

theme of the snow or the theme of spring has inspired more poetry, I would not like to say, but the snow has always impressed sensitive minds with spiritual, and often beautiful, thoughts. Out of much literature of its kind, allow me to read the sweet, sad poem,

BEAUTIFUL SNOW.

O the snow, the beautiful snow,
 Filling the sky and the earth below.
 Over the house-tops, over the street,
 Over the heads of the people you meet,
 Dancing,
 Flirting,
 Skimming along.
 Beautiful snow, it can do nothing wrong,
 Flying to kiss a fair lady's cheek ;
 Clinging to lips in a frolicsome freak.
 Beautiful snow, from the heavens above,
 Pure as an angel and fickle as love !

O the snow, the beautiful snow !
 How the flakes gather and laugh as they go !
 Whirling about in its maddening fun,
 It plays in its glee with every one.
 Chasing,
 Laughing,
 Hurrying by,
 It lights up the face and it sparkles the eye ;
 And even the dogs, with a bark and a bound,