

DEALING WITH A COWARD.

One day, upon enquiring of a boy his reason for committing a certain piece of mischief, I received the not unusual reply, "John and Charlie and Sam told me to." "Oh! did they?" I replied. "Well, be very careful always to do anything that John and Charlie and Sam tell you to do." The boy looked foolish, while the whole school roared, and never again while I stayed among them did I receive that cowardly excuse for any wrong doing.

Communications.

THE BIRDS OF THE DISTRICT.

EDITOR EDUCATIONAL JOURNAL:—

I began the study of birds last summer with my pupils. I believe I knew about four birds to begin with. Before the summer was over we had learned the names of and something of the habits of about a hundred birds. Much of this knowledge was gained by the pupils. One of the chief results was the decrease of cruelty to all animals by the boys. A vesper sparrow built in the school grounds. At the time the young birds were hatched out the weather turned cold. I noticed that the boys were very careful in going near the nest not to drive the mother off them, subjecting the young ones to the cold.

I spent an hour one day in connecting a song I heard with the bird—the yellow warbler—whose nest I found later in a cranberry bush. I also found two mourning doves' nests. A king bird near here stole about a pound of bag string from a granary to build its nest. A wren would build in nothing but a khaki colored shirt when hung on the line.

I was surprised one day to see a cliff swallow hanging by the neck with the string caught in the eave-trough of a high bank barn. It puzzled me very much until I found that they frequently lined their mud nests with strings. In its flight the string had become entangled about its neck, the trailing end in turn catching in the eave-trough. This is the solution I thought most probable.

A gentleman in Clanwilliam one day noticed a little bird going through all kinds of antics, whirling around, turning somersaults, etc. He could not understand what it meant until he found that it had a nest a few feet away and was diverting his attention from the nest. It was our winter friend the chickadee.

Last summer I was attracted by a song very similar to that of the Baltimore oriole. The bird was so shy that I could not get near it, but I believe its back was striped with dark and gray; nearly white underneath; dark head, with a deep orange spot on throat and breast. The size was about that of the oriole.

There is a thrush here at present which answers nearly to the description of the olive-backed. I first noticed it on the 18th. Some days it sings a plaintive song from morning to night.

I saw a small bird last summer which I took to be a marsh wren. Do they build more than one nest? There were several built of mud on the reeds, only one of which seemed fit for occupancy.