

Our packs are growing heavy, and the scrub spruce seem to
throng,
But the muskeg's getting stiffer, as the frost fiend creeps
along;
In hazy snow that blinds our eyes, that's driven fast and
straight,
We're battling fiercely onward to the northland's golden
gate.

Every step is a pleasure, and every step is a pain,
But when we were in the south, how we longed for the north
again.
Yes, Bill had said in Bermuda, "This damnable land I hate,
And in my dream I see a gleam—old Cobalt's silvery gate."

At times it seemed we would tire, but hope plucked up
with the thought,
"Just over the hog-back yonder must be our golden spot."
On we crunch through frozen snow, athrill with our golden
dream,
And once in a while a cat-faced owl wakes echoes with his
scream.

We camp the nights in frozen moss, by a fire blazing high,
We hear the howl of hungry wolves, and the bull moose
bellowed sigh.
The snow hangs up on the jungled fir, and gleams like magic
mounds,
And Bill and I in the reindeer moss decipher out the sounds.

Again we start on the lonely trail to wend our way along—
"Say, Bill, is this the track of man, or has my head gone
wrong?
Look, there is the mark of axe work, and a trench dug in the
sand;
In heaven's name, are we dreaming things in this stark and
frozen land?"

No, it's no dream, it's true enough—there is someone camp-
ing here.
Then Bill's brown eyes sparked with surprise, and he said,
"It's mighty queer,
In the heart of desolation, 'mid a shroud of glimmering
frost—
Oh, it may be they're survivors from some battleship that's
lost.