

Full of pity for the suffering
He alone could understand.
Whispered to it — oh, so softly!
Laid his lips upon its throat,
And the song life, swift returning,
Sounded out in one glad note.
Then away, on wings unwearied,
Joyously it sang and soared,
And the little children kneeling
Called the Christ-child, “Master — Lord.”

— GRACE DUFFIELD GOODWIN.

THE PLANTING OF A TREE

He who plants a tree,
He plants love;
Tents of coolness spreading out above
Wayfarers, he may not live to see.
Gifts that grow are best
Hands that bless are blest.
Plant! Life does the rest.
Heaven and earth help him who plants a tree,
And his work its own reward shall be.