



The Christmas Light.

*O'er far Judea's hillsides bleak and wild
They sought the new-born Child,
And followed where the Star of Bethlehem led
Unto His manger bed,
That time the winter winds were sadly sighing,
And peace on earth was dying.*

*Lo! when the midnight plains were dark
and dim*

*The watchers sought for Him,
And when the air was keen and still and
cold*

*They crossed the dreary wild,
To find at last the Christ-Child safely
sleeping.*

While Mary watch was keeping.

*It was a star that led them where He lay,
Amid the kine and hay ;*

*It was a light that flashed from out the
dark —*

*A God-sent guiding spark —
That bade them search for Him, the royal
Stranger,*

Within a distant manger.

*Ah! tell me not that Star shines not to-
night,*

*And sheds its holy light
Throughout the earth. Lo! on this Christ-
mas eve*

*If thy sad heart would grieve,
It gleams above the sanctuary railing,
Its tranquil light ne'er failing.*

*And He, the self-same Christ that woke the
earth*

*When Mary gave Him birth,
Reposes near for those who seek for Him
At morn or evening dim.*

*And yet how few a Christmas watch are
keeping*

Where He lies, never sleeping!