

A WINTER JINGLE.

GRANDMA is softly crooning ;
 Knitting at her stocking,
 Her foot upon the cradle,
 The waukrif baby rocking.

Mother at the spinning wheel.
 Spinning fleecy yarn,
 Jenny baking cakes o' meal,
 Father 's in the barn.

Nan is sentinel o' the fire,
 Her mission is the griddle,
 Kate is milking in the byre,
 And Tam is at his fiddle.

Grandpa sits at the window
 Reading at his papers,
 Daft Jock, with arms a-kimbo,
 Is cutting up his capers.

Lizzie sits upon her creepie
 Singing to her dolly,
 Bub " is resting very sleepy,
 Head pillowed on his Collie.

Oh, weel, I love our cosy cot,
 And our restful winter days ;
 A gift from Heaven is my lot,
 To the Giver be the praise.

Tho' all around is cold and gray,
 Swallows and summer bees
 Soon again will find their way
 To the blossoms and your eaves.

Storm-blasts will soon be over,
 Soft air will come again,
 And we'll gambol in the clover
 Through all the Summer's reign.

The lilies and the roses
 Will soon look blithe and gay
 And we shall gather posies
 In the coming month of May.