

FOR THE CANADIAN HORTICULTURIST.

SNOW



BEAUTIFUL, frolicsome, whimsical snow,
 I love you! but how can you bother me so;
 Covering my windows, blocking my doors
 And fain would you gambol all over my floors

In youth's merry days I hail'd you with glee,
 Now, I'm sorry to say, you're a terror to me,
 For when outward I go with muffler and staff
 You blind my old eyes, caper round me and laugh

Dress my head in white feathers unbecoming my age,
 When I shake them off, you fly round in a rage,
 Oh! hoary old Winter it pains me to see
 The longer I live you look colder on me.

I'll be safe from you Winter, when my soul goes to rest,
 You'll not reach me there in the Home of the Blest;
 I oft think of Hades and its prisoners below,
 Who'd give thrones, if they could, for a covering of snow.

I'm forgetting my purpose in braving your blast,
 For a look at my Maple, it may be my last,
 My sheltering tree in the loved quiet nook,
 Where God speaks to me in His Holy Book.

Ah, there stands my Maple in dazzling array,
 Like the Arabian Princess "Proud light of day,"
 I must come out to see her in the silver moon-light,
 For the shades of my flowers will waltz round her to-night.

"Narcissus," with "Dahlia," "Sweet Lady in White,"
 "Snow Cloud," "Lady Blanche," "Orient" and "Delight,"
 All robed in the purest of gossamer gauze,
 And those sombre old pines will murmur applause.

GRANDMA GOWAN