

North=Born.

By Jack Cadden.

When your blood is flowing calmly in your veins,
And you draw a steady line twixt right and wrong,
There's nothing much of interest that remains,
Outside the little sphere where you belong.
But I am of the breed that leaves its stamp
On bleak and barren lands beyond your sway,
The breed that knows no home beyond the camp,
And breaks new trails with every breaking day.

There's a cold wind blowing strongly from the Northland tonight,
There's a shimmer o'er the prairies from the wild Auroras' light,
And it's there that I would be, in that land of mystery,
Where the spoils are always worthy of a strong man's fight.

It's strange, but in that blank and bitter land,
Those dead dominions north of fifty-three,
There lurks a Power few can understand,
A spell that grips the very heart of me.
And now its calling, calling from afar.
It lures me to the vastness and the flood,
It whispers where the Silent Places are,
And pours the flame of battle in my blood.

There's a Spirit walks beside you on the long, long trails,
And It plays upon your heart strings where the Solitude prevails;
Tho' you leave the North behind, It will follow on the wind,
It will plead with you forever, and Its pleading never fails.

It is not the quest of ease that sends me forth,
Or sets my feet upon the Lonely Trail,
To tear a bleak existence from the North,
And leave behind your gaudy carnival.
Face the dangers of the Arctic's bitter night,
Ask the shades of those who fell beneath her hate,
The men she crushed because they dared to fight
Along the bloody trail of ninety-eight.

It's a Land of death and danger where the Great Snows are,
There's a graveyard waits the Judgment neath the cold North Star;
And from plain and peak and pine will stretch forth a mighty line,
When the Last Stampede has started, and the Golden Gate's ajar.