

A Christmas Meditation.

Julia C. Dox in Extension.

The shadows softly touched the sleeping world,
On Juda's hills afar ;
Only the humble shepherds waked and watched
One glory-gleaming star ;
They followed where its shimmering radiance led
Along a pathway wild ;
They found the Holy Mother, Virgin-blest,
And in her arms the Child.

There was no room for Him within the inn :
Only a manger bed
Waited the King of Glory when he came,
Lord of the quick and dead !
Room for all others, weak and mean and base.
But on that night so fair,
The Virgin Mother in a stable poor,
Cradled the Christ-Child there.

The little King of Glory, Lord of all,
Who came to bring us love !
His tiny hands outstretched to all the world
In blessing from above !
O, weary world, turn from your sin away,
Its lures, its snares, its charms,
Follow the star to where the Virgin waits,
The Christ-Child in her arms.

O, wayward world, put by your selfishness,
Put by your lust, your pride,
Your gold, your tawdry treasures, let them go,
Fling things of earth aside !
Make room ! He comes ! to bring you love and light.
To still the night's alarms ;
Kneel, where the Virgin Mother patient waits,
The Christ-Child in her arms.