

—with their hedgerows gay with blossoms, diffusing sweet perfumes and jubilant with the song of birds!

English hedges are famous nesting-places for many of the feathered tribes. I can recall the pleasure of my first inspection of the nest of the Long-Tailed Tit (*Parus caudatus*). It was a seemingly compact ball of the finest and greenest moss; but it had on one side a small round entrance, closed with a feather. The tit lays many tiny white eggs, spotted with lilac.

Another nest that attracted my attention in my early days was that of the Red-backed Shrike (*Lanius collurio* L.). The mother bird was sitting on her pretty, cream-coloured, richly spotted eggs. Meanwhile her mate was busy attending to her wants. He kept her larder well supplied. On the thorns around her were impaled little blind mice and callow birds, shewing that the common name of *Butcher-bird* was justly given to this feathered pillager. But—as an Eastern Township housewife said in praise of her husband, so we may say of the Shrike—"He is a good provider."

It is said* that the English ornithologist, Gould, dated his interest in bird life from the time when, in his childhood, he was lifted up to see the pretty blue eggs in a hedge-sparrow's nest.

Here and there, in the South of England, a lane leaves the enclosures and traverses a piece of common land covered with bushes of the Furze (*Ulex europæus*). This strange plant, which has spines instead of leaves, is, in its season, gorgeous in its wealth of golden bloom. Linnæus, on first beholding it upon Wandsworth Common, fell upon his knees and thanked God who had created a thing so beautiful.

Elsewhere the lane enters, it may be, a stretch of woodland, the game preserve of the lord of the surrounding Manor; and there, truly, the wayfarer is in the midst of charming sights and sounds. In early spring the woods around him are ankle-deep with blue-bells, anemones and primroses. Later in the year the stately foxglove (*Digitalis purpurea* L.) rears its shafts of purple bloom, and "lords and ladies" look out from their stalls.

Many beautiful butterflies sport around. I can mention but a few of them. The pretty Speckled Wood (*Lasiommata aegeria*)

*Country Walks of a Naturalist with his Children, p. 109.