

stretch. He roams the forest, proud and defiant, eager to do battle with all comers. His roar resounds throughout the forest, and is answered by the wild, long call of the cow. When the rutting is over, the bull presents another appearance. He is no longer a terror to his foes, but mopes along, gaunt and lean, with head lowered, and staggering limbs. His fall campaign has told upon him, and he goes home to his winter haunts to recuperate and grow strong again.

An indiscriminate slaughter of this noble animal has long threatened the total extinction of the race, and it is probable that the time is not far distant when the moose, like the buffalo, will be seen no more in Canada.

A SONG.

Is love truly what they say
 Him to be ?
 Would he charm a weary way ?
 Would he lend a brightening ray ?
 Would he dwell with me for aye
 Peacefully ?

Hath he not a lingering pain
 For the heart ?
 Hath he not a fever'd brain,
 Off'ring hopes that grow and wane,
 Till our powers are wrecked and slain
 By his art ?

Though his form is passing fair
 To my sight,
 Yet his twinkling eyes declare
 That he layeth me a snare,
 And would take me unaware—
 Luckless wight.

But I fain would try the skill
 Of the boy,
 I would feel his subtle thrill,
 I would do his wanton will,
 But my sad eyes softly fill;
 Where is joy ?

—EDW. A. WICHER.