

THE HOMESTEADER

When darkness envelops creation,
And shadows lie deep on the plain,
I sit in my rude habitation
And ponder my childhood again ;
Then voices come out of the distance,
Far voices from over the sea,
They call from the depths of existence—
I know they are calling to me !

The voices of song and of motion,
The voices of laughter and light,
They're calling from over the ocean—
Oh God ! could I answer to-night !
The voices of friend and of lover,
The voices I knew in the past—
I turn to my pallet to smother
The thoughts that have found me at last !

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*Greater than the measure of the heroes of the past,
He is building for the future, and his edifice will last ;
Though they count him but a common man, he holds the
Outer Gate,
And posterity will own him as the father of the State.*