

A CHRISTMAS HYMN—*Cont'd.*

But some by wilful fancy led,
Are wandering far, from door to door :
They will not brook the peasant's shed,
Nor kneel upon a straw-laid floor ;
And so, poor foolish hearts and blind,
Though long they seek, they do not find.

But those who trust a Heavenly Guide
And bend beneath that lowly portal,
From them no earthly veil can hide
The brightness of the Son Immortal.
No more the desolate ways require
Their feet : they have their heart's desire.