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The nation needs to look into its faults: drunkenness, inordinate passion for speculation, sordid love of wealth, recognised looseness of living, profuse immorality.

The Church has cause to repent in dust and ashes for the presence of factious divisions, of malignant party spirit, of reckless disregard of truth, of unjust worldliness, of unreality and mere professionalism, the professed insincerity of many of her sons, the avowed unbelief of others, the lack of wisdom, gentleness, and charity.

And each of us is called at such a time to look into the faults of our own hearts, our selfishness, pride, sensuality, and want of faith.

So should a great and united people, not overmuch troubled by difficulties of policy, misadventures in execution, or misrepresentations of jealous neighbours, give itself sincerely the task of putting its house in order, striving to heal all moral disease and decay, and, above all, of individually determining to do justice, and love mercy, and walk humbly with our God.

WILLIAM SINCLAIR.



A CHRISTMAS CAROL.

“Glory to God . . . peace on earth, goodwill to men.”—ST. LUKE ii.

I.

MUSIC and dazzling light o'er Bethlehem's plains,
 Ten thousand angels singing holy strains!
 Hark—'tis Heaven's echo to Earth's grandest story—
 “To God be glory!”

O holy hosts, ye know no sin, no grave,
 Yet triumph that a Saviour comes to save;
 Hark—Heaven declares our wants and woes shall cease—
 “On earth be peace!”

Ye sing Heaven's loftiest hymns, yet tell of love
 To all mankind, free, costly, from above!
 Hark—God but waits man's empty heart to fill—
 “To men, goodwill!”

O heavenly message, how all hearts must thrill
 Hearing such words—Peace, Glory, and Goodwill!

II.

The veil is drawn aside, and to our gaze
 The world unknown reveals in dazzling blaze ;
 We hear high strains
 To God who ever reigns—
 “Glory, Glory !”

Yet that pure world forgets not our poor earth,
 And shares our rapture in a Saviour's birth ;
 In wondrous song,
 Sounding so clear and strong—
 “Peace, Peace !”

Lo angels, whose delight is in God's will,
 Love where He loves, so sure He loves us still,
 Love great and free,
 Proclaimed in melody—
 “Goodwill, Goodwill !”

O weary, longing earth, pause and be still—
 God offers man Peace, Glory, and Goodwill !

III.

Be ours the angelic aim
 To praise His holy name,
 And by our lives to show Him highest fame—
 “Glory to God !”

Ours to make discord cease,
 Justice and truth increase,
 And spread the kingdom of the Prince of Peace—
 “Peace, peace on earth !”

Ours to set self aside,
 Envy and hate and pride,
 And work for all who need us, far and wide—
 “Goodwill to men !”

Ours Heaven's dearest wishes to fulfil
 Even on earth—Peace, Glory, and Goodwill !

MAY CONSTANCE STONEY.

