

THE BROWNIES IN DECEMBER.



Their daring skill and
mystic power
Into the labor of
the hour.
'T is hard to tell or
paint aright
Their acts that long
December night



Upon your guard
he found
For safety is
unbound.

Upon one page, however wide,
So pen and pencil must subside.
But those who know the Brownie band
May well believe no idle hand
Was resting there, that had a chance
The undertaking to advance.
One, running out one time to spy
If signs of day were in the sky,
Mistook the northern lights in play
For early hints of morning gray:
So with the false alarm he ran,
And almost overthrew their plan.



Indeed the work was scarcely more
Than half-way through, when at the door
The rogue appeared with such a shout
That every Brownie faced about.
The tree was nearly overturned
Before his strange mistake was learned;
But neither slip, nor fall, nor break
Can make the Brownie band forsake
A task their willing hands may find,
Till they are satisfied in mind.