

---

# DOMINICANA

---

Vol. XXV

WINTER, 1940

No. 4

---

## DIVINE EXCHANGE

*PIUS M. SULLIVAN, O.P.*

---

On a winding road from Bethlehem,  
Where whirring, chill winds moan,  
In a tiny cave, our King has come,  
And a manger is His throne.

He, Who is the hope of nations,  
The Lord of glory and of might,  
Has come quietly in a stable,  
In the hushed silence of the night.

He has sped from realms of splendor,  
Where angel choirs obeisanced;  
His courtiers here—poor, tattered shepherds,  
Who serve their Lord, entranced.

He, Who is the Fount of treasures  
And could command great wealth untold,  
Receives, in His bare stable-palace,  
The weary Magi's gift of gold.

He, Who forever fashions joys,  
Is not subject to surprise;  
Yet, the earthbound Infant must have thrilled,  
When first He looked in Mary's eyes.