

so small as when people tell him he is great."

It is a small thing to be thought generous, it is a great thing to place a gift joyously in the hand of God, and have the matter a secret transaction with Him.

Yesterday I received the following letter—with an enclosure of \$5:

"As this is my birthday, I would like to let a little sunshine into some one life or more—the sorrowful or needy or helpless—use this trifle as the dear Father gives you guidance.—Faith."

Part of the gift has already cheered one poor woman, who is "sorrowful, needy and helpless," and she sends her grateful thanks to "Faith." The rest I expect to spend on another sick and needy woman to-day.

In this connection I should like to express once more my thanks to those of our readers who have given me the privilege of "passing on" their gifts. Since the first of January I have received from readers of "The Farmer's Advocate," \$49.10. Of this I have given directly to the sick and the poor \$28.25, spending \$15.15 on clothing, food, and reading matter for those who are "shut-in." That leaves a balance of \$5.70, which is waiting for a case of special need. Part of this—as I said—will probably be spent to-day. This fund has given me the opportunity of helping many of the sick and needy, during this exceptionally hard winter. It is not a small thing to "touch Him in every poor man"—and that you have surely done.

E. E. Hale says: "A deed of kindness lives forever. The names of the peacemakers who are called the Children of God may not be written in the Calendar of the saints, but they are all written in the Lamb's book of life. So does God exalt him who humbly strives without hope of reward to do his Master's work."

DORA FARNCOMB.

The Ingle Nook.

[Rules for correspondence in this and other Departments: (1) Kindly write on one side of paper only. (2) Always send name and address with communications. If pen name is also given, the real name will not be published. (3) When enclosing a letter to be forwarded to anyone, place it in stamped envelope ready to be sent on. (4) Allow one month in this department for answers to questions to appear.]

One of the Year's Wonders.

"As I was about to say when I was interrupted," has the wonder of the annual bird-coming ever struck you, full force, so that you stood still in wonder at the marvel of it? Have you ever really tried to imagine those long migrations, the weariness of them, the oft-times tragedy of them? What a never-ending miracle in that mystical flight by night,—thousands upon thousands of little wings beating the upper air, through the darkness, darkness beset by tall chimneys, and towers, and wicked wires stretched invisibly, and glaring lights, so confusing to the dazzled eyes of the tired little travellers forging forth so ceaselessly their northward flight! What tremulous fear surely in the little eager hearts! What eagerness!—to spur on that long journey from the southland! What a mystery in it all!

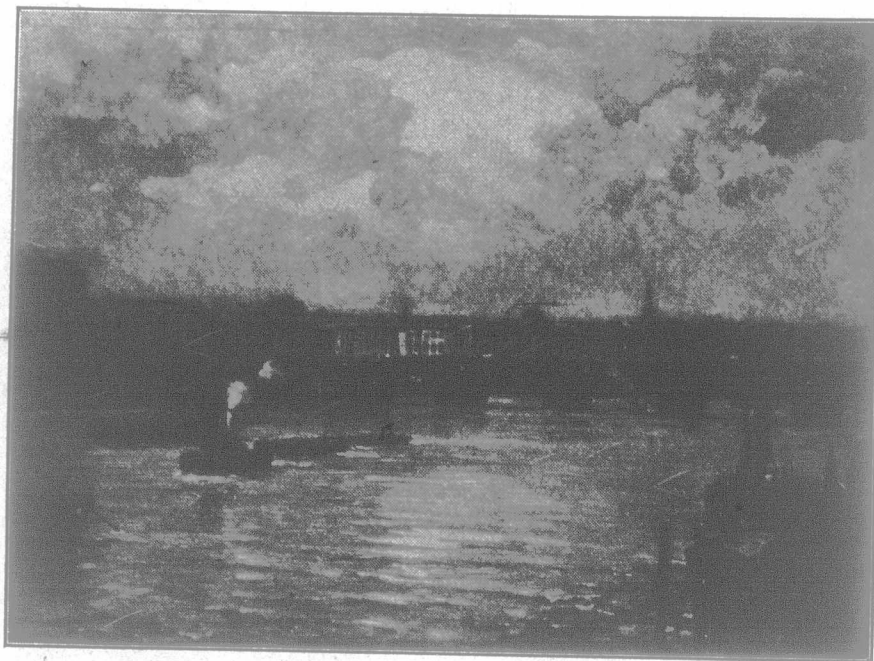
Just here it may be interesting to note that a very favorite track of the little migrants coming into Canada is across Lake Erie to Pelee Island, and so by comparatively easy stages to the mainland. I think the quite noted ornithologist of this city, Mr. W. E. Saunders, has told you something of his visits to that point, and of the great number and variety of birds he has observed there during the migrating season. But what guides the birds' unerring from the Southern States to the nearest point opposite? Do they remember that Pelee Island stretches like a long, low stepping-stone to ease the way to the farther shore? Is it instinct? Is it reason? Solve this and you have solved a mystery great as that of the "flower in the crannied wall"—and yet we sometimes think the things by which we are surrounded "commonplace."

Some years ago I read a poem on bird-migration, written by Sir Edwin Arnold, a beautiful thing, the sort of poem that brings a lump to your throat. I don't remember the poem from it, but have not been able to find it. Perhaps some reader can help me.

to be found. If so, I shall be very grateful, for it will well bear re-reading.

