Uniformity, of the great Space, of the great Truth, of the great Law, — this is perfection. The great ONE is omnipresent, the great Negative is omnipotent, the great Nomenclature is all-inclusive, the great Uniformity is all-assimilative, the great Space is all-receptive, the great Truth is all-exacting, the great Law is all-binding. The ultimate end is God. He is manifested in the laws of nature. He is the hidden spring. At the beginning He was. This, however, is inexplicable. It is unknowable. But from the unknowable we reach the known. Investigation must not be limited, nor must it be unlimited. In this vague undefinedness there is an actuality. Time does not change it. It cannot suffer diminution. May we not then call it our great Guide? Why not bring our doubting hearts to investigation thereof, and then, using certainty to dispel doubt, revert to a state without doubt, in which doubt is doubly dead?"

A Chinese commentator, speaking of the section to which this is the conclusion, says, "The force of language can no further go." Nor can it.

William Davies.

IN A PASTURE BY THE GREAT SALT LAKE.

THE word "pasture" as used on the shore of the Great Salt Lake conveys no true idea to one whose associations with that word have been formed in States east of the Rocky Mountains. Imagine an extensive inclosure on the side of a mountain, with its barren-looking soil strewn with rocks of all sizes, from a pebble to a boulder, cut across by an irrigating ditch or a mountain brook, dotted here and there by sage bushes and patches of oak-brush and wild roses, and one has a picture of a Salt Lake pasture. Closely examined, it has other peculiarities. There is no halfway in its growths, no shading off, so to speak, as elsewhere; not an isolated shrub, not a solitary tree, flourishes in the strange soil; trees and shrubs crowd close together as if for protection, and the clump, of whatever size or shape, ends abruptly, with the desert coming up to its very edge. Yet the soil, though it seems to be the driest and most unpromising of baked gray mud, needs nothing more than a little water to clothe itself luxuriantly; the course of a brook, or even an irrigating ditch, if permanent, is marked by a thick and varied border of greenery. What the poor creatures who wandered over those dreary wastes could find to eat was a problem to be solved only by close observation of their ways.

"H. H." said, some years ago, that the magnificent yucca, the glory of the Colorado mesas, was being exterminated by wandering cows who ate the buds as soon as they appeared. The cattle of Utah — or their owners — have a like crime to answer for: not only do they constantly feed upon rose buds and leaves, notwithstanding the thorns, but they regale themselves upon nearly every flower plant that shows its head; lupines were the chosen dainty of my friend's horse. The animals become expert at getting this unnatural food; it is curious to watch the deftness with which a cow will go through a currant or gooseberry bush, thrusting her head far down among the branches, and carefully picking off the tender leaves, while leaving the stems untouched, and the matter-of-course way in which she will bend over and pull down a tall sapling to despoil it of its foliage.

In a pasture such as I have described, on the western slope of one of the Rocky Mountains, desolate and for-

bidding though it looked, many hours of last summer's May and June "went their way," if not

"As softly as sweet dreams go down the night,"

certainly with interest and pleasure to two bird-students whose ways I have sometimes chronicled.

Most conspicuous, as we toiled upward toward our breezy pasture, was a bird whose chosen station was a fence, — a wire fence at that. He was a tanager; not our brilliant beauty in scarlet and black, but one far more gorgeous and eccentric in costume, having with the black wings and tail of our bird a breast of shining yellow and a cap of crimson. His occupation on the sweet May mornings that he lingered with us, on his way up the mountains for the summer, was the familiar one of getting his living, and to that he gave his mind without reserve. Not once did he turn curious eyes upon us as we sauntered by, or rested awhile to watch him. Eagerly his pretty head turned this way and that, but not for us; it was for the winged creatures of the air he looked, and when one that pleased his fancy fluttered by he dashed out and secured it, returning to a post or the fence, just as absorbed and just as eager for the next one. Every time he alighted, it was a few feet farther down the fence, and thus he worked his way out of our sight without seeming aware of our existence.

This was not stupidity on the part of the crimson-head, nor was it foolhardiness; it was simply trust in his guardian, — for he had one, one who watched every movement of ours with close attention, whose vigilance was never relaxed, and who appeared, when we saw her, to be above the need of food. A plain personage she was, clad in modest dull yellow, the female tanager. She was probably his mate; at any rate, she gradually followed him down the fence, keeping fifteen or twenty feet behind him all the time, with an eye on us, ready to give warning of the slightest aggressive movement on our part. It would be interesting to know how my lord behaves up in those sky parlors where his summer home is made. No doubt he is as tender and devoted as most of his race (all his race, I would say, if Mr. Torrey had not shaken our faith in the ruby-throat), and I have no doubt that the little redheads in the nest will be well looked after and fed by their fly-catching papa.

