

## A RUN ON A COLD AUTUMN DAY.

Oh, what is so fine as an Autumn Day ?

When the wind through the pinewood roars !

Oh, then is the time to be out and away !

Not to shiver and sit indoors.

Oh, your cheeks grow pink and your young heart bounds,

While the skies are so dark and grey,

And your echoing laugh through the pinewood sounds,

On a cold November day.

## THE SNOWSTORM.

Downward, ever downward,  
Down the snowflakes swarm,  
Like a cloud of feathers,  
Swiftly blows the storm.

Soon there'll be a carpet,  
Fresh and pure and white,  
Nestling on the dead grass,  
Flaky, soft and light.