

UNLESS

We cannot hear His Angels sing—we cannot
see His Star,
And, on the Christ-Child's natal day, how
strangely cold we are
The laughing voices of the world are calling
us away.
Ah! We are chasing bubbles and forgetting
how to pray.

We prate of "Peace on Earth" who know
the madness of unrest,
And leave the faithful shepherd few to greet
our Heavenly Guest.
We give our gifts — our greetings to a world-
ling silken clad,
And turn from supplicating hands — from
faces worn and sad.

Unless we purge these souls of ours from sel-
fishness and sin,
We vainly sigh for rest to come — for peace
to enter in.
There is no hope for troubled earth, war-
shaken and defiled,
Unless we turn our straying feet to Mary and
Her Child.

—*Lucy Gertrude Clarkin.*