

of place here. It seems very unfortunate that so many are too much engrossed with matter-of-fact views that little or no room or time remains for sentiment. Yet what harm does it do us? What time does it take to fill it and enjoy it? What a comforting and cheering influence it has upon our flagging spirits, and what an influence it might have upon our lives were we to thoughtfully study the simplicity and ready obedience of living forms to an unseen director called instinct.

How strikingly human are the characteristics displayed, and how difficult it is for us to determine where reason begins and instinct ends. Where do we see a more striking exemplification of human characteristics than may be seen in the mother grouse as she leads her newly hatched chicks about? Her pride as she leads them along before the scrutinizing gaze of her neighbors who show striking resemblances to admiration, disdain or even jealousy. See the pleasure and curiosity the little creatures show as they run peeping about exploring every cranny, the affectionate manner in which she seems to talk to them and her anxiety and alertness for danger as you put in an appearance and she fully realizes the helplessness of her family. See her courage and devotion in risking her own life as she says to them "hide quick while I lead the brute away," when suddenly she feigns injury flapping along in a semi-helpless manner and leads you on a chase after her. She is just in your grasp, you think, when suddenly the ruse is complete. You have been deceived and decoyed away, the wing is suddenly repaired and with a bound she is off while you stand and gaze with open eyes and mouth after her, or feel disgusted with yourself for being fooled by a bird.

Again we see the instant obedience of the chicks to the mother's voice as she directs them to hide or calls them to her side again after you are out of sight (and breath).

Again we see the vanity of the male as he struts about drumming to his mate, the modesty with which she accepts his attentions and vows of love, the constancy with which she attends her domestic duties while her fickle lord frequently goes off with his comrades leaving his faithful wife to look after the family.