

“Her dark, ugly branches will fill Him with fear,
And His first infant hours quite sad will appear.”

The poor little Evergreen, patient and meek,
“He made me,” she said, “and no change will I seek.
I would wish to do something to welcome my Lord,
But I am contented in fulfilling His word.”

Now, the Angel who guarded the door of the cave,
Where the Palm and the Cedar their green branches
wave,

Heard the haughty remarks and the humble reply :
He raised his pure eyes to the glittering sky.

And the stars, fluttering down, covered Evergreen o'er.
And seemed to shine brighter than ever before.
To outshine the proud Cedar and Palm she was loth,
And tried by her brightness to purify both.

The hour had come for the heavenly birth.
And the Christ-Child was seen on this sin-covered earth,
The Palm-tree its branches waved over His head,
And the Cedar its balsam in fragrant drops shed.

He inhaled not the odor, He saw not the Palm's
Stately branches uplift ; but He stretched forth His arms,
To the poor little Evergreen, blazing with light,
And He smiled, the sweet Christ-Child, in joy and
delight.

And each year, when the bright Christmas-tide is at hand,
There goes to the forest a bright laughing band,
And they bring to their homes the dark Evergreen tree,
And from oldest to youngest, in joy and in glee,
They deck it with tapers and with gifts gay and bright,
In memory of that first glad Christmas night.

S. M. A.