

Hunter, the hoar-frost glistens
On grass, and fern and tree!—
The moose in covert listens,
Alert, and keen is he.

The air is crisp,— the morning
Will soon dawn in the sky—
Be cautious, else a warning
You'll send the stag that's nigh.

Hunter, wind your birchen call,
And wake the sleeping wood!
With a long and wailing cry
That stirs the solitude!

The quarry hears your challenge,
He lifts his antlered head,
He bellows a responsive call,
And leaves his mossy bed.

He takes his way with vigor,
He tops a neighboring rise—
A silhouetted figure
Against the morning skies..

Now rise to the occasion!
He's coming with a rush,
He needs no more persuasion—
A shot, a thud—a hush.

SUNT QUOS JUVAT.

Some it delights to travel o'er
The world, and foreign lands explore
With keen, observant eye;
To note the customs and the ways
Which to their view each land displays
In wide diversity.

Some it delights to hunt big game,
And thereby bid for Nimrod's fame
With trophies many a one.
The kingly lion whose loud roar
Re-echoes on Zambesi's shore,
Falls victim to their gun.