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## The Vision of the Tree

By Wilbur D. Nesbit

The tree was all a-twinkle with its candles here and there  
And with a merry tinkle wrapped the gifts it had to bear,  
And all was now completed for the morn'g that should be  
With joyous welcome greeted by the children 'round the tree,  
When—I may have dreamed it so,  
But the grace of long ago  
Came through the hush of midnight and hid there with me.

I awoke, as does a sleeper, when dreams hold the heart of him;  
The children's gaze the sleeper till the tree was blured and dim—  
Then marvelously glowing as of all the stars and suns  
With a beauty past all knowing, with the majesty that stuns,  
Stood a cross of jewel-flame  
Which from her the shadows came—  
And softly came a chanting: "To thee, the little ones!"

Strange glory held the trifles that hung upon the tree;  
The marveling that stifles all speech laid hold on me;  
I felt the impulse sudden that led the storied kings  
To come with treasures golden and precious offerings  
In that first gray Christmas dawn  
Of the centuries ago.

When all earth throbb'd with music and beat of angel wings,  
I knew that I was dreaming—but there rose a glorious shine  
And the glowing stars were glowing in the field of space and time;  
Then the tree—emballing visions slowly vanished quite away,  
But upon a night-eyelid it had been for me to stray—  
And I heard all faintly far  
Music—drifting from each star—  
The voice of Children—gazing—and it was Christmas Day!

