

TELEPATHY

Rare kindred spirits, friends on earth that dwell,  
And dear ones, gone before, whom I love well;  
I feel thee near, though runs the river wide  
'Twixt thee and me, or earthly miles divide.  
Sometimes, from out the past, a voice I hear.  
Again, o'er ocean's tide, a friend is near.  
For there's a world where friends each other greet,  
Though hands may never clasp, nor eyes may meet.  
On waves of thought we travel near or far,  
By day or night, no gates are there to bar,  
For angels guard the way; I do not know  
Just how; I only know that it is so.  
If friends, with all earth's limitations, prove  
Their never-ceasing, understanding love;  
We cannot doubt the Word of Love, divine,  
"My Presence shall go with thee. Peace is thine."  
The path I do not know, nor way may view,  
But this I know, His promises are true.

THAT CHRISTMAS DAY

The Baby Christ of kingly birth,  
A little stranger came,  
To children dwelling on the earth,  
A love-gift in God's name.  
So Christmas stands for love alone,  
And children claim that day their own.  
In wisdom's ways the Christ-child grew,  
The meaning of God's love,  
To listening ears He taught anew,  
Glad message from above.  
That eager youth may know for them  
Was born the Babe of Bethlehem.  
Through Galilean lanes He leads  
His enemies and friends,  
The sick He heals, the hungry feeds,  
The sinner's life amends.  
This Christmas Babe, this stranger King,  
To Bethlehem came, that all may sing.  
Soon, one day to the border land,  
—The path we know is steep.—  
We come, but One will hold the hand,  
In perfect peace will keep.  
From Bethlehem He went all the way;  
For that He came, that Christmas Day.