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Christmas and the New Year.

BY THE VEN. ARCHDEACON MOULE, B.D.

“Jesus Christ the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever.”

THEREFORE the same, Lord Jesus, still with joy,
 The same as in dear Yuletide long ago,
 But with more glad and yet more jubilant tones,
 With waits' old music on late Christmas Eve,
 And bells let loose with earliest Christmas dawn ;
 Then in the church with holly-berries bright,
 And with the gathering smiles and love of home ;
 The same, yet truer as the years grow young,
 For time is passing into endless days ;
 So bend we lowly with our shepherd friends,
 Round Thy dear cradle, with the heavens in song.
 The same ! how sure our hope, how safe our joy !
 Beyond the “no continuance” of earth ;
 Not dying with the leaves and frost-struck flowers,
 Unhurt by fleeting time and vanished homes,
 Nor struck by floods of grief or fire of loss.

Before the angels' song and Bethlehem's dawn,
 Before the steps of Abram's younger days,
 Before time's flow, behind the elder age ;
 Thyself the Framer of each flower and leaf,
 From Thy blest fingers not evolved but made,
 The butterfly's fair damask, emerald-strewn :
 Before the morning stars, before all worlds,
 Lord Jesus, the Prime Lover of mankind,
 We lift our love to Thee, the First, the Last ;
 High on Thy manger-throne, and higher still
 In love and power to save on the dark Cross.

In the far yesterday, on echoing air
 Of young eternity's eternal dawn,

Even then the same, Thy Christmas birthday song
 Fell on Thine ear ; and ever and anon
 A sudden beam of darkened sunlight struck
 A moment o'er the fields of cloudless heaven ;
 A sigh in the air of death across Thy life.
 So in the far to-morrow, lengthened out
 For ever, still the same, yet not the same ;
 All sorrow, grief, and sighing, and all death
 Lost, yet the Christmas song sounds, and Thy death,
 Death's great destroyer, lives in Cross of stars.

Oh, backwards, forwards, evermore the same,
 Lord Jesus ! thus the same in later time,
 Above the clash of warring factions, lo !
 We lift to Thee beneath the Christmas stars
 And o'er the winter snows, the same glad song,
 Yet louder, of thanksgiving for Thy love.



The Observance of Sunday.

BY THE RIGHT REV. THE LORD BISHOP OF SODOR AND MAN.

THE attitude of the Church and of Christian people towards Sunday observance has become one of pressing importance. It is not merely that open attacks are being made by the careless and irreligious upon the old national tradition as to the weekly day of rest and worship, but that many who profess to lead a Christian life are becoming indifferent to this Divine institution, and are unconsciously helping to banish the claims of Sunday upon the conscience and customs of the people. It is to that large class who, without thought or intention, are hastening the end of this law of Divine institution that we must make our earnest appeal. Human nature is only too prone to accept critical theories which release the conscience from uncomfortable qualms as to what God really means us to do with