

There beside a saintly elder stood, a man of reverend mien,
 Like to us in lowly raiment, and in lowly heart I ween ;
 But a glory shining through him of some wondrous love and awe :
 Tranced he stood, like one beholding things transcending Nature's law.

And the Infant ! Ah, my children, all our souls did swoon away
 As we gazed upon Him, cradled in the manger where He lay ;
 He, whom heaven's bright hosts, descending, heralded as King of earth,
 With poor shepherd-folk the only courtiers round his bed of birth.

Yet it was no herald-angel's word that moved our spirits so :
 'Twas the Child himself whose aspect set our inmost hearts a glow.
 Why it was, we might not fathom : that it was, full well we aWare,
 All our souls within us burning testified through voiceless prayer.

Was it that from every feature breathed an effluence Divine ?
 Was it that a Godhead through Him like a veiled sun did shine ?
 Was it that His heart's low pulses woke the echo, in our own,
 Of a music such as, theretofore, man's life had never known ?

Nay, in truth we thought not on it, questioned not ourselves at all :
 'Twas enough to kneel before Him, *feeling* Him celestial ;
 Seeing Him as truly human as were we, the dust o' the sod ;
Knowing Him, with simple heart-faith, none the less akin to God.

Hush, my children ! Is it morning ? What is this ? Or, do I dream ?
 O, the Orient ! O, the Sunrise ! O, yon far-off golden gleam !
 O, that Voice from distance calling ! It is His, the Crucified !
 Now I know He liveth surely ! Now I know a God hath died.

FRANK WATERS.

