

mountain-ash berries and a few insects were found in them.

Another useful bird is the robin. The writer has seen the farmers shooting them to keep them out of the cherry trees. Yet it has been found by careful observation that each robin eats on an average seventeen quarts of insects during the season and about the same amount of weed seeds.

There is much more that could be written in defence of the birds but this will suffice for the present. Shall we preserve the birds that destroy so many insect pests or kill the birds because they eat some grain and berries, leaving the pests to destroy vegetation? Which will be true economy?

An Autumn Thought.

The trees had long since changed their colour,

As through the woods I took my way,
October's hand had pressed so surely,
That leaf on leaf around me lay,
October's frosts had turned so purely
The ferns from green to white that day.

Undimmed as yet by forest fires

The sun peered through the branches brown,
Its face as usual round and yellow,
Smiling so warmly with never a frown,
Making this day in the fall so mellow
As onward I walked far out from town.

How calmly it shines on the world and its troubles,

How humble we feel as we gaze on its face,
How surely it teaches us strength and endurance,
Shining serenely through infinite space,
How, triumphant, it brings to us all the assurance
That God is behind it preparing our place!

No one can doubt for all must believe it—

We can see for ourselves—the words are God's own.
And surely with such an inducement before us,
Our tasks should be rendered with never a moan—
We might care less for self and more for our neighbour
For that only is reaped which ourselves have sown.

— M. L. S.

Fredericton, N. B., October, 1909.

Little three-year old Elner received a dime for taking a dose of castor-oil. The next day her big brother Fred asked her to pick up a basket of cobs. "How much will you give me?" she asked. "A nickle," replied her brother. "Humph!" said Elner, "I can make more than that taking castor-oil."—*The Delineator*.

Books for Children.

The following chief portions of a paper read by Miss Ethel G. Hannah at the meeting of the St. John, N. B., Teachers' Institute give the impressions of a young teacher who is still in touch with the books she loved to read as a child, in a home where ideal relations between parents and children seem to exist. The course of reading here outlined is an attractive one, and the REVIEW hopes that it may prove suggestive to children as well as to teachers. Miss Hannah's treatment of her subject is partly eclectic, giving, in addition to her own clear impressions, the opinions of authorities which she has selected in preparing her paper. After deploring the evil effects on the minds of children of the comic supplement, certain classes of moving pictures, the dime novel and sensational love stories, the writer says:

There are plenty of innocently funny things in this world without dragging in subjects that have a demoralizing tendency. With the present almost inexhaustible store of good literature for children the task of awakening their taste for it must certainly be a pleasure

If a literary taste is acquired by browsing among books when young, there is imperative need of cultivating that taste before the child is too old to yield to guidance. Clara Barton, founder of the Red Cross Society of America has said, "not alone the character of what is read, but the period in the life of the reader, will have much to do with the potency of results. The little girl who is so fortunate as to clasp her child fingers around a copy of 'Little Women' or 'Little Men' is in small danger from the effects of the literature she may afterwards meet. Her tastes are formed for wholesome food." Others than Clara Barton have blessed the memory of that beloved writer for children. Who does not know the "March Family." How we all loved and sympathized with Jo and rejoiced when she attained her heart's desire in having the "Little Men" around her. I shall never forget the feeling of sadness and regret which came over me on reading the closing words of "Jo's Boys" where the author says, "The curtain falls forever on the March Family." No doubt Miss Alcott felt that four volumes on the same subject were sufficient, but the charm of the tale was such that we always longed for more.

Sarah Maud, in "The Bird's Christmas Carol," was, in my estimation, a girl to be envied in receiving on that memorable Christmas a whole set of Miss Alcott's books. In what better way can we recall the joy these books afforded us than by instilling a longing for them in the minds of the children with whom we come in contact?