

ings exactly a miniature of the old birds. On the floor it struggled about helplessly, but when put near the window curtain it would climb quite rapidly with outspread and fluttering wings. The parent birds on returning and finding the nest fallen and the family scattered did not make as much commotion as most other birds would do under like circumstances. Such accidents are said to be a matter of common occurrence with them, especially in rainy weather when the water trickling down softens the gum which holds the nest to the wall. I replaced the third nestling in the chimney, and after he had crept up a little distance, one of the old ones came down and, putting its head under the angle of the outstretched wing of the little one, helped it up to the ledge above, on which the nest had formerly stood, and where all three seemed now much more comfortable than when crowded together in the nest.

I had hoped that after the fall of the nest the young would remain below where, having a better view of them, I should be able to see the process of feeding more plainly. On the contrary, I saw but little of them from this out, as they were continually moving from place to place and only one mirror could be brought to bear on them. They soon grew so large as to be almost undistinguishable from the parents, though they did not yet attempt flight in the outer air. On the 14th and 15th of August, however, I noticed them mounting on the wing toward the top of the flue and then settling down again. Perhaps this is their usual manner of learning to fly. Unable as they are to rise from a flat surface, a first lesson in the open air, which would probably result in a fall to the ground, might prove disastrous, or even fatal, to them.

About this time the numbers resorting to the tower were rapidly increasing again, showing that the nesting season was almost over. On the 19th of August I was called away from town, and on my return at the end of the month my little visitors had disappeared. Even at the rendezvous of the tower only a few remained, and these soon followed the main army to its winter quarters.

Where do they go when they leave us?

A poet tells us that when these northern shores become bleak and stormy :