

THE HOMESTEADER

FAR away from the din of the city,
I dwell on the prairie alone,
With no one to praise or to pity,
And all the broad earth for my own ;
The fields to allure me to labour,
The shanty to shelter my sleep,
A league and a half to a neighbour—
And Collie to watch if I weep.

Yes, this is my place of probation,
Though woefully windy and bare,
I am lord of my own habitation,
I mock at the meaning of care ;
For here, on the edge of creation,
Lies, far as the vision can fling,
A kingdom that's fit for a nation—
A kingdom—and I am the king !

The grasses aglare in the morning
With crystalline radiance shine ;
The dew-drops are jewels adorning,
Are jewels—and the jewels are mine ;