

A JUNE RAMBLE.

Only an evening ramble to see what birds were about. The American Robin (*Merula migratorius*) was there in force. And from different points came his short snatchy song, "Bee-o-la, bee-oh-la, a-bee-o-la," as if his breath were too short for a continuous roundelay; and from the top of a lofty withered fir came a very similar song, but rich and rolling as from a magic flute with no suggestion of lack of breath. Could it all come from the throat of that brownish little bird, not so big as the robin though in many respects like him? There could be no doubt of it. He sat up calmly there, every now and then letting free a long roll of silvery flute notes with the force and twang of a clarion, and then seemed to watch his circle of music floating onward to the neighboring town on his left and the sea on his right. When it reached the distant limits of the echoes he sent another melody in like manner over the vibrating evening air. It was the hermit thrush (*Turdus aonalaschkae*) from his solitary tree in the swampy woodland, the muezzin of the grove.

From many points more or less remote came the echo of the white-throated sparrow's (*Zonotrichia albicollis*) song-prayer, "Oh — my — Canada — Canada — Canada," "My — own — Canada — Canada — Canada," to such music as the following:

| d : - - | m : - - | s : s : s | s : s : s | s : s : s | , or
: - - | t : - - | l : l : l | l : l : l | l : l : l | .

The American Redstart (*Setophaga ruticilla*) betrayed his hiding place by his "witchie-witchie-witchie," and anon, a flash of black and flaming orange reveals his restless flight to another temporary perch, where his mate with her more modest livery of olive grey is ever flitting, showing every now and then the quieter gold patches adorning her sides, wings and tail.

Then the summer yellow-bird (*Dendroica aestiva*) appears all robed in yellow with only a slight olive wash and some dusky streaks on the breast, and he "chips, chips" when he is not excitedly whistling or screeching something very like the redstart. His mate is near by him in a very modest olive from under which the yellow but slightly shows.

Another warbler also shows itself for a few minutes. Its black and white is very prettily relieved by its yellow crown, sides of breast and rump. It is the myrtle-warbler (*Dendroica coronata*) sometimes called the yellow-rumped warbler, because none of the other warblers have a bright yellow spot on the lower portion of the back.

But a short curious note comes from the top of a neighboring tree. The shrill sound from this small warbler can be heard a very great distance. "Dzee-

dzee-bebe-dze" to the music | d : - | r : - | d : d | r : | I wait for a minute and the sound comes again, "dzee-dzee-bebe-dze." I now find him with my glass. The belly is white. The throat is black and the blackness spreads like a vestment along its sides. The sides of the head are a very bright yellow. From below it is very difficult to see the olive yellowish green of its upper plumage, but it is plain this is the black-throated green warbler (*Dendroica virens*). Next to the yellow summer warbler (*D. aestiva*) it appears to be now the most common of the warblers in the forest.

The blue slated colored juncos (*Junco hiemalis*) chirped and flitted about, expanding their tails as if to show what a good white "V" they can display when gliding through the air by means of the two white feathers on each side of their tails.

The American crow (*Corvus americana*) broke the spell of music with his hoarse "caw, caw," and the shadow of his black wings seemed to bring night; so I turned my footsteps homeward, dreaming.

Inspector C. W. Roscoe, A. M.



We are sure that very many of our readers will welcome this number of the REVIEW, containing as it does such a good likeness of C. W. Roscoe, A.M., Inspector of Schools for Kings and Hants Counties, Nova Scotia.

Mr. Roscoe was born in the quaint and romantic little settlement of Hall's Harbour, on the Bay of Fundy, on the 31st of August, 1839. He grew up a strong, active and thoughtful boy — fond of his books, but for a time learning more from the varied employments of the farm. At length he had the good fortune to attend for one year a school taught by Mr. Calkin, now Principal Calkin of the Provincial Normal School.