

FUR, FIN, AND FEATHER.

To the Editor of THE YOUNG CANADIAN :

DEAR EDITOR,—The discontinuance of the publication of that excellent monthly, *The Canadian Naturalist and Geologist*, and of its genial but modest successor, *The Canadian Sportsman and Naturalist*, has left lovers of birds and amateurs of Natural History generally without a special medium for recording notes and facts connected with the Canadian Fauna in this Province.

Could you not spare each week a column or more in your welcome publication under the above heading ?

The innumerable enquiries daily submitted, by the old and young, about birds—their arrival, departure, song, and habits in general, point towards an increasing interest awakening in the beautiful science of ornithology and other kindred studies.

I cannot help believing that several of our able field-naturalists, as well as amateurs, would readily contribute to this column.

Yours sincerely,

J. M. LEMOINE,
F. R. S. C.

Quebec, Feb., 1891.

It is with great pleasure that I reply to Mr. Lemoine's kind letter, and put the pages of THE YOUNG CANADIAN at his disposal for this delightful purpose. The studies mentioned in his letter are all such as come within our field among young people of the Dominion, and from the commencement of our desire to establish our magazine, we have most assiduously kept such topics in mind.

I am happy also to inform our young friends that we have just completed arrangements for a similar department among our exquisite wild flowers, our pretty birds' eggs, and subjects of this kind, in which we all take so much pleasure, and which have an influence upon us for so much refinement.

We shall be most happy, therefore, to have our pages used as a medium of exchange of ideas, information, questions, answers, etc., and feel sure that no department of our work will bring us a similar reward, or help us more in drawing all our young people closely around each other, and enthusiastically around their country.

THE EDITOR.

One might expect that the competition of our Railways and Rivers against our Canals should tend to reduce the traffic in these artificial rivers, of which we have such pardonable pride.

Not so. The trade passing through the Sault Ste. Marie Canal is larger than that which finds its way through the great Suez Canal.

ACRES OF YOUR OWN.

BY ALEXANDER M'LACHLAN.

Here's the road to independence !
Who would bow and dance attendance ?
Who, with e'er a spark of pride,
While the bush is wild and wide,
Would be but a hanger-on,
Begging favours from a throne,
While beneath yon smiling sun
Farms, by labour, can be won ?
Up ! be stirring, be alive,
Get upon a farm and thrive !
He's a king upon a throne
Who has acres of his own !

'Tho' the cabin's walls are bare,
What of that, if love is there ?
What although your back is bent,
There are none to hound for rent ;
What tho' you must chip and plough,
None dare ask, " What doest thou ? "
What though homespun be your coat,
Kings might envy you your lot !
Up ! be stirring, be alive,
Get upon a farm and thrive !
He's a king upon a throne
Who has acres of his own !

Honest labour thou would'st shirk—
'Thou art far too good to work ?
Such gentility's a fudge,
True men all must toil and drudge.
Nature's true Nobility
Scorns such mock gentility ;
Fools but talk of blood and birth—
Ev'ry man must prove his worth !
Up ! be stirring, be alive,
Get upon a farm and thrive !
He's a king upon a throne
Who has acres of his own !