



THE ORANGE TREE.

*There was a little orange tree,
It lived its life so valiantly.
Kept and nurtured by mortal man,
But God had Her in His plan.*

*Man's idea, O, it was so good!
I wonder if we ever could,
Take the Life that's in this tree,
And make it bear more abundantly.*

*We'll graft in lemon, mandarin too,
grapefruit and lime; now that will do!
Why, what a truly delightful plant.
Trouble was it lost its heart.*

*The branches squabbled they were best
Each one distanced from the rest.
Now the orange tree it quietly grew,
A branch, its own, thrust out anew.*

*This glorious branch made others pale
As their fruit began to fail,
Those branches dried up like a stick,
Were pruned and purged for they were sick.*

*Tossed upon the flaming fire,
For in their heart was no desire;
To serve The Lord, but in their way.
Without True Life, comes swift decay.*

*The topmost branch grew and bloomed,
For it was tended by the Groom.
Cast no shadow round about;
An original branch, without a doubt.*

