

The Divine Child.

The Holy Child — in wisdom and in grace
Unfolding day by day to God and men—
Subject to creatures! He the Lord of Glory!
Through boyhood's years, what lessons taught He
then!

The Word Divine! the Wisdom of the Godhead!
His youth in humble hidden toil is spent
And all the while, His vast designs of Mercy
Are silent held, within His Bosom pent.
From Nazareth's threshold, did the Boy Divine.
With wistful longing, down the ages gaze,
The clear and limpid orbs of Omniprescience
Beheld all men that e'er His name will praise.
Sweet holy Child! what thoughts were in Thy bosom
As on our humble home Thine eyes were bent?
What did'st Thou ask Thy chosen ones to give Thee
What lessons have you to this Nazareth sent?
Within Your Heart is there not hid a blessing?
A special grace that love may here increase,
And crown the golden years that now are closing
With promise of eternal joy and peace.