

and sallies out on his work of nocturnal destruction. The *night hawk* is on the wing in pursuit of his insect prey, and repeating his "beet"-like notes, while in the dark and solitary woods the beautiful *chip-poor-will* begins his evening hymn.

As the Autumn advances, most of our wild strangers become silent, or utter sad and mournful notes, and to a stranger visiting the backwoods during the Winter season they, at a distance, present a desolate and unanimated appearance. Most of the feathered race, impelled by migratory impulses, and the alarms of winter, have fled from our hills and valleys to the more temperate regions of the south. Yet the naturalist finds much to contemplate and admire, even in the depths of winter. There are still some dozen of different orders, who like true friends in misfortune, forsake not their native woods, even when the *Icy Monarch* has divested the trees of their summer foliage, frozen the murmuring brooks, and covered the landscape with a carpet of spotless snow. The loud "caw" of the *Carriion crow* is frequently heard as he roams over the frozen fields in search of his prey; the *White owl* and the *Kite hawk* are often seen on the same mission; the *Cross-bill*, the *Chipping-bird* and the *Snow-bird*, often alight in the barn-yard; the noisy calls of the *Blue Jay*, the loud tapping of the *Sap Sucker* while in quest of his wormy prey, upon some old tree, and the thunder-like noise of the *Partridges* wings are well known to the hunter, while if the weather is calm, though the air is cold and the frozen snow glitters like brilliant gems in the solar rays, the pleasant lay of the *Chick-a-dee-dee*, the laughing ditty of the *Nanny-bird*, and the low melody of the *Tree Creeper* fall on the listening ear and delight the student of nature. A more particular account of some of those birds who thus brave the cold and storms of the Canadian winter, and render vocal our woods and fields during the summer, will be found as we progress onward.

SEPTEMBER.

BY THE EDITOR.

Delightful portion of Canadian clime—
 Subdued, yet gorgeous, beautiful, sublime—
 We hail thee! fairest season of the year,
 September, pleasant, Summer cool, fine, clear.
 We place a chaplet wreath upon thy name,
 And crown thee Queen of Months, and write thy fame.

Laden with luscious fruits and tropic spoils;
 The crowning harvest of kind Nature's toils;
 The ripe, sweet apple, and the mellow pear,
 The plum and peach, the grape and melon, share
 Their well-known riches, and give, what they can,
 Choice, esculent, rich, healthy food to man.