

288.—THE FROST

Each tracery, Jack Frost, as with a wand,
Has etched in flowers, on the window pane;
As if an artist, heaven aimed to gain
In sketching panels of that glorious land.

And on the trees and shrubs hang garments grand,
He robbed of prisms in the sunshot rain;
And loomed making the art of weavers vain;
In odd bizarre designs of beauty's brand.

So, every soul is sketched and loomed by God,
Up in the deeps of His vast heavenly bower;
And flung to buxom babes, fathers of men;
Each in design from others all, is odd,
Yet chiselled like the cup of lily's flower,
That grows in purity in brook and glen.