

"And what became of this nice fellow, nurse?"

"Unfortunately, my dear, it was chased by some dogs, and ran away to the woods near the town, and never came back again. Dogs will always hunt tame fawns when they can get near them, so it seems a pity to domesticate them only to be killed in so cruel a way. The forest is the best home for these pretty creatures, though even there they have many enemies beside the hunter. The bear, the wolf, and the wolverine kill them. Their only means of defence lies in their fleetness of foot. The stag will defend himself with his strong horns; but the doe and her little fawn have no such weapons to guard them when attacked by beasts of prey. The wolf is one of the greatest enemies they have."

"I hate wolves," said Mary; "wolves can never be tamed, nurse."

"I have heard and read of wolves being tamed and becoming very fond of their masters. A gentleman in Canada once brought up a wolf puppy, which became so fond of him