

L'ENVOI

*The ice-gray dazen was pale upon our faces,
Yet still we filled the cup and still we
talked.
The city street was dimmed. We saw the
glitter
Of moon-picked brilliants on the virgin
snow,
And down the drifted canyon heard the
bitter,
Relentless slogan of the winds of woe.
The city was forgot, and, parka-skirted,
We trod that leagueless land that once we
knew;
We saw stream past, down valleys glacier-
girted,
The wolf-worn legions of the caribou.
We smoked our pipes, o'er scenes of
triumph dwelling;
Of deeds of daring, dire defeats, we
talked;
And other tales that lost not in the telling,
Ere to our beds uncertainly we walked.*

*And so, dear friends, in gentler valleys
roaming,
Perhaps, when on my printed page you
look,
Your fancies by the firelight may go
homing*