

Winter.

"The snow had begun in the gloaming,
And busily all the night
Had been heaping field and highway
With a silence deep and white.
Every pine and fir and hemlock
Wore ermine too deep for an earl,
And the poorest twig on the elm-tree
Was ridged inch-deep with pearl.
From sheds new-roofed with Carrara
Came Chanticleer's muffled crow;
The stiff rails were softened to swan's-
down,
And still fluttered down the snow."



OW beautiful Lowell's words
are and how they bring back
the remembrance of the first
snowfall of the year!

Winter and snow! The terms are synonymous to us in Canada. Oh, the joy of waking in the morning and finding the earth covered over with a fleecy, white blanket, which tempts all outdoors! Along come the joyous children with their sleds, and up they toil and down they skim over and over again with happy shouts. In the evening the older brothers and sisters have their turn. Out come the big "bobs" and toboggans, brakes are looked over, bells put on and then they're off!

Lakes and ponds soon become firm, and the clang, clang of sharp metal and the merry voices of skaters are heard. What care they of icy winds? On they go, the cold blast crimsoning their happy faces, to return in a little while borne by the wind.

With long, loose strides the ski enthusiast slides over the ground and up the sides of the hills. In a few moments he returns swiftly, high up in the air he soars; then, returning to earth, he glides on as before.

But everything comes to an end. Then there are the long walks home over snow-covered fields on which the moon shows a silvery sheen? The trees seem to huddle together for warmth, while a few bold ones stand out as sentinels to guard the snows. Home, a grate-fire and "something hot" beckon us. Perhaps marsh-mallows, as well as fingers, will be toasted over the coals, or perhaps we'll roast chestnuts or popcorn. Surely someone can play! An impromptu dance? What better way to finish the evening? At length farewells are called back and quietness reigns.

Quietness! How still and beautiful the night is and how white the snow! What season can compare with Winter?