Far different from the cool unconcern of the crimson-headed tanager were the manners of another red-headed dweller on the mountain. The green-tailed towhee he is called in the books, though the red of his head is much more conspicuous than the green of his tail. In this bird, the high-bred repose of his neighbor was replaced by the most fussy restlessness. When we surprised him on the lowest wire of the fence, he was terribly disconcerted, not to say thrown into a panic. He usually stood a moment, holding his long tail up in the air, flirted his wings, turned his body this way and that in great excitement, then hopped to the nearest boulder, slipped down behind it, and ran off through the sage bushes like a mouse. More than this we were never able to see, and where he lived and how his spouse looked we do not know to this day.

Most interesting of the birds that we saw on our daily way to the pasture were the gulls, great, beautiful, snowy creatures, who looked strangely out of place so far away from the seashore. Stranger, too, than their change of residence was their change of manners, from the wild, unapproachable sea birds, soaring and diving, and apparently spending their lives on wings such as the poet writes of:

"When I had wings, my brother,
Such wings were mine as thine;"

and of whose lives he further says:—

"What place man may, we claim it,
But thine, — whose thought may name it?
Free birds live higher than freemen,
And gladlier ye than we."

From this high place in our thoughts, from this realm of poetry and mystery, to come down almost to the tameness of the barnyard fowl is a marvelous transformation, and one is tempted to believe the solemn announcement of the Salt Lake prophet, that the Lord sent them to his chosen people.

The occasion of this alleged special favor to the Latter Day Saints was the advent, about twenty years ago, of clouds of grasshoppers, before which the crops of the Western States and Territories were destroyed as by fire. It was then, in their hour of greatest need, when the food upon which depended a whole people was threatened, that these beautiful winged messengers appeared. In large flocks they came, from no one knows where, and settled, like so many sparrows, all over the land, devouring almost without ceasing the hosts of the foe. The crops were saved, and all Deseret rejoiced. Was it any wonder that a people trained to regard the head of their church as the direct representative of the Highest should believe these to be really birds of God, and should accordingly cherish them? Well would it be for themselves if other Christian peoples were equally believing, and protected and cherished other winged messengers sent just as truly to protect their crops.

The shrewd man who wielded the destinies of his people beside the Salt Lake secured the future usefulness of what they considered the miraculous visitation by fixing a penalty of five dollars upon the head of every gull in the Territory. And now, the birds having found congenial nesting-places on solitary islands in the lake, their descendants are so fearless and so tame that they habitually follow the plough like a flock of chickens, rising from almost under the feet of the indifferent horses, and settling down at once in the furrow behind, seeking out and eating greedily all the worms and grubs and larvæ and mice and moles that the plough has disturbed in its passage. The Mormon cultivator has sense enough to appreciate such service, and no man or boy dreams of lifting a finger against his best friend.

Extraordinary indeed was this sight to eyes accustomed to seeing every bird that attempts to render like service shot and snared, and swept from the face of the earth. Our hearts warmed toward the "Sons of Zion," and our respect for their intelligence increased, as we hurried down to the field to see this latter-day wonder.

Whether the birds distinguished between "saints" and sinners, or whether their confidence extended only to ploughboys, they would not let us come near them. But our glasses brought them close, and we had a very good study of them, finding exceeding interest in their ways; their quaint faces as they flew toward us; their dignified walk; their expression of disapproval, lifting the wings high above the back till they met; their queer and constant cries in the tone of a child who whines; and, above all, their use of the wonderful wings, — "half wing, half wave," Mrs. Spofford calls them.

To rise from the earth upon these beautiful great arms seemed to be not so easy as it looks. Some of the graceful birds lifted them, and ran a little before leaving the ground, and all of them left both legs hanging, and both feet jerking awkwardly at every wing-beat for a few moments after starting, before they carefully drew each flesh-colored foot up into its feather pillow,

> "And gray and silver up the dome
> Of gray and silver skies went sailing,"

in ever-widening circles, without moving a feather that we could perceive. It was charming to see how nicely they folded down their splendid wings, on alighting, stretching each one out, and apparently straightening every feather before laying it into its place.

