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## The Peace of Christmas-Time

*Unknown writer*

Dearest, how hard it is to say  
That all is for the best,  
Since, sometimes, in a grievous way  
God's will is manifest.

See with what hearty, noisy glee  
Our little ones to-night  
Dance round and round our Christmas tree  
With pretty toys bedight.



Dearest, one voice they may not hear,  
One face they may not see —  
Ah, what of all this Christmas cheer  
Cometh to you and me?

Cometh before our misty eyes  
That other little face,  
And we clasp, in tender, reverent wise,  
That love in the old embrace.

Dearest, the Christ-child walks to-night,  
Bringing his peace to men.  
And he bringeth to you and to me the light  
Of the old, old years again.

Bringeth the peace of long ago,  
When a wee one clasped your knee  
And lisped of the morrow — dear one, you know —  
And here come back is he!

Dearest, 't is sometimes hard to say  
That all is for the best.  
For, often, in a grievous way  
God's will is manifest.

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