

A CHRISTMAS HYMN.

When wise men of the Orient
Their treasures to Messiah brought,
To Herod's palace-gates they bent
Their footsteps: 'twas a King they sought :
But no celestial glory shone
About the tyrant's guilty throne.

Lo then, through starry tangle bright,
Once more the friendly planet floated !
And soon to their instructed sight,
Its pure and mystic beam denoted
The mean abode which Heavenly Grace
Had chosen for a dwelling-place.