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[FOR CANADA.]

WHY LOVE DIES.

Love cannot live unless it's fed
With honey from the golden flower—
Its tender foliage soon were dead,
Cobathed in sympathetic showers.

The warmth that called it into life
Like sunlight still must daily glow;
No blighting frost, no weeds of strife
Should live at all if love would grow.

What marvel, then, that love expire,
Of life's own sustenance deprived?
And wherefore pause we to enquire,
Why our sweet flow'ret had not lived?

To us is 'queathed that priceless boon
To tend and cultivate with care;
That boon, neglected, all too soon
Evanesces like dew in air.

Neglect can undermine a wall
Of stone that force could scarce remove;
By slow degrees its pieces fall—
By slow degrees neglect kills love.

Kingston, N. B. JOHN FRASER.

(FROM THE LIFEBARKER.) SAVED BY THE CATTLE.

BY CHARLES G. D. ROBERTS.

"HOW do you account for the fact, if it is a fact," said I, slipping a cartridge into the right barrel of my fowling-piece, "that the caribou are getting yearly more numerous in the interior of New Brunswick, while other game seems to be disappearing. As for the wild pigeons, you may see they are all gone. Here I have been on the go since before sunrise, and that bird is the only sign of a pigeon I have so much as got a glimpse of."

"Well," replied my companion, an old farmer of the neighbourhood, "as for the pigeons, I can't say how it is. In old times I've seen them so plenty round here you could knock them down with a stick; that is, if you were anyways handy with a stick! But they do say that caribou are increasing because the wolves have disappeared. You see, the wolves used to be the worst enemy of the caribou, because they could run them down nice and handy in winter, when the snow was deep and the crust so thin that the caribou were bound to break through it at

every step. However, I don't believe there has been a wolf seen in this part of the country for fifty years, and it's only within the last ten years or so that the caribou have got more plenty."

We were sitting, the old farmer and myself, on a ragged snake-fence that bounded a buckwheat-field overlooking the river St. John, some twenty miles above Fredericton. The field was a now clearing, and the ripened buckwheat reared its brown heads among a host of blackened and distorted stumps. It was a crisp and delicious autumn morning, and the solitary pigeon that had rewarded my long tramp over the uplands was one that I had surprised at its breakfast in the buckwheat. Now, finding that my new acquaintance was likely to prove interesting, and a further search for pigeons unprofitable, I dropped my gun gently into the fence corner, loosened my belt a couple of holes, and asked the farmer if he had himself ever seen any wolves in New Brunswick.

"Not to say many," was the old man's reply; "but they say that troubles never come single, and so, what wolves I have seen, I saw them all in a heap, so to speak."

As he spoke the old man cast his eyes on a hilltop across the plain, with a far-off look that seemed to purchase a story. I settled into an attitude of encouraging attention, and waited for him to go on. His hand stole deep into the pocket of his grey homespun trousers, and brought to view a fig of "black-jack," from which he knawed a thoughtful bite. Instinctively he passed the tobacco to me, and on my declining it, which I did with grave politeness, he began the following story:

"When I was a little shaver about 13 years old, I was living on a farm across the river, some ten miles up. It was a new farm, which father was cutting out of the woods; but it had a good big bit of 'intervale,' so we were able to keep a lot of stock.

"One afternoon, late in the fall, father sent me down to the intervale, which was a good two miles from the house, to bring the cattle home. They were pasturing on the aftermath, but the weather was getting bad, and the grass was about done, and father thought the 'critters,' as we called them, would be much better in the barn. My little ten-year-old brother went with me, to help me drive them. That was the time I found out there were wolves in New Brunswick.

"The feed being scarce, the cattle were scattered badly, and it was supper time before we got them together, at the lower end of the intervale, maybe three miles and a half from home. We didn't mind the lateness of the hour, however, though we were getting pretty hungry, for we knew the moon would be up right after sundown. The cattle after a bit appeared to catch on to the fact that they were going home to snug quarters and good feed, and then they drove easy and hung together. When we had gone about half way up the intervale, keeping along by the river, the moon got up and looked at us over the hills, very sharp and thin. 'Ugh!' says Teddy to me in half a whisper, 'don't she make the shadows black?' He hadn't got the words more than out of his mouth when we heard a long, queer howling sound from away over the other side of the intervale; and the little fellow grabbed me by the arm, with his eyes fairly popping out of his head. I can see his startled face now;

but he was a plucky lad, for his size, as ever walked.

"'What's that?' he whispered.

"'Sounds mighty like the wind,' said I, though I knew it wasn't the wind, for there wasn't a breath about to stir a feather.

