

plants affording more suitable food for the forest choristers than is to be found in the Primary districts. The Connecticut Valley is well known as the winter home of many of our song birds. Western Nova Scotia has features of bird life distinct from the surrounding districts. And Prince Edward Island affords an oasis for the wintering of certain Fringillidæ in the midst of less fertile Primary lands.

The highly cultivated character of the country, with numerous stock yards and farmsteads, favors the wintering of birds. The Song Sparrow has been supposed not to winter north of Massachusetts. But among the stock yards of Prince Edward Island we often find the jovial songster tuning his pipe in midwinter as gaily as if he was in his old New England homestead.

In the latter part of October the Snow Buntings come here. It is worthy of remark that they appear in New Brunswick considerably earlier, indicating that they arrive from the North by that way instead of by direct flight across the Gulf. At first they do not frequent the cultivated districts, but may be seen foraging along the shores and in deserted grain-fields. In December, when snow and ice bury up their food in the wilds, they come about the grain stacks and farm yards in large, white flocks, whirling, like snow drifts, in the keen winter air. They are very fond of oats, for which this island is famous. They always shell the grain before devouring it, using only the farinaceous kernel.

It is rare to hear Snow Buntings sing, but on a bright morning in March, ensconced in a sheltered nook, I have heard them sing a low, sweet song, resembling the Linnet's in general outline, but much less strong, full, and rapid.

The Redpolls arrive the first week in November, when the ripened and gilded cloak is just reft from the forest boughs. Then we see little of them, but will occasionally hear their gentle chitter as they pass back to the groves of great yellow birches, on the seeds of which they principally feed. Free and happy is their life in the wilderness now, as you may witness if you watch a group of them whispering and calling sportively as they rifle the seeds from the crowded strobiles of a giant *excelsa*. But when winter fully comes they are driven from the forest's summit, evidently suffering from