

:-: A Page of Christmas Verse :-:

Bells Across the Snow

O Christmas, merry Christmas,
Is with us once again,
With memories and greetings,
With joy and with its pain.
A minor in the carol,
A shadow in the light,
A spray of cypress twining
With holly wreath to-night.
And the hush is never broken
By the laughter light and low
As we listen in the starlight
To the bells across the snow!

O Christmas, merry Christmas,
'Tis not so very long
Since other voices blended
With the carol and the song!
Could we but hear them singing
As they are singing now,
Could we but see the radiance
Of the crown on each dear brow,
There were no sigh to smother,
No hidden tear to flow,
As we listen in the starlight
To the bells across the snow!

O Christmas, merry Christmas,
This never more can be;
We cannot bring again the days
Of our unshadowed glee,
But Christmas, happy Christmas,
Sweet herald of good will,
With holy songs of glory
Brings holy gladness still;
For peace and hope may brighten,
And patient love may glow,
As we listen in the starlight
To the bells across the snow!
—Frances Ridley Havergal.

A Cabin Christmas

Outside my cabin-door de worl'
Is cole an' wintry-white;
Inside de door, my worl' is warm
An' sweet wid Christmas light.
Outside my door de worl' is big
An' lonesome—'way fum you;
Inside, it's heaben's border-land
Wid you an' 'possum-stew!

Den keep a-pillin' on de logs
An' 'sen de blazes higher,
Till all de cabin walls grow red
Wid blood of Christmas fire;
While some one takes de banjo down
An' softly plays a bar
To start de hymn dat tells about
De shepherds an' de Star!

—Howard Weeden.

Across the Hills

Across the blue Judean hills
An' echo rings,
"Rejoice! rejoice! to-day is born
The King of kings!"

Across the blue Judean hills
The news is tossed,
"The world's Redeemer comes to seek
And save the lost!"

Across the blue Judean hills,
This Christmas morn,
We hear glad tidings of great joy,
"The Christ is born!"

Across the blue Judean hills,
Year after year,
The story shall be told till all
The world shall hear!

—Susie M. Best.

The Happy Christmas

The happy Christmas comes once more,
The heavenly Guest is at the door,
The blessed words the shepherds thrill,
The joyous tidings: Peace, good-will!

To David's city let us fly,
Where angels sing beneath the sky;
Through plain and village pressing near,
And news from God with shepherds hear.

Oh! let us go with quiet mind,
The gentle Babe with shepherds find,
To gaze on him who gladdens them,
The lowliest Flower of Jesse's stem.

O wake our hearts, in gladness sing!
And keep our Christmas with our King.
Till living song, from loving souls,
Like sound of mighty waters rolls.

—C. P. Krauth, jr.

The Children are Coming

There comes to me, over the drifted snow,
The music of jingling bells,
And my pulses thrill, and my heart beats
high,

For I know what the sound foretells;
My glad lips utter but one refrain—
Over and over they say—
"The children are coming, are coming
home,
And to-morrow is Christmas-day!"

Dear heart, it is many a weary day
Since they left the old home nest;
But they're coming home, just as of old,
To the place they love the best.
Was ever a heart as glad as mine?
Heaven seems not far away,
For the children are coming, are coming
home,
And to-morrow is Christmas Day!
Florence A. Jones.

Holiday Gifts

The abuse of the beautiful gift-giving
Custom of the holiday times causes many
to be perplexed. How can I make a dollar
buy two dollars' worth of presents?
What gifts will best suit the tastes of
those we would make happy?

To those who are perplexed about holiday
gifts Ella Wheeler Wilcox offers some
good suggestions, as follows:

"Why do you look so downcast?
What do I hear you say?
Nothing to give to people
On Christmas or New Year's Day?
You want to be making presents;
Well, now, just think a while,
Suppose you look in the glass, dear,
And present yourself with a smile.

"Then make up a bundle of troubles
And give them away to the Past,
He owns such a croony junkshop
Where worn-out worries are cast.
Just bundle them into the old year,
And let him lug them away;
And next give a heart of hope, dear,
To the new year blithe and gay.

"And then give praise to the best things
In the people you meet this year;
You may be surprised at the goodness
You'll find if you look, my dear,
And when you are hurt by the folly
Or faults of the folks you know,
Just toss them a bit of your patience,
And a word of pity or so."

The Guiding Star

As with gladness men of old
Did the guiding star behold,
As with joy they hailed its light,
Leading onward, beaming bright;
So, most gracious Lord, may we
Evermore be led to thee.

As with joyful steps they sped,
Saviour, to thy manger bed,
There to bend the knee before
Thee whom heaven and earth adore;
So may we with willing feet
Ever seek the mercy seat.

As they offered gifts most rare
At thy cradle low and bare,
So may we with holy joy,
Pure and free from sin's alloy,
All our costliest treasures bring,
Christ, to thee our heavenly King.

Holy Jesus, every day
Keep us in the narrow way;
And, when earthly things are past,
Bring our ransomed souls at last
Where they need no star to guide,
Where no clouds thy glory hide,
—William Henry Monk.

Christmas Treasures

I count my treasures o'er with care—
A little toy that baby knew,
A little sock of faded hue,
A little look of golden hair.
Long years ago this Christmas time
My little one—my all to me—
Sat, robed in white, upon my knee,
And heard the Merry Christmas chime.

"Tell me, my little golden-head,
If Santa Claus should come to-night,
What shall he bring my baby right,
What treasure for my boy?" I said,
And then he named the little toy.
While in his round and truthful eyes
There came a look of glad surprise
That spoke his trustful, childish joy.

And, as he lisped his evening prayer,
He asked the boon with baby grace,
And, toddling to the chimney-place,
He hung his little stocking there.
That night, as lengthening shadows crept,
I saw the white-winged angels come
With music to our humble home,
And kiss my darling as he slept.

They must have heard that baby prayer,
For in the morn, with glowing face,
He toddled to the chimney-place
And found the little treasure there.
They came again one Christmas-tide,
That angel host, so fair and white,
And, singing of the Christmas night,
They lured my darling from my side.

A little sock, a little toy,
A little look of golden hair,
The Christmas music on the air,
A watching for my baby boy.
But if again that angel train
And golden-head come back to me,
To bear me to eternity,
My watching will not be in vain.
—Eugene Field.

Her Thanks

She thanked them all for everything
From Christmas card to diamond ring;
And as her gifts she gaily lauded,
She told her friends, "Just what I
wanted."
But I, who had no cash to blow,
Just kissed her 'neath the mistletoe.
She blushed a bit, yet never daunted,
Repeated low, "Just what I wanted!"
—Harvard Lampoon.