

THE WOLF (CANIS LUPUS).

By William Pittman Lett.

The present, according to the Ontario Game Act, is what is known to sportsmen as the "close season," that *pax vobiscum* interval, during the continuance of which the wild birds and wild animals of the forests, the rivers and the lakes are supposed to be allowed to rest in undisturbed tranquility, unawed by the presence of man, unstartled by the deadly reverberations of the rifle or the shotgun.

Next to the matchless and magnificent surroundings of a happy sojourn in a tent, in the lonely and beautiful solitudes of the wilderness—next to a successful hunt with congenial companions, skilled in the mysteries of wood and water craft—may be classed the enjoyment of telling your experience, what you know, what you have learned, amid the solemn, sublime and illimitable glories of nature. The pleasure of the situation is enhanced, when the detonating story of the camp fire is told to kindred spirits, to sportsmen, to naturalists, to reading and thinking men, who are certain to appreciate the attractions of the narrative if it has any, sure to comprehend all, and perhaps much more than you are able to tell them.

I need scarcely say that I am delighted to find myself standing once more before the Field-Naturalists' Club of the City of Ottawa. Perhaps I have said as much before. Very likely I have. "Out of the fulness of the heart the mouth speaketh." In whatever I attempt I am ever and always an enthusiast. If I place myself in a lowly rank in that frequently misjudged and misunderstood band, nevertheless, under the light of history, I come to the conclusion that at appointed times—in favourable crises—enthusiasts have been the men who in various eras in the past, have created religious, moral, social, political and scientific earthquakes in the world. I have accidently stumbled upon an interesting and practically inexhaustible subject. I can't pursue it now. I just leave it, by simply saying, that in my opinion, one hour of enthusiastic energy in any cause, is worth a whole year of cold, calculating induction. Enthusiasm is the electricity of intellect, it is the sweeping flame of earnest endeavour. It is the strong, soaring wing.