

dation of the Republic, that more ought to be done in the direct intervention of public administration. Entertainments and lectures in the town and city halls, establishment and maintenance of museums, embellishment of towns in every respect,—these are to form an integral part of governmental function. As a rule government grants for artistic purposes are limited to architecture; but after the building is complete, a new sphere of public artistic activity ought to begin. The great sculptors and painters and decorators ought to be called in to make of each city hall, each government or public building, in itself a museum, a representative type of the highest advance in art that the place or period has been able to make. Our national capitol is to a certain degree decorated; but I should be sorry, not to say ashamed, to think that this is all the country can produce of highest art. If it is answered that the great art is wanting, I would but point to the fact that artistic demand will produce supply. I have

on several occasions urged talented artists painting small domestic pictures, or modeling statuettes and reliefs, to try something great and worthy. Their answer has been: "Where can we find a market for our great works? We must work for the house of the well-to-do art patron, and the house will not hold a monumental work." I dare say that some, perhaps most, of these artists would have failed in this "great" work; but others, if only one, might have had the noble soul, the *alma gentile*, awakened, and a genius might have been born to us.

There are two broad classes of artistic works, the domestic and the monumental. The latter class is public in character, and ought either to be in a museum or part of some public building. Domestic art is growing every day and will find its support; it is the monumental art, beyond the reach of the individual (as it ought to be), which must be public property and ought to be encouraged by the representatives of the people.

Charles Waldstein.

BIRD ENEMIES.

HOW surely the birds know their enemies! See how the wrens and robins and blue-birds pursue and scold the cat, while they take little or no notice of the dog! Even the swallow will fight the cat, and, relying too confidently upon its powers of flight, sometimes swoops down so near to its enemy that it is caught by a sudden stroke of the cat's paw. The only case I know of in which our small birds fail to recognize their enemy is furnished by the shrike; apparently the little birds do not know that this modest-colored bird is an assassin. At least I have never seen them scold or molest him, or utter any outcries at his presence, as they usually do at birds of prey. Probably it is because the shrike is a rare visitant, and is not found in this part of the country during the nesting season of our songsters.

But the birds have nearly all found out the trick of the jay, and when he comes sneaking through the trees in May and June in quest of eggs, he is quickly exposed and roundly abused. It is amusing to see the robins hustle him out of the tree which holds their nest. They cry, "Thief, thief!" to the top of their voices as they charge upon him, and the jay retorts in a voice scarcely less complimentary as he makes off.

The jays have their enemies also, and need

to keep an eye on their own eggs. It would be interesting to know if jays ever rob jays, or crows plunder crows; or is there honor among thieves even in the feathered tribes? I suspect the jay is often punished by birds which are otherwise innocent of nest-robbing. One season I found a jay's nest in a small cedar on the side of a wooded ridge. It held five eggs, every one of which had been punctured. Apparently some bird had driven its sharp beak through their shells, with the sole intention of destroying them, for no part of the contents of the eggs had been removed. It looked like a case of revenge; as if some thrush or warbler, whose nest had suffered at the hands of the jays, had watched its opportunity and had in this way retaliated upon its enemies. An egg for an egg. The jays were lingering near, very demure and silent, and probably ready to join a crusade against nest-robbers.

The great bugaboo of the birds is the owl. The owl snatches them from off their roosts at night, and gobbles up their eggs and young in their nests. He is a veritable ogre to them, and his presence fills them with consternation and alarm.

One season, to protect my early cherries, I placed a large stuffed owl amid the branches of the tree. Such a racket as there instantly

began about my grounds is not pleasant to think upon! The orioles and robins fairly "shrieked out their affright." The news instantly spread in every direction, and apparently every bird in town came to see that owl in the cherry-tree, and every bird took a cherry, so that I lost more fruit than if I had left the owl indoors. With craning necks and horrified looks the birds would alight upon the branches, and between their screams would snatch off a cherry, as if the act was some relief to their outraged feelings.