"The sound came from a wooded valley winding down between the hills. It was something like the wind, high and thin, but by and by getting loud and fierce and awful, as if a lot more voices were joining in; and I just tell you my heart stopped beating for a minute. The cattle heard it, you'd better believe, and bunched together kind of shivering. Then two or three young heifers started to bolt, but the old ones knew better, and hooked them back into the crowd. Then it flashed over me all at once. You see, I was quite a reader, having plenty of time in the long winters. Says I to Teddy, with a kind of a sob in my throat, 'I guess it must be wolves.' 'I guess so,' says Teddy, getting brave after his first start. And then, not a quarter of a mile away, we saw a little pack of grey brutes dart out of the woods into the moonlight. I grabbed Teddy by the hand and edged in among the cattle.

"'Let's get up a tree!' said Teddy. 'Of course we will,' said I, with a most heroic air in my heart. We looked about for a tree in which we might take refuge, but our hopes sank when we saw there was not a decent sized tree in reach. Father had cleared off everything along the river bank except some Indian willow scrub, not six feet high.

"If the cattle, now, had scattered for home, I guess it would have been all up with Teddy and me, and father and mother would have been mighty lonesome on the farm. But what do you suppose the 'critters' did? When they saw those grey things just lengthening themselves out across the meadow, the old cows and the steers made a regular circle, putting the calves—with me and Teddy—in the centre. They backed in onto us, pretty tight, and stood with their heads out and horns down, for all the world like a company of militia forming square to receive a charge of cavalry. And right good bayonets they made, those long, fine horns of our cattle.

"To keep from being trodden on, Teddy and I got onto the backs of a couple of yearlings who didn't like it any too well, but were packed in so tight they couldn't help themselves. As the wolves came streaking along, through the moonlight, they set up again that awful shrill, wind-like, swelling howl, and I thought of all the stories I had read of the wolves of Russia and Norway, and such countries; and the thought didn't comfort me much. I didn't know what I learned afterward, that the common wolf of North America is much better fed than his cousin in the Old World, and consequently far less bloodthirsty. I seemed to see fire flashing from the eyes of the pack that were rushing upon us, and I thought their white fangs, glistening in the moonlight, were dripping with the blood of human victims.

"I expect father'll hear that noise," whispered Ted, "and he and Bill"—that was the hired man—"will come with their guns and save us!"

"'Yes,' said I scornfully, 'I suppose you'd like them to come along now, and get eaten up by the wolves!'

"I was mighty sorry afterward for speaking that way, for it near broke

of the brutes, though my excited eyes had been seeing about fifty—just such a pack as I had been used to reading about. However, these five seemed mighty hungry, and now they were right onto us.

"I guess they weren't used to cattle like ours. Father's old black and white bull was running the affair that night, and he stood facing the attack. The wolves never halted, but with their red tongues hanging out, and their narrow jaws snapping like fox-traps, they gave a queer nasty gasp that it makes my blood run cold to think of, and sprang right onto the circle of horns.

"We heard the old bull mumble something away down in his throat, and he sort of heaved up his hind quarters and pitched forward, without leaving the ranks. The next thing we saw, one of his long horns was through the belly of the leader wolf, and the animal was tossed up into the air, yelping like a kicked dog. He came down with a thud and lay snapping at the grass and kicking; while the other four, who had been repulsed more or less roughly, drew back and eyed their fallen comrade with an air of disapproval. I expected to see them jump upon him and eat him at once, but they didn't; and I began to distrust the stories I had read about wolves. It appeared, however, that it was not from any sense of decency that they refused to eat him, but that they wanted beef rather than wolf meat, as we found a little later.

"Presently one of the four slouched forward and sniffed at his dying comrade. The brute was still lively, however, and snapped his teeth viciously at the other's legs, who thereupon slouched back to the pack. After a moment of hesitation the four stole silently, in single file, round and round the circle, turning their heads so as to glare at us all the time, and looking for a weak spot to attack. They must have gone round us half a dozen times, and then they sat down on their tails, and stuck their noses into the air, and howled and howled for maybe five minutes steady. Teddy and I, who were now feeling sure our 'critters' could lick any number of wolves, came to the conclusion the brutes thought they had too big a job on their hands and were signaling for more forces. 'Let 'em come,' exclaimed Teddy. But we were getting altogether too confident, as we soon found out.

"After howling for awhile the wolves stopped and listened. Then they howled again, and again they stopped and listened; but still no answer came. At this they got up and once more began prowling round the circle, and everywhere they went you could see the long horns of the cattle pointing in their direction. I can tell you, cattle know a thing or two more than they get credit for.

"Well, when the wolves came round to their comrade's body, they saw it was no longer kicking, and one of them took a bite out of it as if by way of an experiment. He didn't seem to care for wolf, and turned away discontentedly. The idea struck Teddy as so funny that he laughed aloud. The laugh sounded out of place and fairly frightened me. The cattle stirred uneasily; and as for Teddy, he wished he had held his tongue, for the wolf turned and fixed his eye upon him, and drew nearer and nearer till I thought he was going to spring over the cattle's heads and seize us. But in a minute I heard the old bull muzzling again, in his throat; and the wolf sprang back just in time to keep from