

pitch and intensity. Sometimes it sounds like a dream voice floating gently from the summer land of youth, and again it vibrates with startling distinctness like a present call to duty. Occasionally a dainty trill is substituted for this inspired and inspiring opening, while the remainder of the song may consist of a half-dozen notes precisely alike, or of a succession of groups three or four in number. There is a soulful quality, an ethereal purity, and a caressing sweetness about the whole performance which makes one sure the door is opened into the third heaven of bird music.

Once as I sat entranced before this new-found Orpheus a Lark Sparrow broke into song at half the distance. In pained astonishment and wrath I turned upon him—him even! “Oh, please not now! Mon enfant! Please not now!”

A DECEMBER HERMIT THRUSH.

LYNDS JONES.

Readers of the BULLETIN will be familiar with the sandstone knob features of the northwestern parts of Lorain county, Ohio, from previous descriptions of mine. One of these knobs lies a half mile south of Brownhelm Station on the L. S. & M. S. R. R.. It marks the site of former extensive operations and activities in the industry of sandstone quarrying, but the place has since been abandoned for more profitable and extensive fields to the east and south, leaving the sheer, smooth rock walls where the drill last left its mark, heaps of stone rubbish on the other side of the excavated area, just beyond the deep pool which never freezes, and hard by the old stone buildings now used for barns. On December 4, in company with three other bird lovers, I tramped the twenty-one miles to Lake Erie, with this abandoned quarry as one of the objective points in the line of march. In the tangle on the east side of this old quarry, with barn refuse within easy reach, we found a solitary Hermit Thrush (*Hylocichla guttata pallasi*). I

have always contended that these tangles would prove retreats for birds not found regularly so far north in winter, and here is corroboration. The weather had been unusually mild, without snow to speak of, up to Thanksgiving day, but on that day about two inches of snow fell, with a cold wave, and ever since the ground has been covered with from two to four inches of snow. On several nights the temperature fell below 10°, but the thrush seemed to be as robust and contented as could well be. Robins were also seen during the day, and one flock of Pine Grosbeaks. The occurrence of southern species wintering with northern species seems remarkable. The study of the winter birds, during this winter, promises to be worthy of unusual interest.

BLACK SKIMMER AT WOODS HOLE, MASS.

LYNDS JONES.

The rarity of the Black Skimmer anywhere along the Massachusetts coast makes any occurrence worthy of note. Messrs. Howe and Allen, in their "Birds of Massachusetts" give the only Woods Hole record as follows: (page 28) "Falmouth, Woods Holl, a young bird taken August 19, 1879, by John F. Carlton, and now in the collection of the Boston Society of Natural History." I have a record of a bird in full plumage, July 16, 1903, for the Woepecket Islands. The bird appeared soon after my arrival at 8:30 A. M., and remained near the islands, circling around them several times, and approaching me within a few yards twice. It was so pestered by the terns that it finally flew down Buzzards Bay and disappeared oceanward.

A NEW YEAR HORIZON.

The editor again calls for New Year Horizons from all localities. We made a good beginning last year, but let us do far better this time. The offer to send free of cost a year's