The chirp and chatter of the young of birds which build in concealed or inclosed places, like the woodpeckers, the house wren, the high-hole, the oriole, etc., is in marked contrast to the silence of the fledglings of most birds that build open and exposed nests. The young of the sparrows,—unless the social sparrow be an exception,—warblers, fly-catchers, thrushes, etc., never allow a sound to escape them, and on the alarm note of their parents being heard sit especially close and motionless; while the young of chimney swallows, woodpeckers, and orioles are very noisy. The latter, in their deep pouch, are quite safe from birds of prey, except perhaps the owl. The owl, I suspect, thrusts its leg into the cavities of woodpeckers and into the pocket-like nest of the oriole, and clutches and brings forth the birds in its talons. In one case which I heard of, a screech-owl had thrust its claw into a cavity in a tree, and grasped the head of a red-headed woodpecker; being apparently unable to draw its prey forth, it had thrust its own round head into the hole, and in some way became fixed there, and had thus died with the woodpecker in its talons.

The life of birds is beset with dangers and mishaps of which we know little. One day, in my walk, I came upon a goldfinch with the tip of one wing securely fastened to the feathers of its rump, by what appeared to be the silk of some caterpillar. The bird, though uninjured, was completely crippled, and could not fly a stroke. Its little body was hot and panting in my hand, as I carefully broke the fetter. Then it darted swiftly away with a happy cry. A correspondent writes me that one of his orioles got entangled with a cord while building her nest, and that, though by the aid of a ladder he reached and liberated her, she soon afterward died. He also found a chippie, or social sparrow, suspended from a branch by a horse-hair, beneath a partly finished nest. I heard of a cedar-bird caught and destroyed in the same way, and also of two young blue-birds around whose legs a horse-hair had become so tightly wound that the legs withered up and dropped off. The birds grew just the same, and finally left the

nest with the others. A record of all the accidents and tragedies of bird life for a single season would show many curious incidents. A friend of mine opened his box stove one fall to kindle a fire in it, when he beheld in the black interior the desiccated forms of two blue-birds. The birds had probably taken refuge in the chimney during some cold spring storm, and had come down the pipe to the stove, from whence they were unable to ascend. A peculiarly touching little incident of bird life occurred to a caged female canary. Though unmated, it laid some eggs, and the happy bird was so carried away by her feelings that she would offer food to the eggs, and chatter and twitter, trying, as it seemed, to encourage them to eat! The incident is hardly tragic, neither is it comic.

The first nest-builders in spring, like the first settlers near hostile tribes, suffer the most casualties. A large proportion of the nests of April and May are destroyed; their enemies have been many months without eggs, and their appetites are keen for them. It is a time, too, when other food is scarce, and the crows and squirrels are hard put. But the second nests of June, and still more the nests of July and August, are seldom molested. It is rarely that the nest of the goldfinch or cedar-bird is harried.

Certain birds nest in the vicinity of our houses and outbuildings, or even in and upon them, for protection from their enemies, but they often thus expose themselves to a plague of the most deadly character. I refer to the vermin with which their nests often swarm, and which kill the young before they are fledged. In a state of nature this probably never happens; at least I have never seen or heard of its happening to nests placed in trees or under rocks. It is the curse of civilization falling upon the birds which come too near man. The vermin, or the germ of the vermin, is probably conveyed to the nest in hens' feathers, or in straws and hairs picked up about the barn or hen-house. A robin's nest upon your porch or in your summer-house will occasionally become an intolerable nuisance from the swarms upon swarms of minute vermin with which it is filled. The parent birds stem the tide as long as they can, but are often compelled to leave the young to their terrible fate.

One season a phoebe-bird built on a projecting stone under the eaves of the house, and all appeared to go well till the young were nearly fledged, when the nest suddenly became a bit of purgatory. The birds kept their places in their burning bed till they could hold out no longer, when they leaped forth and fell dead upon the ground.

