

THE RAVEN.

A CHRISTMAS TALE, TOLD BY A SCHOOL-BOY TO HIS LITTLE BROTHERS AND SISTERS.

UNDERNEATH an old oak tree
There was of swine a huge company
That grunted as they crunched the mast :
For that was ripe, and fell full fast.
Then they trotted away, for the wind grew high :
One acorn they left, and no more might you spy.
Next came a Raven, that liked not such folly :
He belonged, they did say, to the witch Melancholy !
Blacker was he than blackest jet,
Flew low in the rain, and his feathers not wet.
He picked up the acorn and buried it straight
By the side of a river both deep and great.

Where then did the Raven go ?

He went high and low,

Over hill, over dale, did the black Raven go.

Many Autumns, many Springs,

And with this tree and others they made a good ship
The ship, it was launched ; but in sight of the land
Such a storm there did rise as no ship could withsta-
It bulged on a rock, and the waves rushed in fast :
Round and round flew the Raven, and cawed to the
He heard the last shriek of the perishing souls—
See ! See ! o'er the topmast the mad water rolls !
Right glad was the Raven, and off he went fleet,
And Death riding home on a cloud he did meet,
And he thanked him again and again for this treat :
They had taken his all, and Revenge it was sweet

TIME, REAL AND IMAGINARY.

AN ALLEGORY.

On the wide level of a mountain's head,
(I knew not where, but 'twas some faery place)
Their pinions, ostrich-like, for sails outspread,