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Christmas Herald.





CHRISTMAS

HERALDS.

33

By Annie  
McLennan



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OVER the blue hills distant summit,

Through the woodland, down the vale,

Happy sunbeams wander, leaving

Golden pathways in their trail.

As sweet heralds come rejoicing

Waking joy on every side,

Saying: "Rise! your King advances,

Haste to greet the Christmas-tide!"



I N the quiet haunts of nature

Where the birds in spring-time nest,

Where sweet violets reflected

Grow beside the water's breast,

Now the sunbeams passing, glimmer

On the leafless branches high,

Glance where snugly covered violets

Waiting for the spring-time, lie.



WHERE the fir-trees—arms entwining—

Group in many a graceful band,

Robed in surplice white and shining

Silent choristers to stand,

Gently now the sunbeams pausing,

Rest awhile and linger there,

As with reverent footsteps waiting,

In the hush of silent prayer.

FOR a peace unknown to spring-time,  
O'er the landscape seems to dwell,  
And the murmuring breezes only  
Words of kindly blessing tell;  
Only follow where the sunbeams  
Joyous footsteps lightly fall,  
Breathing soft the Christmas message,  
"Peace on earth, good will to all."

ANNIE C. McQUEEN.













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