

IN MEMORY OF THE PIONEERS.



"YOUNG MAN, LET'S REST FROM OUR LABOR, AND SIT IN THE SHADE FOR AWHILE."

Young man, let's rest from our labor,
And sit in the shade for awhile,
Where the trees are rich with foliage
And the golden sunbeams smile;
Where this roaring stream is splashing
From mountains of lasting snow,
Filling with verdure, the valley
That lies in its beauty, below.

"How time keeps ringing its changes!"
It's only a short time ago.
Since this land was asleep in its wildness.
Only that mountain of snow
Poured forth its tribute of waters,
Through forests primeval and vast,
And bruin, abroad in his freedom,
Was "fat as a swine on the mast."

The antlered pride of the shadeland
Whetted his horns on the trees,

And the cry of the wild-cat or cougar
Oft dismally rang on the breeze,
At midnight, the forests were vocal
With the famishing gray wolf's howl,
Mingled in strange combination
With the mournful hoot of the owl.

The grizzly, king of the forest,
Peerless in courage and brawn,
Wandered abroad in the valley,
In the shadowy gray of the dawn;
And the panther, a ruthless assassin,
Oft hung on this beautiful brink (spring,
When the fleet-footed doe, with her off-
Stole cautiously down for a drink.

Swift as a steed of Arabia,
The antelope spurned the wide plain,
Now marked with its angular fences,
And rich with its acres of grain,