

all-loving Creator in all the ever-varying parts of the country, whether it be a bleak, cold, bare moor, a fruitful meadow, a fresh-running stream, a dense, darkened wood, a rough marsh, or amongst the eternal snows of the great silent Alps. In all these places I have met my feathered friends.

The little dashing Merlin and the loud-calling Curlew have often been my only companions amidst the moors and hills of Wales and Scotland: yet in such bare spots, where, as far as the eye could reach, there has been nothing but dry, coarse grass—no trees, no bushes, just the sunshine, grass, the wind—and my friends the birds. What a glorious place a meadow is in the summer-time before the mowers have been at work, when the tall grasses wave gently to and fro to the music of the soft wind! The birds are singing for very joy. Over all, high up in the deep, deep blue, the Skylark carols his lay of love, while down below Whinchats and Pipits pipe their shorter songs. The gently flowing stream and the wildly rushing river have also their birds. It is one of the chief charms of