



## CHRISTMAS THOUGHTS.

For the Carmelite Review.



BY MISS MATILDA CUMMINGS.

E'VE watched the stars thro' Advent time,  
And scanned the heaven so blue,  
We've listened to the sweet old chime  
Of bells that ring so true,

We've framed sweet pictures in our minds  
Of Juda's hills so white,  
Of shepherds meek, 'mid wintry winds,  
A-watching through the night,

That saw His star shine in the east,  
That hailed the Holy Child;  
That welcomed Him, our great High Priest,  
And yet our brother mild.

And now He's come, the Christ child dear,  
Delight of Mary's eyes;  
The babe divine, whom none need fear,  
The simple nor the wise.

His infant arms are opened wide  
For Mary, you and me;  
She'll let us near His crib abide,  
Her children all will be.

But let us *little* grow the while  
We're gazing on His face;  
Let child-like love, that knows no guile,  
Fit us for His embrace.

The little ones are His delight,  
The heart must not grow old;  
So children all, on Xmas night,  
He'll gather in His fold.

Oh! happy we, if ever there,  
With Mary and her Babe,  
We're sheltered safe in her dear care—  
What more could children crave?