

apple tree explained the cause of all this outcry. The head of the Redpoll was almost completely eaten away, pointing to a fact which I have noticed with the Migrant Shrike, namely, that the head contains what is to them the greatest delicacy. In fact although I have often come across the larder of the Migrant Shrike and occasionally that of the Northern, usually in the shape of small birds or mice, I have always found the body fairly intact, while the head would be missing. Evidently, they do not suffer for want of food. We remained for several minutes in the vicinity and during that time the Shrike kept up its imitating notes, perhaps thinking to frighten us away from its booty.

L. McI. TERRILL, Westmount, Que.

INTIMACY WITH NATURE.—There are some men to whom intimacy with Nature in her obvious aspects and forms appears to be an inheritance; they are born into it, and are never conscious of the hour from which it dates. Their eyes see the world about them with a clearness and accuracy of observation which turns their hours of play into unconscious study of science. Flowers, trees, shrubs, birds and animals seem akin to them, and are recognized at first sight, and put into proper place and order. Other men, failing of this birth-gift and missing the training of the senses in childhood, must slowly and of set purpose piece out a defective power of observation by habits formed in maturity. This introductory relationship with Nature is a source of inexhaustible delight and enrichment; to establish it ought to be as much a part of every education as the teaching of the rudiments of formal knowledge; and it ought to be as great a reproach to a man not to be able to read the open pages of the world about him as not to be able to read the open page of the book before him. It is a matter of instinct with a few; it may be a matter of education with all. Even those who are born with the eyes and ears of naturalists must reinforce their native aptitude by training.

The man who goes into the woods, and by self-forgetfulness becomes a part of the woods, is aware not only of a freshening of his nature and a deepening of his thought, but also of a revelation of a knowledge through closer fellowship with the order and beauty which enfold them. There enters into his mind, in such moods, something more enduring than the scene about him, something to which a poet will give expression in verses which are not only touched with the beauty beyond that of words, but in which that beauty becomes the symbol of truth. The man who lacks the gift of expression will not write the verse, but he will see the beauty and be enriched by the truth.

HAMILTON WRIGHT MABIE, in NATURE AND CULTURE.