

ability at the time, I have made an honest effort, in all things, by precept and example, to promote that which brings satisfaction. I look again over the picture page, and ask the questions: Have we all as Epworth Leaguers this gleam of satisfaction in our faces? do the books we study bring a sense of satisfaction to us? do our pursuits of pleasure and pastime, sports, recreation, school-day, or whatever occupies our time, bring that always desired satisfaction? has our attitude toward our pets always been such as will make them look satisfied to have us near them? and at the close of the day, at dishwashing time, do we have peace and calm in our hearts? In our Epworth League work

ing for the Master, and giving as the Lord has prospered us? If so, then we have that sense of satisfaction in our hearts that the faces in the picture suggested. May we always remember that man's highest ambition, *satisfaction*, can only be had by following the lines of right, as laid down in the plan of the Great Architect of the Universe.

Scared by a Moose

F. W. BARRETT, NAPANEE, ONT.

In the Fall of 1909, I happened to be in New Brunswick, the paradise of sportsmen, and hearing so much about the "Lord of the Forest," the moose, and

quarters as quickly as possible. I need not describe the journey in detail, except to say that it filled me with delight, being my first trip into the bush. We saw quite a number of partridges, which did not seem to notice us very much, hardly getting out of our way, and then seemingly in a shy and dignified manner, as though protesting against our intrusion upon their domain.

Now and then we could see a porcupine up in a small spruce or hemlock, nibbling at the green bark, and never leaving until the top of the tree was as bare as a flag pole. To judge by the tracks made by the larger animals through the soft places and spring holes, there must have been countless numbers of them.

After spending a day or so in camp, our guide decided to make a start one afternoon, so cutting a strip of birch bark about eighteen inches long, he proceeded to make a horn to call with. We then started, tramped about two miles, and came upon a barren place covered with moss about a foot deep, on which grew a small red berry which our guide called "swamp berry," tasting something like a cranberry.

This was a likely place to see a moose. We stood in the shelter of a few stunted tamarac trees, and our guide commenced to make a noise with the birch horn, like the bellowing of an angry cow, and kept it up at intervals of three to five minutes for an hour and a half. As no moose answered the call, we decided to move a bit further on, and coming out into another small barren spot, there stood the king of Canadian wild beasts, not more than fifty yards away. As soon as we sighted him we dropped flat upon the ground, and lay there watching for perhaps one or two minutes.

I thought what a majestic-looking creature he was, his head held well up, his broad antlers almost touching his shoulders, his eyes blazing, and to make the picture more magnificent, the sinking sun suddenly appeared from behind a cloud, and shone upon his shaggy but glossy coat. The background of young green spruce and tamarac trees made in all a picture I shall not soon forget.

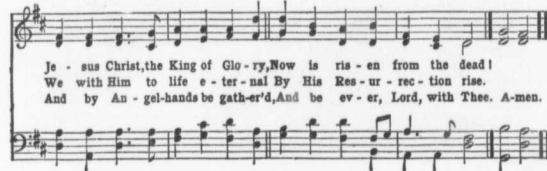
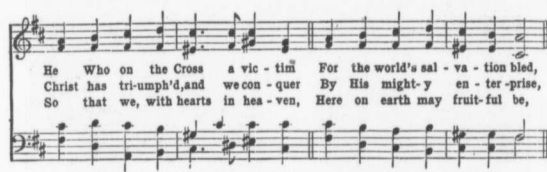
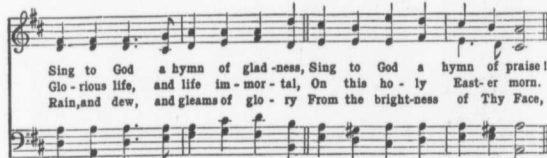
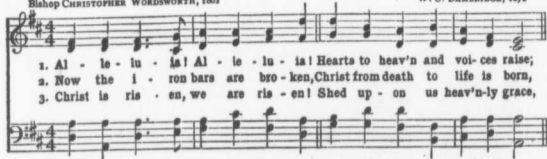
Seeing he did not move, the guide and I stood up, but my friend with his rifle remained crouched behind a little bush. Upon seeing us the moose shambled up toward us, and I began to think it was time to look for an easy tree to climb. So the guide and I made a dash for a tree, but the moose stooped about fifty feet of us, sniffing the air and pawing the soft moss. We expected every moment to hear the crack of the rifle and see him fall, but the crisis did not come. Every moment seemed like an hour, but still my friend did not shoot. At last, after perhaps a minute or a minute and a half, the mighty moose leisurely walked away into the thick brush, his head still held up, as if he scorned our weakness.

After we had recovered from our surprise, we asked our sporting friend why he did not shoot, and he said that he was "too astonished to move." I don't know whether this is a common failing among sportsmen or not, but anyway, I was satisfied, and that was as close as I ever wish to be to a real live moose.

Christ is Risen

Bishop CHRISTOPHER WORDSWORTH, 1862

W. S. BARNES, 1879



have we always been satisfied with our attendance at the committee meetings? at the prayer meetings? and the regular League services? Have we done all we could in making suggestions? In looking up thoughts? In writing a topic to help some new beginner? Have we studied to try to make our meetings, whether it be for the Christian Endeavor, Missionary, Literary and Social, or Citizenship departments, interesting and profitable? Have we prayed for a blessing on our efforts for the sake of the help they may bring to some one else that the Master's name may be glorified? Have we always taken our part in the meetings, in taking the lesson, singing, praying, testify-

also of deer, caribou, elk, bears, wildcat and other small game, not to mention the denizens of the streams and rivers. I developed an intense longing to come to close quarters with a moose. I had seen dead ones, and heads with their immense spreads, but being within a few miles of their haunts, now was the opportunity to see his majesty alive and free.

Upon making enquiries among my few acquaintances, I soon discovered two who were going out that very afternoon to try and get a moose. I accompanied them.

Our camp was about twenty miles in the bush, south of Boiestown, N.B., and as everything had been sent on ahead, we had nothing to do but get to head-

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