



THE MAGI GUIDED BY THE STAR.—After Gustave Doré.

A star appeared and peaceful threw
 Around its holy ray;
 It caught the faithful Magi's view,
 It led the wondrous way,
 From far-famed Persia's smiling bowers,
 Fair land of beauty, fruits, and flowers.
 Each heart throughout the gazing throng
 What anxious gladness fills,
 While slowly moved that star along

Over Judah's sacred hills;
 And softly fixed its mellow light
 On distant Bethlehem's joyful night.

There, unknown to rich and great,
 Or the perfumed halls of state,
 Where the golden lamps so bright
 Mock the silence of the night,
 And the strains of music tender
 Rise and fall 'mid scenes of splendour,—

The Prince of Peace, so young, so fair,
 In lowly state was sleeping;
 While near, with kind parental care,
 His mother watch was keeping.
 The Magi viewed the blessed of Heaven,
 Their joy was full—their gifts were given.
 Let the sound of the sweet harp of Judah arise!
 Let the hymns of the Gentiles ascend to the skies!

CAMPBELL.