

THE DREAM OF NOEL

With thrilling, hushed footfall,
Making some magic change
As though the in was out, the out was in.

This place seems filled with murmurings,
Not the soft breathings of the wind
But beatings of innumerable wings,
Wafting sweet incense of flowers never seen
From fields no foot has been.

One has a feeling as though our dull kind
Had been lifted into realms of the mind
Where we could know the good of men and
sin,

And like them need the same great pardon-
ing.

I feel some great thing draweth near;
The night is starred but moonless, yet the
dawn

Seems bringing to birth some sun;
Not in the East, far above it doth appear:
With trembling fear the wonder-light comes
on.

Now it breaks in floods through all Heaven's
doors

With singing as to their widest swinging:
Through every crevice, opening of this place
It streams, pours o'er these humble straw-
strewn floors.