

and richly attired. The tint of their bronzy plumes varies from deep crone and rusty orange to tawny olive, and the gray appears in several shades, while some individuals bear crowns and rumps of a decidedly tawny tint. The immature males cannot be distinguished from the females. All these varieties of plumage are usually found in a flock, though seldom are many of the highly-colored males seen together, and in a small company not one may appear.

These birds come to us every year—come with the snow flakes, for they are winter visitors only—but very often they keep under cover of the deeper forests and only the woodsmen see them. If the storms to the northward have been especially severe, or food is scarce, then the pine grosbeaks come with increased numbers, and roaming from place to place in quest of food swarm into the settlements and feast upon the rich red clusters the mountain ash carries for just such hungry maws. The staple diet of these birds is fruit in summer time, and fruit and seeds in winter.

The pine grosbeaks breed from the lower fur countries northward—Nelson reporting them in numbers along the Alaskan rivers. A few pairs, doubtless, summer farther southward every year, and I should expect to find them on almost any of the Laurentian hills. The only well-authenticated nest that has been taken was discovered by Mr. Philip Cox on the Restigouche River, in New Brunswick. One summer a few pairs were found by my friend Banks in a thick grove overlooking the Kennebecacis River, near St. John, but a prolonged search failed to reveal the desired nest. But while hunting for the nest Banks and I were enabled to see something more of the bird's habits than their erratic winter movements permit. In winter they are gentle and extremely confiding, never bickering about the coveted mouthful, nor displaying any awkward fear when passers-by stop to watch them. One winter's day I walked into the midst of a flock that were gathering the berries that had fallen on the crusted snow. They barely made room for me to pass, and one bold fellow hopped between my legs as I stood, picking as he went. The birds Banks and I met in June were just as tame and confiding, and just as gentle with one another as were the winter visitors.

I had the good fortune to hear the male's love song on those