

won't miss that bit of land and we will be amply repaid for the pleasure we derive from having the birds and animals and the wild flowers with us.

An Early Record

By Walter Lund

Brombury P.O. March 31: We saw a Barn Swallow this morning. We have seen one every year for years about the middle of April but this is the first time in March. They have nested here every year. At first just one comes, flies into the doorway, has a look around and perches for a minute or so on a metal hook just inside the door. This they use a great deal during the summer. From this vantage point we have a good chance to be sure just what it is. Then it goes away and is not seen again for about a month.

IT'S A HARD LIFE

When you feel that being persistent is a task, think of the bee! A clover blossom contains less than one-eighth of a grain of sugar; 7,000 grains are required to make a pound of honey; a bee, flitting here and there for sweetness, must visit 56,000 clover heads for a pound of honey; and there are about 60 flower tubes to each clover head. When a bee performs that operation 60 times 56,000, or 3,360,000 times, it gathers sweetness enough for only one pound of honey! H. J. Higdon

*"The paths, the woods, the heavens,
the hills,
Are not a world today,
But just a place God made for us
In which to play."*

Mrs. W. L. Grant, Toronto, (wife of the late Principal Grant of Upper Canada College) loaned me the current copy of your magazine, with which I am so pleased that I would like to become a subscriber. I would like to make reference to it in the weekly column of the Globe and Mail. —Anne Merrill, Editor of "Wings of the Wind," Globe and Mail.

A Friendly Meadowlark

By Elizabeth Barker



ON APRIL 20, following an all day snowstorm I put out a pile of dry bread crumbs and oatmeal inside my enclosed yard in front of my window, for the English Sparrows and Juncos, then hard pressed for food. To my great surprise a Meadowlark soon appeared and hungrily ate the crumbs. This gave me an idea, so I cleared off patches of snow in the garden and roads, hoping a wider distribution of the food might attract more of the hungry birds. This special bird, however, preferred to dine inside the yard, during which act, all of the other birds showed, or rather had to show, great respect for it.

I fully expected this quick lunch to stop with the disappearance of the snow but such was not the case. Mr. Meadowlark continued to feed in the yard until the 28th of April when, for a week, I failed to put out food during a rainy spell.

On May 5th, for a further test, I again put out a pile of crumbs. In less than half an hour Mr. Lark was there. During that day I watched it dispose of fifteen lunches. It is easy to tell when to watch, as he always gives his challenge call and chirps just before dropping into the yard from a higher perch just above. Pieces of bread too large to swallow are broken up by pounding with his sharp beak in true Meadowlark style.

By the end of May the lark was feeding on crumbs as freely as ever, showing more confidence and eating more at his ease than at first.

This Meadowlark and his mate are now nesting a few rods out from my house. The nest, found by some children on May 24, now contains four eggs. Under such conditions and in such a place its chances of survival are very slim. Should their young be reared it will be interesting to see if bread crumbs are allowed on their bill of fare.