

THE PROTECTION OF THE WILD

When the first black crow is calling in the dawning down the dell,
I am dreaming of the summer, in my dream
I can hear the mudjekeewis sighing softly, I can smell
A wild rose blooming near a northern stream.

I am waiting in my wigwam for the coming of the spring,
For the forest flowers to blossom in the vale,
I am watching from my wigwam for the wild goose on the wing,
When I'll gather up my traps and hit the trail.

To the Highlands of Ontario in the merry berry-moon,
To the Haunts of Hiawatha that are nigh;
By the banks of Athabaska, where it's always afternoon—
I am waiting for the Wawa to go by.

I do not agree with the late Russell Sage, who would have no holiday. The fact is his whole life was one long holiday, for he found his highest enjoyment in hearing his bonds multiply. Perhaps he was better off financially without a holiday. If he had seen the fish frolicking in Temagami he could not have skinned "suckers" so cheerfully. If he had heard the "Call of the wild," gone into the wilderness, and looked a fawn in the face, the bleat of a shorn lamb would have distressed him, so he denied himself, and never knew how much he missed. A man is always better coming in contact with nature. To be utterly alone in a desert when the dark comes down is awful but inspiring. To stand alone in a deep forest is to "feel things." It has made a man, not deeply religious, or over sentimental, exclaim in a breath:

By day I walk the woodland green,
And come so close to God,
His answering signals may be seen
In each wild rose's nod.

One of the best signs of the times is the awakening of all America to the fact that this Continent must not be shorn, that the rivers