

Rhyming Birds.

Complete the following verses by inserting the names of well-known birds.

Now soaring high, while gazing at the sun,
Or perched upon some cliff, with aspect regal,
Far, far above the range of hunter's gun,
What bird is that? The * * * * *

A Bible tale oft runneth in my head,
Which, on my memory deeply graven,
Tells of a prophet who by birds was fed,
What bird was that? The * * * * *

Wise birds are they who to the moon complain,
Of wolf and fox and bears who nightly prowls;
Though rats and mice flee from that bird in vain,
What bird is that? The * * * * *

Black vest, white coat, with collar buff or yellow;
What bird is this dear scholars? Can you think?
His song is cheery, light and gay, yet mellow.
Sure, 'tis the * * * * *

What bird so dear, we scarce could do without him?
To build his nest, he seizes cord and bobbin.
His whistling notes enchant the air about him.
You can't mistake the * * * * *

—*Woman's Home Companion for September.*

The Review's Question Box.

A. M. H. writes from Hampton, N. B.: The enclosed moss-like excrescence grew on our sweet-brier rosebush. It is very pretty and curious. Would you kindly tell me what it is?

It is a type of what observers may see everywhere on vegetation, especially at this season, not only on rose-bushes but on willows, on the stems of goldenrod, on oaks and on the leaves or stems of nearly all our trees and plants. The history of this formation on the sweet-brier is the history of all, but with countless variations, according to the different structure and habits of insects. An insect lays its eggs upon the succulent leaf or stem. The pulpy matter of the leaf becomes disordered and swollen forming a house for the young insects when hatched. Probably had our correspondent cut into the centre of the mass the larva of the insect would have been discovered secure in its retreat, and not only secure but with abundance of juicy plant food to thrive upon. These homes of insects are some of the wonders of the vegetable world and are a source of unfailing interest to young people. Not only do these galls afford

shelter for countless insects in the "baby" stage, but as they grow they literally eat themselves "out of house and home." The empty shell with a hole, the avenue of the grub's retreat, may often be found later in the season or on next year's dried stem, completing the story.

This specimen of our correspondent, so Dr. C. Gordon Hewitt, the Dominion Entomologist, informs the REVIEW, is one of the moss galls caused by a small hymenopterous insect or gall-wasp belonging to the genus *Rhodites*, and it is not unlikely that this is the gall of the common species — *Rhodites rosae*.

This interesting subject will be treated at length in an illustrated article in a further number of the REVIEW if our correspondents wish it. In the meantime teachers may send us specimens which will be named through the REVIEW by its friends who are anxious to do this service for teachers. And Dr. Hewitt is among the number.

Teaching Children Self-Control.

It was a pleasure to witness, not long ago, in a neighbor's child, the working out of the theory of rewarding goodness instead of punishing badness in children.

Little Margaret, of ten, was a girl of unusual brightness, but her quick, sharp tongue brought her many troubles.

Whippings she accepted as her natural birthright, but they left her no nearer self-control. At last the mother was taken ill, and a nurse of wide experience came into the home. The care of Margaret was one of her duties, and as she watched her day by day she felt a pity for the child.

So the nurse studied Margaret, and she found a point of vantage. Margaret had a wonderful love of stories, and was never so happy as when listening to the recital of one. Here was her chance. A story was promised to Margaret every night at bedtime, provided she had not given way to her temper during the day, and the rule was strictly adhered to. At first, of course, there were many nights of no story-telling. But with the help of the wise nurse little Margaret guarded her tongue more and more, until after a few months she seldom missed a story, and was herself proud of the victory.—*Harper's Bazar.*