

laws of God or man had you committed to be condemned to prison for life like a dangerous criminal?

A HUMILIATING INDICTMENT.

"Skylark, six bob! Handsome present for a child. Skylark, six shillings!"

Yes, you had better go there yourself, to "Club Row" bird market any Sunday morning—Sunday of all days! Go there and read with eyes filled with shame and anger this humiliating indictment against the most civilised city in the world, this damning evidence in the hands of a coming enlightened generation that after all we of to-day were but cruel barbarians.

"Skylark, six bob! Handsome present for a child. Skylark, six shillings!"

You may call it a small matter; you are mistaken, it is a grave matter. The smaller the victim, the greater the crime. What is the use of your preaching the gospel of St. Francis to other nations, less conscious than we of man's responsibility towards the animal world, as long as there is a "Club Row" in every big English town? What is the good of us wishing God-speed to your migratory birds on their perilous homeward flight, as long as there is a cage with an imprisoned bird in so many an English nursery?

When is this ignoble slave traffic of catching and selling wild birds to cease? Have your legislators forgotten your proud record as the freest country in the world? Or why, then, do they not set your captive wild birds free?

THE LITTLE CAPTIVES.

(By DAPHNE NEILD.)

To-day, inside the window of a shop,
A sign attracted me—the one word "STOP!"
I paused, observing there were other words
Calling attention to a sale of birds.

Bright cages housed the pretty little things,
They perched on bars, with sadly quiet wings;
Such lovely tints of yellow, green and blue
Were mingled there in every shade and hue.

A wee brown bird, in solitary state,
Flew back and forth—perhaps he lacked a mate;
Or—was he longing for some woodland tree,
Where linnets sing and chirp right merrily?

Poor little prisoner, who did not wrong,
But used to carol forth in happy song
When they were free; I'm sure God gave them wings
That they might know the joy that freedom brings.

—Taken from *The Woman's Magazine*.