



# CHRISTMAS GREETING.

## PEACE ON EARTH.

BY EDMUND H. SEARS.

It came upon the midnight clear,  
 That glorious song of old,  
 From angels bending near the earth  
 To touch their harps of gold,  
 "Peace on the earth, good will to men,  
 From heaven's all-gracious King!"  
 The world in solemn stillness lay,  
 To hear the angels sing.

Still through the cloven skies they come,  
 With peaceful wings unfurled;  
 And still their heavenly music floats  
 O'er all the weary world,  
 Above its sad and lowly plains  
 They bend on hovering wing,  
 And ever o'er its Babel sounds  
 The blessed angels sing.

Yet with the woes of sin and strife  
 The world has suffered long,  
 Beneath the angels' strain have rolled  
 Two Thousand years of wrong,  
 And man, at war with man, hears not  
 The long-song which they bring,  
 Oh, hush the noise, yet men of strife,  
 And hear the angels sing!

And ye, beneath life's crushing load,  
 Whose forms are bending low,  
 Who toil along the climbing way  
 With painful steps and slow—  
 Look, now! for glad and golden hours  
 Come swiftly on the wing;  
 Oh, rest beside the weary road,  
 And hear the angels sing!

For, lo! the days are hastening on,  
 By prophet-words foretold,  
 When with the ever-circling years,  
 Comes round the age of gold,  
 When peace shall over all the earth  
 Its ancient splendors fling,  
 And the whole world send back the song  
 Which now the angels sing.

# A MERRY CHRISTMAS AND HAPPY NEW YEAR.

