

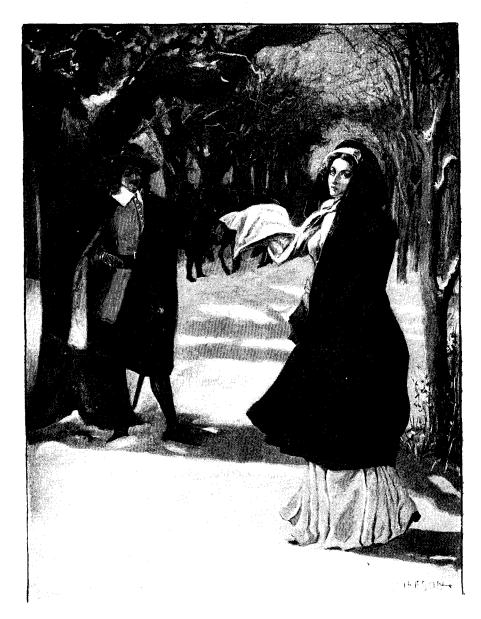


## MISTLETOE.

A YEAR ago! But mark you this— Changes occur in one brief year. This spray looked down upon our kiss A year ago. But mark you this— Withered each leaf and berry is. Oh, love, this tear drop was not here A year ago, but mark you this— Changes occur in one brief year. Ah, when the mistletoe was young
I little thought that it could die,
Cuch rapture round its legend clung.
Ah, when the mistletoe was young,
Then love came laughing from your tongue,
And laughing lay within your eye—
Ah, when the mistletoe was young,
I little thought that it could die!

Alone tonight I dream of you.
And b. nd above the mistletoc—
What else is there for me to do?
Alone tonight I dream of you
And all the haleyon hours I knew.
Too soon shall I awake—and so
Alone tonight I dream of you,
And bend above the mistletoe.

Guy Wetmore Carryl.



## THE CHRISTMAS TRYST.

Love's starry light above is bright.
The noisy north is whist,
And blithely have I come tonight
To keep the Christmas tryst.
I' faith, my masters, naught care I
If blasts to blow begin!
The god of storms would I defy,
For love is warm within.

At length I catch the lifted latch,
And soon I see betrayed,
Where lies the snow, a spotless thatch,
A sweetly snooded maid.
Imprudence, do I hear you say?
Now, marry, sirs, not so!
'Tis Prudence trips her merry way
Across the crinkly snow.

Clinton Scollard.