

THE ROCKWOOD REVIEW

world's opinion would keep them from doing when at home. If I were asked to form an opinion of a man's character, on short notice, I would say let me "go a fishing" with him for two weeks, and I will tell you all about him. Nothing like camp life for bringing a man's true character to the surface. Our Blackstone Harbor friends have a parson from New York with them—one of the healthy kind—and on Sunday Prof. E. asked me if our party would come over to a short service they were to have. I replied that our people would be pleased to attend, and I went over to notify them. All accepted the invitation with evident pleasure, with the exception of Napoleon, who is not devoid of a reasonable suspicion regarding many of our movements. He smilingly said that he would "go to church," but the impression left on our minds was that he thought the service a very hypothetical creation, and even when we burnished up general appearances he still lacked faith. However, we sallied forth, Napoleon accompanying us with a good natured smile. When we reached the meeting place, the want of ritualistic appliances, and the general absence of the usual restraints, considered necessary at many religious functions, confirmed Nap. in his theory, and he was prepared to be facetious to any extent. The parson asked if any one could lead the singing with any reasonable certainty of striking the right key. Nap. at once rushed in with a brutal remark about the advisability of going over to our camp for a Kazoo, as accompaniment, and even suggested a comb and thin paper. His funny remarks were received in grim silence of the company, and it was only after several minutes Napoleon "tumbled" to the situation. By that time we had found it possible

to get our risibilities adjusted, and Nap. was extremely quiet for the rest of the service. The Litany was repeated without books, and the parson was evidently a little startled by some of the responses, as they had an air of originality, not usually detected in the Litany as we hear it at church, but if out of the usual form they were at least intended to convey some meaning, and as you know such is not always the case at home. The prayers and sermon offered by the New York parson were just such as you would expect from a pure minded man in nature's church, and I can honestly say that the service as a whole was one of the most impressive I can remember. There is not much in the way of sport in this letter, but surely the last bear story was enough for a time. However here is an item—Nap. generally manages to hook the largest fish. This week he caught a large mouthed black-bass, weighing eight pounds. Its head has been preserved, and its outline carved on a soft rock. For all its size, it was a very tame fish, and came up to the boat as quietly as a haddock. Au revoir.

WOODPECKERS.

Some things not generally known about them:—

The U. S. Department of Agriculture is doing excellent work in the way of educating the general public, and giving the people an intelligent idea of the usefulness of birds. One of the latest bulletins issued is in reference to the Food of Woodpeckers. Included with it is a technical article on the Tongues of Woodpeckers, by F. A. Lucas. The first article, by F. E. L. Beal, Ornithologist, is of deep interest to all lovers of birds, and furnishes the arguments necessary to answer the superficial grumbler with a shot