

A hunter thou ? The grim Bear courts thy skill,  
And fearless roams ere yet he seeks his den ;  
His glossy robes might grace triumphal car,—  
His pearly spoils proclaim the rank of dusky men.

The Wolf, still tireless, tracks his victim's trail ;  
The prowling Lynx, like sleuth-hound, wends his way ;  
And by the well-worn path the Carcajou  
Drops, from his hidden perch, upon th'unwary prey.

Sly Reynard follows where the startled Hare  
Darts thro' the matted elders like a gleam ;  
And the sleek Otter on his titbits dines,  
Nor dreads the Hound's loud bark upon his lonely  
stream.

Far from men's haunts the Beaver builds his dam  
And pond'rous mound, to keep him safe from harm ;  
His larder filled with choicest winter stores,—  
Cold winds may bite and blow, his lair is soft and  
warm.

Thro' rushing chute and pool the Fisher swims ;  
And Mink and Martin sport right merrily ;  
While overhead the angry Squirrel chides,  
And warns the rude intruder from his nut-stored tree.