Several hours this interesting flock accompanied the horses and man around

the field, taking possession of each furrow as it was laid open, and chattering and eating as fast as they could; and the question occurred to me, If a field that is thoroughly gleaned over every spring furnishes so great a supply of creatures hurtful to vegetation, what must be the state of grounds which are carefully protected from such gleaning, on which no bird is allowed to forage?

As noon approached, the hour when "birds their wise siesta take," although the plough did not cease its monotonous round, the birds retired in a body to the still untouched middle of the field, and settled themselves for their "nooning;" dusting themselves — their snowy plumes! — like hens on an ash heap, sitting about in knots like parties of ducks, preening and shaking themselves out, or going at once to sleep, according to their several tastes. Half an hour's rest sufficed for the more active spirits, and then they treated us, their patient observers, to an aerial exhibition. A large number, perhaps three quarters of the flock, rose in a body and began a spiral flight. Higher and higher they went, in wider and wider circles, till, against the white clouds, they looked like a swarm of midges, and against the blue the eye could not distinguish them. Then from out of the sky dropped one after another, leaving the soaring flock, looking wonderfully ethereal and gauzy in the clear air, with the sun above him, almost like a spirit bird gliding motionless through the ether, till he alighted at last quietly beside his fellows on the ground. In another half-hour they were all behind the plough again, hard at work.

When we had looked our fill, we straightway sought out and questioned some of the wise men among the "peculiar people." This is what we learned: that when ploughing is over the birds retire to their home, an island in the lake, where, being eminently social birds, their nests are built in a community. Their beneficent service to mankind does not end with the ploughing season, for when that is over they turn their attention to the fish that are brought into the lake by the fresh-water streams, at once strangled by its excess of salt, and their bodies washed up on the shore. What would become of the human residents if that animal deposit were left for the fierce sun to dispose of may perhaps be imagined. The gull should indeed be a sacred bird in Utah.

What drew us first to the pasture — which we come to at last — was our search for a magpie's nest. The home of this knowing fellow is the Rocky Mountain region, and naturally he was the first bird we thought of looking for. There would be no difficulty in finding nests, we thought, for we came upon magpies everywhere in our walks. Now, one alighted on a fence post, a few yards ahead of us, earnestly regarding our approach, tilting upward his long, expressive tail, the black of his plumage shining with brilliant blue reflections, and the white fairly dazzling the eyes. Again, we caught glimpses of two or three of the beautiful birds walking about on the ground, holding their precious tails well up from the earth, and gleaning industriously the insect life of the horse pasture. At the same moment we were saluted from the top of a tall tree, and shrieked at by one passing over our heads, looking like an immense dragonfly against the sky. Magpie voices were heard from morning till night; strange, loud calls of "mag! mag!" were ever in our ears. "Oh yes," we had said, "we must surely go out some morning and find a nest."

First we inquired. Everybody knew where they built, in oak-brush or in apple-trees, but not a boy in that village knew where there was a nest. Oh no, not one! A man confessed to the guilty secret, and, directed by him, we took a long walk through the village with its queer little houses, many of them having the two front doors which tell the tale of Mormondom within; up the long side-

walk, with a beautiful bounding mountain brook running down the gutter, as if it were a tame irrigating ditch; to a big gate in a "combination fence." (What this latter might be we had wondered, but relied upon knowing it when we saw it, — and we did: it was a fence of laths held together by wires woven between them, and we recognized the fitness of the name instantly.) Then on through the big gate, down a long lane, where we ran the gauntlet of the family cows; over, or under, bars, where awaited us a tribe of colts with their anxious mammas; and at last to the tree, and the nest. There our guide met us, and climbed up to explore. Alas! the nest robber had anticipated us.

Slowly we took our way home, resolved to ask no more help, but to seek for ourselves; for the nest that is *known* is the nest that is robbed. So the next morning, armed with camp chairs and alpenstocks, drinking-cups and notebooks, we started up the mountain, where we could at least find solitude and the fresh air of the hills. We climbed till we were tired, and then, as was our custom, sat down to rest and breathe, and see who lived in that part of the world. Without thought of the height we had reached, we turned our backs to the mountain rising bare and steep before us, and behold! the outlook struck us dumb.

