

These all renew their olden spell.
With rocky cliff and sunny dell,
With purling brook and grassy nook,
They bordered childhood's country well.

And we who near them used to dwell,
Can but the same sweet story tell,
That on them went glad-eyed Content;
They bordered childhood's country well.

THE SILENT SNOW

To-day the earth has not a word to speak.
The snow comes down as softly through the air
As pitying heaven to a martyr's prayer,
Or white grave roses to a bloodless cheek.
The footsteps of the snow, as white and meek
As angel travelers, are everywhere—
On fence and brier and up the forest stair,
And on the wind's trail o'er the moorland bleak.

They tread the rugged road as tenderly
As April venturing her first caress;
They drown the old earth's furrowed griefs
and scars
Within the white foam of a soundless sea,
And bring a deeper depth of quietness
To graves asleep beneath the silent stars.