

Here the white winter's fingers
Tip with dull fires the dawn,
Where the pale morning lingers
By stretches bleak and wan ;
Kindling the icéd capes with heatless glow,
That renders cold and colder
Lone waters, rocks and snow.

Here in the glad September,
When all the woods are red
And gold, and hearts remember
The long days that are dead ;
And all the world is mantled in a haze ;
And the wind, a mad musician,
Melodious makes the days ;

And the nights are still and slumber
Holds all the frosty ground,
And the white stars whose number
In God's great books are found,
Gird with pale flames the spangled, frosty sky ;
By white, moon-curvéd beaches
The haunted hours go by.

Department, Sec. of State,
Ottawa.

