

shape of limited powers of flight, have started on their long journey, doing it by regular and easy stages, while others grouping together in pleasure parties roam apparently aimlessly about the country, having a jolly good time, accepting the question with no great seriousness, yet always tending in their roving towards their winter home, arriving at and passing without apparent reason far beyond the point of suitable temperature. Many mothers among the later migrants and moulters are anxiously awaiting the development of their slow feathering young and are busily training these novices to the necessities of the occasion; while all, even residents, are industriously trimming their winter clothes and otherwise preparing for the winter frost. Let us take a walk and mark what we see at this interesting, exciting, yet seemingly sad season, when all nature is preparing to go to her annual sleep or rest. In the woods, the fields, the marshes, everywhere we go we find life flitting about from bush to bush, among the grasses and through the rushes. Wading the bogs and sloughs, swimming the rivers and ponds, and soaring high above us, are the birds, but oh, how silent. Everywhere birds, yet none of the ecstatic bursts of melody of spring, none of the cheering and solacing music of the summer. Although all realize the necessity of the move, the spirit in which it is carried out is strikingly different from that shown in the northern or awakening journey of the spring. Some are anxious to be gone, some hold back as long as possible, and some even warble a parting ditty to their native heath, but the general movement is a silent one, and one morning we awake to find ourselves alone; the woods, fields and sloughs are deserted, and then, and not till then, do we realize that summer is gone with the birds and that winter is upon us. As we go into the fields a small flock of variegated buff-colored birds arise in front of us and flutter off with a metallic "clink, clink," which tells us immediately that they are bobolinks, and we see that besides losing his rollicking song of spring, the male bird has also abandoned his dress suit of black and white and has put on a plain suit like that of his wife and young. Further on, as we come into the larger grass and bush, a flock of small birds flutter up ahead of us and drop again out of sight with a faint "chip" or "cheep." These we see are the sparrows which sang so beautifully for us all summer by the road-