



AT CHRISTMASTIDE.

At Christmastide my heart was free;  
There was but one, and I was he!

But that was, ah, a year ago,  
And little did I think or know  
What fortune had in store for me.

I felt a slave to love's decree;  
And so this year it comes to be  
That there are two, with hearts aglow,  
At Christmastide

So plainly have I learned to see  
We are but toys of destiny;  
A kiss beneath the mistletoe—  
From such small things the world  
doth grow;  
Next year perchance there may be three  
At Christmastide!

*Clifford Howard.*



### 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,  
 Such 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 bend above the mistletoe—  
 What else is there for me to do?  
 Alone tonight I dream of you  
 And all the halcyon 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.*