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# Excelsior



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VOL. VII.

DECEMBER, 1902.

No. 2.

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## CHRISTMAS.

'TIS Christmas-eve; my spirit wanders on  
Led by a star, like that which ages gone,  
Guided the wise men from their Eastern homes  
One chill December dawn.

So following the star, it dimly shines,  
Over grand cities, over holy shrines,  
Where white-robed priests bring forth with reverend hand  
The Sacramental wines.

And purely sweet its radiance seemed to fall,  
Where from a kneeling million rose the call,  
The Matin-hymn. that pierced the listening skies,  
"Peace and good will to all."

Yet 'mid those scenes it lingers not, nor where  
The grim old Norsemen oft times breathed their prayer  
To Odin and to Thor of fabled fame—  
That Star remains not there.

But leads me on, unto far Indian lands,  
To arid deserts and sirocco sands;  
Here shall I find the Source of that sweet tale  
Our Christmas morn commands.