

St. Dunstan's Red and White

Ex eodem fonte fides et scientia

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"EPIPHANY"

"We have seen His star in the East, and are come to adore Him" (St. Matt. ii).

Low-hung beneath the soft-hued Syrian skies,
A wondrous Star swings in the misty night,
Above the sheltering hill cave where He lies,
Resplendent in the glow of Heavenly Light
That warms the Infant's bed of prickly straw,
Dispelling frosty breath, and shadowy gloom,
Where trembling shepherds kneel in prostrate awe,
Adoring in the rough-hewn stable room.
No sound within. The peace of dreamless sleep
Smiles on the Christ-Child's face in sweet repose.
Joseph and Mary lonely vigil keep,
And closer draw the scanty swaddling clothes,
Against the chilling of the keen night air,
Awaiting anxiously the coming morn,
Their hearts filled with an ever grateful prayer,
That unto them the Promised Child is born.

Sudden without, the quickened stamp of feet,
The shouts of drivers bustling to and fro,
And Joseph, resting, starts from his retreat,
To hear the creak of leather, and the slow,
Soft, tinkling bells that mark the camel train,
The swing of men dismounting, as they call
One to another down the stony lane,
Seeking the dim-lit entrance in the wall.
Dust-driven for many a weary mile and day,
By night they followed 'neath the Questing Star,
That slowly waned with every dawning grey,

To rise at dusk, beyond new lands afar.
And now in Royal Eastern Splendor, see,
They pause upon the threshold of their King,
Their jewelled robes sweep low: on bended knee,
They bear the homage of their offering,
With reverend mien and kingly chivalry,
The largesse of their treasures rich and rare,
Symbolic of their Love and Fealty,
In gifts of Gold, and Frankincense, and Myrrh.

Sweet Babel! in my dark night of wandering,
May I look up to find the radiant Star
Of Faith Divine, to guide unfaltering,
Through hidden ways, and trackless gloom afar.
And may I with the Magi, as of old,
Bear gifts before your Crib; with them anew,
Bespeak with frankincense, and myrrh, and gold,
My prayer, my sacrifice, my love, for You.

—F. J. MacDonald, '09

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