

black and white striped wings. We must ask its name! Then following our leader—he pretends to know and takes the wrong road for variety—we gather at the rendezvous.

It is a beautiful spot, a little green dale with hills rising gently around it,—hills covered with many trees of lightsome garments and here and there a sombre pine. At our feet is a hearty little stream, and you can trace its course by the brown-leaved bushes coaxed to its side. In and out of these bushes flashes the black-throated blue warbler, and from all sides come the songs of the birds. It is their even-song. Up behind the hills, great, soft, white and grey and golden clouds are gathering, and the light and shade fall on the fields before us. We see it all and hear it almost unconsciously, for our leaders now are telling each the results of his afternoon's search. They are wonderfully modest, these leaders. They never make us feel the amount of their knowledge and the littleness of ours, but ever strive to interest and cheer us on to know more and to love better.

Mr. Macoun speaks of the birds that have charmed us with color and flight and song, and our unspoken questions are answered. It is because of the shelter of the meadow that so many birds have gathered here this afternoon. Warblers in unusual variety and sparrows and black-birds! It is not on the beauty of these little creatures that the speaker dwells, it is on their usefulness. How dependent we are on them! For should these little creatures cease to be, what is to save our crops from utter blight of insect life grown strong through absence of its old-time foe! There is so much practical value in our study of Nature.

And now it is Mr. Clarke's turn. And as he speaks of tree and flower and bush, a beauty comes to them,—a beauty quite apart from form and color. How, on the wooded hillside grow the hepatica, bellwort, adder's tongue, barren strawberry, columbine, trillium, mitrewort, squirrel corn and wild ginger. And down in the low grounds along the stream, the violets in profusion make their home, and the marsh-marigolds and sweet gale and meadow rue and *Spiraea salicifolia* fringing the stream in great numbers, but not in bloom. And on the dry, thin soil the white cedar, red cedar and juniper find the land of their choice. It is a charming talk and impossible of reproduction by the unlearned.

Mr. Halkett speaks of various zoological objects collected during the afternoon. Of mollusks, there were species of land snails (*Helicoids*), a specimen of a fresh-water snail (*Planorbis*), and a shell of a bivalve-mollusk (*Sphærium*), the last mentioned