

So Neykia, in the westland, wonders and works away,  
Far from the fret and folly of the "Land of Waking Day."  
And many the pale-face trader who stops at the tepee door  
For a smile from the sweet, shy worker, and a sigh when  
the hour is o'er.  
For they know of a young red hunter who oftentimes has  
stayed  
To rest and smoke with her father, tho' his eyes were on  
the maid;  
And the moons will not be many ere she in the red sun-  
shine  
Will broider his buckskin mantle with the quills of the  
porcupine.

## The Cattle Country

Up the dusk-enfolded prairie,  
Foot-falls, soft and sly,  
Velvet cushioned, wild and wary,  
Then—the coyote's cry.

Rush of hoofs, and roar and rattle,  
Beasts of blood and breed,  
Twenty thousand frightened cattle,  
Then—the wild stampede.

Pliant lasso circling wider  
In the frenzied flight—  
Loping horse and cursing rider,  
Plunging through the night.

Rim of dawn the darkness losing  
Trail of blackened soil,  
Perfume of the sage brush oozing  
On the air like oil.

Foothills to the Rockies lifting  
Brown, and blue, and green,  
Warm Alberta sunlight drifting  
Over leagues between.

That's the country of the ranges  
Plain and prairie land,  
And the God who never changes  
Holds it in His hand.