

The bells have stopped, and the night is
dumb,—

This is the moment when He might come—

Wait, wait,—listen and wait,—

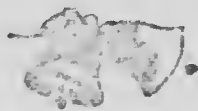
Somebody opened the garden-gate!

In the city of God the bells are a-chime

For joy and gladness of Christmas-time,—

But with children here, if they watch aright,—

The Christ-Child walks in the world to-night!



Dear night!... Christ's progress, and His
prayer-time,

The hours to which high Heaven doth chime,
God's silent, searching flight;

When my Lord's head is filled with dew, and
all

His locks are wet with the dear drops of night.

Henry Vaughan.