

YOUNG RONALD.

GAY was the banquet hall and bright,
The company a comely sight;
Rich garbed they were for their noble birth
And loud the revel rang with mirth.

Young Ronald rose from his lady's side,
"Where wouldst thou go, my love" she cried,
And on his sleeve laid a hindring hand,
But scornfully her face he scanned.

He strode across the banquet floor
And down long halls to the guarded door;
"Oh where dost go this night, my child?"
"I go to seek the winter wild!"

"'Tis Death, wind-winged whips the snow" --
"I reckon not all the winds that blow!"
And opened the door, and from the light
Unhooded, went to the waste of night.

His breast he spread to the buffet blast;
He clutched at the snow-wreaths whistling past;
"Oh thou," he cried to the whitened moor.
"Be thou my love, for *thou* art pure."

He knelt him to the pale snow drift,
And the cold flakes to his lips gan lift,
But when the muffled moon outbroke
'Twas the hem he held of the Snow Queen's cloak.

TAROT