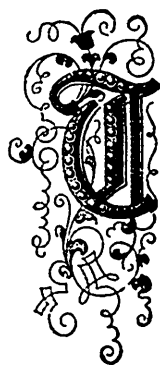


AN ANGEL ARTIST.



HE airy etchings of the Frost
Clear cut 'gainst heaven's blue hyaline,
Relievo's white, the hill tops deck,
An angel artist's dream divine.
There stately cedars, side by side
With graceful firs and poplars thrown,
Consort with weeds and tangled brush,
Growths decay'd and shapeless stone.
But now all wear the same white robe,
The same fair grace; in virtue sure
The vestal, Frost, hath touch'd them all:—
Pure are all things unto the pure.

ETHAN HART MANNING.