

THE GUIDING STAR

As o'er the plain the wise men gazed,
They saw a brilliant star
So radiant that they were amazed,
And watched there from afar.

"What can it mean?" exclaimed each one,
But Ah! their faith was whole,
And, rising up, they journeyed on
Towards that gleaming goal.

The star hung o'er a lowly cave,
A beacon, clear and strong,
And all around came, wave on wave,
The peals of angels' song.

These humble servants entered in.
They saw the Virgin mild,
And in a homely manger bin
They saw an infant child.

On ev'ry hand angelic lays
Of joy and glory ring,
And, kneeling down, they join in praise
Of Jesus Christ, their King.

—D. MacI., '32