

(Written for THE EXAMINER.)

## A Home Picture.

CHRISTMAS, EVE, 1892.

The wintry winds in frolicsome glee,  
Are rushing o'er lake, hill and sea;  
The pine trees are better than swaying  
The cedars to each gust are saying,  
"Blow sturdy winds, blow ours away,  
Scatter the clouds before Christmas day."

Snowflakes are falling in each hollow,  
Softly singing there's more to follow,  
Beech, birch and maple bending low,  
Underneath their cloak of snow,  
Say, blow ye winds, dispel all sadness,  
Welcome Christmas day with gladness.

Round the fire, the children gather,  
What care they for wind and weather?  
Steam and sleet or wintry rain,  
May beat against the window pane,  
Without care or thought of sorrow,  
Christmas comes, sing they, to-morrow.

Darkness falls upon the earth,  
But flings no shadow on their mirth,  
Each one has their jobs to crack;  
From baby Joy to handsome Jack;  
A cloud comes over the mother's face,  
As her eyes rest on the vacant place,  
And she longs to greet him Christmas day.

Taddy's seated in the big arm chair,  
Katie sits, of the dusky hair,  
The key light falls on winsome Milla,  
As she dreamily listens to the 'cella  
Over the strings, the father's hand strays  
Recalling memories of bye-gone days;  
"I'm wearin' awa'," he tenderly plays,  
Then "Auld Lang Syne" and "Ye Banks  
and Braes."

Then grasping his bow with sterner hand,  
That strain that's been sung in many a land,  
"Hodie, Sweet Home," soft, low and clear,  
Falls gently on the listener's ear,  
Blue eyed and brown eyed, black, and gray  
They laugh and chatter of Christmas day  
Mistle and holly and laughing Jim,  
With not a ripple their joy to dim.

KATHLEEN D. RAMAGE.