

## THE SILENT SNOW.

To-day the earth has not a word to speak.

The snow comes down as softly through the air

As pitying heaven to a martyr's prayer,

Or white grave roses to a bloodless cheek.

The footsteps of the snow, as white and meek

As angel travellers, are everywhere—

On fence and brier and up the forest stair,

And on the wind's trail o'er the moorland bleak.

They tread the rugged road as tenderly

As April venturing her first caress:

They drown the old earth's furrowed griefs and  
scars

Within the white foam of a soundless sea,

And bring a deeper depth of quietness

To graves asleep beneath the silent stars.