

THE CHINOOK.

THE moon across the hills rose eold last night,
And o'er the snow she shed her silvery light;
The snow birds shivered in the willows bare,
And all the plain was wrapped in wintry air.

As dawn was breaking o'er the prairie wild,
A whisper eame, a whisper soft and mild,
That, from the great Pacifie, far away,
A Chinook warm was stealing on its way.

The sun rose up to meet the weleome guest,
Though not a stranger in our golden West;
The snow birds sang upon the willows bare,
And all the plain it lost its wintry air.

The Chinook rushed across the river dark and
deep;
It shook the pine trees on the slippery steep;
It roared o'er chasms deep and coulees wide,
And rushed on along the mountain-side.