

## A CHRISTMAS DAY MUSING.

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WHEN Joseph's brethren stood in the presence-hall of the great Ruler of Egypt, when they prostrated themselves before what

*Word was with God, and the Word was God."* And then, further on, "*And the Word was made flesh, and dwelt among us.*"

How startling the contrast!

The Word, from everlasting with the Father; and then the Babe, laid in swaddling clothes, in the manger at Bethlehem! The great God descending from the height of His unapproachable majesty, and saying to the weak, sinful race of man, "Come near to me. *I am your Brother!*"

"Come near to me, I pray you. I am Joseph, your brother!"

Besides the awe which these rough shepherds felt, in the presence of the great Ruler of the land, there was the thought of their former treatment of him. They had despised him, rejected him, threatened his life, sold him as a slave. And now behold him Prince of all, and themselves at his mercy!

I am Joseph—whom you hated, spited, abhorred, killed in intention. The terror of the announcement! But what reassurance in the word: "Come near to me. *I am your brother!*"

And we, at the Last Day—if the sense of our ingratitude, of our neglect, of our unfaithfulness, of our denials and betrayals, weigh upon our soul and make us fear to look upon "the King in His beauty"—how reassuring for the abashed and trembling spirit at that day—that "day of wrath, that dreadful day"—to hear from the Judge of all, from the Ancient of Days—the comfortable words, "Come near to Me. *I am your Brother!*"

seemed his high majesty and limitless power, how amazed must they have been to mark his melting mood towards them, and to hear from the lips of the Prince, to whom all were bowing down, this word to them: "Come near to me, I pray you. I am your brother!"

But this is even that which the Lord Jesus, the Almighty, the Eternal, King of kings and Lord of lords, says to ourselves on Christmas Day, the day of His birth at Bethlehem. We have heard the announcement so often: the words are so familiar to our minds, that we are apt to miss the marvellousness of them. But if we heard it for the first time, as the heathen may—the wonderful story of Christmas, of how the Lord stooped from His majesty to become our brother—what would the amazement of the brethren of Joseph be compared to *our* wonder?

In the services for the day we have this great thing set before us. In the Gospel we read of the eternal majesty of Him Who condescended to take upon Himself "helpless infancy," and to stoop to our infirmities, that He might call us brethren. "*In the beginning was the Word, and the*