

Christmas Day.

Blanche E. Holt Murison

Christmas is everywhere! All the world over
Joybells are ringing their message sublime;
And deep in the heart of me—me the lone rover,
Their far-reaching echoes exultingly chime.
Christmas is everywhere! Oh, how my being
Grows full to the brim with a longing unchecked:
While tears fill my eyes that grow dim with the seeing,
Familiar loved places all holly-bedecked.

Christmas again!—and the firelight is glowing
Cheerily bright on the old hearth at home:
And flickering gaily, and tenderly showing
Dear faces remembered wherever I roam.
Faces whose every expression is treasured
Away in my soul in a chamber apart;
Where Time and its distances duly are measured,
To just the same length as the throb of my heart.

Christmas again!—and I sit here a-dreaming,
Beautiful dreams all too lovely to last:
Fond dreams, through whose silences music comes streaming,
Low-toned with the Pleasure and Pain of the Past.
Memory's corridors teem with the laughter,
Of voices attuned to the spirit of mirth;
In jubilant echoes each old oaken rafter,
Resounds to the song that is sweetest on earth.

Christmas is everywhere! That is the story
I tell to my heart as I dream on alone;
Until all the place grows a-gleam with the glory
That touches the soul in its own native zone.
A chord has been struck that was hitherto soundless,
I hear the far call of the sundering sea;
The circle of love broadens out to the boundless,—
Christmas is everywhere—comforting me.