

THE CRY OF CHRISTMAS-TIDE

Metaphysics, not Physics, enables us to stand erect on sublime heights, surveying the immeasurable universe of Mind, peering into the Cause which governs all effects, while we are strong in the unity of God and man. There is a "method in the madness" of this system, — for madness it seems to many onlookers. This method sits serene at the portals of the temple of Thought, while the leaders of materialistic schools indulge in mad antics. Metaphysical Healing seeks a wisdom that is higher than a rhubarb tincture or an ipecacuanha pill. This method is devout enough to trust Christ, more than catnip tea.

Meekly we kneel at our Master's feet, for even a crumb that falleth from his table. We are hungry for Love, — for the white-winged Charity that heals and saves; for we are tired of theoretic husks, — as tired as was the Prodigal Son, of the carobs which he shared with the swine, to whom he fed that wholesome but not attractive food. Like him, we would find our Father's house again — the perfect and eternal Principle of man. We thirst for inspiring wine, from the vine of which our Father is the husbandman. We crave the privilege of saying to the sick, "Rise and walk," when their feebleness calls for help. We long to say, "Stretch forth thy hand, and be whole!"

When the Pharisees saw Jesus do such deeds of mercy, they went away and took counsel how they might remove him. The antagonistic spirit of evil is still abroad; but the greater spirit of Christ is also abroad, — risen from its grave-clothes of tradition and its cave of ignorance. Let the sentinels of Zion's watch-towers shout once again, "Unto us a Child is born, unto us a Son is given."

In different ages the divine idea assumes different forms, according to humanity's needs. In this age it assumes, more than ever before, the form of Christian Healing. This is the babe we are to cherish. This is the babe which twines its loving arms about the neck of Omnipotence, and calls out infinite care from His loving nature.