

CHRISTMAS MORN

Up in the sky moon's babies all are blinking,
Wee, tiny stars so sleepy in gray dawn,
Through silent hours by might of steady winking,
They've kept the watch, but now they nod and yawn.

Two merry men through Northland madly racing,
Ere coming morn shall catch them unaware,
On window-pane Jack Frost has left strango tracing,
And Santa Claus leaves presents everywhere.

Adown the East a red-face sun comes peeping,
Moon's candles now snuffed out in great afright,
The baby stars tucked up in bed are sleeping,
And elfin sunbeams flood the world in light.

Through wintry air is borne the joyous pealing
Of village bells, ring they in wildest way,
Across my room come little children stealing
To claim first kiss on Merry Christmas day.



A DAY IN LATE AUTUMN

Sweet day of sunshine through a drowsy haze
That floods the vales in misty, golden light ;
Yon mountains scarlet clad to very beight,
Now tender in soft tones of smoky haze.
Upon the uplands herds of cattle graze,
While flocks of cawing crows on fields alight,
As ploughman and his team pass out of sight,
And joy-drunk jay from wood laughs his amaze
No ripple stirs the placid, sluggish stream
Bosom adorned with richest fallen leaves.
The murmur of the pines is stilled to-day,
For Autumn, making effort all supreme
In her decline, a fate for which she grieves,
Rules Queen once more then goes her saddened way