

And still mid chequ'd scenes we stand,
Show there - I in this far off land.

With hearts still faithful, warm, and true,
Each, turns to each - love old, and new,
Binds like the Ocean in its course,
While life lasts, ceaseless is its force.

And here, 'tis true, that many a friend
This Christmas tide, tokens did send
Of various kinds, that I might know
That thoughts on me, they still bestow.

Letters and books, and Candies sweet,
Grapes, nuts, and Almonds - quite a treat:
Phil. Jr. brought a book, and Mary too,
A pin cushion, with stitches neat and true.

I need not tell thee more, will only say
We had a Turkey Supper, on Christmas day. -
Philip with wife and children, all our band
That we can muster in this Western Land;

With Kate, and Lizzie - faithful, true and kind,
As any daughters, we can ever find,
Sat down to dinner, and enjoy'd the feast -
I at the head, in size about the least. -

Now I must close, - for surely it is time
To close this prosy, trifling sort of rhyme,
And ask Our Father, for my Cousin dear,
"Abide with her" - throughout the coming year:

In heights, or depths, in pleasure, or in pain,
And if on earth we never meet again,
We'll strive to meet on the eternal shore,
And clasp glad hands in heaven, to part no more.

R. H. Hopkins