

And yet, each Christmas morning brings
A deeper sense of peace and joy,
Than ever filled my childish heart,
While gazing on each precious toy.

I learned it as my youth went by,—
I feel it more from year to year,—
How sweetly comes the Christ-child's smile.
The common ways of life to cheer.

The Saviour called the little ones.
With yearning heart and loving tongue,
Yet hath He still a tender care
For those who are no longer young.

And though the hopes of youth may die,
And life's first joys grow dull and dim,
No darkness dwells upon the heart
That steadfast puts its trust in Him.

Then, welcome ! blessed Christmas hours !
Ye bring fresh hope from year to year,—
Alike to those whose hearts are glad,
And those who walk in pathways drear.

Whatever joys the heart may cheer,
Whatever ills in life befall,
We greet alike the Blessed Child,
Who comes to save and comfort all.

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