The Star of Bethlehem

London:
Ernest Nister
24 St Bride Street E.C.

Printed by E. Nister at Nuremberg (Bavaria)

New York:
E.P. Dutton & Co
31 West Twenty Third Street

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n.d.

Merry Christmas
A Bro Scott

The Star of Bethlehem

"LOOK out of the window,
Dorothy, dear,
Where the wind is asleep
in the snow.
What do you see, and what do you hear?"
"I see the stars in the sky and mere,
And I hear the bells chime low."

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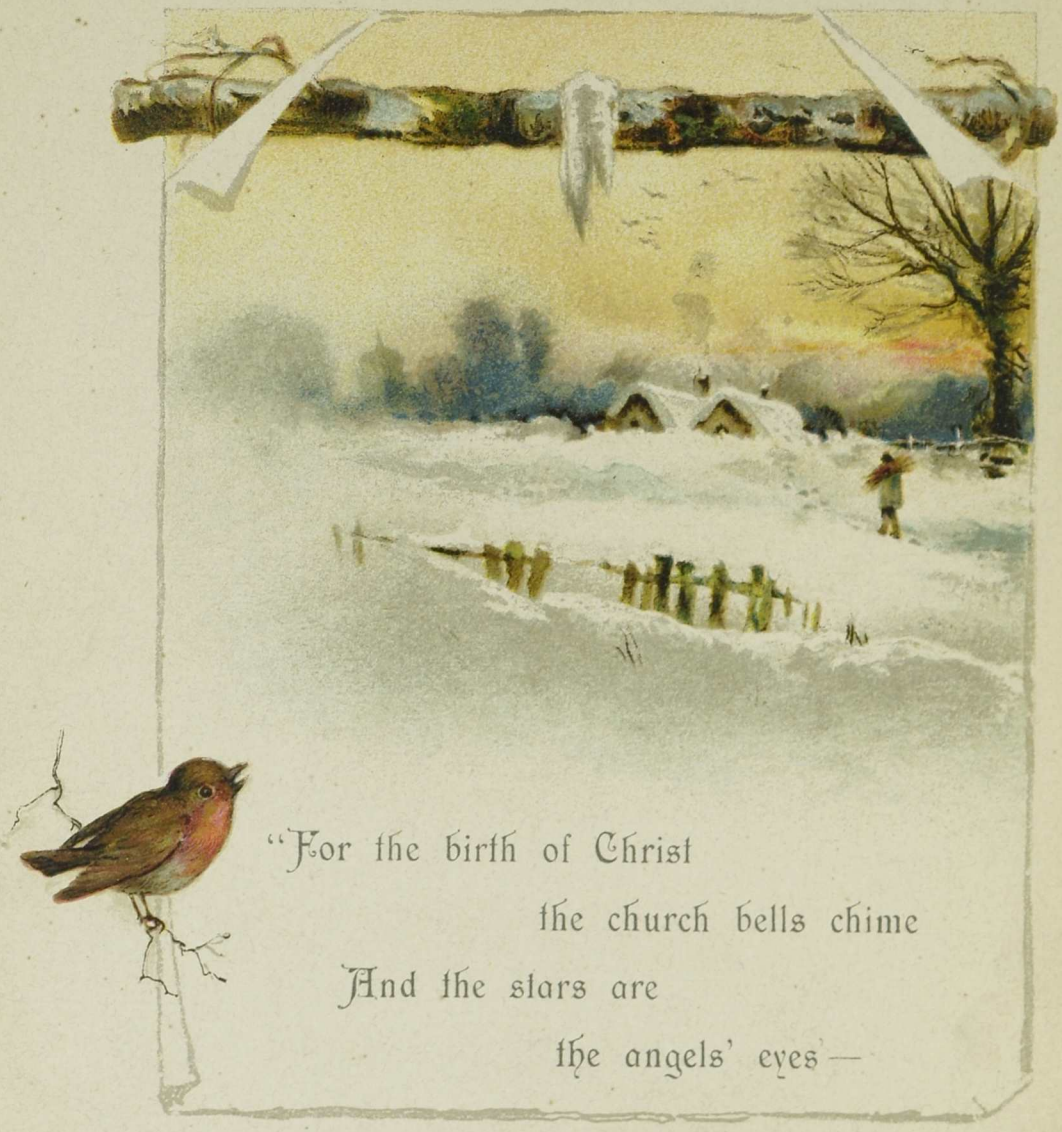


