

the fence into the edge of the wood-lot, where with a final wave of their tails they would disappear from my view.

Not least among the pleasures of the autumn woods are the chipmunks and the squirrels. Wherever the hazel-nut bushes cover the stone walls, or beech trees skirt the edge of the clearings, the flash of their red over the rocks, or their rustling among the leaves, adds to the color and the call of Autumn.

In the dying year, when November throws the giant trees stark against the sky, and the last, red, maple leaf has faded and fallen to the ground; and, in the quiet of midday the west wind falls to a whisper, who would not wish to wander carefree over these wide expanses.

Winter also adds its silver touch to the fields and the hills. Then is the time for sledding and chopping. From the woods can be heard the crack of an axe wielded by some sturdy chopper, and the crash as some tree falls to the ground and carries the lesser saplings with it. In the evening when the road faintly stretches before them, and the evening star glows in the sky to the westward, the teams draw out of the woods, pause as the teamster takes one last look at the loads and the harness, and then slowly slue down the slope, down to where the lights in farm-houses glow in the distance. Hushed is the wind; the sound of the bells floats upward in the air; and the crunch of the sleds upon the frosty snow mingles with the teamster's voice. These are sights and sounds which will later be remembered with longing in the din of cities or in the hum of the tropics.

And then in the spring, when the snow melts from the southern slopes, and the streams, swollen with water and snow, rush to the valley, when the robin comes to the fields and the flicker calls from the high ash tree, an awakening comes to the uplands. The fragrant smell of newly-turned earth adds a touch to the evening air; and a sense of peace, and of longing, of hope for the future, comes to the person who now wanders here.

These are the spells of the uplands; here lies the Magic