

MY REFUGE.

Cold winter's breath will not dispel
The lovely visions time is weaving,
As men rejoice when all is well,
Kind Nature saves the heart from grieving.

The woodland paths with diamonds shine,
The hoarfrost glitters in its splendour,
The robin's song at evening time,
To listening ear is wondrous tender.

I know in lining to dark cloud,
Behind it dwells, God's love abiding,
Beneath sweet Nature's snowy shroud,
A thousand buds of joy are hiding.

Anchor of hope within us all,
Strong as a rock, our faith unshaken,
When springtime answers Nature's call,
'Tis then the sleeping flowers will waken.

The wild winds rave from morn till eve,
The country streams are frozen over,
But why should I in sadness grieve,
The fields now white will bloom with clover.

With stormy skies and perished flowers,
Beauty and I have kept together,
Nature is mine, thro' cheerless hours,
A refuge for the worst of weather.

JOHN YOUNG.