

## THE BEECH WOODS

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Each season had its changing moods and its variable nights. The hope of Spring or the bloom of Summer cannot approach the Autumn Night of rare aromas and enchanting moonlight. The woods were wrapped in calm repose, yet seemed to pulsate in the soft flood that bathed all objects and hung above the far horizon like a bridal veil. From the new-sown wheat fields the scent of burning pine came floating through the air, and the glow of burning stumps marked the border of the new-ground. On these nights the quavering voice of the little owl echoed across the fields and was answered in the neighbouring woods by another plaintive call. All through the hours of shimmering light these soft voices answered back and forth, adding a magic touch to the romantic Night.

Later in the season of falling leaves the rains came and flooded the creek and the raccoon came down to search for frogs in the pools and shallows. In years gone by these furred creatures were plentiful in the Beech Woods, and in those days of the muzzle-loader the