

Christmas

The
of
Lot
Miracle Season
Florence Harris Wells

us go back over the centuries that we may see the soft Judean hills flooded with heavenly light; that we may behold the flaming star of the East guiding the three wise men, Melchior with flowing white hair and sweeping, snowy beard; Caspar, a beautiful boy, and Balthasar in the prime of life, symbolizing age, youth and middle age, bowing at the cradle in the manger.

THEY bring from afar their gifts of gold and frankincense and myrrh to the King of Kings, as the song of the heavenly chorus of angels on the plains of Bethlehem floods the air. The Master's touch worked strange miracles long ago. But let us now turn a simple dial and again a miracle has been wrought—even here as it was there so long ago.

THE room is full of sound. The air is charged with Christmas—always Christmas. Even the word is radiant with holiness. With the voices of the present are mingled those of the past. At Christmas man is at his best. It is the blest season of the year. The season of giving and receiving. The season of love reborn. It is the miracle season.

HAPPINESS is in the air. Laughter reigns. In the tongues of all nations voices are raised in greeting. The angels sang out their glad tidings of great joy above the plains of Bethlehem and as often as Christmas comes, the carols, music, bells, voices—all unite in a great singing circle sounding o'er all the world the glad words: A Merry Christmas!

