

## THE ROCKWOOD REVIEW

—like the bat and bees, and moths  
—of undergoing a six months foodless sleep, enables them permanently 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 surveillance 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 reliable, but the fact that this species breeds hereabout is incontrovertible.

The sparsity of Bluebirds this season is a very remarkable phenomenon, 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 numbers 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 fragrant 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.