

FOREWORD

*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!*