

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,
^{The} 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?"