

The Mystic Warning.

ON THE COMING OF WINTER.

The other night 'bout twelve o'clock,
As by the cosy grate I sat
With Huron's "Signal" fore me spread,
Methought I heard a thud knock
Without my cheerful cottage door,
And hastily rose to usher in
A fancied half-clad, hungry child.

The door unbarr'd and open'd wide
Disclosed a glowing fairy form
Envelop'd in a spotless robe
Of ermine, caught in northern snows,
Which, springing lightly inward, cried
In silvery accents, "Close your doors
Against my heedless, blustering lord."

And none too soon the order came,
For while I yet stood by the door
A wierd, unearthly whistle came
Across the hilly common bare,
And howling fierce, as from the throat
Of yelling demons just let loose
From Pandemonium's dear abode.

With hair on end I turn'd to see
If still the sylph-like form was there ;
She stood all smiling at my fears,
Her regal form convuls'd with mirth,
And beckoning me, "Approach," she said,
"I have not flown from crystal halls
So long a flight for no good ends.

"I'm Queen of Greenland's frozen zone,
And hearing that the Lord my King
(Who half the year is staring mad)
Had vow'd by all the Gods above
That, for a fancied wrong sustain'd,
With marshall'd hosts he'd waste the plains
Of his warm-hearted rival king.

"In haste I fled with lightning speed
To warn his unsuspecting foe,
'Fore he, with all the cunning art
Of mania's victims, had set out
With scouts out-chosen from his hosts
To spy your sunny southern forts ;
You know the rest," and as she spoke

Her image faded from my sight,
And as in haste I cross'd the floor
To catch a distant view,
I stumbled, tripp'd, and fell at length
Across my cushion'd easy chair ;
The shock awoke me (for I slept)
And prov'd the vision but a dream.