

St. Dunstan's Red and White

Ex eodem fonte fides et scientia

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DECEMBER WINDS

Under the light of the midnight moon
The earth lies still and fair;
And, swaying the pines, the cold winds croon
A soothing, soothing air.

All wrapped in their blankets of snowy white,
The drowsy blossoms know
That the winds sing low of a Holy Night
When the Christ-Child came below.

Oh! the winds are old, and they travel far
O'er city, and town, and plain;
Did they follow the way of that Wonderous Star,
Or hear that Heavenly Strain?

—*Lucy Gertrude Clarkin.*