

## A Winter Holiday

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“ ’T is sorry news, John Camplejohn,  
If this be destiny,  
That every mart should know that art,  
Yet none can sell it me.

“ But look you, here ’s the grace of God :  
There ’s neither price nor fee,  
Duty nor toll, that can control  
The power to love and see.

“ To each his luck, John Camplejohn,  
Say I. And as for me,  
Give me the pay of an idle day  
In Bay Street by the sea.”