

great tree wrestling mightily with the wintry gales, and extorting a glorious music from the storms it triumphantly defies.

Arbor Day will make the country visibly more beautiful every year. Every little community, every school district, will contribute to the good work. The school-house will gradually become an ornament, as it is already the great benefit of the village, and the children will be put in the way of living upon more friendly and intelligent terms with the bountiful nature which is so friendly to us.—*George William Curtis.*

Wonderful gifts are given us in the forests! In every tree he has made, our Father has put something for use and for delight, and in most of them, many things. 'We have the pine for health, and fragrance, for lofty music and noble suggestion; the fir and the spruce and the oak tree and the pine yet again to frame and finish and furnish our homes, to build our ships, to give us pulp for the pages of our newspapers and our books, and to make innumerable articles for use and convenience; the elm and the maple for grace and shade and comeliness, the birch and the beech, the ash and the willow and the poplar for similar uses, even in our northern lands. They give us gums and balms and homely medicines, and bark and resin and fuel; and we find them all good, as God did at the beginning.—*Selected.*

NATURE STUDY.

BY G. U. HAY.

Be kind to the birds. A friend tells me that he was once asked by an ornithologist in Boston to procure the nest of a myrtle-warbler, which is rarely found near that city. He went far into the woods, for this bird is shy when nesting time comes and seeks some quiet covert in the forest. At last he found a pretty little nest in a fir tree. He took out the eggs and packed them in cotton wool in a box. Next, he carefully separated the nest from the tree. While he was doing this, the little mother-bird was hovering over his hand, sometimes touching it with her wings, all the time uttering her pleading cries. His heart was touched. He put the nest back into its place, unpacked the eggs and put them carefully in it. Then he retired to some distance and watched. The bird came back to her nest and finding that all was right, quietly sat on her eggs again.

My friend also tells me that he once shot at a downy woodpecker. He wounded but did not kill the bird, and the poor little creature made frantic efforts to reach her nest which was found to be not

far off, in the hollow of a dead tree. But she was too badly hurt to get to it, and had to be killed to put her out of misery. The heart of the man was touched as he looked upon the devotion of the mother-bird, and he resolved to kill no more birds nor take any more nests for specimens while the birds were in possession.

My friend, who I hope will some day tell in his own words bird stories to readers of the REVIEW, says that he keeps a "roll-call" at the time of migration exactly as the teacher keeps a register. He puts down the names of his birds as he sees them, just as a teacher writes down the names of new pupils when they come to school. Then he has his "daily attendance" columns, in which a cross is placed if the bird is "present" while he is on his rambles for that day. Thus the "roll-call" shows at the end of the season the time of the first and last appearance of each bird as well as the "total days' attendance." Let your pupils try keeping a "roll-call" of birds, and another for the coming into bloom of the flowers and the time of their staying in bloom. The latter, if kept up from year to year, will show some interesting facts about each season and its flowers.

My friend also gives me an interesting point about his observation of birds, which those would do well to note who send descriptions to the REVIEW for identification. If he catches a glimpse of a bird flitting about, he notes down exactly everything about its head. Then when the bird appears again, or another of the same species, he notes the breast; next the back; then the wings — one at a time until the observation is complete. He does not move about, for fear of disturbing and alarming his "little friends," but having chosen his position he keeps it, and the birds soon show the same curiosity to find out about him as he does to study them. In the bird season they usually flock around in such numbers as to bewilder him, and confuse his notes, did he try to make a complete description of one bird at once. But for a certain time, no matter how many birds come into view, he sees nothing but "heads;" then "breasts;" and so on until the list is complete. Then he takes a leisurely and satisfactory view of the whole bird, noting other points not before included, as well as the habits and songs.

HINTS FOR PLANT WORK.

Are twigs alive? How do we know anything is alive when it is quiet? What is breathing? What do we breathe through? Do twigs breathe, and how? Search for breathing mouths. What do we breathe? How do plants get the moisture they breathe out?