



THE SENTINEL

JANUARY, 1906.

THE MAGI'S GIFTS.

*NAY, Lord, not thus, not thus! It is not meet
To bring rich offerings to Thy holy shrine:
Who, having all things mundane and divine
Created, carest not for incense sweet!
These arches towering splendid to the skies,
These gilded altars and these vestments rich,
These costly statues carven in each niche,
Are but the world's display in holy guise.
Nay, when we offer Thee earth's richest store
We but present Thee that Thou hadst before;
But when our hearts we to Thy service lend,
We offer Thee a gift that ne'er shall end.
And Thou hast said, "A broken, contrite heart
In sacrifice is mine accepted part!"*

LAURENS MAYNARD.