

## CHRISTMAS, 1900—A NATAL DAY. \*

**H**OW beautiful thy natal-day  
 Of gladness and of peace,  
 When, to thy hands, the Infant-God  
 Descends, like rain on fleece! †  
 Of old, Angelic-choirs sang  
 To greet this Babe Divine,  
 We do not hear their voices now,  
 The "Gloria!" is thine.  
 And thou wilt offer Sacrifice  
 Of Eucharistic love,  
 To glorify His three-fold birth,  
 And first—in God above.  
 He is, indeed, the "Light of Light,"  
 From all eternity,  
 And yet to Bethlehem He Comes  
 "Emmanuel" to be.  
 There is another mystic birth  
 In souls, by holy grace,  
 Their faith, and hope, and love reflect  
 The beauty of His Face.  
 And thou—O favored Carmelite!  
 In God's own mind and love  
 Wert chosen for "the oil of joy," ‡  
 The Gifts of His Blest Dove.  
 Whene'er the Christmas bells ring out,  
 As in those years now flown,  
 How sweet to think thy natal-day  
 Is also Jesus' own!  
 O may it bring most precious grace,  
 Priest of our Lord, to thee!  
 Accept this far-off, heart-felt prayer  
 Of "ENFANT DE MARIE!"

—ST. CLARE'S.

## CHRISTMAS.

ENFANT DE MARIE, St. Clare's.

**W**HY are those clear bells ringing  
 Over the snow?  
 What is the Mother singing  
 Softly and low?  
 Why this celestial chorus  
 Far in the heaven's o'er us,  
 There where the star gems glow?  
 Bells for "great joy" are pealing  
 In the still night,  
 Sweet is the lullaby stealing  
 From pure delight.  
 "Glory to God!" With gladness  
 Angels illumine our sadness,  
 Haste to the Lord of light!

\* TO REV. P. A. B., O.C.C. † "Descendet sicut pluvius in vellus."  
 Ps. LXXI. 6. ‡ Ps. XLIV. 8.