

straight into the back of the fish he has marked down, checking his impetuous way, just as he reaches the water, by a tremendous down-sweep of his wings and a simultaneous curve of his fanned-out tail. But the eagle beats this by swooping for the fish he makes the osprey drop and catching it easily before it has reached the surface. Our eagles, however, do most of their own hunting, and prey on anything up to a goose three feet long and bulky in proportion. But it is not close-to that the eagle looks his kingly best. And I like to see him majestically at home in the high heavens, and to think of him as resting on nothing lower than a mountain peak lofty enough to wear the royal blue by right divine.

He clasps the crags with crooked hands,
Close to the sun in lonely lands,
Ringed with the azure world he stands.

And now it is sunset:—

Its edges foamed with amethyst and rose,
Withers once more the old blue flower of day.
There, where the ether like a diamond glows,
Its petals fade away.

A shadowy tumult stirs the dusky air;
Sparkle the delicate dew, the distant snows;
The great deep thrills—for through it everywhere
The breath of Beauty blows.

But the sea-bird hours are not yet over. From out of the darkness comes the long, far-thrown, re-echoing cry of the Great Loon, pulsing through the veins of the night and charged with I know not what weird call of the great wild places of the Earth. And as it lingers, dies away, and is caught up again, I remember those dim white wings of dawn; and I lie down to sleep richly content with all the long day's wealth that Nature gives me.

Such is the sanctuary I dream of—a place where man is passive and the rest of Nature active. But on each side of it I would have model game preserves where man would not be allowed to interfere with the desirable natural balance of the species, but where, within this limit, he could exercise in sport that glorious instinct of the chase which he once had to exercise in earnest for his daily food. And first among all forms of sport I would choose harpooning—I mean real harpooning, by hand alone; as I would entirely forbid the use of the modern battery or any other implement of commercial butchery. If you want proper sport, with a minimum of dependence on machinery and a maximum of demand on your own strong arm, clear eye and steady nerve, then try harpooning the white whale from a North-Shore