

Their gifts are on the Christmas tree,
Each for an orphan child,
All hanging on the fairest boughs
O'er which some angel smiled.

Then gather round with happy hearts,
Let thanks and praise be given,
They have but gone from us below
To keep the day in heaven.

AFTER A WHILE.

THERE are angels on earth both tender and true,
Doing the work God gives them to do,
Soothing lone hearts full of tossings and fears,
Speaking kind words and wiping off tears,
Their present reward God's fatherly smile,
And a home up in Heaven, after a while.

The angels of earth are gentle and kind,
Guarding the weak and leading the blind,
Raising the fallen and cheering the sad,
Feeding the poor and reclaiming the bad,
Their present reward God's fatherly smile,
And a home up in Heaven, after a while.

Ye angels of mercy, residing on earth
(But owning a title to nobler birth),
Speed on your mission—lessening woe,
Scattering joy wherever you go,
Your present reward God's fatherly smile,
And a home up in Heaven, after a while.