

## THE BEECH WOODS

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sages it had been working toward the pine groves to the North, and by some quick move or by a long flight it lost its pursuers. Gradually the noise died down and peace was restored. The more wary of the songsters who remained hidden came forth to do their Morning carol. The vireos sat in the upper branches and sang unceasingly. From all the woods and fields the great chorus swelled and grew in volume until the nearest songsters sang their solos accompanied by the fainter blinding notes of the multitude. What a revelation this would be to the city dweller, who so rarely sees the sun come smiling over the horizon! What a feast for the noise-ridden ears of the toiler to walk in the awakening fields and hear this wonderful chorus so eagerly flooding the world with joy!

In this early Morning light that wakes the sleeping hollows and puts to flight the nocturnal life of the woods, there is a fascinating power. It comes so cheerfully tripping down the long vistas and peeping through the trac-