

## THE WOODCUTTER'S HUT

The call of the friendly chickadee, or the pat of the  
nuthatch—is heard ;  
Or a rustle comes from a dusky clump, where the  
busy siskins feed,  
And scatter the dimpled sheet of the snow with the  
shells of the cedar-seed.  
Day after day the woodcutter toils untiring with axe  
and wedge,  
Till the jingling teams come up from the road that  
runs by the valley's edge,  
With plunging of horses, and hurling of snow, and  
many a shouted word,  
And carry away the keen-scented fruit of his cutting,  
cord upon cord.  
Not the sound of a living foot comes else, not a moving  
visitant there,  
Save the delicate step of some halting doe, or the  
sniff of a prowling bear.  
And only the stars are above him at night, and the  
trees that creak and groan,  
And the frozen, hard-swept mountain-crests with  
their silent fronts of stone,  
As he watches the sinking glow of his fire and the  
waving flames upcaught,  
Cleaning his rifle or mending his moccasins, sleepy  
and slow of thought.