

**A Christmas Thought**

C. M., '39

When snow had blanketed the earth, with silence inches  
deep,  
And softly fell the darkening night as stars awoke from  
sleep,  
A little urchin, dressed in clothes—not rags, but rather thin  
And threadbare here and patched up there, to cover tender  
skin;  
With nose a button 'gainst the glass and eyes that bulged  
with joy,  
A childish gleam of wonderment aroused by every toy;  
Stood gazing thru' the window pane at all the things inside  
Which soon would fill some youthful heart, not his, with  
gleeful pride.

A thousand wonders faced him there, so near and yet so far,  
Each shone with light amid the rest, and glistened like a  
star;  
Electric trains that wound about with whistles, bells, and  
lights;  
And airplanes suspended from the roof in whirring flights;  
Tin soldiers dressed in red and white were marching on  
parade  
Before a pompous general, all clothed in golden braid;  
And skates, and skis, and guns, and games, and story books  
galore,  
Enough to fill Old Santa's bag, and still a whole lot more.

But none of these shall fill his sock when church bells slowly  
peal  
The advent of the Christmas morn, and faithful come to  
kneel  
Before The Infant in His crib. A pair of woollen mitts,  
Perhaps; a candy cane or two is all the sock admits.  
While others, less deserved than he, come down on Christ-  
mas day  
To find a tree piled high with gifts, and other things for  
play.  
With saddened face he turns away and slowly trudges on.  
A single tear swells to his eye, he rubs it, and is gone.