

WINTER

When gadding snow makes hill-sides white,
 And icicles form more and more;
 When niggard Frost stands all the night,
 And taps at snoring Gaffer's door;
 When watch-dogs bay the vagrant wind,
 And shiv'ring kine herd close in shed;
 When kitchens chill, and maids unkind
 Send rustic suitors home to bed—
 Then do I say the winter cold,
 It seems to me, is much too bold.

When winking sparks run up the stalk,
 And faggots blaze within the grate,
 And, by the ingle-cheek, I talk
 With shadows from the realm of fate;
 When authors old, yet ever young,
 Look down upon me from the walls,
 And songs by spirit-lips are sung
 To pleasant tunes and madrigals,—
 Then do I say the winter cold
 Brings back to me the joys of old.

When morn is bleak, and sunshine cool,
 And trav'lers beards with rime are grey;
 When frost-nipt urchins weep in school,
 And sleighs creak o'er the drifted way;
 When smoke goes quick from chimney-top,
 And mist flies through the open hatch;
 When snow-flecks to the window hop,
 And children's tongues cling to the latch,—
 Then do I sigh for summer wind,
 And wish the winter less unkind.

When merry bells a-jingling go,
 And prancing horses beat the ground;
 When youthful hearts are all aglow,
 And youthful gladness rings around;
 When gallants praise, and maidens blush
 To hear their charms so loudly told,
 Whilst echoing vale and echoing bush
 Halloo their laughter, fold on fold,—
 Then do I think the winter meet,
 For gallants free and maidens sweet.

When great pines crack with mighty sound,
 And ice doth rift with doleful moan;
 When luckless wanderers are found
 Quite stiff in wooded valleys lone;
 When ragged mothers have no sheet
 To shield their babes from winter's flaw;
 When milk is frozen in the teat,
 And beggars shiver in their straw,—
 Then do I hate the winter's cheer,
 And weep for springtime of the year.

When ancient hosts their guests do meet,
 And fetch old jorums from the bin;
 When viols loud and dancers' feet
 In lofty halls make mickle din;
 When jokes pass round, and nappy ale
 Sends pleasure mounting to the brain;
 When hours are filched from night so pale,
 And youngsters sigh and maids are fain,—
 Then do I hail the wintry breeze
 Which brings such ripened joys as these.

But, when the winter chills my friend,
 And steals the heart-fire from his breast;
 Or woos the fuffian wind to send
 One pang to rob him of his rest—
 All gainless grows the Christmas cheer,
 And gloomy seems the new year's light,
 For joy but lives when friends are near,
 And dies when they do quit the sight.—
 Then, winter, do I cry, 'thy greed
 Is great, ay, thou art cold indeed!'

Charles Mair

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Port Elmsley — Roll Call — "Ways to Show Appreciation For Being a Canadian Citizen".

Maple Grove — Roll Call — "If you are confronted by racial problems what would you do?"

Dutton — The Women's Institute Branch and the town Chamber of Commerce are co-operating to set up a welcoming service for newcomers. A team of women from the Women's Institute visit new residents presenting them with a printed sheet telling about the merchants and goods and services which they offer, plus the names of municipal officers, and the services offered by the municipality. The participating merchants present a certificate which can be exchanged for a small gift.

Richview — Branch has undertaken a study of ethnic groups in Canada. After a meeting at which the German language was the subject of a talk, one member undertook to attend night school to learn the language as a hobby.

Naughton — Members participated in a debate with the subject, "Schools, Old and New."

Combermere — A program feature for a meeting was a discussion on the Report on Bi Lingualism and Bi Culturalism.

Dance — This branch procured Scotch lite tape for all children's bicycles.

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This is a strange thing
 This is a paradox—
 That going a little further rests the soul,
 That walking the second mile refreshes life!
 It is the stinginess of spirit that wears us out;
 That anxiety lest we do more than we should
 destroys us.
 They are blessed and healthy and happy
 Who are free to go beyond what is required of
 them.
 That surplus
 That overflowing of the glass
 That doing of the undemanded
 That good measure shaken together and running
 over,
 Is what puts freshness and joy into existence;
 It makes life worth living.

J. J. Boss