CHRISTMAS EVE IN THE NORTH

has lain for years, in the little bureau, never opened, mixed in with broken toys; and should it disappear I would feel as if I had lost an amulet that could not be replaced.

"And the simple shawl of lilac barege, found recently among some old clothing laid aside to be given to the poor, why have I put it away as carefully as if it were a priceless object? Because in its color (now faded), in its quaint Indian pattern and tiny bouquets of violets, I still find an emanation from my mother; I believe that I borrow therefrom a holy calm and sweet confidence that is almost a faith. And mingled in with the other feelings there is perhaps a melancholy regret for those May mornings of long ago that seemed so much brighter than are those of today."

This quotation from Pierre Loti is used by permission of C. C. Birchard & Co.

CHRISTMAS EVE IN THE NORTH

A DIM, white world,

with everywhere

The silent trees, each

one a tall

Black column 'neath the stars!

No sound disturbs the

icy air!

A weighted pine, with giant

branches over-dressed

Among the naked poplars,

showers down

A load of powdery flakes. Some

wagon tracks

Marking the lonely solitudes

with man's near presence,

Lie like a long, dark shadow

'neath the trees.

Across the white expanse, lit

by the cold, bright twinkle

From the sky, a rabbit slowly hops,

making a neat,

Clean line of purple hollows

in the light,

Dry snow, then leaves

the winter world

To trees and stars!

PHYLLIS WARD.