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**Transcript**

MBER 23, 1899.

CHRISTMASTIDE.

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 tiding 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 or 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, to 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.