

Look the children ... Henry C. Samuels. [Seattle, Washington 1939].

LOOK, the Children!

Look at the children, the world over! How outwardly different, but one ever.

See their dance, step and countenance sublime. Listen to their song of peace; peace divine.

True, no words can describe their grace; Their innocence, beauty and joyous pace.

But what may be the words of their song true? Perhaps you can guess, though lived by few;

Words most ancient, yet ever new as real, "On earth peace, and to all beings goodwill."

B'hold, then, the children!—yes, our very own, Whom we so fondly please at Christmas dawn.

But oft with things unworthy or toys that kill, Or that their tender hearts with hatred fill.

Ah, different are the gifts that children bring forth! Alike from the South, West, East and North;

Gifts eternal that endure evermore, Free to you, me and all on sea and shore.

Be it to the poor, rich, humble or great, To every blessed creature, nation, faith.

Let us now partake of their gifts friend; Of their peace and happiness without end,

And to the hungry world pass them on, Blessings of the children on, on and on.

May every moment, then, friend, be to you, A scroll with tidings good and true;

A glad season of new birth and light, Born of divine wisdom, love and might.

E'en as to children, angels sweet and fair, Whose gifts are priceless, God's, for all to share.

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