





ET me take you with me in spirit to Judea's distant hills. It is the month of January. seven hundred and forty-nine years from the founding of Rome. All the earth is at peace. The heavens unite in telling the glory

of God and the brightest star of the firmament illumines a the city of David.

On yonder hill we discern the forms of three royal personages, the Wise Men from the East, mounted on camels splendidly caparisoned, and followed by such a retinue as becomes their station. Their facial expression betrays their anxiety, and on all sides they enquire, "Where is He who is born King of the Jews, for we have seen His star in the East and are come to adore Him?"

They continue to follow the star until lo! it stops in the heavens and casts its light upon a stable! Filled with mingled joy and wonder they enter, and prostrate themselves before a child, wrapped in swaddling clothes, and laid on a pallet of straw. Behold the first public manifestation of the God made man, the first adoration of the Gentiles! Would that we could appreciate the holy sentiments which fill the hearts of these three kings at this particular moment! They offer Him gold, the usual tribute to kings, myrrh, which honors the sepulture of the great, and incense, a symbol of the homage we owe to God.

But how shall we enumerate the gifts of the God-Child to the Magi? Oh that we could draw aside the veil that hides from view the next thirty-three years of His life but let us content ourselves with the consideration that the Divine child, on His cradle-throne, will not be outdone in generosity.

Here then, at Bethlehem, the "house of bread," is begun the adoration which we are called to continue — not