

robin in a state of mind fast approaching the hysterical, to go forth to his aid. Jim crow is not infrequently guilty of abstracting the contents of a nest when his fancy leads him to desire fresh eggs for luncheon, but Jim I could see afar off with some black-coated chums, busy catching frogs down at the meadow pond. The trouble I found to be that one of his young hopefuls had fallen from the nest. I duly replaced it, but only to find that instead of calming his fears, it made him think dangers thickened; and his frantic shrieks brought every bird in the neighborhood to see what had happened. The indigo bird who has a nest in the adjoining shrubbery, was there, looking on in silent watchfulness, the goldfinch who seems to be everywhere at once, swung himself to and fro on a bough, mocking the larger bird with gay carolings and taunting callnotes until a wrathful movement on the part of the object of his attention, caused him to take a speedy departure—and the catbird, who had been hidden in the recesses of the mulberry thicket, practising a series of notes which he firmly believed would impress everybody as being an exact reproduction of the notes of the woodthrush, came out at the top, looked about him for a moment, then with a whisk of the tail which was meant to say—"That fool bird again!"—disappeared as suddenly as he had come. All this does not mean that Robin is without his good points—he is a hardworking, painstaking bird; devoted to his family, and a songster of no mean order, though as generally heard, snatching a moment's time from his pressing cares to gratify his love of the divine art,—singing a hurried matin song while four or five insatiable youngsters are demanding daily bread, in the shape of earthworms, or when at any other time of the day, he is obliged to keep a sharp look out for the enemies of him and his; while he gives his impressions of life musical utterance—it is not often he is heard at his best. Few bird songs would be more missed than his as he sits outlined against the sky on the ridge of a roof through the April evenings, and his voice is ever the first to be heard after a summer storm, in clear far sounding notes announcing that the rain is over and gone.