

## FOREWORD

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*When the great moose sniffs by the water's edge,  
And starts with an angry snort;  
When the hunter crawls through the rustling  
sedge,  
And the heart beats thick and short;  
When the finger crooks on the trigger's curve;  
When the eye cuts like a knife,  
And the rifle cracks with a vicious verve—  
There are still some things in life!*

*When the dinner's o'er and the pipe burns free,  
And the dog curls by the chair;  
When your trail is good (as it ought to be)  
And the light glints on Her hair;  
When the drowsy thoughts of the past come back,  
And you smile, "That's she—my wife!"  
When you're quite prepared for the morrow's  
track—  
There's a lot of good in life!*