

THE PLOUGH

Where yesterday the lazy bison lay
A city glitters in the sun to-day ;
His paths are turned to streets of wood and stone,
And thousands tread the way he trod alone ;
The mighty hum of industry and trade
Fills all the place where once he held parade,
And far away the unheard river's play
Makes joyous night still brighter than the day !

Upon the plains a thousand towns arise,
And quickly each to be a city tries ;
The sound of trade is heard on every hand,
And sturdy men rise to possess the land ;
Awhile they lingered, thinking it a dream,
But now they flow in a resistless stream
That seems to fill the prairie far and near,
Yet in its vastness soon they disappear.

Where once the silent red-man spurned the ground
A land of peace and plenty now is found,
A land by Nature destined to be great,
Where every man is lord of his estate ;
Where men may dwell together in accord,
And honest toil receive its due reward ;
Where loyal friends and happy homes are made,
And culture follows hard the feet of trade.

This you have made it : Is it vain to hope
The sons of such a land will climb and grope