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H, holly-branch and mistletoe,
And Christmas chimes where'er we go,
And stockings pinned up in a row,
These are thy gifts, December !
And if the year has made thee old,
And silvered all thy locks of gold,
Thy heart has never been a-cold,
Or known a fading ember.

The whole world is a Christmas tree,
And stars its many candles be,
Oh, sing a carol joyously,
The year's great feast in keeping !
For once, upon a Christmas night,
An angel held a candle bright,
And led three wise men by its light,
To where the Christ was sleeping.

HARRIET F. BLODGETT.