

The sleeping echoes ; when the snow-shoers,
In blanket suit, with brightly coloured sash,
And tuque of red or blue ; their mocassins
Of moose-skin, smoothly drawn on well-sock'd foot,
And snow-shoe firmly bound with deer-skin thong,—
Wound up the hill in long extended files,
Singing and shouting with impetuous glee.
How glorious, when silent stars look down,
And pale moon glistens on the stainless snow;
And leafless branches blend in gothic arches
To make a fairy palace on the hills!
Beneath my feet, the winding mountain road ;
Beyond, a gently rising ground, whereon
Dwarf oaks, and silver birch, and sugar maples,
With interlocking arms, are like good friends
Of varied mind and state, yet all unite
To bless each other, and to help mankind.
While yonder lie the hill and meadow-land,
Now emerald green, but on bright winter nights,