
BIRDS OF PEASEMARSH

the bank, and Redwing in the overhanging bushes. The new owner would cut away those bushes, alter the bank completely, and make the place a harbour for motor launches.

"And then," he added, with a triumphant wave of his hand, "we will have it made a Bird Sanctuary."

It would indeed require a printed notice to show for what the place was intended. The birds would not weave their nests in those poor trees trimmed to spindling proportions. The shy Blue Heron would not come to live where pleasure launches had taken the place of reeds and bushes. The world of arrogant humans might say he had improved the place, but the wild things would go. As a bird sanctuary it would be as desolate as the house when the wedding guests were gone.

Very different is a real bird sanctuary, with its cool, shady retreats, its sheltering bushes and its profusion of dogwood and sumacs. It needs no printed notice to make known its purpose, hundreds of feathered songsters will proclaim its name. A visit there is an inspiration. Birds have nesting places, they have learned they are safe and that the food supply will not