

CHRISTMAS WISHES.

[Written for the Watchman.]
To you, my brother in the east,
To you, my sister in the west,
Whether now laughing at the feast...

THE LOST BOY.

BY HENRY VAN DYKE

That a child should be lost in Palestine, in the days when Augustus Caesar was Lord of the World, was no strange thing.
Syria was the most unruly of the Roman provinces, full of adventurers and soldiers of fortune from all nations...

roses and cyclamens, purple iris in the moist places, and many-colored spathes of gladiolus growing plentifully among the wheat.
The larks sang themselves into the sky in the early morn. Hotter grew the sun and heavier the air in that long trough below the level of the sea...

"UNAWARES."

They say the Master is coming,
To honor the town to day;
And none can tell at what house or home
The master will choose to stay.
Then I thought, while my heart beat wildly,
What if He should come to mine?
How I would strive to entertain,
And honor the guest Divine!

our feast according to the law of Moses,
to-night.
"But why," persisted the Boy, "must all the lambs be killed in the Temple?
Does God like that? How many do you suppose were brought to the altar to-day?"
Tens of thousands," answered the father.

around Bethlehem were bathed in light.
The Boy sat entranced, watching the miracle by which God makes His sun to shine upon the good and the evil.
How strange it was that God should do that—bestow an equal light upon those who obeyed Him and those who broke His law.
Yet it was splendid, it was King-like to give in that way, with both hands.