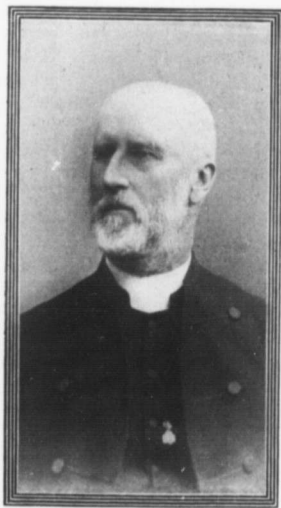


## The Farmer's Wood Lot.

BY REVEREND THOMAS W. FYLES, D.C.L., F.L.S.

[For about thirty years Dr. Fyles has been an active member of the Entomological Society of Ontario. He was a member of the Council from 1882 to 1883, delegate to the Royal Society of Canada in 1890, 1894 and 1895, member of the Editing Committee of "The Canadian Entomologist" since 1889, and President of the Society from 1890 to 1901. He has also been President of the Quebec Branch of the Society since its formation, in 1897.

The following is a portion of a paper read at the recent annual meeting of the Entomological Society of Ontario; the whole will be published in its forthcoming annual report.—Ed.]



REVEREND THOMAS W. FYLES.

"How dear to this heart are the scenes  
of my childhood,

When fond recollection presents  
them to view:

The orchard, the meadow, the deep  
tangled wildwood,

And ev'ry loved spot that my in  
fancy knew.

Many a man who, in early life, left  
his father's homestead to try his for

tune far away, has listened to the song  
of "The Old Oaken Bucket" with keen  
emotion.

It is the nature of man to

—"look before and after,  
and sigh for what is not."

and, in his leisure moments, when  
wearied with the turmoil of the busy  
world, the fancy of the exile from  
home will often revert to the scenes  
of his early life.

Among the cherished recollections  
of such an one will be the Wood Lot,  
with its stately trees, its pleasant  
glades, its cool retreats.

He will think of its hazel copses, its  
blackberry tangles, its furred and fea-  
thered denizens, its wealth of flowers.

He can call to mind its appearance  
in the early summer when all the trees  
of the wood rejoiced before the Lord,  
when the delicate green of the young  
foliage was relieved by the yellow cat-  
kins of the birches and the darker hues  
of the pines.

The glories of its autumn tints will  
also present themselves to his fond re-  
membrance, the splendid crimson and  
gold of its maples, the Indian yellow  
of its beeches, the rich rosy bronze of  
its oaks.

It will seem to him as if the wood  
land were wont to don its richest robes,