

Maine) the whole country was spread out like a carpet under foot, the Citadel of Quebec itself seeming little higher than a footstool though forty miles away, and here with the eye delighted by the silent ships passing over the great blue floor of the St. Lawrence, and the ear greeted by a chorus of Olive-backed Thrushes and White-throated Sparrows, a very memorable hour was spent. The descent, though the good path deprived one of the pleasure of pioneering one's own way through unknown forests, proved interesting on account of the birds. Here were met mixed flocks of both kinds of Kinglets (the Golden-crested much the commoner of the two however) with the usual accompaniment of Nuthatches and Chickadees, and at one point an uncanny black-eyed owl fluttered clumsily from one branch to another, peering with much curiosity and a very human expression at the strange field-glass-eyed creature that confronted him, and the interest on the other side was even greater, as he proved to be a Barred Owl, a rarity almost anywhere, and like most owls very seldom met with in broad daylight. When his feelings became too much for an owl to bear, he relieved them with a yell not unlike the unearthly whining that greets the ear morning and evening from a siren-whistle in Hull, but with a human quality that made it seem the voice of some wild departed spirit,—a sound quite capable of making the chill run up a strong man's back, if he heard it at night and alone, not knowing its source. According to the books this is but one of the many calls of this owl, but neither my derisive imitation (though he eventually had the grace to answer it) nor any other noise I was capable of producing could induce him to express himself otherwise, nor could any jests change the expression of pained self-importance on the bird's face.

On the following day the writer tramped to Bay St. Paul over the road used daily by the mail wagon. This road goes up-hill for nearly seven miles from St. Joachim until, on turning around the shoulder of a high cultivated hill, a wide view is obtained both forward and behind, the latter being almost as fine as that from Cap Tourmente in the same direction. Then after crossing a great valley we plunge into unbroken forest from which we emerge after ten or twelve miles in a nearly straight line, up hill and down dale, and then travelling about as far