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LITERATURE.

POETRY.

THE FALLING SNOW.

How gently falls the snow!
The air is calm and still,
The whispering winds have ceased to blow
O'er wintry plain and hill;
And now from all the o'ershadowed skies
All noiselessly and slow,—
As sent on tenderest ministries,
So falls the feathery snow.

How rudely falls the snow!
When o'er the frost bound earth
The angry storm-winds fiercely blow
From the far icy north;
On, on, before the furious blast,
Till whirled in drifts below,
The myriad flakes go hurling past,—
So falls the arrowy snow.

How lightly falls the snow!
To those where fortune smiles,
How gay the wintry moments go
Where festal mirth beguiles,
'Tis but the call to wilder joy
Than milder seasons know,
And sport and dance the hours employ,—
So merrily falls the snow.

How heavily falls the snow!
To those—the suffering poor—
How cold the hearths where want and woe
Have opened wide the door;

O, long and lone they count the hours,
And heart and hope sink low;
For o'er their lot a grim fate lowers,—
So dearly falls the snow.

“IF MOTHER WERE HERE!”

BY ANNE E. HOWE.

My life is so weary,
So full of sad pain;
Each day brings its shadows,
Its mists, and its rain.
There's no ray of sunshine
My pathway to cheer;
But sorrow would vanish
If mother were here.

Each hope for me blooming
But blooms to decay,
Each joy that I treasure
Soon withers away.
My dreams, full of beauty,
In gloom disappear;
But soon all would brighten
If mother were here.

O, to lay my poor head
In her dear lap once more,
And feel her soft fingers
Stray lovingly o'er,
And catch her fond whispers
And glad word of cheer;
How soon grief would vanish
If mother were here!

How tender her tones were,
How loving and sweet,
As she told me of life,
And the trials I'd meet.
Yet little I cared then,
But little did fear,
For she was beside me;
My mother was here.

Now, flowers bloom above her,
And winds in the grass
Breathe low, solemn dirges
As gently they pass;
And I'm left to mourn her
With many a tear.
O earth were far brighter
If mother were here.