

The Christmas Star

Still in His manger bed He waits, unsought—the Prince
of Peace ;

Day follows weary day and yet, earth's warring does
not cease.

There lurks a yearning sadness in the Christ Child's
tender eyes,

So few there are to see the Star that leads to where
He lies.

Still drinks the earth of human blood, the sea is crim-
son stained,

And manhood, made so like to God, is broken, crushed
and maimed.

High in the azure heavens now the fleet of slaughter
flies,

And almost hidden is the Star that leads to where He
lies.

Oh ! would that we might hear again, that song the
shepherds heard ;

Methinks that hearts of bitter hate could soften at the
word,

"Peace to the earth !" Ah ! would that we, like ancient
men and wise,

Might see the Star and follow to the stable where He
lies.

—Lucy Gertrude Clarkin.