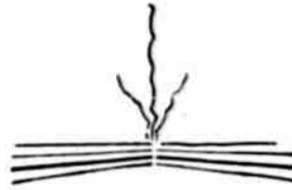
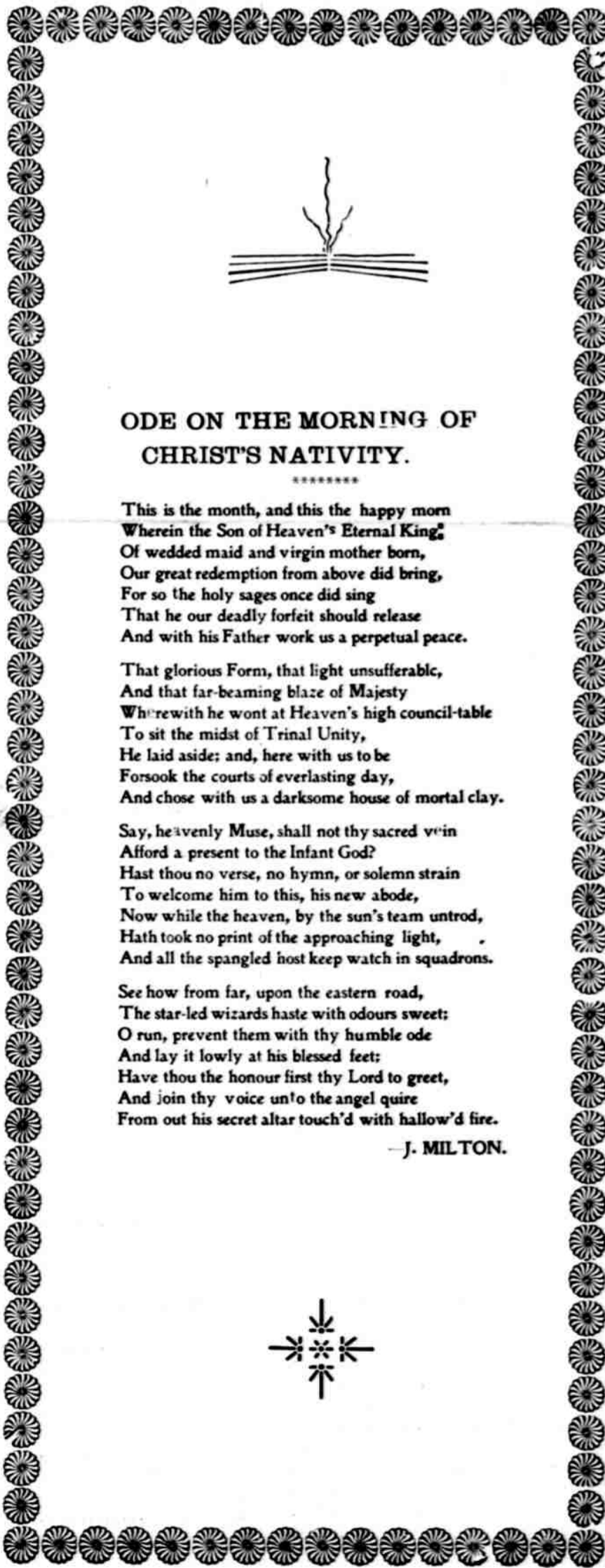




# THE COURIER

LINCOLN, NEB., SATURDAY, DECEMBER 18, 1897.



## ODE ON THE MORNING OF CHRIST'S NATIVITY.

This is the month, and this the happy morn  
Wherein the Son of Heaven's Eternal King,  
Of wedded maid and virgin mother born,  
Our great redemption from above did bring,  
For so the holy sages once did sing  
That he our deadly forfeit should release  
And with his Father work us a perpetual peace.

That glorious Form, that light unsufferable,  
And that far-beaming blaze of Majesty  
Wherewith he went at Heaven's high council-table  
To sit the midst of Trinal Unity,  
He laid aside; and, here with us to be  
Forsook the courts of everlasting day,  
And chose with us a darksome house of mortal clay.

Say, heavenly Muse, shall not thy sacred vein  
Afford a present to the Infant God?  
Hast thou no verse, no hymn, or solemn strain  
To welcome him to this, his new abode,  
Now while the heaven, by the sun's team untrod,  
Hath took no print of the approaching light,  
And all the spangled host keep watch in squadrons.

See how from far, upon the eastern road,  
The star-led wizards haste with odours sweet:  
O run, prevent them with thy humble ode  
And lay it lowly at his blessed feet:  
Have thou the honour first thy Lord to greet,  
And join thy voice unto the angel quire  
From out his secret altar touch'd with hallow'd fire.

—J. MILTON.

