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A Christmas Vision

On Christmas Eve 'mid all the joyous glee That in my plenteousness surrounded me, I happened by some chance to turn mine eye Out through a window wreath that hung near by And as I glanced through it into the night I seemed to see, lit by some holy light, A childish face with wistful, smiling lips That shrilled me to my very finger tips.

Two eager hands stretched forth called as in stress, To me to carry help to helplessness, And in the sad eyes of that child I saw In all its loveliness, the Christmas law-Not a command, no everlasting must Upon reluctance for its teaching thrust, But just a pleading hint to him who runs That all who suffer are God's little ones.

And then the picture in the wreath was gone, And in its place, the Eastern star-beams shone-The same that nineteen centuries ago Led on the wise men with their heavenly glow; And e'en as they, I wandered through the drifts And into lowly places carried gifts To cheer, and give release, and pay my due Unto my Lord through them that suffer rue.

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