

And the dear past days, in the land they loved, the land that  
they still called "Home";  
Of her Father busy with Aramaic and ancient Hebrew lore;  
The influence of her gentle Mother—the Angel of the poor;  
The lane that led by the Rectory gate, where the elms met  
overhead,  
Loud with the windy clamour of rooks, as they winged their  
way to bed,  
Mingling with the rushing sound of the water over the weir,  
Ere it sped along the deep mill-race to the old mill standing  
there,—  
The old red mill with its moss-grown tiles and great dripping  
water wheel,  
Windows and doors all white with the dust of the white-  
haired miller's meal.  
Then he spoke of the roses that she loved and had tended with  
such skill:—  
Did she remember the first he had begged? that rose—he  
treasured it still!  
And then of the wood where the snowdrops grew, the first  
pale promise of Spring,  
In the dear old home they'd be blooming now; and the thrushes  
beginning to sing.  
And they looked across the sunlit plains, remembering the time  
of the year,  
And he smiled at her thought, that beneath the snow, the  
Spring was hiding near,  
Waiting to welcome the tender life—the life that was his  
and hers,  
That the Giver of Life, gave that their Life, might live in the  
distant years.

But tho' the short days were bright with the sun, the wind  
was bitterly keen;  
Such a Winter as this, men said, for years and years there had  
not been.  
Then there came a snap of fearful cold, more awful than any  
before.  
A splash from the pail, by the kitchen stove, was frozen upon  
the floor:  
And Evelyn slipped. When Graham found her she was lying  
faint and white.  
His heart seemed to stop and miss a beat, in his agony of fright.  
He drew a cot close up to the stove and tenderly laid her down,