

## 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.