There at our feet lay the village, smothered in orchards and shade trees, the locusts just then huge bouquets of graceful bloom and delicious odor, buzzing with hundreds of bees and hummingbirds; beyond was a stretch of cultivated fields in various shades of green and brown; and then the lake, — beautiful and wonderful Salt Lake, glowing with exquisite colors, now hyacinth blue, changing in places to tender green or golden brown, again sparkling like a vast bed of diamonds. In the foreground lay Antelope Island, in hues of purple and bronze, with its chain of hills and graceful sky line; and resting on the horizon beyond were the peaks of the grand Oquirrhs, capped with snow. Well might we forget our quest while gazing on this impressive scene, trying to fix its various features in our memories, to be an eternal possession.

We were recalled to the business in hand by the sudden appearance, on the top of a tree below us, of one of the birds we sought. The branch bent and swayed as the heavy fellow settled upon it, and in a moment a comrade came, calling vigorously, and alighted on a neighboring branch. A few minutes they remained, with flirting tails, conversing in garrulous tones; then together they rose on broad wings and passed away, — away over the fields, almost out of sight, before they dropped into a patch of oak-brush. After them appeared others, and we sat there a long time, hoping to see at least one that had its home within our reach. But every bird that passed over turned its face to the mountains: some seemed to head for the dim Oquirrhs across the lake, while others disappeared over the top of the Wasatch behind us; not one paused in our neighborhood, excepting long enough to look at us, and express its opinion in loud and not very polite tones.

It was then and there that we noticed our pasture; the entrance was beside us. Shall we go in? was always the question before an inclosure. We looked over the wall. It was plainly the abode of horses, — meek workaday beings, who certainly would not resent our intrusion. Oak-brush was there in plenty, and that is the chosen home of the magpie. We hesitated; we started for the gate. It was held in place by a rope, elaborately and securely tied in many knots; but we had learned something about the gates of this "promised land," — that between the posts and the stone wall may usually be found space enough to slip through without disturbing the fastenings.

In that country no one goes through a gate who can possibly go around it; and

well is it, indeed, for the stranger and the wayfarer in "Zion" that such is the custom, for the idiosyncrasies of gates were endless; they agreed only in never fitting their place and never opening properly. If the gate was in one piece, it sagged so that it must be lifted; or it had lost one hinge, and fell over on the rash individual who loosened the fastenings; or it was about falling to pieces, and must be handled like a piece of choice bricabrac. If it had a latch, it was rusty, or did not fit; and if it had not, it was fastened either by a board slipped in to act as a bar, and never known to be of the right size, or in some occult way which would require the skill of "the lady from Philadelphia." If it was of the fashion that opens in the middle, each individual gate had its special and particular "kink" which must be learned by the uninitiated before he — or what is worse, she — could pass. Many were held together by a hoop or link of iron dropped over the two end posts; but whether the gate must be pulled out or pushed in, and at exactly what angle it would consent to receive the link, was to be found out only by experience. But not all gates were so simple even as this; the ingenuity with which a variety of fastenings, all to avoid the natural and obvious one of a hook and staple, had been evolved in the rural mind was fairly startling. The energy and thought that had been bestowed upon this little matter of avoiding a gate hook would have built a bridge across Salt Lake, or tunneled the Uintas for an irrigating ditch.

Happily, we too had learned to "slip through," and we passed the gate with its rope puzzle, and the six or eight horses who pointed inquiring ears toward their unwonted visitors, and hastened to get under cover before the birds, if any lived there, should come home.

The oak-brush, which we then approached, is a curious and interesting form of vegetation. It is a mass of oak-trees, all of the same age, growing as close as they can stand, with branches down to the ground. It looks as if each patch had sprung from a great fall of acorns from one tree, or perhaps were shoots from the roots of a perished tree. The clumps are more or less irregularly round, set down in a barren piece of ground or among the sage bushes. At a distance, on the side of a mountain, they resemble patches of moss of varying shape. When two or three feet high, one is a thick, solid mat; when it reaches an altitude of six to eight feet, it is an impenetrable thicket, — except, that is, when it happens to be in a pasture. Horses and cattle find such scanty pickings in the fields that they nibble every green thing, even oak leaves, and so they clear the brush as high as they can reach. When, therefore, it is fifteen feet high, there is a thick roof the animals are not able to reach, and one may look through a patch to the light beyond. The stems and lower branches, though kept bare of leaves, are so close together, and so intertwined and tangled, that forcing one's way through it is an impossibility. But the horses have made, and kept open, paths in every direction; and this turns it into a delightful grove, a cool retreat, which others appreciate as well as the makers.

