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ADORATION OF THE SHEPHERDS.

Once More to the Manger.

(Margaret E. Sangster, in the 'Christian Intelligencer'.)

Once more to the manger,
At dawning of day,
With shepherd and stranger,
We're taking our way.
The angels above us
Are singing of Him,
The light of Whose face
Makes the sunshine look dim.

There's a star in the East,
It is golden and bright.
It is rifting the darkness,
And chasing the night.

There are sheep on the hillside,
And, safe from the cold,
There's a wee little lamb
That a mother's arms hold.

O, star of the morning,
Still shine on our way,
Lead us to the Christ
By thy crystalline ray;
O angels of glory,
Still sing of the love,
That for saving the lost
Hath stooped down from above.

With shepherd and stranger
We follow the star,

To the Babe in the manger;
For here our hearts are.
Lo! Jesus is born,
And we joyfully sing,
'All honor and glory
To Jesus our King!'

The Christian ought diligently to study the Word of God, and square his way by it; not to walk at random, but to apply that rule to every step at home and abroad, and to be as careful to keep the beauty of his way unspotted as those women are of their faces and attire who are most studious of comeliness.—Leighton