

Soon as ye seek your couches, soft with the  
spoils of trade—  
See well to your outer trenches before the mines  
are laid!

“Hear ye a little lesson—can ye the truth  
divine?  
Milk ye may mix with water, and water will mix  
with wine;  
Mix as ye may on your prairies, mix in your  
hope, and toil,  
But know in all your mixing that water won't  
mix with oil!”

In the dingy dusk of his deerskin tent sat the  
chief of a dying race,  
And the glow of holy prophecy lit up his rugged  
face,  
And the fading light of the setting sun fell far  
on an eastern land,—  
*And who shall save the paleface if he will not  
understand?*