

PASTE POT AND SHEARS

Rain-drops are pattering, lull thee to rest;
 Birds are all scattering, each to its nest;
 Darkness enfolding thee, mother is holding thee,
 Angels are guarding thee,—rest, darling, rest.

Drowsy, my little one? 'Twilight is darkening,
 Birds are all twittering sweetly good night;
 Whisper thy dreams to me, mother is hearkening,
 Listening over thee, clasping thee tight.

Lullaby, little one, sweet be thy sleep;
 Hushaby, pretty one, slumbering deep.
 Darkness may cover thee,—angels watch over thee,
 Mother is near to thee,—sleep, darling, sleep.

—*B. J. in Amherst Lit.*



“The Columbia Lit.” says, Paste Pot and Shears, “is the best effort of the month.” I believe it, for “The Jest”—in blank verse—is far above the ordinary. And this clipping, so delightfully breezy, was positively refreshing to me.

STORM ON THE SOUTH SHORE

Whistle away, O winter wind,
 Blow fitful and fierce and free,
 I'd welcome your touch were it twice as rough,
 For you come from the north country.

Hum through the wires, tear at the trees,
 Bending boughs till they sway and creak.
 Better than balmiest breath of June
 The kiss of your snow-flakes on my cheek.

Sweep o'er the meadows, bare and brown,
 Heap them high with a fleecy drift,
 Make them look like the land I love,
 Deep in the snow-storm's swirl and shift.

Shriek at the surf on its trampled beach,
 Snatch the spray from its breaking comb,
 And sing to me, in my exile here,
 The stormy songs of my northern home.

—*Grace H. Goodale.*