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❁ ❁ The Nativity. ❁ ❁

THE stars that deck the heavens blue
Grow pale before one far more bright
That comes to point Our Lord's birth place
And glorifies the winter night.

And humble shepherds bring their gifts
Unto the little, new-born child,
Who, stretching forth His tiny arms,
Upon His first disciples smiled.

The choirs that praise His father's name
In bliss for e'er in heav'n above,
Are sent to guide the tender babe,
In joy they sing Him hymns of love.

To-day he comes to us again
To dwell within our hearts, if we
Will bring him gifts of praise and prayer,
And warm our breasts with charity

Oh! let us welcome, then, our Guest,
With songs of joy, of praise, of prayer,
That He may dwell within our hearts,
And in our bosoms rest for e'er.

PAUL SMITH.

