

A TREE AND A BIRD.

What is a tree?
A thing of wood
That seems to be
Of little good?
Ah, no! it seems
That mystic dreams
Live in a tree.
Nor is this odd
It seems to me,
For every tree
Holds some of God.
What is a bird?
A thing that flies?
Or in a word
That lives and dies?
But how absurd!
A bird to me
Breathes mystery,
And when it sings
From shrub or tree.
The welkin rings
With mystic glee.
For God is heard
Whene'er a bird
Sings in a tree.

—D.L.P.

NO BENZINE REQUIRED.

It is little more than 100 years since the first reliable records were obtained in America by bird-banding; but recently a wonder flight has been recorded in this way. An individual Arctic tern observed in Labrador, was found at Natal, Africa (9,000 miles distant), just 100 days later—having made a straight progressive flight of 90 miles a day, as well as zigzagging here and there in search of food. Compared with the birds, men are still amateurs at this touring business.