

DECEMBER.

THE wise men said: "A Child would soon be born
And that His baby-feet would feel the cold.
No soft, warm garments would His crib adorn
But straw, gathered by shepherds in the wold."

December gray felt sad, and in her heart
Throbb'd a strong pity for the little Child.
Through long, dark nights her hands in love toiled
smart—
She wove Him a white blanket, undefiled.