

Young People's Department.



THE WISE MEN FROM THE EAST.

WHO are these that ride so fast o'er the desert's sandy road,
That have tracked the Red Sea shore, and have swum the torrents broad;
Whose camels' bells are tinkling through the long and starry night—
For they ride like men pursued, like the vanquished of a fight?

Who are these that ride so fast? They are eastern monarchs three,
Who have laid aside their crowns, and renounced their high degree;
The eyes they love, the hearts they prize, the well-known voices kind,
Their people's tents, their native plains, they've left them all behind.