

THE STAR OF CHRIST.

O Star, that led the wise men of the East,
With royal gifts of gold and incense rare,
Unto a babe in David's city, cradled there,
In the rude manger of a burden'd beast !
Art thou now leading prophet, ruler, priest,
Into some lowly place, some hovel bare,
To find a little child and crown him Heir
Of God,—whose Kingdom dwelleth in the least ?

O risen Star ! O blessed cheering Ray,
To those in darkness and in awful need !
Thou Guider of our feet to Perfect Peace !
Shine in our hearts, O Christ, and purge away
The night of death and hell, of lust and greed !
O Christ, the world, Barabbas, doth release !