Selecting a favorable-looking clump of oak-brush, we attempted to get in without using the open horse paths, where we should be in plain sight. Melancholy was the result: hats pulled off, hair disheveled, garments torn, feet tripped, and wounds and scratches innumerable. Several minutes of hard work and stubborn endurance enabled us to penetrate not more than half a dozen feet, when we managed, in some sort of fashion, to sit down, on opposite sides of the grove. Then, relying upon our "protective coloring" (not evolved, but carefully selected in the shops), we subsided into silence, hoping not to be observed when the birds came home; for there was the nest before us.

A wise and canny builder is Madam Mag, for though her home must be large to accommodate her size, and conspicuous because of the shallowness of the foliage above her, it is, in a way, a fortress, to despoil which the marauder must encounter a weapon not to be despised, a stout beak, animated and impelled by indignant motherhood. The structure was made of sticks, and enormous in size; a half-bushel measure would hardly have held it. It was covered, as if to protect her, and it had two openings under the cover, toward either of which she could turn her face. It looked like a big, coarsely woven basket, resting in a crotch up under the leaves, with a nearly close cover, supported by a small branch above. The sitting bird could draw herself down out of sight, or she could defend herself and her brood at either entrance.

I, in my retreat, had noted all these points before any sign of life appeared in the brush. Then there came a low cry of "mag! mag!" and the bird entered near the ground. She alighted on a dead branch which swung back and forth, while she kept her balance with her beautiful tail. She did not appear to look around; apparently she had no suspicions, and did not notice us, sitting motionless and breathless in our respective places. Her head was turned to the nest, and by easy stages, and with many pauses, she made her way to it. I could not see that she had a companion, for I dared not stir so much as a finger; but while she moved about near the nest, there came to the eager listener on the ground low, tender utterances in the sweetest of voices (whether one or two I know not), and at last a song, a true melody, of a yearning, thrilling quality, that few song birds, if any, can excel. I was astounded! Who would suspect the harsh-voiced, screaming magpie of such notes! I am certain that the bird, or birds, had no suspicion of listeners to the home talk and song, for after we were discovered we heard nothing of the sort.

This little episode ended, madam slipped into her nest, and all became silent; she in her place, and I in mine. If this state of things could only remain; if she would only accept me as a tree trunk, or a misshapen boulder, and pay no attention to me, what a beautiful study I should have! Half an hour, perhaps more, passed, without a sound, and then the silence was broken by magpie calls from without. The sitting bird left the nest and flew out of the grove, quite near the ground; I heard much talk and chatter in low tones outside, and they flew. I slipped out as quickly as possible, wishing indeed that I had wings, as they had, and went home, encouraged to think I should really be able to study the magpie.

But I did not know my bird. The next day, before I knew she was about, she discovered me, though it was plain that she hoped I had not discovered her. Instantly she became silent and wary, coming to her nest, over the top of the trees, so quietly that I should not have known it except for her shadow on the leaves. No talk or song now fell upon my ear; calls outside were few and subdued. Everything was different from the natural unconsciousness of the previous day; the birds were on guard, and henceforth I should be under surveillance.

From this moment I lost my pleasure in the study; for I feel little interest in the actions of a bird under the constraint of an unwelcome presence, or in the shadow of constant fear and dread. What I care to see is the natural life, the free, unstudied ways, of birds that do not notice or are not disturbed by spectators. Nor have I any pleasure in going about the country staring into every tree and poking into every bush, thrusting irreverent hands into the mysteries of other lives, and rudely tearing away the veils that others have drawn around their private affairs. That they are only birds does not signify to me; they are my fellow-creatures, and they have rights which I am bound to respect.

I prefer to make myself so little obvious, or so apparently harmless, to a bird that she will herself show me her nest, or at least the leafy screen behind which it is hidden. Then if I take advantage of her absence to spy upon her treasures, it is as a friend only, — a friend who respects her desire for seclusion, who never lays profane hands upon them, and who shares the secret only with one equally reverent and loving. Naturally, I do not find so many nests as do the vandals to whom nothing is sacred, but I enjoy what I do find, in a way it hath not entered into their hearts to conceive.

In spite of my disinclination, we made one more call upon the magpie family, and this time we had a reception. This bird is intelligent, and by no means a slave to habit; because he has behaved in a certain way once, there is no law, avian or divine, that compels him to repeat that conduct on the next occasion. Nor is it safe to generalize about him, or any other bird for that matter. One cannot say, "The magpie does thus and so," because each individual magpie has his own way of doing, and circumstances alter cases, with birds as well as people.

