

## THE MORNING STAR.

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(Lines suggested by a morning ride to I. H. R'y Station, Canada.)

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### NARRATIVE.

'Twas early morn, the snow shone white,  
 Glittering beneath the moon's pale light,  
 For high in heaven she held her way  
 And hours must elapse ere break of day ;  
 But travel we must if we hope to gain  
 The rail in time for the morning train.  
 So we started, and heard as the sleigh sped fleet  
 No sound but the tread of the horse's feet ;  
 The world was sleeping and all was still,  
 For silence rested on vale and hill.  
 'Twas well we were muffled in furs, I ween,  
 For the frosty air bit sharp and keen ;  
 And little was said as we slipt along,  
 For frozen alike seemed tale and song.  
 Our hearts were discouraged because of the way,  
 And sorely we longed for the dawning of day ;  
 Yet pleasant the thoughts, and still they abide,  
 Which came to me during that long cold ride,  
 For the harbinger bright of coming day  
 Did ever before us its light display ;  
 The silvery rays of the *Morning Star* (Rev. ii, 28),  
 Above the horizon shone afar,