

### *THE HOMESTEAD TRAIL*

It ambles over prairie pocked with myriad gopher  
mounds,

Where the crafty badger lazes in the sun;

It twists and turns through park-like woods where  
spruce and tamarac

Cast shadows over moose or red deer run;

It follows rounded hoof-made paths that buffalo have  
trod,

It circles many an old-time teepee town;

The faith and hope of pioneers have hollowed out the sod  
And pine logs of the corduroy laid down.

Oh, the vision of the prairie from the Trail,

The bald, brown stretches that blue skies  
embrace,

The awe that reverential strikes you dumb—

You but an atom in unending space.

It awaits you in the morning roused by wild orchestral  
strains,

Thin yellow sunbeams struggle through the trees,

And still keen air sets burning silver coursing through  
your blood

As you wade in dew-wet grass up to your knees.

There's joy in every movement as you harness up  
your team,

And the lank cayuses seem to feel it too,

For all the wild is calling, calling out to its elect

To get out upon the Trail and Nature woo.

Oh, the early morning start upon the Trail!

Black camp fire embers mark that you have  
passed—

A new day looms before you with its thrills—

What the Red Gods hold for you is no  
forecast.