

Their palace of love, a low log cabin, and gazed where the
land rolled back
Wave upon wave, forever upward, to the wondrous rose-lit
crown,
And they knew they had reached the height of heights and
claimed Love's wreath as their own.

.

So there, on the homestead, they toiled together and swiftly
the year swept on:
To Evelyn most of the work was new and often she longed
for one
To show her how she best might do it, for tho' she rose with
the sun,
The days were all too short for the work that never seemed
wholly done

.

Then Winter swept the sunburnt prairie; the air was thick
with snow;
The mercury many and many a time went down to forty
below.
But Evelyn never made complaint, for love takes the rough
with the smooth,
But when she saw that he was anxious on her account she'd
soothe
With loving words of reassurance, telling him they would go
Across the diamond-scattered plains—long leagues of the blue-
white snow—
To the little town where they were married; there she would
have every care;
For the treasure they so soon expected, must be born to them
there:
But even if anything, unforeseen, should prevent their leaving
home,
The clever, kind-hearted Swedish woman had promised that
she would come:
To be sure the Oleson's ranch was over twenty-two miles away
But Roger's was little more than six, and anytime—night or
day—
He'd do anything in the world to help them: Graham must
ride to the shack,
Roger would fly to fetch Mrs. Oleson, and he could come
galloping back.
And so her brave words cheered her husband, and they talked
of the days to come