

When the grass is withered,
When the trees are bare,
Nature sends the snowflakes,
Filling all the air.

Then you're almost blinded,
In the dazzling whirl,
And each shed and houseroof
Wears a robe of pearl.

And the sky is curtained,
All things high and low,
Trees and grass and fences
All are wrapped in snow.

THE SUNSET LIGHT.

A tender gleam of rosy light,
Illumes the western sky,
As towards my home my way I take,
And faint and tired am I.

That beam is like a promise fair,
A hope of better days,