

"But will there not be chidings ?
 For never worthless toy
 Have we to bring to earth's new King,
 But voice to raise in humble praise,
 Good tidings, good tidings,
 Good tidings of great joy !"

"Then, fixed are our decidings
 To see the heavenly boy,
 With those who share a parent's care,
 In Bethlehem, and sing with them,
 Good tidings, good tidings,
 Good tidings of great joy !"

Though heavenward your glidings,
 No distance shall destroy
 The bliss you told: our eyes behold
 Our Saviour King, and shepherds sing,
 "Good tidings, good tidings,
 Good tidings of great joy !"

BORN INTO HEAVEN ON CHRISTMAS MORN.

Scarce dry were our tears for the baby boy,
 Snatched, in the noon of his second year,
 From the cradle of earth, to be the joy
 Of waiting friends in a higher sphere ;
 When again swung open the gates of pearl,
 For a second jewel Christ took to adorn
 His temple of light; 'twas our little girl,
 New-born into Heaven on Christmas Morn.

Oh, sad were our hearts when the baby went,
 Image of innocence, peace and love ;
 Sorely we grieved o'er the message sent,
 That called him home to the friends above.
 But those hearts nigh broke, as, with tempest whirl
 Of a fiery blast, was rudely torn,
 From her mother's arms, our little girl,
 To be born into Heaven on Christmas Morn.

The Saviour, who came to our earth a child,
 Looking down upon it with wistful face,
 Beheld our darlings, and, as He smiled,
 The infant fled to his Lord's embrace.
 Ere the ship that held him hadtime to furl
 Its unseen sails, it was backward borne
 To our shores once more, and our little girl
 Was born into Heaven on Christmas Morn.