

The walls are all frescoed with pictures so bright,
The couches, with down, overspread.

All night his blithe workmen, their deft hands have
piled—

Nor hammer nor saw did we hear.

What tools they have used to our sight is denied ;
For, with morning, they all disappear.

THE SNOW STORM.

Gently fall the snow-flakes,
To the furrowed lands ;
To the brown sere meadows ;
To the drifting sands.

To the naked tree-tops,
Clothing all in white ;
To the dark green cedars,
Fall the snow-flakes, light.

And they make a blanket,
For the sleeping seeds.
Warm, beneath its shelter,
Also, sleep the weeds.