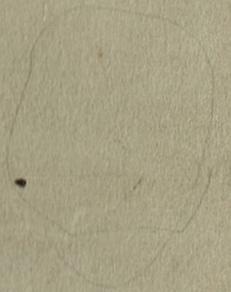
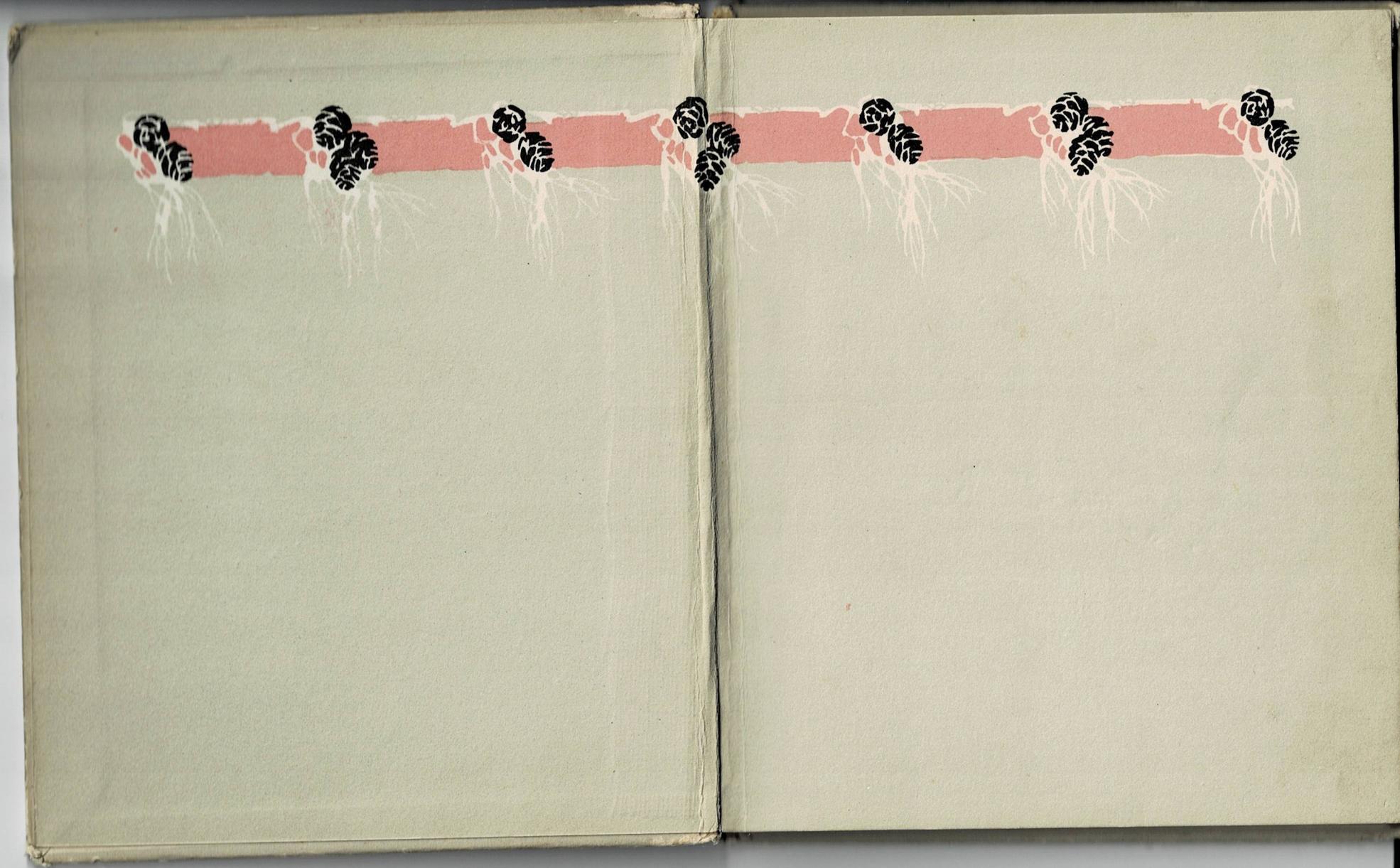




James W. Foley





A
CHRISTMAS
PRAYER



BY
JAMES W. FOLEY



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Dear Lord, these friends of mine,
where they may stray,
Wilt Thou bear each Thy blessing
on this day?
For now the season comes when
Yule-logs burn,
When hearts grow kind, and sweeter
dreamings turn
Unto these olden, golden friends.
I pray
Thy benediction on them all this
day,
And let Thy light of love and mercy
shine,
Dear Lord, this day, on all these
friends of mine!



Dear Lord, if any weep, wilt Thou
be kind?
If any stray in error, wilt Thou
find
The way for them and bring them
back to Thee
With gifts of Thy rare love and
sympathy?
If any grieve, wilt Thou not bring
them cheer,
This day, another day and all the
year?
Break them the bread of love and
pour the wine
Of sympathy for all these friends
of mine!



Dear Lord, if some be far from
home this day,
If some be wanderers upon the
way,
If some shall be in tears, and some
shall cry
With bitter pain, wilt Thou not pass
me by
And minister to them with tender
care,
And what of joy or gladness be
my share
Wilt thou not give to them? Be
Thy divine
And glorious peace upon these
friends of mine!



Dear Lord, if some be rich, bid
Thou them bear
Some joy this day to Sorrow and
to Care.
If some be glad with living, bid
them go
Afar or near and minister to Woe.
Bring love to every heart and let
it fill
The cup of joy for each, and over-
spill,
And let the light of sympathy so
shine
That none shall weep of all these
friends of mine.



So now when hearts grow kind
and Yule-logs burn,
When thoughts grow gentler, sweeter,
and return
To olden, golden friends, or far or
near,
This prayer of mine be hallowed
with a tear
Welled from the fount of love and
sympathy,
And sent upon the wintry night to
Thee,
Till all the world is warmed with
love divine, —
Dear Lord, bless all these olden
friends of mine!

