

## A Winter Holiday

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Both from the storm and gray,  
The stress of the northern year,  
Seeking the peace of the world,  
Found tranquillity here.

Here where there is no haste,  
Lead we, each in his way,  
Undistracted a while,  
The slow sweet life of a day.

Busy, contented, and shy,  
Through the green shade you go ;  
So unobtrusive and fair  
A mien few mortals know.

It needs not the task be hard,  
Nor the achievement sublime,  
If only the soul be great,  
Free from the fever of time.

And your glad being confirms  
The ancient *Bonum est*  
*Nos hic esse* of earth,  
With serene, unanxious zest,