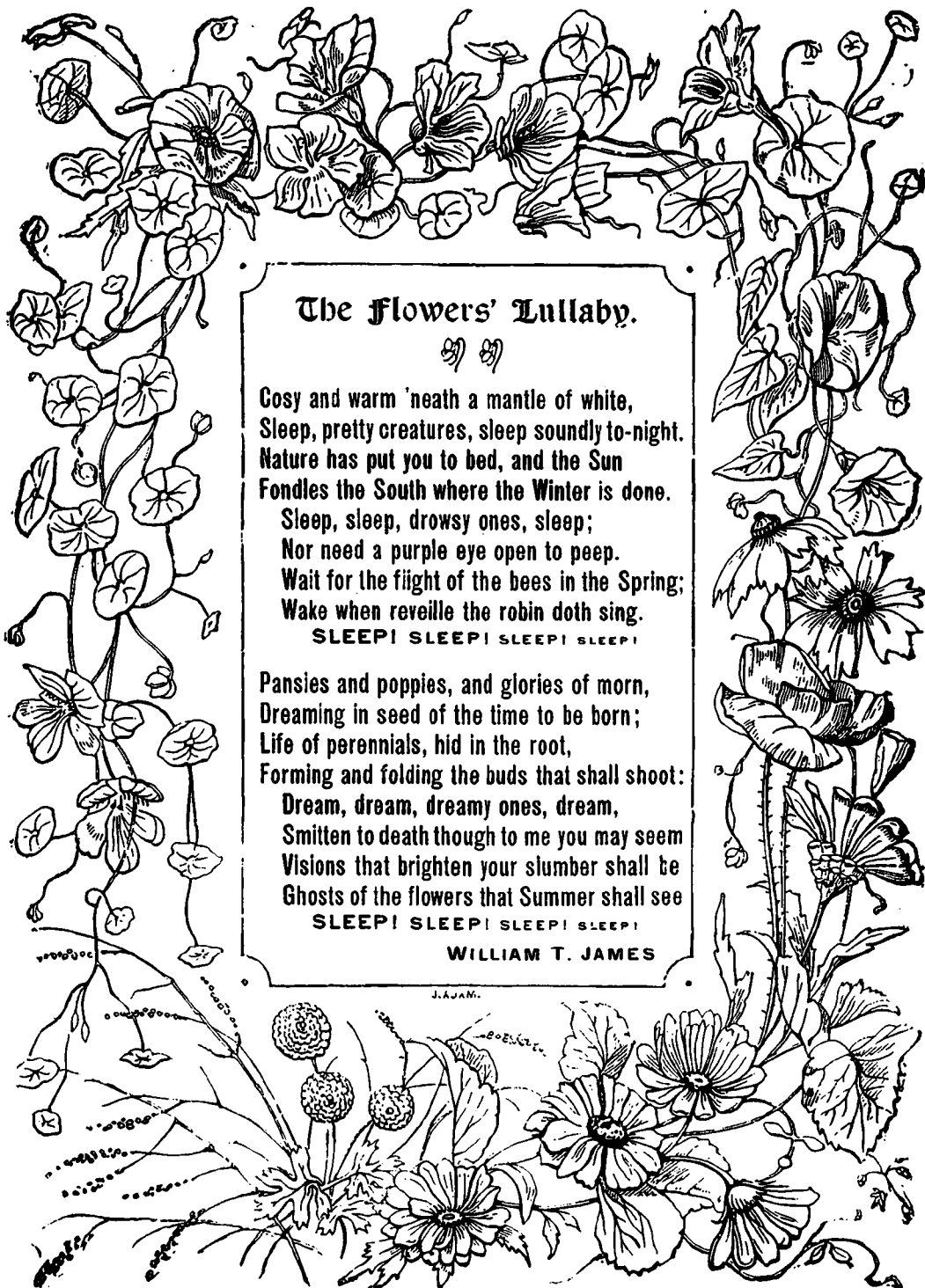


Round the Yule Log



Xmas Supplement 1899 Ups and Downs.



The Flowers' Lullaby.



Cosy and warm 'neath a mantle of white,
Sleep, pretty creatures, sleep soundly to-night.
Nature has put you to bed, and the Sun
Fondles the South where the Winter is done.
Sleep, sleep, drowsy ones, sleep;
Nor need a purple eye open to peep.
Wait for the flight of the bees in the Spring;
Wake when reveille the robin doth sing.
SLEEP! SLEEP! SLEEP! SLEEP!

Pansies and poppies, and glories of morn,
Dreaming in seed of the time to be born;
Life of perennials, hid in the root,
Forming and folding the buds that shall shoot:
Dream, dream, dreamy ones, dream,
Smitten to death though to me you may seem
Visions that brighten your slumber shall be
Ghosts of the flowers that Summer shall see
SLEEP! SLEEP! SLEEP! SLEEP!

WILLIAM T. JAMES

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