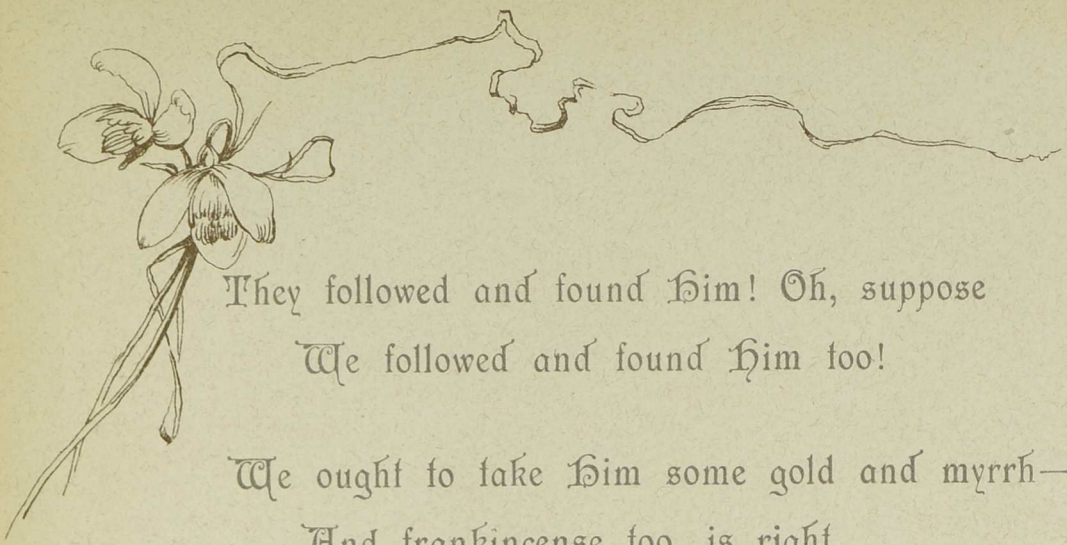
"For the birth of Christ
the church bells chime
And the stars are
the angels' eyes —

They are out of reach, however you climb,
But they shine the brightest at Christmastime
To lead where the Christ-child lies."

Mother has gathered the sticks and wood
To blaze on His birthday bright,
If we followed the star do you think we could
Find Jesus, and ask Him to make us good,
And to give us a kiss for Good-night?

Father has made the house-place gay
With holly, and laurel, and yew,
But what is the use—whatever you say—
If He sleeps in a manger wrapped in hay
And doesn't see what we do?

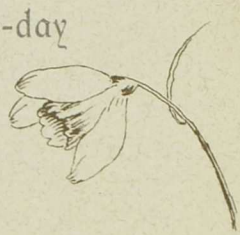
That great gold star is the one—it grows
As you look, and beckons to you,
It led the wise men, as Mother knows;



They followed and found Him! Oh, suppose
We followed and found Him too!

We ought to take Him some gold and myrrh—
And frankincense too, is right.
We haven't those, but my coat of fur
Will keep him warm, and so I prefer
To carry Him that to-night.

