

and be accorded the freedom of the American continent.

All lovers of birds, it is felt, will join heartily in the plan proposed for the preservation of this ill-fated pigeon. In order, however, that a wide-spread interest may be aroused in the effort to locate nesting pairs there should also be local volunteer awards for the first undisturbed nest in each province. And a call is here made to our liberal-minded citizens for such local awards. Teachers throughout Canada should call the attention of the boys and girls to the plan and ask them to join in the search. The first nest discovered will draw Colonel Kuser's award of \$300.00 and the local award as well. That first nest is likely to be found in Canada.

Nearly all teachers are acquainted with the little game "Who am I?" The teacher places her hands over the eyes of some child and nods to another who says "Who am I?" They soon learn to recognize one another's voices. This game may be varied by having the second child run swiftly and silently to one side of the room, where he not only inquires "Who am I?" but "Where am I?" The blindfolded child responds "You are in the north," or "You are in the east," as the case may be. In most games an opportunity can be found for introducing reading or other scholastic knowledge. The game itself will supply the motive. For instance, in preparation for the game just mentioned, a drill on the points of the compass is necessary. Probably, in appropriate places, the names of the different directions are written. The sentences, "Who am I?" "Where am I?" will be placed on the board "so you may know just what you are to say." Even the tiny tots readily read these necessary sentences before the game is over.—*Selected.*

Leah was having her first lessons in punctuation. On her return from school she explained to her brother that a period was a dot, and a comma was a period that had sprouted.—*The Delineator for January.*

From a subscriber who had ordered the REVIEW to be discontinued: I did not intend taking the REVIEW this year but I miss it so much, especially the Current Events, that I must have it.

H. L. S.

Nature Study Class.

By W. H. MOORE, Scotch Lake, N. B.

When Summer Birds become Winter Birds.

Our birds are remarkable creatures, and some more remarkable than others. As a rule we are inclined to believe that our birds all go south in the winter season. Ordinarily this rule holds true with nearly all the species that are migratory, but we occasionally have winter seasons that have many surprises in store for us. This winter of 1909-10 is one of the kind, that has ornithological mysteries. Are they really mysteries? Is there not some way for us to know beforehand the species of birds that will remain with us throughout the winter season? To a certain extent we may readily answer in the affirmative.

In a short walk this morning, (Jan. 24), several migratory species of sparrow-like birds were observed. They were species that ordinarily go south of us to spend the winter season. The goldfinch, or thistle-bird, that we generally associate with bright sunny summer days, with its plaintive call sounding to us as "by-bee by-bee;" the purple finch which carols so loud and sweetly when orchards and other early wild flowers are in bloom; the junco, that bicolored bird of slaty and white, a patrol of roadside shrubbery and fence rows in summer; and that so called black villain the crow, who is not so black as painted.

There were others, but so erratic in their wanderings that it is no surprise to find them. They were the crossbills, redpolls and pine finches; but one that we have looked for this season, the pine grosbeak, has so far not been with us except a single straggler, flying high in air and calling in vain for company of its own kind. Why the grosbeaks are not here is one of the mysteries.

Why the crows are here this winter is another mystery. They have not been here at this season in thirty years. (This will not apply to the crow in many parts of the Maritime Provinces).

Why the thistle-bird, purple finch and junco are with us is not such a mystery. They are in this northern latitude because there is an abundance of food here for them. Their food supply in winter is mainly vegetable matter, yet without doubt they glean many insect eggs and larva and probably also some mature insects. The coniferous trees as well as the birches and some of the maples and ash trees have an abundance of seeds this winter—