

rocks and pine trees at their freshest and best. Then, with firmer grip and steadier purpose, back to the work or the waiting, back to the rush and the bustle of the city, to brush shoulders again with our fellows, in whom we approve the good and censure the selfishness with the greater charity, because we have been ourselves brought nearer to the trust and truthfulness of our childhood."

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"We care not if the world be wide ;  
Nor South, nor East, nor golden West  
Can match the Northland's rugged pride.  
The North, the hardy North's the best !

## CHORUS.

"To the North ! to the North we go !  
To the North, where the pine trees grow.  
Then it's ho ! for the gleaming paddle,  
And it's ho ! for the line and rod,  
And the rushing fall, and the pine trees tall,  
And the waters bright and broad.  
With pots and pans and pails galore,  
With hams and jams a goodly store,  
With a ton or two of dunnage and a few  
things more,  
To the North ! to the North we go."

—From a song by John D. Spence, B.A.,  
Aura Lee Camp, 1897.