

And soon the trees that o'er our dwelling tower'd
 Fell by the blade that forest heroes wield;
 The cabin, erst their spreading arms embower'd,
 Was soon the centre of a brushy field.

However cold the morning, when it broke
 Our father's axe was heard upon the tree:
 The frost-bound forest wafts afar his stroke,
 The morning herald of industry.

Spring came—the trees put on their green attire;
 The exiled songsters of the woods returned—
 Our little fields were cleared by aid of fire,
 The logs and brush, and all but stumps were
 burned.

Corn and potatoes in the virgin soil
 We planted then, and made a garden rude;
 And nature, bounteous to the sons of toil,
 Returned a grateful yield for winter food.

And as the sunny summer rolled away,
 We gambol'd in the margin of the wild;
 And new-born joys were added every day
 To the unnumbered pleasures of a child.

We watched the little birdies as they flew
 From tree to tree, and sang their native lays;
 And as familiar with their kinds we grew,
 We gave them names suggested by their ways.

* My elder brother and I.