

METRICAL PARAPHRASE.

Almighty God ! to thee we owe
 Ten thousand gifts which round us flow !
 But all the rest must yield to one,
 That best of gifts—thy only Son !

The Son of God ! mysterious plan !
 For us becomes the Son of Man ;
 For sinners too,—amazing thought !
 That mystery of love is wrought.

ANGELS themselves his birth proclaim,
 And bow the knee to Jesus' name ;
 Shall we, ungrateful, dare to scorn,
 This Saviour of a Virgin born.

No, heav'nly Father ! give us grace,
 That only Saviour to embrace ;
 And for his sake, one blessing more,
 We ask from thy exhaustless store.

O grant that we, regen'rate grown,
 And once adopted for thine own,
 Be, through thy Spirit every day,
 Renew'd, and never fall away.

Collect for the Epiphany, or the Manifestation of Christ to the Gentiles.

O God, who by the leading of a star didst manifest thy only-begotten Son to the Gentiles ; Mercifully grant, that we, which know thee now by faith, may after this life have the fruition of thy glorious Godhead ; through Jesus Christ our Lord. *Amen.*

METRICAL PARAPHRASE.

Father of light ! thy sov'reign power
 Those shining orbs proclaim each hour,
 Which, as they cheer the night and day,
 Thy ceaseless love to man display.

But O what star's auspicious light,
 E'er bless'd the wand'ring pilgrim's sight,
 Like that which o'er the Magi shone,
 And led them to thine only Son ?

Lo ! guided by his faithful ray,
 With joyful speed they urge their way,
 And all their choicest offerings bring
 To hail the new-born heav'nly King.

May we, O God ! like them rejoice,
 To see thy light, and hear thy voice,
 Content awhile of Thee to know
 What Faith's perspective glass can show.

But grant that we may one day soar
 To realms of light, and there explore
 Thy plans of wisdom, mercy, love,
 And praise them with the saints above.*

* Vide Note, page 56.