

## L'ENVOI

And now to you whose story I have vainly tried to  
tell,  
With lispng tongue and faltering pen, wherever you  
may dwell,  
O'ershadowed by the Southern Cross, or camping in  
the wild,  
The fellows who the city's rush and cares have ne'er  
defiled.

In weary lands I've seemed to roam again as yesterday,  
And pierced the shadowed silence of the fallen in  
the fray.  
O'er coulee, camp and mountain trail, I've dreamed  
with strange delight  
And known again the wilderness, the hunger and the  
night.

You've known the luring of the East, the Himalayan  
Height,  
You've known the revered Gold Coast, or the mystic  
Northern Lights.  
You've played the game without the gain, but love the  
tie that binds,  
The God above, the loneliness, ye makers of the lines.