

birds and the orioles, that come back to us only when the warm sun of May has banished all signs of frost, now take their departure. We miss the scarlet flash of the tanagers and even the pewees have deserted their summer haunts,—the bridges and the dilapidated sheds. The bluebirds and the noisy bobolinks have left for other climes. So unlike other friends of the feathered tribe, these birds make very little fuss when leave-taking. They probably know how dear they are to us and have taken the poet's advice to steal away and give little warning. They say not "Good-night," but in the summer time to come bid us "Good-morning."

But no matter how quietly they slip away, we feel the loss of every one of them, a loss which would be far more serious did not some of our other bird friends try to palliate it. At no time of the year are the crows, jays and blackbirds so noisy. The crows gather together in great flocks, and from morn till night make the air resound with their ceaseless "caw." From all around, in the depths of the woods and in the neighborhood of grain fields, the shrieking of the jays is heard. The blackbirds return from the northern woods where they went early in summer to hatch and rear their second brood of young; and being banded together in flocks try, one would think, to make amends for the pleasure which they had deprived us of in their summer outing in the North.

This noise one may say is a rather poor substitute for the floods of melody of our summer songsters, but the time has to be taken into consideration. For instance, on a bright frosty morning in October, the constant chirping of a flock of blackbirds as they hop around in search of their food might be more welcome at that particular time than even the most melodious notes of a catbird, thrush or robin. The last named bird which remains with us all Fall knows just how out of place his happy song of the spring would be on October mornings, so substitutes for it a merry chirp.

There are many, very many features, that make Autumn a delightful season, far too many in fact to be taken note of here. The two things above all others that render her charming are the beauty of her vegetation and the pleasantness of her atmosphere.

It is in the Fall that Nature puts on her most luxurious garment, her evening dress of truly wonderful hues. One who has not been in Canada in Autumn can scarcely imagine the variety of colours that the woods present at that time. Nearly every colour in the spectrum is represented there, in the bright red of the sumac, the orange and yellow hues of the poplar and birch, the green of the pines and cedars, and the almost purplish tints of the