

order to protect his pasture land and grain fields from the ravages of these dreaded enemies. The most effective remedy however has been the cutting down of the woodlands, which afforded them shelter until their voracity and numbers rendered them formidable. The race however, has not disappeared altogether from the land. Remnants of it are yet met in hayfields, and among the luxuriant grass of orchards. But the damage they cause is trifling when compared with the wide-spread havoc inflicted by their ancestors.

A Life.

BY MAY CARROLL.

A tiny babe on his mother's breast,
A frail, wee life from the realms above,
With soft brown eyes, and lips caressed
By the white-robed host in the Home of love.

A noble youth, with Ambition's fire
In the limpid depths of his flashing eye,
Lovingly clasps his treasured lyre
And with fearless heart seeks the goal so high.

An aged form with the laurel twined
'Mid the snowy locks that caress his brow,
Looks peacefully down the vista, lined
With the years of hopes fulfilled but now.

In the Silent City a lowly mound,
A poet sings his songs to God ;
And the world rolls on to the sad sweet sound,
Of the songs he sang when the earth he trod.