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## How One Winter Came

In the Lake Region.

BY W. WILFRED CAMPBELL.

*For weeks and weeks the autumn world stood still,  
Clothed in the shadow of a smoky haze;  
The fields were dead, the wind had lost its will,  
And all the lands were hushed by wood and hill,  
In those gray, withered days.*

*Behind a mist the bleak sun rose and set,  
At night the moon would nestle in a cloud;  
The fisherman, a ghost, did cast his net;  
The lake its shores forgot to chafe and fret,  
And hushed its caverns loud.*

*Far in the smoky woods the birds were mute,  
Save that from blackened tree a jay would scream,  
Or far in swamps the lizard's lonesome lute  
Would pipe in thirst, or by some gnarled root  
The tree-toad trilled his dream.*

*From day to day still hushed the season's mood,  
The streams stayed in their runnels shrunk and dry;  
Suns rose aghast by wave and shore and wood,  
And all the world, with ominous silence, stood  
In weird expectancy.*

*When one strange night the sun like blood went down,  
Flooding the heavens in a ruddy hue;  
Red grew the lake, the sere fields parched and brown,  
Red grew the marshes where the creeks stole down,  
But never a wind-breath blew.*

*That night I felt the winter in my veins,  
A joyous tremor of the icy glow;  
And woke to hear the north's wild vibrant strains,  
While far and wide, by withered woods and plains,  
Fast fell the driving snow.*

From "Beyond the Hills of Dream."