



## CHAPTER 12: THE CHILD JESUS

"He gave His only-begotten Son."

GAVE Him? Yes. To whom? The world – all men. "Unto us a Child is born." That means me, you, everybody. What have you done with the gift?

The angels sang about it. Have you? That is, have you made real melody in your heart about it? – been inwardly merry and glad?

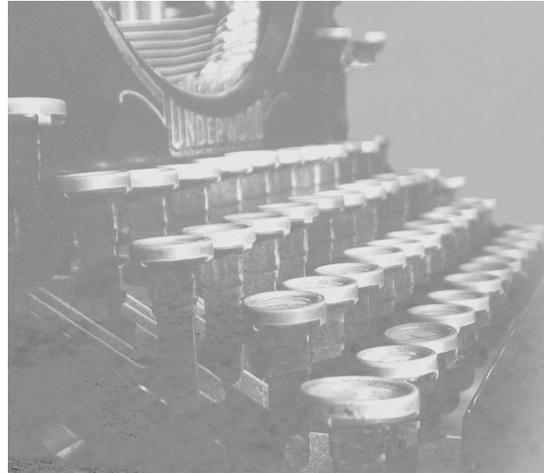
The Wise Men of the East travelled a long, long journey to adore Him. If He came again in the same way and the same place, I suppose you would want to do a pilgrimage to Bethlehem to worship Him, and I suppose you would want to take some present with you to lay at His feet. Do you worship Him here in the very town and house where you live? And what sort of a present are you going to lay at His feet this Christmas time?

Oh, how Mary cherished Him! I suppose no heart can imagine what a joy that Child, that Holy Child, was to her. Whatever He meant to others, Jesus meant to her four things. First, He meant LOVE. She loved Him as He has been seldom loved since. She at least loved Him with all her heart. Is it so with you!

Secondly, He meant also, as He always means, SORROW To her, as to thousands more, He came, not to bring peace, but a sword – a sword that pierced her heart with unutterable anguish. From the stable to the cross she followed, and followed closely in His track of anguish and blood. Are you following Him in the cross-bearing way?

Thirdly, He meant also to Mary service CONSECRATION. She desired nothing higher. Her joy and life and rapture was to wait upon and cherish and serve Him. Are you His servant?

Fourthly, to His mother He brought joy and HONOUR AND GLORY. The sorrow of his lifetime and the agony of His cross were followed by the joy of resurrection and the



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glory of the baptism of fire. And, oh! brother, sister, comrade, has Christ brought to your heart not only the Bethlehem and Gethsemane and Calvary, but Resurrection and Pentecost and the glory of having a share in the gathering of a world to His feet?

O Christ! I used to say,  
Help me to come to Thee;  
But can I say it now,  
When Christ has come to me?

Dear Presence in my soul,  
Where Thou dost find Thy rest,  
Why seek Thee in the skies  
When dwelling in my breast?

His voice is on my lips,  
His tear bedews mine eye,  
His home is in my Soul,  
He cannot be more nigh.

But no! He is not now  
A Christ that dwells apart;  
But near as life with life  
He dwells within my heart.