

break the *parroco* appeared again. My offer had been accepted, he had sworn on the crucifix. Two hours later I tapped a pint of pus from his left *pleura** to the consternation of the village doctor and to the glory of the village saint, for, contrary to my expectations, the man recovered. *Miracolo! Miracolo!*†

The mountain of Barbarossa is now a bird sanctuary. Thousands of tired birds of passage are resting on its slopes every spring and autumn, safe from man and beast. The dogs of San Michele are forbidden to bark while the birds are resting on the mountain. The cats are never let out of the kitchen except with a little alarm-bell tied round their necks; Billy the vagabond is shut up in the monkey-house, one never knows what a monkey or a school-boy is up to.

So far I have never said a word to belittle the last miracle of Sant'Antonio, which at a low estimate saved for many years the lives of at least fifteen thousand birds a year. But when all is over for me, I mean just to whisper to the nearest angel that, with all due respect to Sant'Antonio, it was I and not he who tapped the pus out of the butcher's left pleura, and to implore the angel to put in a kind word for me if nobody else will. I am sure Almighty God loves the birds or He would not have given them the same pair of wings as He has given to His own angels.

* Lung.

† Miracle.

THE LOVER OF NATURE.

To the nature lover the universe constantly pours out its wealth. Daily he gathers the fruits of seed sown in the beginning of the world.

For him no season is dull, for each is successively absorbing: in Spring he is entranced by the awakening of myriad forms of life; Summer reveals the maturity of all creation; Autumn brings the fulfilment of earlier promises; Winter lulls life to sleep, with its assurance of the resurrection.

All weathers are one: The rains of Spring nourish all nature; the heats of Summer mature and ripen its fruits; the frosts of Winter give rest and peace; in all he rejoices.

Each day is good: In the morning life awakens with him; through the noon it works; the peace and quiet of evening shed their benediction upon him.

He knows no dull moments; he seeks not to hurry time. If he be delayed, he may discover something never before seen by man, and his impatience is forgotten.

His youth is filled with the joys of discovery; in middle age the marvels about him hold his interest undimmed; he awaits old age with calmness, for he is one with the universe, and is content.

—Edward A. Preble.