
A hundred leagues of snow,
Where human foot has left no trace,
Stretch us between, and yet efface
 No gleam of genial glow,
That lends a charm to heart and face,
And thro' each vein spurs on like headlong race.

Ah! would I were to-day
Where round loved ones my arms I'd fling;
Could see my home with welcomes ring;
 Could hear my children say,
"Oh! leave no more, even gold to bring;
Well may you rest, well fold the weary wing."

Peace! beating heart be still.
Two moons must wax and wane before
I leave this lone lake's placid shore,
 Leave this bold rocky hill,
And on my light toboggan store
Such spoils as mink and silver fox once wore.

Yet time may come when I
May lay this knife and gun aside;
Content in pleasing home to bide,
 Without one longing sigh
To dare the rapids' foaming tide,
Or tent once more upon this mountain's side.