

tender shoots of deciduous trees. When the branches or tops of trees are beyond his reach, he resorts to the process termed by hunters "riding down the tree," by getting astride of it and bearing it down by the weight of his body until the coveted branches are within his reach.

The senses of smelling and hearing are very acute, his long ears are ever moving to and fro, intent to catch the slightest sound, and his wonderfully constructed nose carries the signal of danger to his brain, long before the unwary hunter has the slightest idea that his presence is suspected. When alarmed, this ponderous animal moves away with the silence of death, carefully avoiding all obstructions, and selecting the moss-carpeted bogs and swales, through which he threads his way with a persistence that often sets at defiance all the arts and endurance of even the practised Indian hunter.

The fine engraving which accompanies this article gives a graphic view of some of the magnificent moose and caribou deer of the forests of Nova Scotia, New Brunswick and British Columbia. The favourite time of hunting them is in the deep snow of winter, when the hunter on his snow-shoes can skim over the surface while the moose breaks through. The moose has a habit of treading down the snow within a certain area, called a moose-yard, till he has eaten all the tender shoots of the trees, and then he moves on to fresh fields and pastures new.

We do not know whether the picture is intended to give a portrait of our friend A. W. Lauder, Esq., M.P.P.; but if not, the seated figure is enough like him to pass for one. The broad snow-shoes and the toboggan-like sleigh will be observed, also the big ass-like ears, and broad heavy horns of the gigantic moose; and the more slender and branching horns of the caribou deer.

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WE rise by things that are 'neath our feet ;  
By what we have mastered of good and gain ;  
By the pride deposed and the passion slain,  
And the vanquished ills that we hourly meet.

I count this thing to be grandly true,  
That a noble deed is a step toward God,  
Lifting the soul from the common sod  
To a purer air and a broader view.

—*J. G. Holland.*