

St. Dunstan's Red and White

Ex eodem fonte fides et scientia

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LIGHTED WINDOWS

In the old land,—the dear land,
Where Faith is living flame,
They set their windows gleaming
In the loved Christ-Child's name,
Because of Bethl'hem's coldness
The night that Mary came.

Behind each shining casement
The Christmas candles call
A welcome to the homeless,
When chill and shadows fall,
Because of Holy Mary
And Christ, the Lord of all.

Oh, thought of rev'rent beauty!
Love's tapers set to greet
A lonely, weary stranger
On country-side or street,—
To lead him through the darkness
To shelter, food and heat.

And we, what do we offer
In sweet remembering?
A tree—a wreath of holly—
A box with gaudy string:
Is there, in all our giving,
One gift for Christ the King?

—*Lucy Gertrude Clarkin.*