

AND THE THINGS OF THE WILD

must be allowed to continue to sing their songs, and that the furred, feathered, hooved and horned things shall not perish and fade from the face of the earth.

The voice of Nature is your mother tongue, and you won't forget.

A touch of Nature makes a man of a boy and a boy of a man. It puts a new song in your mouth.

Only last summer your north woods caught and held for ten glad days a dozen Chicago newspaper men, authors and poets, charmed and delighted them and sent them out singing:

Crystal Temagami, Wasacsinagama,

Low waves that wash up the shadowy shore,
North of the Nipissing, up the Temiskaming,
We will come back and sing to you encore;
Back to the wilds again, show me the way,
Make me a child again, just for a day.

Wondrous Temagami, Wasacsinagama,

Swift running rivers and skies that are blue.
Out on the deep again, rock me to sleep again,
Rock me to sleep in my little canoe;
Back to the wild again, show me the way,
Make me a child again, I want to play.