

THE
CHURCHMAN

DECEMBER, 1903.

ART. I.—CHRISTMAS.

WHEN the full sound of immemorial song
From voice and rolling organ swells once more
The holly-wreathèd nave and aisle along,
And wakes an echo of that minstrel-throng
So sudden over Ephrath seen of yore—
The marshalled sons of morn, immortal quires,
Come from eternity on lightning wing
To touch in earthly air their solemn lyres
Of deep celestial tone and mystic string,
Lyres which thro' circles of eternal time
Had sounded heaven's pure joys and acts sublime;—
When we consider how such harpings blent
In such divine concert
To chant in mortal ears an Infant's birth;
Say—what is Man, that he can thus from high
Draw whole cherubic squadrons down to earth?
Say, what is Man, frail pilgrim o'er the dust,
In dust to vanish? Rather now by far
What is he *not*, we ask, what shall not be
His honour, power, and immortality,
Redeemed, renewed, and like a morning star
Waked in the resurrection of the just!

H. DUNELM.