

And wond'ring hastens o'er the glittering green :
O wondrous pow'r of God ! now full to sight,
The tender babe is ushered into light,
Cold on the straw his heav'nly body lies,
And all the grotto echoes with his cries :

The virgin, mean time, feels no sense of pain,
And nature's functions unimpaired remain.
So when 'he sunbeams sudden strike on glass,
Full through the whole the rays immediate pass,
Dispelling far the shadows of the night,
And wide around diffusing golden light ;
Untouch'd—unsuffering—still the glass is found,
The breeze of Heav'n will vainly rage around,
E'en winter's storms shall harmless round it blow.
To all impervious but that dazzling glow.
Now round the child she wraps a slender vest,
And fondly clasps him to her loving breast,
Then in the manger lays his beautiful form,
The cattle's breathings keep the infant warm.
O Mystery !—with heav'nly thoughts endow'd
Before the Saviour now the ox is bow'd !
And now the ass his trembling ears lets fall,
And kneeling down, adores the God of all !
Thrice happy pair ! to you alone 'twas giv'n
To gaze upon the brightest gifts of Heav'n ;
O ye alone beheld these lovely eyes,
Ye saw alone the Lord of earth and skies.
While round the world, then, ocean's waters roll,
While earth revolves—while stars illumine the pole,
And while the Priest before the altar stands,
And lifts, in pray'r to heav'n, his holy hands,
So long your honor o'er the world shall shine,
So long rememb'rd at each christian shrine !

With what high thoughts wert thou not then impress'd
What boundless transport fill'd thy sacred breast,
When thou, O maid ! swavst thy mute partners round,
Bow down in low submission to the ground,
In adoration of the God of might,
While heav'n amaz'd, look wondering at the sight !
What pow'r great Father ! soften'd their wild mood.
Who gave such feeling unto heart's so rude,
That now by them He humbly is ador'd
As sovereign master, and his mighty Lord,
Whom tribes, and tongues, and nations cast aside,
Whom e'en his own deserted and denied,
Instead of standing champions of his cause,
To guard his altars and proclaim his laws.

Meantime, attracted by the infant's cries,
The old man casts the slumber from his eyes,
And rising up behold's with wondrous joy,
The virgin mother, and the heav'nly boy .
Serenely and fair she rests upon the ground,
With a bright band of angels circled round—
Thus a long train of star-bright birds attends
The shining Phoenix as she swift descends ;
With tints of gold her varied feathers blaze,
And seem to emulate the sun's red rays,
Before the rest all gloriously she flies
And song and gladness fill the sounding skies :
The senior, wondering, sees the beauteous fires,
And hears ascended the celestial choirs,

Then lost—subdued—and struck with vast affright,
Too faint to suffer that all concurring sight,
Trembling he falls with quiv'ring arms outspread,
And on the earth rests motionless as the dead !
While thus before that band of light he lies,
The virgin sees and bids her consort rise,
Swift from his sight she makes all darkness flee,
Pours fresh'ning vigor through each shiv'ring knee,
Then 'lifts him up and bids him firmly stand,
With nerve to gaze upon that warbling band,
And mark the glory that around him streams,
In one vast, overpowering, flood of beams !

When now the hoary sire regains at length,
His rising spirits and his wonted strength,
Bow'd down he hails, reclining on his rod,
The Spirits—Mother, and the Infant-God.
Then to the manger drawing nigh and there
Beholding him the Lord of earth and air.
O wondrous awe ! all reverence struck he stands,
Nor dares to lay, on those fair limbs, his hands,
But leaning fondly o'er the child, he sips
The savoury breath that issues from his lips,
Till all transported with th' ethereal draught,
In which Heaven's own immortal sweets are quaff'd
In gentle tone he thus at length began,
While down his cheeks the bursting tear-drops ran :

O holy Babe ! O thou dost not recline,
Where Perian columns in bright order shine—
No costly tapestry enwraps thee round,
With gold array'd, and Phrygian texture bound,
A narrow stable is thy fairest shed,
And reeds and straw compose thy softest bed,
While round earth's lord the hall of splendor glows,
And royal hangings deck his proud repose.
Yet gifts surround thee greater far than these,
The changeless Father's glorious dignities !
Fill'd with thy praise is Heaven's immortal train,
And joyous Nature echoes back the strain.
Monarchs, and leaders, hither shall resort,
To view the spot where rose thy homely court.
From where blue Calpe hears the waters roar—
From sultry India's remotest shore,—
From every country which the South wind warms,
Or over which the surly Boreas storms !
O gentle Pastor ! destined to recall
The scattered sheep, and keep in safety all,
Too prodigal, alas ! of love and life,
Thro' dangers bursting—darts, and storms, and strife,
Thou wilt restrain the rabid wolf's wild rage !
And lead thy flocks to pleasing pasturage,
O Saviour of my Soul ! O splendour bright,
Son of God ! God ! Light of eternal Light !
Heav'n, Earth, and all thy praises shall proclaim,
And evermore do honor to thy name !

The Catholics of Leeds, England, are about to provide an establishment for the Sisters of Mercy, an order of Nuns who devote themselves to the education of the children of the poor, and to the relief and consolation of the afflicted. Some liberal subscriptions have already been offered for this purpose.