

With the creaking of the snowshoe came back the
limber stride,
As I swung across the meadow and along the moun-
tain side.

And a shadow from the balsams stole out to walk
with me,—
A courageous smiling presence no other eyes could
see,

Close to my side as ever, a heartening snowy wraith,
My merry little sister, all love and pride and faith.

No stress could ever daunt her, no strain could ever
quell
That fond and fearless spirit. She loved and all
was well!

Through the wilderness all silent and powdery with
snow,
We kept the pace together as we kept it long ago;

Till beyond the bounds of exile, with new life to
explore,
Aglow upon a conquered height I stood—a man
once more.