

THE LURE OF THE WILD.

(Frederick William Wallace.)

I am sick of the desk and the business, and the ring of the telephone,
 And the sign of the work before me, in this prison of iron and stone,
 I am tired of shaving and cleaning, and the feel of a collar and tie,
 Ye Gods, if I stand it much longer, I'll crawl in a hole and die.

I am tired of being civil, and sick of being polite,
 And bored with entertaining, and talking half the night.
 I am weary of having my boots shined, and of saying "How d'ye do?"
 I'll break for the bush and shake them all—the sordid, conventional crew.

Oh, I'm off for the woods to-night, lads, and I'm going to go alone,
 For I'm sick at heart and weary, and worked right down to the bone.
 It's me for the camp in the silence, and the night wind thro' the trees,
 And the reek of the scented wood-smoke, as it floats on the evening breeze.

Pack me the old blue shirt, lads, with the belt and the corduroy,
 Give me the old jack boots, lads, my gun and the "Oil of Joy,"
 For I'm trailing into the bush, boys, where the trees close in behind
 The sordid life of the city—where a man lives the life of the blind.

Have you heard the winds on the Lakes, boys, and the whine in the tall pine trees,
 As it fills the bellying canvas, and rolls her down to the breeze?
 Have ye smelt the tang of the powder, as the game old buck drops down?
 This is the cure for my soul, lads,—to H—— with your life in the town.

Give me the plunge in the river—in the waters cool and blue,
 Instead of your lick in the bathroom, with its marble and nickel, too;
 Let me chew on my grub where it meets me, to the deuce with the silver and spoons,
 And smoke my pipe by the firelight, while the frogs croak mystic runes.

This is the life for the weary, this is the life for a man,
 Dress and go where it suits you, for nobody cares a d——,
 I can sleep when I like, and eat when I like, and smoke all day if I choose,
 So, to-night I will hike for the backwoods, with my wanderlust to lose.

So long, boys, I am going, and there's devil a tear in my eye,
 I've burned my glad rags and linen, and torn up my collar and tie,
 I've thrown my dip in the ashpan, and cast my cuffs in the fire,
 And I'm outward bound for the backwoods, and the Land of My Heart's Desire.

—O—

A BEREAVED MOTHER'S PRAYER.

"God bless them every one, those splendid men!
 The soldiers brave beneath a foreign sky;
 The crippled and the wounded,—all of them!
 Who on the field of glory live and die."

This was her prayer: she hid the pains and tears,
 Though no returning step her heart would stir,
 While softly pass the quiet creeping years,
 With but the whispering winds to comfort her.

But angels leaning on the golden walls
 Turn their gaze earthward, pitying, tender: then
 This anthem, full of bliss, from Heaven falls:
 "God bless them every one, those splendid men!"

—Aileen Ward.