

When from afar, the ancient Magi saw
 Thy golden tresses stream across the night ;
 They wisely followed thy safe-guidin gray,
 Which led from darkness into Christly light !

Oh, many a weary pilgrim of the night,
 With earnest longings for the break of day,
 Have sought, and oft for thy celestial light
 To angel-guide them, past the darksome way !

Ev'n as of old, when from Love's jewelled throne,
 Thy gentle presence cheered a frowning sky ;
 So in this age, from Love's Empyrean Zone,
 The Star of Science melts obscurity.

Far as the arms of Everlasting Love,
 Outstretched to save, beyond a mortal bound ;
 E'en so far, Science doth confineless move
 Her sweet, translucent cherubim around.

But, time was—when like sheep without a fold,
 We wandered shepherdless o'er mountains bare ;
 Till, one by one (the young among the old),
 A hundred flocked beneath the Shepherd's care.

Now led, where streams from crystal fountains flow,
 Fast by the heavenly, verdant Hill of God ;
 We rest secure, and fear no earthly foe
 Since God protects, with Love's protecting rod.

No more need night, nor want, nor grief's sad tear
 Wash Love's sweet rose from off the cheek of youth ;
 Nor age decline, with every passing year,
 For Life's chief joy, lives blest, in Love and Truth.