

heart grew glad within her at the great joy that had come to her and she said in her heart :—"I will cause him to forget that we are unlike our companions ; I will sing to him my softest songs and gradually her dress of sombre green assumed a brighter hue, young buds sprang forth, her branches waved softly in the breeze and she wooed the birds by gentle voice to build their nests in her arms, and,

" In foul weather and in fair,
Day by day in vaster numbers,
Flocked the poets of the air."

At eventide she folded them in her bosom, that their songs might not disturb the sleep of her companion, and while all the forest slept, she alone was awake and, in the silence of the night, she murmured softly, "Ich liebe Dich," and when the sun arose the birds from her arms flew through the forest, singing, "Ich liebe Dich," and all the trees took up the song ; the birds, the trees and the brooks caught up the refrain and all the great forest sang, "Ich liebe Dich, Ich liebe Dich."

So the summer passed and her heart grew sad, for she saw the discontent of her companion, but she said to herself, "When the winter comes I will shelter him from the blasts," but he said complainingly, "I would I were like the other trees ; I would like my