

When Jessie from the kitchen door
Waved welcome sign, their task was o'er.
After the midday meal is past
The reign of terror thickens fast ;
The block—the guillotine is nigh ;
The Communistic turkeys die !
No more they'll strut with pompous air
Through stubble fields in summer fair,
Or in the barnyard strive to drown
All argument with noise alone ;
A plan which people sometimes find
The most congenial to their mind.

And there were busy fingers soon,
That flagg'd not all the afternoon,
While featherless the victims grew,
Till at the last the task was through.

The early evening shadows lay
Across the landscape snowy white,
And the blue canopy of day
Became the starry crown of night,
And restful hours the days denied
Came with the blessed eventide.

Ten years before, Will Wright had brought
His young wife to their half-cleared lot.
Their home was plain and humble, too,
But there was work enough to do,
And hope enough in each young heart
That bade anxiety depart ;
And love that made the prospect dull
Look pleasing, yea, and beautiful !

So they were not a bit in dread,
Though small the house and barn and shed,
And few the fields and rough withal,
And thick the forest grim and tall.