

Our Epiphany.

WHAT though we cannot, with the star-
led kings,
Adore the swaddled Babe of Beth-
lehem!

Behold, as sweet a Benediction brings
A new Epiphany denied to them.
The Mary Mystical 'tis ours to see

Still from his crib the little Jesus take,
And show him to us on her altar-knee,
And sing to him to bless us for her sake
Shall we the while be kneeling giftless there?

In loving faith a richer gold shall
please,
A costlier incense in the humblest prayer.

Nor less the myrrh of penitence than
these :

And there between us holy Priesthood stands,
Our own Saint Joseph with the chosen
hands.

