

ment, there is no such excuse. The New Zealand Department of Internal Affairs should have had a biological section long ago. Only now is a progressive Minister trying to move in that direction. Very late, but better late than never.

Acclimatisation is full of traps. When Norway welcomed the establishment of the fur-farming industry, no one seems to have foreseen that birds would be taken in dangerously large numbers to feed the silver foxes. But so it has proved. "Already the numbers in some of the great bird colonies have diminished perceptibly." More fur, less feather.

I hope to return again to the Bulletin and sift some more Nature facts from its general bundle of straw, just as the silver-eyes will return to-morrow to the "Tree-lucerne."

DESTINY.

In Man's great need he shall return
To the deep and fertile earth
And stand amazed,
Not at what his hands have wrought,
Great tools of steel and ponderous weight,
Seeking out his own destruction,
But at the power of homely soil
In giving birth to living things.
Earth's secret—Life—
He cannot comprehend.
He shall behold
The dainty fern
On shaded mossy bank
Watched over by a gnarled and ancient tree,
The climbing orchid and the long festoon
Of supple twining vine,
Flowers and luscious berries
Tempting gay and sombre birds
To propagate their kind;
Birds with little haunting songs
That tell in whispers of the years
They knew before was Man:
Or birds that blazon forth
In hurried tumbling notes
Their joyousness in life.
Here in the forest
He shall find a peace
That none but Nature has;
Shall cease to wonder why
There should be War.
For none can see and hear but feel
That Man shall turn again
Unto the earth. —Geraldine Baylis.

LEST YOU FORGET...

August is Bird Month.

*I am not poor—my garden has more gold
Than all the banks of all the world could hold;
I am not friendless—visitors each day
Eat of my food, and singing fly away.*

—Lalia Mitchell Thornton.

