

SUB-EXCURSIONS.

---

Old Beaver Meadow, did you say? Follow the old road past the old toll-gate and you'll come to it. You must be mistaken,—for the meadow where the Field Naturalists gathered on the 18th of May, 1907, could never be called old. Such a charmingly fresh and beautiful spot! Nature in all the suggestiveness of youth! The delicate traceries of the branches of elm and maple were half concealed, half set forth, by a wonderful indescribable adornment of fluffy tufts and tiny tendrils and wee curled buds. Leaves, did you call them? Such an ordinary name! Nature has nothing so ordinary! And, Oh! the colors of everything! That delicate yellow green and the cool silver-grey, and those browns—golden brown, brown and reddish brown! How the colors of Spring haunt the mind of the artist, as with futile attempt he mingles the tints of his paint box, trying with the seductive wiles of combination to catch just that tone! How it pursues him in his dreams—just that tone!

But imagination would wander as the Field Naturalists wandered that afternoon, and would that the results of its meanderings might be as satisfying. Through the cedar woods they went, some here, some there; some to find happiness in the gentle hepatica, fair trillium and aromatic ginger-root, and treasures of tree and shrub, others in the birds, the many colored warblers and sweet-voiced sparrows, others again absorbed in the little creatures that creep or fly, some indeed that both creep and fly, and yet again, a group who find the greatest charms in a hard, grey substance which sometimes yields its secrets reluctantly, but those secrets possess the charm of the classics in that, though dead, they live forever.

As for us, and there were many like us, we enjoyed something of it all. "Gleam and gloom, and woodland bloom, and breezy breaths of all perfume!" An overturned rock showed groups of tiny ants, brown and black, like moving beads. Ever and anon the clear, sweet note of the white-throated sparrow came to us. Then, through a barbed-wire fence to a cutting of lime-stone rock. What an interesting old-time world, Mr. Wilson points out to us! Shells and crinoids and coral, all preserved, as Mother Nature knows how, between the leaves of her hard, grey book. Such an alluring story for those who will trouble to read!

Then back through the woods! Now some one finds a "good old snail with an English name." Then a flash of color calls to our eyes,—it is a warbler! There is another! But what a beauty! Such a brilliant orange throat and yellow head and