

A CHRISTMAS HYMN—*Cont d.*

Was this the place ? Had Heaven declared  
 That here their toilsome course was run ?  
 Was it for this that they had fared  
 Through deserts, in the burning sun ?  
 For this had left their stately homes  
 By Indus, and the temple domes ?

But still, whatever their surprise,  
 Those wise old men were not beguiled :  
 They enter, and with gladden'd eyes  
 Behold in Him, the Holy Child  
 Who sleeps upon the virgin's breast,  
<sup>The</sup> And Hope of every age confest.

Again the star of Christmas-tide  
 Is in its season sweetly burning ;  
 It calls the people far and wide :  
 Towards Bethlehem are many turning,  
 And many yearning voices ring,  
 "Where is the King ? Where is the King ?"