

Cupid—

Won't you just tell dear Frosties
In the language of song to-night
Of those beauties and silent wonders
That dwell in the Northern Light.

Sing of some thrilling vision
Of those beams in endless train,
Like the bars of a thousand searchlights;
Sing to us Frosties again.

The Northern Lights

Master Frosty—

Across the starry arches of the heavens
Like mighty spokes of a revolving wheel;
Or organ pipes that grouped in stately silence
Await some master's touch to wake their peal;

The Northern Lights had strayed far down the
vistas
Of mellow air that mark the temperate zone;
Their searchlight beams above the northern sky-
line

A magic arch of changing lights had thrown.

They marched across the sky in long procession:
From east to west their standards were unfurled,
Summoning visions of the Arctic winter
And whalers prisoned in a frozen world.

Then formed a tent, across the starry heavens,
Woven of interlacing beams of light
Flung lightly o'er the arches which supported,
High overhead. the canopy of night.