

Poems

by GAYNOR E. ELKINGTON

A TALE OF A LONELY HOMESTEAD

Deep blue were her eyes, red-gold her hair; she could count but
twenty years;
The tender bloom on her rounded cheek had scarce felt the
dew of tears;
And he was only three years older, bronzed by the sun,
brown eyed;
His curly crop of crisp brown hair was a joy to his youthful
bride.
Two years he had toiled on his lonely ranch, forty miles from
railroad or town,
With a picture engraven on his heart—a girl in a soft white
gown,
Her hands imprisoned in his own, clasped firm, as he told his
love;
A wondrous light in her steadfast eyes as he kissed her
unreproved.
He told her he had little to offer but the labour of sinewy hands;
He saw no prospect before him in England, but away in the
West there were lands
Waiting for those with courage to claim them and if she could
trust him and come
Beyond the roll of the great Atlantic, in the West they would
make their home.
And then, for two long years, he left her and only two days
had gone
Since the kindly priest in the little town, tied the knot that
made them one.
And Graham's friend, his nearest neighbour, who lived about
six miles away,
Had driven them home in his *demo-crat* at the close of a long
June day.
The prairie blazed beneath a glow of glorious sunset light,
And the distant Rockies towered above them, their crowns of
eternal white,
Transformed by the burning kiss of the sun, to Love's own
rosy crown,
While lost in the folds of the foot-hills trailed the fringe of
their purple gown.
And now, with arms entwined, they stood at the door of their
three-roomed shack—

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