

My Little Tree.

THEY tell me that my little tree
Is only just my age, but see,
Already ripe and rosy fruit
Is peeping under every shoot !
How little have I brought,
But withered leaves of foolish thought ;
And angry words like thorn,
How many have I borne !

No fruit my little tree can bring
Without the gentle rain of spring ;
Nor could it ever ripen one,
Without the glowing summer sun :
O Father ! shed on me
Thy Holy Spirit from above,
That I may bring to Thee
The golden fruit of love.

Let sunshine of Thy grace increase
The pleasant fruit of joy and peace,
With purple bloom of gentleness,
That most of all my home may bless ;
While faith and goodness meet
In ruby ripeness rich and sweet ;
Let these in me be found,
And evermore abound.