

A CHRISTMAS QUESTION *Dee*

Long ago one holy night
Shepherds in the soft moonlight
Watched o'er their flock in quiet field —
When, lo! a wondrous light revealed
An angel fair with joyous face,
And glory shone around the place.

Ruddy faces turned to white,
Crooks were dropped in sorest fright;
Then spake the angel, "Have no fear —
I bring a message of good cheer;
For unto you this holy morn
A Savior — Christ the Lord — is born!"

How the shepherds hastened then
(Highly favored, lowly men!) —
And knelt upon the stable floor,
Their tiny Savior to adore!
Way back upon the lone hillside
That night's deep joy did e'er abide.

Just nearby that holy night,
Sharing not the wondrous sight,
The crowded inn was dark and drear,
Nor note of angels' song did hear;
Next morn the world seemed no more bright,
For they knew not He came that night.

Which of these two types are you —
Crowded inn or shepherds true?
Hast listened to the angels sing
And hastened to acclaim Him King?
Or has your life been just the same
As if the Savior never came?

— Margaret K. Fraser