After a delay of a week or more, during which I imagine the parent birds purified themselves by every means known to them, the couple built another nest a few yards from the first, and proceeded to rear a second brood; but the new nest developed into the same bed of torment that the first did, and the three young birds, nearly ready to fly, perished as they sat within it. The parent birds then left the place as if it had been accursed.

I imagine the smaller birds have an enemy in our native white-footed mouse, though I have not proof enough to convict him. But one season the nest of a chickadee which I was observing was broken up in a position where nothing but a mouse could have reached it. The bird had chosen a cavity in the limb of an apple-tree which stood but a few yards from the house. The cavity was deep, and the entrance to it, which was ten feet from the ground, was small. Barely light enough was admitted, when the sun was in the most favorable position, to enable one to make out the number of eggs, which was six, at the bottom of the dim interior. While one was peering in and trying to get his head out of his own light, the bird would startle him by a queer kind of puffing sound. She would not leave her nest like most birds, but really tried to blow, or scare, the intruder away; and after repeated experiments I could hardly refrain from jerking my head back when that little explosion of sound came up from the dark interior. One night, when incubation was about half finished, the nest was harried. A slight trace of hair or fur at the entrance led me to infer that some small animal was the robber. A weasel might have done it, as they sometimes climb trees, but neither a squirrel nor a rat could have passed the entrance.

Probably few persons have ever suspected the cat-bird of being an egg-sucker; I do not know that she has ever been accused of such a thing, but there is something uncanny and disagreeable about her, which I at once understood when I one day caught her in the very act of going through a nest of eggs.

A pair of the least fly-catchers, the bird which says *chebeque, chebeque*, and is a small edition of the pewee, one season built their nest where I had them for many hours each day under my observation. The nest was a very snug and compact structure placed in the forks of a small maple about twelve feet from the ground. The season before a red squirrel had harried the nest of a wood-thrush in this same tree, and I was apprehensive that he would serve the fly-catchers the same trick; so, as I sat with my book in a summer-house near by, I kept my loaded gun within easy reach. One egg was laid, and the next

morning, as I made my daily inspection of the nest, only a fragment of its empty shell was to be found. This I removed, mentally imprecating the rogue of a red squirrel. The birds were much disturbed by the event, but did not desert the nest as I had feared they would. After much inspection of it and many consultations together, they concluded, it seems, to try again. Two more eggs were laid, when one day I heard the birds utter a sharp cry, and on looking up I saw a cat-bird perched upon the rim of the nest, hastily devouring the eggs. Seizing my gun, her career as an egg-sucker ended then and there.

Then this pair of little fly-catchers did what I had never seen birds do before: they pulled the nest to pieces and rebuilt it in a peach-tree not many rods away, where a brood was successfully reared. The nest was here exposed to the direct rays of the noonday sun; and to shield her young when the heat was greatest, the mother bird would stand above them with wings slightly spread, as other birds have been known to do under like circumstances.

To what extent the cat-bird is a nest-robber I have no evidence, but that feline mew of hers, and that flirting, flexible tail, suggest something not entirely bird-like.

Probably the darkest tragedy of the nest is enacted when a snake plunders it. All birds and animals, so far as I have observed, behave in a peculiar manner toward a snake. They seem to feel something of the same loathing toward it that the human species experience. The bark of a dog when he encounters a snake is different from that which he gives out on any other occasion; it is a mingled note of alarm, inquiry, and disgust.

