



A Christmas Sonnet.

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BY PETER BLACKWELL.  
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THE day is nearly dead, the wind is still,
And ere the world takes shelter for the night
I come to seek Thee Jesus, neath the light
That beckons me to Thee whene'er I will.
Here as I kneel, Thy love and presence fill
My grateful heart with peace ; within Thy sight
My petty cares and fears are put to flight,
And naught remains to tempt my thoughts to ill.
Ah ! treasured moments ! when the world apart,
I proffer Thee what Thou dost ask — my heart !
Three hundred millions bless Thy Birth to-day,
And here to-day Thou cam'st to visit me ;
Whenever I receive Thee, Lord, I pray,
Renew Thy Birth to me, and mine to Thee !

