

Poetry.

A CHRISTMAS CAROL.

THE SHEPHERDS TO THE ANGELS.

Right humble their abidings,
And humble their employ ;
But quick their ear the words to hear,
And list His name the hosts proclaim,
" Good tidings, good tidings,
Good tidings of great joy !"

" O fast your earthward ridings,
Ye angels ever cry,
Since time began, with sinful man
To sojourn long, and sing your song,
Good tidings, good tidings,
Good tidings of great joy !"

" Grant us your wisdom's guidings,
Whose truth knows no alloy,
That we may find the Saviour kind,
And profit well by all ye tell,
Good tidings, good tidings,
Good tidings of great joy !"

" For we have no false pridings,
No luxuries that cloy :
Of low estate, you make us great,
The news you bear we long to share,
Good tidings, good tidings,
Good tidings of great joy !"

" Steadfast are our confidings,
And nothing shall annoy
The trust we place in your high race ;
Your message blest is God's behest,
Good tidings, good tidings,
Good tidings of great joy !"