

return again to their winter homes, without being being able to raise a single offspring.

On the 15th of June I saw another nest of the Canadian warbler, which then contained young a few days old. This was placed in the upper side of a hemlock "up turn," on the lower side of which I had noted a nest of the species the two previous years. As I had occasion to pass that way during the following days, I several times saw the mother bird seated on the nest, brooding over her young; and I thought as I gazed on the lovely creature that a more perfect picture of motherly care, affection and peacefulness could not be imagined, and I was pleased to think that she would succeed in raising her little family in peace and safety.

THE OVEN BIRD.

On the 14th of June, as I was passing with a team of horses attached to a wagon, along a road-way through the above mentioned wood, my companion directed my attention to the action of a small bird that was seen to flush almost from under the horses' feet, and by her manner of running along the ground, indicated that she had been disturbed off her nest. A little search discovered her home which contained three young just hatched out. This was a nest of an oven bird, otherwise known as the acceator, or golden-crowned thrush. It was partly sunk in the virgin mould, amid dry leaves and some wild flower stalks, and under a small branch, and composed of dry leaves and decayed vegetable stalks, and being covered over like a small hut, or oven, was so well concealed that the passer by even in searching for it, could fail in most cases to notice it; and this site was only a few inches from where the horses and cattle had walked with heavy steps, and where the wheels of the wagon had sunk deep in the soft earth. It contained three young just hatched; and the mother bird in leaving it acted more like a mouse, than a creature with wings. This interesting member of the warbler family is still a tolerably common summer resident of the remnant of our forest; and owing to the peculiar manner in which it constructs its nest, manages to secrete its eggs, and thus continues its existence in its ancestral home, from which so many others of the avifaunian race have been driven to seek new homes in more secluded retreats. The mother