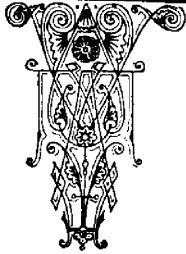
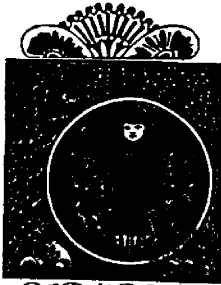


Winter.



WHEN Winter comes earth seeks
repose.
And lest she feel the chilling storm,
God covers her with virgin snows,
And tucks them in to keep her warm.

That nothing may her rest disturb,
And hushed be cataract and rill,
God puts within her mouth his curb
Of mighty frost, and holds them still.

Yet all abroad, roused from their calm,
The unchained winds may sweep the sky,
God weaves their notes into a psalm,
And bids them be earth's lullaby.

She sleeps her weariness away,
And when the hours their signal ring
God marks unerringly the day,
And wakes her with the kiss of spring.

—D. M. WELTON, in *McMaster Monthly*.