

THE TREES' "GOOD-NIGHT"

While trees were holding conference last night,
 Round, seeded heads of summer flowers are still,
 Wee woodsy people, listen, out of sight,
 And softly hums the ever-hurrying rill.
 In solemn weary tones they whisper low,
 Preparing for their winter's night of rest,
 Disrobing from their latest gowns, although
 No warm, life-giving, sunny rays caressed.
 Green dresses they had worn through summer days,
 Have changed to russet browns, to gold, and red,
 Now round their feet, in symphony of praise,
 And glint of stars, make cover o'er the dead.
 But nakedness was never shame of trees,
 In grand sublimity they stand, undressed;
 Faint echoes come with every passing breeze;
 Pure souls in holy places end their quest.
 "Resolved," the trees are whispering, pointing high,
 "On pathway straight from earth to Heaven we'll keep."
 Then God, in soft white blanket from the sky,
 With tender hands their forms infold,—they sleep.

TREES IN WINTER

I love the winter trees,
 Undraped, nobly they stand,
 Their naked bodies straight and tall,
 Fashioned at God's command.
 In solemn, graceful curves, sublime,
 Their branches sway in winter time.
 So tranquilly they sleep
 Through winter's night of rest,
 Unconsciously their strength renew
 From earth's warm mother breast,
 While winds, born in far distant clime,
 Croon lullabys in whistling chime.
 So friendly are the trees
 When winter's storms abound,
 A wall of strength, protecting, safe,
 By forest creatures found.
 Heaven-pointing, fingered forms, they seem,
 God-patterned lace, 'gainst sunset gleam.
 I love the winter trees,
 But when I see them dressed,
 In glistening, silvery, snowy robes,
 Oh, then I love them best.
 In stately majesty they bow,
 Such grace, even kings might envy now.