

THE DREAM OF NOEL

*And so the Babe from Heaven
Brings in the Age of Gold,
The greatest Gift e'er given
In sweetest story told.*

* * * *

CREATION'S PROLOGUE

Fire mist, star mist, nebulae, floating dreams;
At the long way's dream-end lies Bethlehem,
And wonder, power, glory all the way:
As the Lord God dreamed, so He created,
The Universe flamed outward from His mind,
And nestled in its heart lay mystery
The tender inmost of Divinity.
A billion flaming aeons to a Babe,
And history's little faintly-lighted scroll;
Finite infinite, infinite finite,
The Cerulean Mind o'erdomes them all.
A world, a woman with the pains of God
Impossible alike for mind of man;
The world appeared, and lo! the Christ Child
came,
Our God was minded that it should be so.

MARY-MOTHER

"So deep a thrill of wonder now I feel,
The stars on high seem coursing through my
frame