

it seems too great to be true ! The *manner* of it also fills us with amazement ! To have come in what seems to us befitting the dignity of the Godhead, we would have clothed him in the lightning of the skies, and made him speak in its thunder. We would have him move amid men in the state equipage of the King of kings, distributing his favors with the sovereignty of a God. But such pomps could not attract him, who was familiar with all the splendors of the universe : and looking to see what form was worthiest his assumption, he was pleased to come even as others, to take upon him the form of a servant, and lay in the arms of his loving mother. And if there is any time when we should make especial acknowledgment of the Deity of Christ, it should be at Christmas time, for then the weakness and dependence of infancy are relieved by no attendant glory. No creature when young is so helpless as man, yet our Saviour accepts the feebleness of infancy. More human than the first Adam, who came forth from his Maker's hands a fully developed man, and had not to struggle through the risks and weaknesses of childhood, was Jesus, the second Adam, who does not begin with us in mid-life, but goes through the humiliation of infancy, and despises not the shame of being born in a manger. The Godhead of Jesus,—his divinity—this is the fact that underlies and illumines the Christmas story ; and while his human nature moves our sympathy, we rejoice to acknowledge the marvellous condescension of God, and we worship the Babe of Bethlehem as our Redeeming Saviour and Lord.

Again, let us realize the blessedness of that birth. Christmas morn flings a gladness over our spirits. We hail its dawn ! A ray of sunshine touches every heart and brightens every home. There is a warmth and cheer in every household that names the name of Christ. The little child feels an interest in the childhood of Jesus. The mother's love is ennobled by the love of the Mother of Jesus. The friend finds in friendship the food of solid joy, and the day is marked by the interchange of gifts and tokens of affection. The infinite generosity of God, in the unspeakable gift of his own Son, finds a response in our own presentations to each other. But if we would enter into the true secret of Christmas,—if we would have our earthly cheerfulness raised into a heavenly joy,—we must each have a Christmas within ourselves. Let Christ be born in us, and each heart becomes a Bethlehem, and the star which led the Magi, sheds down a radiance which grows and brightens into the risen Sun of Righteousness.

To all the readers of *EARNEST CHRISTIANITY* we wish, in the highest, truest, best sense, "A Merry Christmas."

POWER OF CHRIST.—Pompey boasted that with one stamp of his foot he could rouse all Italy to arms. But God, by one word, can summon the inhabitants of heaven, earth and undiscovered worlds to his aid, and call into being new creatures to do his will.