

THE EMIGRANT'S CHRISTMAS

Alone in my log shack beneath the foothills,
I sit and dream of Christmas Days gone by,
Those happy, joyous times back in the Homeland,
Before this struggle under Western sky.

A coyote's howl is all that breaks the stillness,
A quietness that seems to pierce me through;
Alone, alone upon the snowy vastness
Encircled by the North Lights' golden-blue.

I close my eyes, and visions pass before me—
I see the ghosts of Yuletides gay, long past,
When I knew not grim solitude's fierce aching,
Before I took a homestead on this vast.

The theatres are belching forth their thousands,
The stately churches shedding mellowed light,
Bells pealing forth their chimes upon the glad throngs
That pass beneath them in the starry night.

Oh for an hour amid the joyous revel,
To make another in the teeming mass,
To lose myself within the festive tumult,
And in the stream of humantide to pass!