

She gives a call when coming and he answers and flies to meet her. Then she follows him about making the same sound for food as a young one does. She gives him no peace, for as fast as one beakful disappears down her throat she again raises her petulant cries. When swallowing she also makes gurgling notes as the fledglings do. Indeed, last year I felt quite sorry for her partner, and I am sure he must have rejoiced when she returned to her brooding cares. He generally "saw her home." As soon as they were big enough to leave the nest the young Mags were brought to the adjacent timber for a few weeks, after which the family moved away. Early in September the male bird restarted to feed his partner so, from previous experience, I concluded she was building.—(Miss) J. A. FLETCHER, R.A.O.U., "Lyeltya," Eaglehawk Neck, Tasmania.

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### From Magazines, Etc.

**Aspects of Bird Study.**—"This paper deals with the aesthetic appeal of birds, but the author is not blind to the fact that, to many, the scientific aspect of ornithology appeals as much as, or more than, the aesthetic . . . The contest between collectors and protectors splits every natural history society. There are fanatics on both sides. A purely scientific interest in birds may lead to the selfish acquisition of a series of skins and clutches, and to the extinction of rare and interesting species. On the other hand, indiscriminate protection upsets the balance of Nature, and defeats its own ends by increasing the enemies of the very birds it desires to protect.

"For my own part, I do not collect, because to me it is horrible to destroy or remove from its ideal surroundings a beautiful thing, be it a bird, or its nest, or eggs. A pair of Goldcrests flitting to and fro to their young in the fragile cradle rocking quietly beneath a spray of yew, are a delight and a joy. Take them away from their natural environment, and however cunning the taxidermist's skill, they are nothing. You cannot re-create the scene in a museum or a collection, any more than you can breathe life into their stuffed skins. A leading ornithologist wrote to me the other day: 'The older I get the more rabid a protector I become.' The gifted author of *Ianto the Fisherman*, in later life, came to the same conclusion: 'The great difference is that whereas once I thought more of the hidden nest and of a probable addition to my cabinet of eggs than of the sweet woodland music, I have gradually lost my passion for collecting, and now desire only that I might note each habit of the free, joyous creatures among their shady retreats in the garden copse.' It is better to watch and listen, and thus to store up memories in the mind; such collections destroy no beauty, and they are more lasting than faded egg-shells and moth-eaten skins."—E. W. HENDY in the *Contemporary Review* (England), April, 1925.