

A HOME PICTURE.

(Christmas Eve, 1887.)

The wintry winds, in frolicsome glee,
Are rushing over lake, hill and sea ;
The pine trees are before them swaying ;
The cedars to each gust are saying :
" Blow, sturdy winds, blow care 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 ?
Storms and sleet or wintry rain,
May beat against the window pane,
Without care or thought of sorrow,
" Christmas comes," sing they, " to-morrow."