

Across the Border-Line.

YOUR heart has longed for pathless wilds,
Where moose and red deer roam ;
Your soul has sighed for solitudes,
Where rushing rapids foam.

I know you long again to hear
The weird call of the loon,
And from a bluff on some lone shore
To watch the rising moon.

To sit beside a red deer run
And wait its cautious tread,
Until the sun sinks in the west
In clouds of flaming red.

Come to our land of birch and pine,
Grey rock and sylvan glade,
Where wind and sun, and lightning flash
Have not yet learnt a trade.

Come to our verdant forests vast
And claim a hunter's spoil ;
Where water-falls and limpid lakes
Have not yet learnt to toil.

Leave crowded cities far behind,
Take rod and gun in time ;
Canoe and tent are waiting you
Across the border-line.