

WINTER ON THE MOUNTAIN.

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Winter's on the mountain top,  
Grinning broad and fierce to-day.  
Farmer, save your turnip crop  
Ere the tyrant comes to stay.  
Glistening in the rising light  
Of the sun's opposing ray,  
Lies the snow, so purely white,  
All around and far away.  
Over garden, fence and field ;  
Over woods and hills it lies,  
All the scenery lies revealed  
'Neath the clear and frosty skies.  
There is beauty in the scene ;  
But it brings no joy to me,  
While I think of what has been  
And of what has yet to be.  
Evil hours have come and gone ;  
Darker comes before the day ;  
(Hab. 3, 16.)  
Yet I would exchange with none,  
Be their harvest what it may.  
(Psalm 27, 5-6.)  
Lasting shame will not be mine ;  
I have sought and loved the truth ;