

Thus warned are all  
Then comes the fall,  
With wind and rain  
And sleet amain.

And so old winter comes again  
Stripping the trees on hill and plain.  
Their fallen leaves, once green and shading  
From summer's heat, lie thick and fading;  
Or fly like snow-flakes here and there,  
The restless play-things of the air.  
His frosty breath has nipped the flowers,  
And scared the songsters from their bowers;  
The quacking duck has left the lake  
With her dark brood and ringed drake;  
And warring loons\* of change of weather,  
And bloody hawks are gone together,  
Far off their game with bill or claw,  
To carry on and fill their maw.

And now the snow bird come to tell,  
A harder winter did compel  
That they seek shelter in our land;  
And that a storm is just at hand.  
Then the woods sound and windows rattle;  
And pelting hail the sheep and cattle  
Send back at length from the wide waste  
Of frost and snow in trotting haste.  
The children witness with delight  
These all secured for the long night,  
The father searches for his flail  
To thrash the corn though somewhat frail;  
But he can take it at his ease,  
Or give it up where'er he please.  
The sons are chopping in the wood,  
And all are busy as they should;  
Till night lets fall her sable wings,  
And calls to rest all living things.

The mother muffled in her shawl,  
Time and again, them calls in all.  
Then they around the table sit.  
And when the father, as most fit,  
Has asked a blessing on their fare,  
The daughters' hand to each their share.  
And after thanks to God expressed,  
Before they yet retire to rest,  
Some work, some talk around the fire,  
Whilst the wind blows higher and higher.  
The father then the Bible takes,  
The mother all about her wakes.  
The Word is read with solemn tone.  
Then on their knees they fall each one.  
He thanks the Giver of all good  
For their quiet lives led in the wood;  
For the provision manifold  
Made for their wants in winter's cold,—  
For the rich products of the earth  
And blazing fires upon their hearth;  
And for His Word at morn and night,  
In this dark world to be their light;  
And ends imploring special grace  
For them and their's in every place.  
Joint supplication thus they make,  
And all for the Redeemer's sake.

The howling wind rocks them to sleep,  
All night He doth them safely keep.  
Till day's gray light falls on their eyes.  
When old and young awake and rise.  
The children soon light up the fire,  
Then feed each beast in barn and byre.  
With nimble step and hearts as leal,  
The girls prepare the morning's meal,  
Potatoes, fish, oat-cakes and tea,  
Their steam rolls up to the roof-tree.

But man lives not alone by bread;  
His better self is not so fed.  
The father reads, all join and sing,  
Like as the birds make the woods ring.  
Then down upon their knees they fall,

Some near the fire, some by the wall,  
When he adores the great unknown  
First cause from whom all good has flown.  
Dwells on his wisdom with delight,  
Whose is the day and whose the night.  
Who gives the night for our repose  
From care and thought, and oft from woe.  
And then the day to feel anew  
Our obligations to Him due.

They rise with looks that testify,  
It is the Word will satisfy,—  
What it contains, the inner man.  
In all its wants, when nothing can.  
And whilst the storm shuts them all in.  
Whilst they sit listening to its din  
Their minds roam over all outside,  
Where winter rages far and wide—  
Driving the snow, now here, now there  
Scouring the woods already bare;  
Freezing the rivers as they run,  
Hiding from view the glorious sun.

Then they feel thankful—well they may,  
To Him who keeps them, night and day  
Admire His care for man and beast,  
Even for the weakest and the least;

And now as winter fast has bound  
In icy chains all things around.  
Till summer comes to loose his hold  
Of dormant creatures stiff and cold,  
Some as if dead in caves and logs,  
And others buried deep in bogs;  
So is the winter of the grave,  
From which the body He will save  
For He has said it and will do it.  
Who first created can renew it.  
So is the winter of affliction,  
Not always sent for dereliction  
Of what we did not, or else did,  
But oft for reasons from us hid.  
Likewise the winter of the Church,  
Let it prevail ever so much;  
Her intercessor is alive,  
And will His work in her revive.

B. C., C. B., March, 1868.

J. G.

\* A sort of Crane so called here.

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#### Alfred Tennyson and the Glasgow Free Presbytery.

The poet Tennyson has a short poem of 13 lines in the March No. of *Good Words*. Here it is:

1865—1866.

I stood on a tower in the wet,  
And New Year and Old Year met,  
And winds were roaring and blowing;  
And I said, "O years, that meet in tears,  
Have ye aught that is worth the knowing?  
Science enough and exploring,  
Wanderers coming and going,  
Matter enough for deploring,  
But aught that is worth the knowing?"  
Seas at my feet were flowing,  
Waves on the shingle pouring  
Old year roaring and blowing  
And New Year blowing and roaring.

Some unappreciative readers may not be able to see much in this effusion, but the most unpoetic, will enjoy the follow rendering of it, descriptive of a scene in the Glasgow Free Presbytery. Dr. Gibson, as usual, got up the scene. It seems that several members,