Young People's Department.

THE WISE MEN FROM THE EAST.

O are these that ride so fast o'er the desert's sandy road.

That have tracked the Red Sea shore, and

have swum the torrents broad; Whose camels' bells are tinkling through

the long and starry night—
For they ride like men pursued, like the vanquished of a fight?

Who are these that ride so fast? They are eastern mon-

archs three, Who have laid aside their crowns, and renounced their

high degree;
The eyes they love, the hearts they prize, the well-known voices kind,

Their people's tents, their native plains, they've left them all behind.

