

## THE HOMESTEADER

The heat of the sun when it shineth,  
The wet of the wind when it rains,  
Are balm to the heart that repineth—  
The Medicine-Men of the plains !

I follow the plough in the breaking,  
I tap the rich treasures of Time—  
The treasure is here for the taking,  
And taking it isn't a crime ;  
I ride on the rack or the reaper  
To harvest the fruit of my hand,  
And daily I know that the deeper  
I'm rooting my soul in the land.

They say there is wealth in the doing,  
That royal and rich are the gains,  
But 'tisn't the wealth I am wooing  
So much as the life of the plains ;  
For here in the latter-day morning,  
Where Time to Eternity clings,  
Midwife to a breed in the borning,  
I behold the Beginning of Things !

When, reckless of time and of trouble,  
I watch till the water-fowl comes,  
Or, picking my steps in the stubble,  
I steal where the prairie-hen drums ;  
When shooting the wolf in the bushes,  
Or spearing the pike in the stream,  
Or potting the crane in the rushes—  
Ambition seems only a dream.