

Ah! no, not in these wild and far
 Where the swart savage 'neath his idol's car
 Mangles his body into nothingness
 Lingers the mystic star.

Not in our Christian cities, widely named,
 Not where the jungle-lion stalks untamed.
 But in a quiet little mountain's town
 Bethl'hem of Jud'a named.

Now praise ye, shepherds! oh, ye wise men laud
 With reverent tongues, with spirits meek and awed—
 For in this blue-eyed Babe I see
 The passion of our God.'

And she, that fair-faced woman at His side,
 Bending to worship with a mother's pride,
 Yield her much honor, blessed be her name,
 She bore the Crucified.

This is the spot! behold, the star is fixed,
 And lo! with straw and brambles intermixed
 A pure white rose has crept unto its Lord
 The manger boards betwixt.

Nature's first off'ring to the Holy One,
 The little Babe—Jehovah's well-loved Son!
 Oh! Christians, bend th' knee, chant forth His praise,
 Ere Christmas-tide be done.

VIVIEN.