

For the Household.

THE SLEIGH SIDE.

The evening was fair, and the cold, bracing air,  
A zest to our spirits did lend,  
As we came, one from here, and another from  
there.

To meet at the home of a friend.  
For the sleigh would be there with the horses,  
two pair,  
With necks arched, and eyes shining bright,  
To give us a ride to the far city's side,  
Over hills and through valleys that night.

The moon it shone bright, and its silvery light  
Over all shed a radiance serene,  
And the stars twinkled, too, till it seemed that  
they knew

That none quite so happy had been.  
As we glided along, we filled the air with our song,  
Nor stopped when some traveler we met,  
For with spirits so gay, as we sped on our way,  
We sometimes did others forget.

The orchards stood back, quite a ways from our  
track,  
And lifted their arms brown and bare;  
The farm homes, too, with their lights flashing  
through.

All came to our sight, plain and clear.  
Then the great barns were near, which meant  
warmth and good cheer  
To the horses, and cattle and sheep,  
And the straw stacks stood nigh, with the hay  
ricks hard by,  
And corn cribs, and granaries of wheat.

Next a school-house we passed, where the lads  
and the lass

Go, some for work, some on mischief intent;  
You could trace in the snow, where their young  
feet did go,

As on their way came and went.  
The big hill sloped back with its long slippery  
track

Where the children a-coasting had been,  
And the great man of snow, without eyes, ears or  
nose,  
And the castles and forts without end.

On we passed through some lanes, and lo, what a  
change!

For there stood a mansion so neat,  
And it seemed in the night, to be one flood of light,  
And the music came out clear and sweet.  
They thought we had come to partake of their  
fun—

And they threw the hall door open wide,  
But we gave them a cheer which would ring far  
and near,  
And passed right along on our ride.

Now our ride was most o'er, for we reached a  
church door,

And stilled were our voices at last,  
For a few were in there, and a voice raised in  
prayer,

And we bowed our heads low as we passed.  
Soon the city we reached, and a supper we ate  
Which warmed and rested us, quite;  
Then homeward we faced, and soon reached the  
place,

When we wished one and all a good night.

IRENE THOMAS.