

THE EARLY DAYS

Food that was mostly our raising, coffee from toasted
wheat,
Cottonade for our Sunday suits, moccasins for our feet.
Hard were our frames with labour, knotted our hands
with toil,
And we went to bed at twilight to save the price of oil.

Hardship? Perhaps, but old-timers look back at the
early days
Before we had come to realize that practical farming
pays,
Back at the times we were all so poor that none of us
thought of wealth,
Back at the times when we found content in industry
and health,
Back at nights in the shanty, when the wolves howled
in the snow,
Back at the old sod stable and the cattle in a row,
Back at the distances still unmapped, at the trails that
were still untrod,
When round about were the wastes of earth and over-
head was God.

Yes, times have changed since the early days ; farming
is now an art ;
They're coming for land in motor cars—but we came in
a cart—
They're tearing the prairie with steam and gas, turning
the rivers loose
To water the arid regions and bring them into use ;