

To convince you that there is much to be seen in the woods in Winter, and that they are by no means deserted by the birds, it will be only necessary to mention that I have seen since the first of December, principally in Dow's Swamp (a perfect treasure-house for the naturalist at any time of year), sixteen different species of birds. Of these the first I think of, as he was the first I saw after beginning observations last February, is the Northern shrike, whom, earlier in this paper, I called an arch-hypocrite, and I did so advisedly, for at one moment you will hear him singing away on the topmost twig of some bare tree, proclaiming himself the most innocent and well-meaning of birds, and the next you will surprise him in the act of making a meal off some hapless goldfinch or siskin, which he has beforehand hung up in his butcher's shop in the thorn-bush. The White-winged Crossbill, when seen against a dark background of evergreens, as he hangs in every conceivable attitude, feeding on the seeds of the tamarac, is one of the handsomest birds of any season, and his cousin, the Red, or American Crossbill, is not far behind him in good looks. Then there is the big, solemn, Pine Grosbeak, who either does not know or is not afraid of man, whom all the other birds seem to consider, and perhaps not without reason, their natural enemy. In seasons when he comes from the North in any considerable numbers, as he has this winter, he may be seen wherever there are rowan berries, but if these are not to be had he will content himself with cedar instead. Occasionally we see, or more often hear, the White breasted Nut-hatch, who defies the cold with his cheerful nasal "quank," and we rarely miss the Chickadee, a veritable little Canuck, with his black cap and muffler, often accompanied by his brown-capped and chestnut-sided cousin from the North, the Hudsonian. The Hairy and the Downy Woodpeckers are to be seen, too, the latter a smaller edition of the former in the same binding. That handsome fellow in the cedars, who is talking to himself in an undertone, and now and then laughing at your efforts to spy him out in his dark retreat, is the Blue Jay. An occasional crow is also seen flying to and from his meals at the slaughter house, and once in a while we get a glimpse of the Ruffed Grouse or Partridge, while Redpolls, Goldfinches, Pine Siskins and Snowflakes complete the list. With all these to study, one can readily see that the