Once more, in closing this preamble, I do hope you are one and all bird-lovers. If you are not, you are losing a great wonder and delight of the country life. Just to know a few of our many songsters by name, just to watch a few of their dear little habits, just to love

in my trunk through a mistaken feeling of economy that said, "Some time, perhaps, they may 'come in.'"—What a hopeless clutter of stuff we often harbor about us, just through that feeling that things may "come in"! And yet the Japanese seem to get along just as well as we with a cushion, a vase, and a few teacups! Little wonder it is that



The Silvery Tide

From a painting by F. M. Bell-Smith, Ontario Society of Artists' Exhibition, 1914.

themselves and their song,—these are pleasures that money cannot buy.

To love birds, too, is to do something else, as most of us find out. Some days ago I carried out a little ceremony down by the furnace in our basement, and registered a little vow. Very solemnly

Whitman has laughed at us for our "mania of owning things." . . . However, the wings at least are gone, and henceforth never another one for me,—angels wings excepted, of course, although I can't well imagine myself sprouting anything of that kind. I have not yet, it is true, sworn away from ostrich plumes, although there is no knowing what a



The River Magog, Sherbrooke, P. Q.

From a painting by A. Suzor Cote, Ontario Society of Artists' Exhibition, 1914.

I burned a conglomeration of wings that had accumulated, somehow, during the thoughtless years, and then and there settled that never again should I wear wing or head or tail of a bird on my hat. Indeed, I had not worn any for some time but the wings had been lying

bit of investigation into that business may do. One would not even wish to give a poor ostrich too much of a tweak, for the sake of a hat, would one?

"These are only made of chicken feath-

ers," milliners will tell you; but I happen to know enough about wild birds to know the difference occasionally. The other day, in church, a girl sat before us with a split bird on her hat, half on one side, half on the other. It made one sick to see it,—quite evidently a little catbird, beheaded and torn asunder to form a barbaric decoration, really an excrescence, on a girl's gray hat! . . . One thought of the gurgling of the catbird's wonderful song, as one had heard it so often at home, once, sleepily, in the bright moonlight, and then one began to wonder how long it would be before Canada will have such strict enforcement of the law as will really insure for all future time the right to live of these our little feathered friends. By the new tariff introduced by the Hon. W. T. White, prohibition is laid upon "aigrettes, egret plumes, or so-called osprey plumes, and the feathers, quills, heads, wings, tails, skins, or parts of skins of wild birds, either raw or manufactured," the provision to come into effect on the first of January, 1915. No restriction is laid upon ostrich feathers, the plumage of the English pheasant and the Indian peacock, or the plumage of wild birds ordinarily used as articles of diet.

This is all promising, so far as importations are considered. Will equal pains be taken to see that birds within our own borders are not slaughtered for millinery purposes? It is encouraging to know, however, that preliminary steps looking to a broadening of legislation in regard to the matter, are really being taken. The other day a friend sent me a folder giving notice of the formation of a Canadian Society for the Protection of Birds. Mr. H. S. Osler, K. C., is the President; Laura B. Durand, Secretary-Treasurer, and C. W. Nash, Curator Provincial Museum, Toronto, Field Master. The objects of the Society are defined to be:

(1) To instruct the public regarding the importance of protecting bird life in the interests of the country.
(2) To secure desirable legislation for the protection of birds in addition to existing legislation.
(3) To assist actively in the enforcement of such legislation.

There is, too, a "button," to serve as pledge or reminder to the members. "I am wearing the button of the order," writes my friend, who will forgive me for quoting, "although I gave up jewelry when I stopped parting my hair in the middle. It shows the emblem of the society, the Canada or white-throated sparrow enamelled in national colors on blue and gold, and a motto which, I am informed, means in English, 'Thee, Canada, I sing.' Perhaps you have Mr. Nash's bulletin on 'Birds of Ontario in Relation to Agriculture.' He is the field-master of the new society, and will go anywhere to give a free lecture on the subject of 'Birds and Their Protection.'"

It seems, then, that something definite is at last "doing," and perhaps here is a suggestion for you. I have heard Mr. Nash lecture, and can heartily recommend him.

Any impetus you can give is needed, for Canada has lagged behind in the matter too long. Other countries have left us in the wake. Last year the United States Senate at Washington, by unanimous vote, passed the McLean bill, providing for the protection of a number of specified insect-eating birds. Australia has a similar law. British "Nation" states that in the "Old Country" "This year must see the end of the trade in the plumage of wild birds,"—since a bill is to be passed prohibiting the sale of bodies, wings, or feathers, of wild birds in all Great Britain.

Perhaps the men who engineer these campaigns place the economic in the foreground,—they emphasize the "seed and insect-eating." At the same time, enough is said to show that the war is also being waged against the cruelty of the traffic,—the cruelty of sportsmen and tradesmen, and, to go down to the root of all, the indirect cruelty of women, who thoughtlessly encourage the greatest slaughter, for millinery purposes. The writer of the article in "Nation," lays the great burden of blame upon that. He refers to the traffic as "wanton and brutal"; the bird-hunters for the trade often, he says, even snare the birds and starve them to death slowly, so that their skins shall be free from fat and grease.