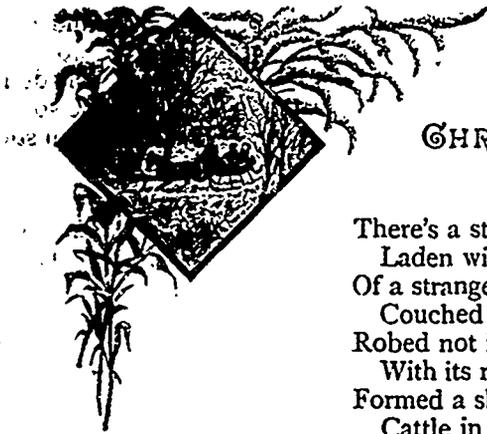


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CHRISTMAS CAROL.

There's a story olden, golden,
Laden with the sweetest peace,
Of a stranger in a manger,
Couched on Autumn's rich increase,
Robed not in sable, for a stable,
With its rude and dust clad walls,
Formed a shelter, where did swelter
Cattle in their stifled stalls.
Then from heaven's azure riven,
Blazed a star of radiance bright ;
Glorious, victorious,
It paled the other stars of night.
Then it glimmered, gleamed and shimmered
O'er the town of Bethlehem ;
And brighter, nearer, richer, clearer,
Burned the star of glory then.

Above the stable's pointed gables
Did that star of heaven stand ;
While adoring, wealth outpouring
Knelt the men from Judah's land,
Softly saying, 'mid their praying,
While their eyes with tears were dim,
"From afar we've seen his star,
And have come to worship him !"
Then came winging, sweetly singing,
Hosts on hosts of cherubim,
"Glory, glory, hear the story !
Peace on earth, good will to men !"