

THE FIRST SETTLERS.

Millions of acres of forest land
And miles of rushing rivers,
Amid flower-spread banks where through
the leaves
The Summer sunlight quivers.

The strong old oaks, the forest fathers,
They shiver and sway and creak,
As the wild wind wails through the tall
tree tops,
And wolves in the thicket shriek,

And here and there by lake or river
The glimpse of some dusky face,
Where smoke from the camp fire climbs and
curls,
And braves prepare for the chase.

There were places in that wild wilderness
Where white men homes had planted;
Bravehearted nation-founders were they,
Courageous and undaunted.

They lived and labored for many years,
They worked and waited and prayed
Till their forms were bent, their faces old,
And they death's command obeyed.

Now churches and snug towns fill our land;
It is rich with corn and wheat;
Their children's children are wending their
way
Through fields by the hay made sweet.

Though they sleep in many an unknown grave
'Neath many a hillside sward,
This is the triumph their faith has won,
And this is their toil's reward.

E. JENNIE HALL.

Nissouri.