

Why are we sad? I am looking upon faces just now that appear the very reverse of gloomy, but mayhap the smile covers an aching heart.... Does the worldling rejoice when his corn is increased, and do we not rejoice when, "Unto us a child is born, and unto us a Son is given?" Hark, yonder! What means the firing of the Tower guns? Why all this ringing of bells in the church steeples, as if all London were mad with joy? There is a prince born; therefore there is this salute, and therefore are the bells ringing. Ah, Christians, ring the bells of your hearts, tire the salute of your most joyous songs, "For unto us a child is born, unto us a Son is given." Dance, O my heart, and ring out peals of gladness! Ye drops of blood within my veins dance every one of you! Oh! all my nerves become harp strings, and let gratitude touch you with angelic fingers! And thou, my tongue, shout—shout to his praise who hath said to thee—"Unto thee a child is born, unto thee a Son is given." Wipe that tear away! Come, stop that sighing! Hush yon murmuring. What matters your poverty? "Unto you a child is born." What matters your sickness? "Unto you a Son is given." What matters your sin? For this child shall take the sin away, and this Son shall wash and make you fit for heaven. I say, if it be so,

"Lift up the heart, lift up the voice,
Rejoice aloud! ye saints rejoice!"

ΤΩ ΧΡΟΝΟΥ ΚΑΙΡΩ

In the Nick of Time

The Incarnation

Kevin T. Bauder

Little child, look on me—
What can Thy newborn eyes see?
Dost Thou recognize a man
Fashioned by Thine ancient plan?
Infant that Thou hast become
Canst Thou yet behold me from
The aspect of eternity?

Little child, think of me—
No slave was ever less free.
I have sold myself to sin,
Vainly now I try to win
My freedom. Can Thy tiny hands
Bear the nails, and break my bands,
And set my soul at liberty?

Child, wilt Thou die for me?
Thy Law hast judged me guilty!
Righteous statutes they, but I
Scorned Thy precepts, and must die.
Can Thy frame bear my disgrace?
Will Thy holy blood erase
My guilt, through Thy mortality?

Little child, save Thou me—
Vouchsafe to me Thy mercy!
Rescue me from hell and pride,
Credit me as justified.
From Thy birth commence this task,
Sanctify me, for I ask
Deliverance from sin's tyranny.



In the Nick of Time is published by Central Baptist Theological Seminary.
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Little child, I love Thee—
Second of the One-in-Three
Ever-living God art Thou,
Bearing human nature now.
I exalt and magnify
Thee, my Lord, astonished by
Impenetrable mystery.



This essay is by Kevin T. Bauder, Research Professor of Historical and Systematic Theology at Central Baptist Theological Seminary. Not every one of the professors, students, or alumni of Central Seminary necessarily agrees with every opinion that it expresses.
