,—prostrate on the ground, "see thy lover lowly laid, and hear the groans that rend his breast." Follow the prisoner to the judgment-hall: blood streaks his face, trickling from a crown of thorns—the wreath sin wove for his royal brow—"the crown with which his mother crowned him in the day of his espousals." Go out with him to the street: he faints; louder the wail of women, deeper now the curses of raging men; disfigured with blood and dust, his blessed head lies on the hard stones—but not so hard as pitiless hearts. With the procession, pass on to Calvary; they cast him roughly on the ground: they nail him to the tree; and now it rises slowly over the surging crowd that rend