One day a tragedy was enacted a few yards from where I was sitting with a book; two song-sparrows were trying to defend their nest against a black snake. The curious, interrogating note of a chicken who had suddenly come upon the scene in his walk, first caused me to look up from my reading. There were the sparrows, with wings raised in a way peculiarly expressive of horror and dismay, rushing about a low clump of grass and bushes. Then, looking more closely, I saw the glistening form of the black snake, and the quick movement of his head as he tried to seize the birds. The sparrows darted about and through the grass and weeds, trying to beat the snake off. Their tails and wings were spread, and, panting with the heat and the desperate struggle, they presented a most singular spectacle. They uttered no cry, not a sound escaped them; they were plainly speechless with horror and dismay. Not once did they drop their wings, and the peculiar expression of those

uplifted palms, as it were, I shall never forget. It occurred to me that perhaps here was a case of attempted bird-charming on the part of the snake, so I looked on from behind the fence. The birds charged the snake and harassed him from every side, but were evidently under no spell save that of courage in defending their nest. Every moment or two I could see the head and neck of the serpent make a sweep at the birds, when the one struck at would fall back, and the other would renew the assault from the rear. There appeared to be little danger that the snake could strike and hold one of the birds, though I trembled for them, they were so bold and approached so near to the snake's head. Time and again he sprang at them, but without success. How the poor things panted, and held up their wings appealingly! Then the snake glided off to the near fence, barely escaping the stone which I hurled at him. I found the nest rifled and deranged; whether it had contained eggs or young I know not. The male sparrow had cheered me many a day with his song, and I blamed myself for not having rushed at once to the rescue when the arch enemy was upon him. There is probably little truth in the popular notion that snakes charm birds. The black snake is the most subtle, alert, and devilish of our snakes, and I have never seen him have any but young, helpless birds in his mouth.

We have one parasitical bird, the cow-bird, so called because it walks about amid the grazing cattle and seizes the insects which their heavy tread sets going, which is an enemy of most of the smaller birds. It drops its egg in the nest of the song-sparrow, the social sparrow, the snow-bird, the vireos, and the wood-warblers, and as a rule it is the only egg in the nest that issues successfully. Either the eggs of the rightful owner of the nest are not hatched, or else the young are overridden and overreached by the parasite and perish prematurely. The young of the cow-bird is disproportionately large and aggressive, one might say hoggish. When disturbed it will clasp the nest and scream and snap its beak threateningly. One hatched out in a song-sparrow's nest which was under my observation, and would soon have overridden and overborne the young sparrow which came out of the shell a few hours later, had I not interfered from time to time and lent the young sparrow a helping hand. Every day I would visit the nest and take him out from under the pot-bellied interloper and place him on top, so that presently he was able to hold his own against his enemy. Both birds became fledged and left the nest about the same time. Whether the race was an even one after that I know not.

When the cow-bird finds two or more eggs in a nest in which it wishes to deposit its own, it will remove one of them. I found a sparrow's nest with two sparrow's eggs and one cow-bird's egg, and another egg lying a foot or so below it on the ground. I replaced the ejected egg, and the next day found it again removed, and another cow-bird's egg in its place; I put it back the second time, when it was again ejected, or destroyed, for I failed to find it anywhere. Very alert and sensitive birds like the warblers often bury the strange egg beneath a second nest built on top of the old.

Among the worst enemies of our birds are the so-called "collectors," men who plunder nests and murder their owners in the name of science. In the majority of cases the motive is a mercenary one; the collector expects to sell these spoils of the groves and orchards. Robbing nests and killing birds becomes a business with him. He goes about it systematically, and becomes an expert in circumventing and slaying our songsters. Every town of any considerable size is infested with one or more of these bird-highwaymen, and every nest in the country round about that the wretches can lay hands on is harried. Their professional term for a nest of eggs is "a clutch," a word that well expresses the work of their grasping, murderous fingers. They clutch and destroy in the germ the life and music of the woodlands. The various natural history journals are mainly organs of communication between these human weasels. They record exploits at nest-robbing and bird-slaying in their columns. One collector tells with gusto how he "worked his way" through an orchard, ransacking every tree, and leaving, as he believed, not one nest behind him. He had better not be caught working his way through my orchard. Another gloats over the number of Connecticut warblers, a rare bird, he killed in one season in Massachusetts. Another tells how a mocking-bird appeared in southern New England and was hunted down by himself and friend, its eggs "clutched," and the bird killed. Who knows how much the bird-lovers of New England lost by that foul deed? The progeny of the birds would probably have returned to Connecticut to breed, and their progeny, or a part of them, the same, till in time the famous Southern songster would have become a regular visitant to New England. In the same journal still another collector describes minutely how he outwitted three humming-birds and captured their nests and eggs,—a clutch he was very proud of. A Massachusetts bird-harrier boasts of his clutch of the eggs of that dainty little warbler, the blue yellow-back. One season he took two

