

Three wise men
Did not come, nor one. A child, a girl
With golden hair and gray-blue laughing eyes,
A furtive playmate of the boy, with stress
Walked through the spotless wreaths of snow. The morning
Saw her come, when all was still. No lock
Debarred her, and she entered, having knocked.
She saw the writing on the blackboard big,
Against the wall, in trembling chalk—

“ ON STRIKE TILL 3 ”

And duly signed by David Annandale.
She saw the mother's snow-white face upturned
To heaven. She saw the raven locks of David
Strewn upon her breast. And saw his face—
'Twas also white as snow. The tragic scene
Was quickly seen. She stood amazed a moment,
Then approached, uncertain, all atremble,
And she softly pressed her playmate's brow.
The chill of death went thro' her, and she gave
A piercing cry and fled.

Of Christmas Day,
Next day but one, the pretty child had come
To speak and childlike tell of something fine
She was to bring. But that great day of countless
Happy homes would see the cottage empty.
Nature, nature's God, in mercy stayed
The stricken widow's ill-paid, weary labour.
She had gone on strike, as David said.
And she had taken her darling with her.