

SEEN AND UNSEEN.

CHRISTMAS, 1918.

THE Child lay nestled in the hay,
Sweet scented hay;
Through the gaping door props
Peeped in the day.

St. Joseph held the tiny hand
Fast in his own;
“What will life hold for Him
When He is grown?”

“Life holds dread death for Him,”
His Mother said;
Her loving fingers stroked
The downy head.

St. Joseph kissed the little mouth;
“When He grows old
Our undying love is His;
Our love untold.”

“And the black hate of cruel men,”
His Mother cried,
And folded in the woollen wrap,
Fallen aside.

St. Joseph warmed the tiny feet
Against his breast.
“Millions shall fight and die
That He may rest.”

And Mary hushed the Babe that wept.
“He will bring peace;
He burns the chariots in the fire
And wars shall cease.”

“How wonderful this mortal Babe,
Here where He lies;”
And Joseph watched the starry smile
In the sweet eyes.

His Mother moved across the floor;
A-tip-toe she trod;
Hush! that we may not wake

The Son of God.”

FRANCES CHESTERTON.