

The heavy beasts, laborious and slow,
 Floundered along on the untrodden way,
 Half swimming through the deep new-fallen snow
 O'er which they bore us on the floating sleigh.

Onward they toil'd, and when the queen of night
 Assumed the late dominion of the sun,
 We had assembled round the fire bright,
 And a new era in our lives begun.

Deep in the forest axe had never scarr'd
 Save to erect a home, we play'd and slept ;
 The giant timber o'er our slumbers warr'd
 With the wild elements that o'er us swept.

Secure in helpless innocence, we knew
 No anxious fears that evil would betide :
 Death comes not often where his prey are few,
 Nor were we conscious yet that children died.

O happy time ! that vanished all too soon,
 When we supposed that we would always be !
 When care was yet in embryo, or the moon,
 And death a fabled monster of the sea !

Our father's arm was strong, and strong his will
 To wield its strength, though skill'd in arts of
 school ;
 His axe resounds in wistful memory still
 And still his voice expounds the "Golden Rule."