

prophet Isaiah's words. In his childhood His shadow fell upon heads that were gray with age and experience, and in His manhood, the mightiest in the world were far below, under His branches. As a man He grew in wisdom and stature, and in favor with God and man, so that there was not such another upon the face of the earth. He stood alone, the great Tree of Life, in the midst of the perishing, bidding fair to stretch forth His branches to the uttermost ends of the world.

Look again at the green tree. How beautiful it is? It has no crooked boughs, no twisted branches. There are no worm-eaten or withered leaves; every leaf is as fresh as when first unfolded from the bud. No bitter or rotten fruits. All its fruit is ripe and unimpaired. From the lowest root to the highest leaf the tree is faultless. Behold in all this a faint picture of Jesus! His birth was as pure as the creation of an angel; His childhood was as spotless as sunshine, His thoughts as clear as the river of God; His heart a well of sympathy and affection; His soul a deep spring of love; His life unstained by the shadow of evil. He was the wonder of devils, the admiration of angels, and the joy of God. His presence was heaven on earth.

Turn once again to the green tree. Mark its goodness. It casts a cool shade at noontide; under its shadow the weary hide from the heat. The sick pluck its leaves and lay them on the sores and wounds, and they bring balm to the wounded and strength to the diseased. Its flowers shed down sweetness, its fruit is the daily bread of a multitude. The storms