

And it is truest of all about both the material and higher values of wild life, which we administer as if we were the final spendthrift heirs and not trustees.

Animal sanctuaries are places where man is passive and the rest of Nature active. A sanctuary is the same thing to wild life as a spring is to a river. In itself a sanctuary is a natural "zoo". But it is much more than a "zoo". It can only contain a certain number of animals. Its surplus must overflow to stock surrounding areas. And it constitutes a refuge for all species whose lines of migration pass through it. So its value in the preservation of desirable wild life is not to be denied. Of course, sanctuaries occasionally develop troubles of their own; for if man interferes with the balance of nature in one way he must be prepared to interfere in others. But all experience shows that an easily worked system will ensure a *maximum* of gain and a *minimum* of loss.

Up till quite recently Nature had her own animal sanctuaries in vast and sparsely settled lands like Labrador. But now she has none. There is no place left where wild life is safe from men who use all the modern means of destruction without being bound by any of the modern means of conservation. And this is nowhere truer than in Labrador, though the area of the whole peninsula is equal to eleven Englands, while, even at the busiest season along the coast, there is not one person to more than every ten square miles. Since the white man went there at least three-quarters of the forests have been burnt, and sometimes the soil burnt too. Wild life of all kinds has been growing rapidly less. The walrus is receding further and further north. Seals are diminishing. Whales are beginning to disappear. Fur-bearing animals can hardly hold their own much longer in face of the ever in-