



Do You Know?

A little street girl fell ill one Christmas and was taken to the hospital. While there she heard the story of Jesus' coming into the world to save us. One day the nurse came around at the usual hour, and "Little Broomstick" (that was her street name) held her by the hand and whispered, "I am having real good times here, ever such

good times. S'pose I'll have to go 'way from here just as soon as I get well; but I'll take the good time along--some of it, anyhow. Did you know about Jesus being born?"

"Yes," replied the nurse, "I know. But you must not talk any more."

"You did? I thought you looked as if you didn't, and I was going to tell you."

"Why, how did I look?" asked the nurse, forgetting her orders in her curiosity.

"Oh, just like most o' folks--kind o' glum. I shouldn't think you'd ever look glum if you knowed about Jesus being born."



No Room?

Can you not feel the chilly atmosphere of that inn? "No room; there is only the stable!" This part of the story of Christ's nativity foreshadows His later experience. Men have continued to echo that cry, "No room!" Jesus should have the supreme place, but He is constantly made a secondary consideration. He should dominate our lives, but we have crowded Him out. I often feel the chilling atmosphere of that inn as I read the Gospel story. I feel it in the house of the rich Pharisee (Luke 7:45, 46). Jesus was a guest there, but not a supreme one. There was no water, no kiss, no oil. He was tolerated, patronized, not worshiped. I feel that atmosphere in the world today. I fear lest I find it in the Church and my own soul.

"And because iniquity shall abound, the love of many shall wax cold." Matthew 24:12

"Rouse thee, O believer, from thy low condition! Cast away thy sloth, thy lethargy, thy coldness, or whatever interferes with thy chaste and pure love to Christ, thy soul's Husband. Make him the source, the centre, and the circumference of all thy soul's range of delight."

C. H. Spurgeon

A CHRISTMAS PRAYER

by Robert Louis Stevenson

Loving Father, help us to remember the birth of Jesus, that we may share in the song of the angels, the gladness of the shepherds, and the worship of the wise men.

Close the door of hate and open the door of love all over the world.

Let kindness come with every gift and good desires with every greeting.

Deliver us from evil by the blessing which Christ brings, and teach us to be merry with clear hearts.

May the Christmas morning make us happy to be Thy children, and the Christmas evening bring us to our beds with grateful thoughts, forgiving and forgiven, for Jesus' sake. Amen!