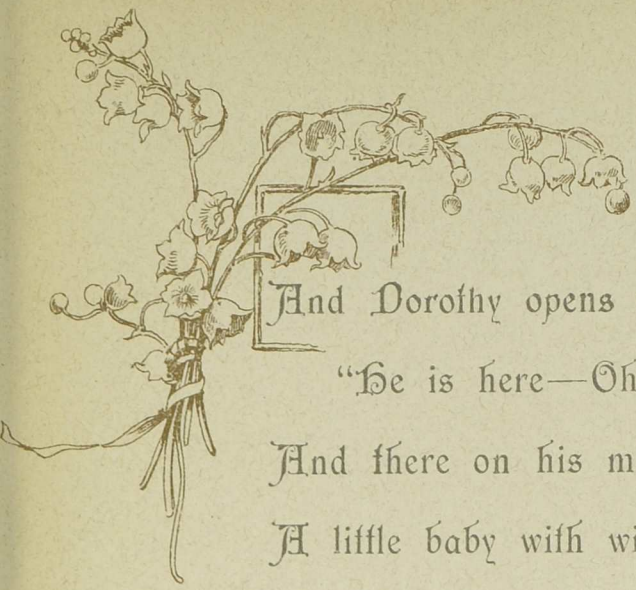
"I'll take Him my prettiest toys," said May,
"And my book with the cross and crown!
And both my rabbits, the buff and the gray,
And the Christmas roses we picked to-day
Before the snow came down."



There were two little hearts beating fast that night,
Two voices that joined in prayer,
There were four little hands that held gifts tight,
And four blue eyes with love made bright,
And four little feet on the stair.

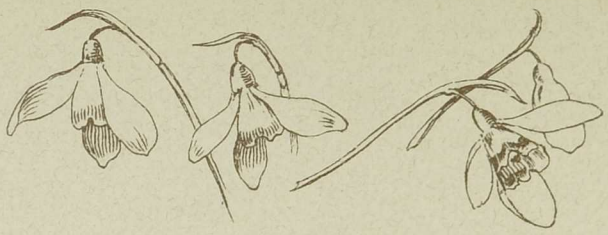
They pass through the crackling freezing snow,
Through the sleeping woods and lanes,
Through the white white silence the children go,
And see the ruddy warm gleam and glow
Through the cottage window-panes.

At last they came to a wee bright light
At the edge of the wide, wild moor;
'Oh! it must be here—Dear Star, good-night,
We will always love you—you led us right;
This must be the stable door."



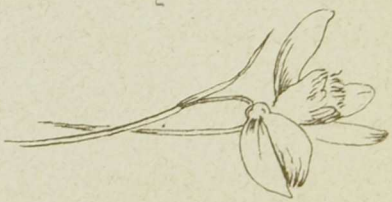
And Dorothy opens the door, and cries
"He is here—Oh! May, how sweet!"
And there on his mother's lap he lies,
A little baby with wide gray eyes,
And little pink curling feet.

"Oh! where do you come from, you children dear,
On Christmas night through the snow?"
"We came by the wood and the edge of the mere,
We followed the star, and it brought us here
And showed us the way to go.



"We hadn't the frankincense nor the gold,
Nor yet any myrrh to bring;
But we have brought Him these things we hold,
Our rabbits, our toys, and a coat for the cold,
To wrap round your Baby King!"

The mother spoke—and her voice was low
And soft as the voice of a dove:
"You dear little children, Christ loves you so
For coming through darkness and over the snow
To bring Him your gifts and your love.



"But kiss my baby, and come away,
And when you
are safe at home

Ask Mother to tell you the truth and say
Whether you could find Christ to-day
However far you might roam."

She laid her baby down on his bed,
And went with them over the moor,
She held their hands and gently led,
But never another word she said
Till she left them safe at their door.

Then May and Dorothy told their tale,
And when their mother had heard
How they crossed the wood, and the moor, and the vale
Alone in the snow, her dear face grew pale—
And she kissed them without a word.

"Oh! Mother," cried May, when the tale was done,
"And wasn't it true at all?
We looked for a manger, but there was none—
Oh! wasn't the baby the Holy One
Who was born in a stable stall?"

"'Tis nineteen hundred years, or near,
Since the blessed Christmas morn,
But every day of every year
Since then some little baby dear
Has into His world been born"

Mother said, and sighed—but she sighed and smiled—
"It's long since He lived among men,
But in every little sinless child,
By passion and wickedness undefiled,
He lives on earth again."

E. Nesbit.

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