

- (32) *Vireo flavifrons*.—Yellow-throated Vireo. Abundant generally.
- (33) *Dendroica aestiva*.—Yellow Warbler. Abundant generally. Nest and three young at Bloomfield.
- (34) *Geothlypis trichas*.—Maryland Yellow-throat. Abundant generally.
- (35) *Setophaga ruticilla*.—American Redstart. Common at Pompton Junction.
- (36) *Geothlypis carolinensis*.—Catbird. Common at Pompton Lakes. Several found in Oakland.
- (37) *Hylocichla mustelina*.—Wood Thrush. Common at Bloomfield and Pompton Junction. Nest and three eggs at Pompton Junction.

LATE MIGRANTS

- (39) *Dolichonyx oryzivorus*.—Bobolink. One at Wayne. Two at Bloomfield.
- (40) *Zonotrichia albicollis*.—White-throated Sparrow. Common at Bloomfield.
- (41) *Dendroica pensylvanica*.—Chestnut-sided Warbler. One at Bloomfield.
- (42) *Seiurus aurocapillus*.—Oven-bird. Three at Bloomfield.
- (43) *Wilsonia mitrata*.—Hooded Warbler. One at Bloomfield.

CASUAL VISITORS

- (44) *Pandion haliaetus carolinensis*.—American Osprey. One at Lake Inez, Pompton Lakes.
- (45) *Gallinago delicata*.—Wilson's Snipe. One at Bloomfield.
- (46) *Zenaidura macroura*.—Mourning Dove. One at Wayne. Was formerly a casual resident, but quite rare now.
- (47) *Vireo gilvus*.—Warbling Vireo. One at Lake Inez, Pompton Lakes.
- (48) *Sitta carolinensis*.—White-breasted Nuthatch. One at Pompton Lakes.

THE END OF THE NIGHT.

It was night. No one was stirring in the village streets. A few brilliant stars gleamed from out the black sky. The late rising moon was still hid behind a massive bank of clouds piled up in majestic serenity on the eastern horizon.

I started home, afoot. It was five miles, but what cared I? Delicious memories of the blissful hours just over were

nestling among the cushions of my brain, and, often, I had walked much farther. In the fields around me and in the air above me, I could hear the calls of the night birds. Everywhere was the cry of the kildeer and the plaintive *peet weet* of the woodcock probing for worms in the wet fields. Overhead the night-flying migrants kept calling to one another; but not a bird could I see.

A light wind began to blow. I heard a wild, mournful, agonized, soul-piercing scream, followed by a miserable, high-pitched, it's-all-up-with-me groan. "What in thunder?" There was no way past but by, and I am always interested in ghosts; so I tramped on until I could distinguish the wheel of a farmer's windmill revolving with "soul-piercing" shrieks for grease.

Just at three o'clock, the moon flipped up from behind her vapory screen of clouds, and, at the same moment, a song sparrow in a bush by the roadside, woke with a jerk and started off in the middle of his song. Just why he began in the middle, I do not know, unless he had been dreaming and woke with the song on his mind, or he was still so sleepy that he could think only of the last part of it.

On I tramped, thinking of this and other things, until a robin began to carol his matutinal hymn from a fence post; the vesper sparrows chanted their matins, and the dickcissel began the monotonous rehearsal of his unmusical lays, which he repeats all through the long summer days. The cock's shrill clarion re-echoed from every chicken-coop, and the flute-like whistle of the meadowlark was the avian bugle-call for breakfast. From the woods beside the road came the energetic *wichity wichity* of the Northern yellowthroat, the earnest song of the indigo bunting, and the sleepy call of the wood pewee. The sky grew lighter and lighter, and all the robins of the neighborhood seemd to have united for one grand concerto, assisted by the tuneful song sparrow and monotonous chippy. As the regal sun swung up over the horizon in gorgeous state, it was greeted by a tinkling burst

of the golden song of the bobolink. Then joined the chorus the full-voiced melody of a farmer calling his swine. And the day was begun.

Ada, Ohio.

WHEELER McMILLEN.

THE BOBOLINK.

The metallic *tink* of the bobolink,
 As he passes o'er at night,
 Is the signal gong of the coming throng,
 In their long-continued flight,
 From the tropical rains of Brazilian plains
 To their northern nesting site.

The manifold charms of buckeye farms
 Have drawn him away from the land
 Of beautiful flowers and verdant bowers
 That were built by the unseen hand.
 Soon, the fairy god's dart will pierce his gay heart,
 And his little brown mate and he
 Will build them a home, a glorious throne,
 In a kingdom of musical glee.

In rapture he sings and the meadow-land rings
 With a medley of golden notes;
 They flow from his throat and onward they float
 Like a fleet of æolian boats.
 They tunefully tinkle as their melodies sprinkle
 O'er the landscape far and near:
 They jauntily jingle as they merrily mingle
 With the summer atmosphere.
 In sunshine or rain, ever free from all pain,
 He pours forth his rhapsodies,
 Over meadow and field, where with lips unsealed,
 The daisies are kissed by the breeze.

Ada, Ohio.

—*Wheeler McMillen.*