

## AN ADVENTURE WITH WOLVES.

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No more I hear the robin sing,  
Or see his bright red brest ;  
But I can see the wintry cloud  
Which rises in the west,  
The little star is mangled by  
The falling snow up in the sky.  
Again the snow comes hissing down  
All o'er the grass and leaves so brown ;  
We have no need for to complain,  
The weather bright it can't remain,  
The snow comes wreathing from the sky,  
" No glimpse of blue can meet the eye."

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### THE HUNTER.

The hunter now begins to rove  
All o'er the hill and through the grove ;  
He tracks the game with gun and spear,  
When he's well armed he has no fear ;  
He is guarded by the sun and sky,  
Which shines between the branches green.  
The hunter brave has patience still,  
The time he has lost he gain or fill.  
With watching eyes and listening ear  
He hears the sound of wolf or deer,  
Many mountains he's surveying,  
Many wolf he's shot and slaying,  
He hoists his gun, now on his shoulder,  
And marches home more brave and bolder,  
The steady hand that held the gun,  
And the trigger small,  
One instant lit the powder quick  
And drove the mighty ball.

Spring is here, oh ! boys, hurrah !  
February's gone away ;  
The time is short, but it seems long  
Since I heard the robin's song ;

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