

WHERE UNION DWELT

Beside the deep ravine the cottage stood,
O'erlooking elm and willow, beech and birch,
In growth profuse and wild o'er shady stream:
And viewing cedar, oak and towering pine
On yonder crest aglow with light. How grand
The vision in the greenness of the spring.
When birds of blue and scarlet vestments come;
The greater glory of the summer time,
When twinkling wings outvie the rarest flowers:
Or ripeness of the fall, when richest green
And gold and red in mass of tapestry
Delight the eye.

But now the scene is white.
Resplendent white. No miser hand hath swept
The vale and heights but Nature bountiful
Of beauty dazzling pure, the season's own.
The spotless path below, meandering midst
O'erhanging boughs and drooping plants enwrapped
In feathered snow, a reverend scene, appears
As if for angels formed, who came to walk
This sacred aisle to worship winter's God.
The lofty pines that grace the other crest,
Enrobed in sparkling splendor, raise their heads
In solemn awe to yonder jewelled dome,
And offer praise to Him whose temple bright
Holds earth and sky.