
BIRDS OF PEASEMARSH

Franklin tells of one occasion when to find the Indians meant life to his party.

As guides birds have been perhaps of the greatest service at sea. Many a fisherman caught in a dense fog or a blinding storm would have had no idea in which direction to steer his craft had there not also been some feathered fishers out that day; and no fog was too heavy or storm too black to confuse their sense of direction. No matter how far they had gone out to sea they knew which way to fly to their nests on the shore, and the poor lost human's craft could follow the birds to safety.

Though in these modern days when mile-stones greet us at every turn and every craft has its compass, we seldom require the services of winged guides, but we need, as the world will always need, the inspiration of their presence and their songs. Few there are who have never gone out into the garden or the orchard or the woods, sad and lonely and discouraged and come back with fresh hope, fresh energy, fresh joy because some tiny songster was pouring forth in sweetest notes its message of encouragement to man.

Once in a mining country far away among