

Yet turned once more her restless eyes
To earthly power and pomp and pride,
Till—tempted by the glittering prize—
She threw her priceless gift aside!

And faith grew faint, as Love waxed cold,
And Hopes had almost fled away,
But one pure gleam was hers to hold,
Of lighted that dawned with Christmas Day!

And still she seeks, and still she waits,
While—half unheard—the angels sing,
Till—opened wide the pearly gates—
She owns at last her Lord and King!

Agnes Maule Machar