

University of Ottawa

REVIEW

No. 5

JANUARY, 1900.

Voi. III

A MESSAGE TO M.



AND when the gray-bird's song was done
I saw him fly across the snow,
While like a jewel all aglow
His wing shone in the setting sun
And made the world seem bright.
Still ever in my heart I heard
The song he sang ring word for word
Throughout the watches of the night,
Then when the morning came I said :
I have no greeting for my friend,
No costly gift that I may send,
So why not in its place instead
Send just the gray-bird's simple strain
Across the wintry world to her,
An echo as God's messenger
That through the snow he comes again.
So as I weave it take it dear,
This faulty rhyme all out of tune,
To bind together rose of June
And Christmas holly for the year,
Your summer time I may not know
My winter days you may not see,
But each is best for you and me,
Since One who loves us wills it so.

Odessa, N.Y., Xmas, 1900.

H. B.