sets, the next five sets, the next four sets, besides some single eggs, and the next season four sets, and says he might have found more had he had more time. One season he took, in about twenty days, three sets from one tree.

Thus are our birds hunted and cut off, and all in the name of science; as if science had not long ago finished with these birds. She has weighed and measured and dissected and described them and their nests and eggs, and

placed them in her cabinet, and the interest of science and of humanity now is that this wholesale nest-robbing cease. I can pardon a man who wishes to make a collection for his own private use, though he will find it much less satisfactory and less valuable than he imagines, but he needs but one bird and one egg of a kind; but the professional nest-robber and skin-collector should be put down, either by legislation or with dogs and shot-guns.

John Burroughs.

FAITH-CURES.

A STUDY IN FIVE CHAPTERS.

A FAITH-CURE is a cure wrought by God in answer to prayer, *without any other means*, such as medicine, surgery, change of climate, or indeed any external or internal remedies.

THE THEORY.

1. ALL sickness is the result of sin. Sin is the cause, sickness the effect. This sin may or may not be that of the individual afflicted. But the race of man being sinful, sickness has invaded the mortal body as a consequence. Hence sin and sickness go together, and the soul and body are indissolubly connected.

2. Christ's Atonement avails for sin and all its consequences. Since sickness is one of these consequences, the Atonement makes complete provision for its cure. In proof of this, reference is made to Isaiah liii. 4, where we read: "Surely he hath borne our griefs, and carried our sorrows." Here the word griefs is rendered "sickness," and this passage, taken in connection with Matt. viii. 17, they claim, establishes the point. Psalm ciii. 3, "Who forgiveth all thine iniquities; who healeth all thy diseases," they claim, is also a proof of the completeness of the Atonement as affecting bodily ills as well as spiritual malady.

3. Spiritual redemption provided by Christ is of no avail unless accepted by the individual needing it. So the ample provision for bodily healing made in the Atonement is of no avail unless appropriated by the individual in an act of faith. Further, as soul-health is sustained only by a continually repeated exercise of faith, so bodily health is to be retained in the same way.

4. Death is one of the effects of sin. Since the Atonement avails for sin and all its consequences, it also can release mortals from

the power of death. In this connection it is fair to say that, so far as we know, the English and American school of faith-healers do not claim this; but Pastor Stockmayer, of the German school, openly takes this position. When asked why all believers still die, he constructs an argument based on the "solidarity which exists between the members of the body of Christ," which prevents the individual believer from rising very much above the average experience and faith of the church. He claims that the average faith of the church of to-day is so low, that while here and there believers rise to the privilege of "faith-healing," they are not yet able to reach the climax of deliverance from death. When the church at large has risen to the height of "faith-healing," then we may expect the vanguard to reach deathless life.

5. In consequence of the above theory of the completeness of Christ's Atonement, as availing for bodily ailments, true faith will refuse to use any other than the divinely appointed way of healing. All remedies, external or internal, are "works," and are not germane to faith. An unwavering faith will discard them all. Here, again, it is fair to say that Doctor Cullis of Boston (himself an M. D.) considers the use of medicinal and surgical means allowable, where the patient has not the requisite faith. The Rev. Mr. Simpson of New York, however, and most of the leaders of the American school, hold that the use of any means other than that of anointing and prayer is sinful, because tainted with unbelief.

THE FALLACY.

1. WE admit that sickness is the result of sin, and death its consummate flower; we also admit that the Atonement of Christ avails for sin and all its consequences.