

THE TRAPPER'S CHRISTMAS.

And this is Christmas morn!
Yet I alone my vigils keep,
And woo in vain the toiler's sleep;
 For thoughts, conceived and born
Of scenes long fled, thro' mem'ry sweep,
Till the lone heart must either break or weep.

'Tis twenty years to-day
Since Mary took my hand and ring,
And promised light and joy to bring;
 And I can truly say,
Our golden bells still blithely ring,
And Love has dropped no feather from his wing.

Sweet twenty years of bliss!
And olive branches came, as flowers
Come to adorn our springtide bowers;
 Or fair Aurora's kiss
That cheers the morn like summers howers,
And blends sweet music with our waking hours.