

## Poetry.

### THE STAR IN THE EAST.

Far guiding towards the promised land,  
 All other stars before it paling,  
 It gleams, where o'er yon sea of sand  
 The lonely "desert-ships" are sailing :  
 The Star of hope to mortals given,  
 The Beacon-light of love and heaven.  
 O, well named thee, prophet wise,  
 Thou Bethlehem, best beloved of God,  
 Who saw in dreams that seed arise  
 Which burst from out thy sacred sod !  
 We follow where the patriarch led,  
 And call thee still the "House of Bread."\*  
 That heaven-born seed, that germ of love,  
 Dropped by His hand, made green the waste  
 Where guilt with guilt for empire strove  
 Till Earth's old Eden fell defaced ;  
 And O, there sprang 'neath God's blest feet  
 No tares midst that unpoisoned wheat !  
 On Bethlehem's fields lies hunger slain ;  
 There shall a world of starving souls  
 Go feast : no blight is on the grain  
 That o'er that land, like manna, rolls ;  
 The craving heart with peace refilling,  
 The voice of tears in Rama stilling.  
 Lost pilgrim, there thy footsteps bend ;  
 Crushed soul, turn there thy stricken eye,  
 From paths whose thorns your feet shall rend,  
 From this your stony Araby :  
 Read yonder word, in light engraved—  
 'Tis "Bethlehem," the city of the saved !  
 Woman, that thirsts besides the well,  
 And man that drowns in sight of shore,  
 Hark, where afar the anthems swell  
 That speak your desolation o'er :  
 Behold, where ruin hath no share—  
 See Death, the conqueror, conquered there !  
 O Thou, that art the life—the bread,  
 On whose exhaustless love we feed,  
 As those were midst the mountains fed,  
 Who found thee in their hour of need,  
 Lo ! wanting Thee, we faint like them,  
 Thou seed, God-sown in Bethlehem !  
 Have we not sought thee, Lord, aright,  
 While dark we trod life's arid ground ?  
 Or do we stand before thy sight  
 Like idle reapers, worthless found,  
 Who, playing with Earth's falling leaves,  
 Left scattered round thine unbound sheaves ?  
 O, let us walk with lowly Ruth !  
 So be our day's brief noontide spent  
 In gathering up Thy words of Truth,  
 Like ripe ears dropped ; that we, content,  
 Poor gleaners in Thy fields, may see  
 Our bread of life, dear God, in Thee !

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\* Bethlehem received its name, which signifies the *House of Bread* from Abraham.