

THE ROCKWOOD REVIEW

—like the bat and bees, and moths
—of undergoing a six months food-
less sleep, enables them perman-
ently to hold their ground in the
struggle for existence.

About the 8th of May a family
group of young Shore Larks were
seen by my son near to the border
of an oatfield where he happened
to be working. The young birds
were in immature plumage, and had
evidently only recently sallied forth
from the parental nest, as they were
still under the noticeable surveil-
lance of their senior relatives. This
species of Lark has been known to
build a nest in this vicinity, and to
incubate and produce young in the
month of March! before the big
snow drifts had quite melted away.
We have been thus informed upon
testimony that one considers reli-
able, but the fact that this species
breeds hereabout is incontrover-
tible.

The sparsity of Bluebirds this
season is a very remarkable pheno-
menon, the oldest inhabitant never
remembers a similar condition of
things. Letters from Michigan,
and also from the N. Eastern U.
States, describe a similar condition
of bird life as now prevalent in
those localities.

Of birds that live on the ground,
such as Larks, Song Sparrows,
Plovers, Snipes and Sandpipers,
there is the average profusion, but
of forest frequenting families, (and
even of common Robins), the num-
bers are thought to be smaller than
was ever known heretofore in the
spring season.

No one species is known to be
absent, and even a few Bluebirds
are at long intervals met with—
"Whippoorwills" came early in
good big numbers. Almost all the
customary little Warblers were seen
and heard during May.

Yours truly,

W. YATES.

UNDER THE GREENWOOD TREE.

All under the greenwood tree,
In the leafy month of June,
With the soaring bird and the wild-
ing bee,
The boy's heart is in tune.
For the wandering spirit in man
always,
Leaps up to be free as the waves at
play.

The touch of the grass to his feet,
And the sun, and the wind, and the
rain,
Are comrades remembered and
sweet,
That make him a boy again,
To follow with all a boy's delight
The squirrel's leap and the wild
- bird's flight.

The stars shine overhead,
And the leaves have a lulling song,
And his sleep is sweet in his fra-
grant bed,
Unbroken the whole night long ;
For the kindly earth like a mother's
breast,
Brings soothing and healing and
utter rest.

When the summer days grow long,
And the nights are dewy and sweet,
Come forth of the city's bustling
throng,
And the noise of the bustling street,
And live as the birds live, merry
and free,
Under the shade of the greenwood
tree.

K. S. McL.