



BANK SWALLOW BURROWS—LORNE PARK, LAKE ONTARIO

flight interlaced one with another with a touch and go which conveyed the very embodiment of delight in motion. They were as vacillating as butterflies with the speed of a gleam of light, and to follow any individual for more than a second or two was impossible. The birds were clearly some species of swallow, and the pleased interest that engrossed attention for some time recalled a Mahommedan tradition which relates that after the banishment from Paradise the Angel Gabriel compassionately offered poor Eve, in her grief, some swallows and hens as a distraction.

It was an easy climb up the loamy cliff-side to the cave dwellings. On

searching the nearest hole, a bird shot out brushing hand and face, a rush of wings was heard from tunnels around, and an immense commotion took place amongst the swirling birds; they jerked to and fro in an agitated confusion that resembled a tornado-cloud being torn into flying fragments. It was the period of nidification, and as long as I remained at my post the outraged multitude flitted round, soared and sank, uttering cries inexpressible by any combination of letters. On a later visit, when the nests were empty, a very different reception was given. In a few minutes every swallow around vanished and for half an hour afterwards only one or two solitary scouts, scarcely



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