On this occasion we placed ourselves boldly, though very quietly, in the paths that run through the oak-brush. We had abandoned all attempt at concealment; we could hope only for tolerance. The birds readily understood; they appreciated that they were seen and watched, and their manners changed accordingly. The first one of the black-and-white gentry who entered the grove discovered my comrade, and announced the presence of the enemy by a loud cry, in what somebody has aptly called a "frontier tone of voice." Instantly another appeared, and added his remarks; then another, and still another, till within five minutes there were ten or twelve excited magpies shouting at the top of their voices, and hopping and flying about her head, coming ever nearer and nearer, as if they meditated a personal attack. I did not really fear it, but I kept close watch, while remaining motionless in the hope that they would not notice me. Vain hope! nothing could escape those sharp eyes when once the bird was aroused. After they had said what they chose to my friend, who received the taunts and abuse of the infuriated mob in meek silence, lifting not her voice to reply, they turned the stream of their eloquence upon me.

I was equally passive, for indeed I felt that they had a grievance. We have no right to expect birds to tell one human being from another, so long as we, with all our boasted intelligence, cannot tell one crow or one magpie from another, and all the week they had suffered persecution at the hands of the village boys. Young magpies, nestlings, were in nearly every house, and the birds had endured pillage, and some of them doubtless death. I did not blame the grieved parents for the reception they gave us; from their point of view, we belonged to the enemy.

After the storm had swept by, and while we sat there waiting to see if the birds would return, one of the horses of the pasture made his appearance on the side where I sat, now eating the top of a rosebush, now snipping off a flower plant that had succeeded in getting two leaves above the ground, but at every step coming nearer me. It was plain that he contemplated retiring to this shady grove, and, not so observing as the magpies, did not see that it was already occupied. When he was not more than ten feet away, I snatched off my sun hat and waved it before him, not wishing to make a noise. He stopped instantly, stared wildly for a moment as if he had never seen such an apparition, then wheeled with a snort, flung out his heels in disrespect, and galloped off down the field.

The incident was insignificant, but the result was curious. So long as we stayed in that bit of brush not a horse attempted to enter, though they all

browsed around outside. They avoided it as if it were haunted, or, as my comrade said, "filled with beckoning forms." Nor was that all; I have reason to think they never again entered that particular patch of brush; for, some weeks after we had abandoned the study of magpies, and the pasture altogether, we found the spot transformed, as if by the wand of enchantment. From the burned-up desert outside we stepped at once into a miniature paradise, to our surprise, almost our consternation. Excepting the footpaths through it, it bore no appearance of having ever been a thoroughfare. Around the foot of every tree had grown up clumps of ferns or brakes, a yard high, luxuriant, graceful, and exquisite in form and color; and peeping out from under them were flowers, dainty wildings we had not before seen there. A bit of the tropics or a gem out of fairyland it looked to our sun and sand weary eyes. Outside were the burning sun of June, a withering hot wind, and yellow and dead vegetation; within were cool greenness and a mere rustle of leaves whispering of the gale. It was the loveliest bit of greenery we saw on the shores of the Great Salt Lake. It was marvelous; it was almost uncanny.

Our daily trips to the pasture had ceased, and other birds and other nests had occupied our thoughts for a week or two, when we resolved to pay a last visit to our old haunts, to see if we could learn anything of the magpies. We went through the pasture, led by the voices of the birds away over to the farther side; and there, across another fenced pasture, we heard them plainly, calling and chattering and making much noise, but in different tones from any we had heard before. Evidently, a magpie nursery had been established over there. We fancied we could distinguish maternal reproof and loving baby-talk, beside the weaker voices of the young, and we went home rejoicing to believe that, in spite of nest robbers and the fright we had given them, some young magpies were growing up to enliven the world another summer.

Olive Thorne Miller.

A WINTER TWILIGHT.

Blood-shotten through the bleak, gigantic trees,
The sunset, o'er a wilderness of snow,
Startles the wolfish winds that wilder grow
As hunger mocks their howling miseries.
In every skulking shadow Fancy sees
The menace of an undiscovered foe, —
A sullen footstep, treacherous and slow,
That comes, or into deeper darkness flees.
Nor day nor night, in time's eternal round
Whereof the tides are telling, e'er hath passed
This isthmus-hour, — this dim, mysterious land
That sets their lives asunder, — where upcast
Their earliest and their latest waves resound,
As each, alternate, nears or leaves the strand.

John B. Tabb.