

The St. John Standard

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Christmas Number

GOLD, FRANKINCENSE AND MYRRH.

Through the stable's dusty space
Wavering sunbeams shine,
Where Madonna, filled with grace,
Bending o'er the Christ-Child's face,
Sings among the kine.

"From the East the Three Kings came,
Guided by a starry flame,
Where is Thy nativity
The Most High o'er shadows Thee!
They were very old and wise,
Knowledge filled their lips and eyes,
Yet, my Babe, they offered Thee
Precious gifts on bended knee;
Could they bring Thee all the gold
Costliest kingly coffers hold,
Still with Thee my arms I fill
With a goodlier treasure still

"Myrrh and frankincense and gold—
All their gifts for Thee I hold;
Gold, because a King to be,
Tribute thus they offer Thee;
Frankincense, in fragrance poured
For the Son of God the Lord;
Myrrh—yet wherefore should they bring
Myrrh to Thee, who art a King?
Speaking with its bitter breath
Of the sepulchre and death—
Thou, the Son of David—Thou,
With God's promise on Thy brow—
Thou, God's own interpreter—
Wherefore should they bring Thee myrrh?"

Hushed the song, the sunbeams fled,
Dark and silence came instead.
In Madonna's eyes the tears
Told of coming suffering years,
Till upon a day to be
She should stand on alvary,
With its shadow overcast
He should answer at the last
That one question troubling her—
Wherefore should they bring Thee Myrrh?"

ROBERT GILBERT WELSH.



CHRISTMAS

I saw three ships come sailing in,
On Christmas Day, on Christmas Day;
I saw three ships come sailing in,
On Christmas Day in the morning.

Pray whither sailed those ships all three,
On Christmas Day, on Christmas Day?
Pray whither sailed those ships all three,
On Christmas Day in the morning?

Oh, they sailed into Bethlehem,
On Christmas Day, on Christmas Day;
Or, they sailed into Bethlehem,
On Christmas Day in the morning.

And all the bells on earth shall ring,
On Christmas Day, on Christmas Day;
And all the bells on earth shall ring,
On Christmas Day in the morning.

And all the angels in Heaven shall sing,
On Christmas Day, on Christmas Day;
And all the angels in Heaven shall sing,
On Christmas Day in the morning.

And all the souls on earth shall sing,
On Christmas Day, on Christmas Day;
And all the souls on earth shall sing,
On Christmas Day in the morning.

NEW PRINCE, NEW POMP.

Behold a simple, tender Babe,
On fringing winter night,
In humble manger trembling there;
A king a giftless night.

The stars are full; no man will yield
This Babe's pilgrim bed;
But sorrow He is with countless beasts,
In crib to shroud His head.

Diagnose Him not for lying there;
First what He is inquire;
An Orient pearl is often found
In depth of dirty mire.

Wield not His crib, His wooden crib,
Nor beasts that by Him feed;
Wield not His Mother's poor attire,
Nor Joseph's simple weed.

The stable is a Prince's court,
The crib His chair of state;
The beasts are parcel of His pomp,
The wooden dish His plate.

The persons fit that poor attire
His royal liveries wear;
The Prince Himself has come from
Heaven;

This pomp is granted there,
With joy approach, O, Christian

CHRISTMAS EVE.

"The Christmas Eve, and I keep alone
My vigil sweet by the old hearthstone,
Shut in from the busy world of men,
I gather my own round me again,
A clear bell echoes across the hill,
And I feel once more its old, glad
thrill!

As I seem to see, by the firelight glow,
The dear, wee stockings of Long Ago.

I close my eyes and I hear, once more
The patter of quick feet on the floor;
My heart beats high, as a laugh rings
out

And the walls give back a joyous
shout.
I can feel soft, warm cheeks pressing
mine,

I kiss each head, with its wave and
shine,
As we search each tin, crisscross the
And laugh o'er treasures of Long Ago.

The bells are still, and I keep alone
My vigil sweet by the old hearthstone,
And see, in the twilight's dying glow,
The ghosts of stockings of Long Ago.

—Florence Jones Hadley, in *Christmas*
Guardian.

wright;
Do homage to Thy King,
And highly praise this humble pomp,
Which He from heaven doth bring.