

CHRISTMAS-TIDE.

O fevered earth, dear mother earth, turn away from
 thy toil and sorrow,
 God sends thee His greeting and grace ;
 Leave the strife and the sin and the sadness that
 veil thee with shadow,
 Look up to the light in God's face.
 Weary and toilsome have been thy days, weary and
 fruitless and bitter,
 Mist-wound with the vapours of death ;
 But now the wide heavens are opened, an angel of
 God is upon thee,
 With healing and life in his breath.
 An angel is come with glad tidings, look up to God's
 face and rejoice ;
 Sin and sorrow are vanquished by love.
 From the high throne of heaven the Mighty looks
 down on thy sadness—
 Look up, what dost *thou* see above ?
 Lo ! afar on the white hills of heaven what vision
 appeareth ?
 Look up, happy earth, and be blest ;
 Raise thy death-darkened eyes, foolish earth, and
 behold in the highest
 A Babe that has lain on thy breast !
 Time, thy servant, has made thee his slave ; He
 has whipped thee with scorpions,
 Has drenched thee with blood and with tears,
 While eternity calls thee, unheeded, in grandeur
 and freedom—
 Arise, break the chain of the years !
 Break the fetters of time, sad earth, arise in thy
 greatness and beauty ;
 In thy Saviour and Son thou art blest.
 Time feeds thee on ashes and sorrow, his guerdons
 are madness and fever,
 But Christ giveth gladness and rest.

—WINIFRED PATTON.