

THE CANADIAN EPWORTH ERA

A. C. CREWS, *Editor.*



WILLIAM BRIGGS, *Publisher.*

Vol. VI

TORONTO, DECEMBER, 1904

No. 12



Christmas Carol

THE earth has grown old with its burden of care,
But at Christmas it always is young.
The heart of the jewel burns lustrous and fair,
And its soul full of music breaks forth on the air,
When the song of the angels is sung.

It is coming, old earth, it is coming to-night!
On the snowflake that covered thy sod
The feet of the Christ-child fall gentle and white,
And the voice of the Christ-child tells out
That mankind are the children of God.

On the sad and the lonely, the wretched and poor,
The voice of the Christ-child shall fall;
And to every blind wanderer open the door
Of a hope that he dared not to dream of before,
With a sunshine of welcome for all.

The feet of the humblest may walk in the field
Where the feet of the holiest have trod,
This, this is the marvel to mortals revealed
When the silvery trumpets of Christmas have pealed,
That mankind are the children of God.

—Phillips Brooks.