

## The Rockwood Review.

patches of ground that are under preparation for the potato crop in the month of May, and if there are Tanagers in a neighborhood, they are sure to be seen in such situations at that time, either in quest of food or building material. Probably a number of the individual Tanagers are only young (but full fledged) birds, on first arrival here, for they are frequently very tame, as if unaccustomed to the sight of man and oblivious of danger, and we have sometimes approached so near to these first comers, as to suggest that their capture under a straw hat would have been no more difficult than would that of a butterfly. The Tanagers have been quite as numerous with us this year as they were ever observed to be; as late as last week their unmistakable chant could be heard in every piece of wild forest in this neighborhood, but by August their notes become fewer, and harsher, and less melodious.

As an instance of this may be mentioned the total desertion of this part of Burford, of the long-tailed Thrush or "brown Thrasher," T. Rufous. Years ago these birds were here nearly as numerous as the Robin, and were one of our sweetest singers. Their nests and eggs were frequently met with, when we were clearing land, under prostrate logs and in slashings. None have frequented this district during the last thirty years, yet ten miles distant, in the piny and gravelly areas of South Norwich township, those birds are nearly as common now as they once were hereabout.

"There was never mystery but 'tis  
written in the flowers,  
Was never secret history, but birds  
tell it in the bowers."

(That is, if one could only get at the right point of view, and translate and interpret the evidence, in

the light of all its significance, and of its far reaching affinities and relationship.)

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### A LITTLE LEARNING, &C.

They'd been learning Physiology  
In school that afternoon,  
But the words, so polysyllabic,  
Forgotten were quite soon.

Or remembered in so vague a way,  
One could but make a guess,  
At the meaning of the tortured terms  
They uttered with such stress.

It waste a time in their modest home:  
The boyish talk had ceased,  
And Mother was waiting patiently,  
Till, appetites appeased.

They'd resume the conversation,  
She'd so interesting found:  
About "auricles" and "vehicles,"  
Which keep the heart quite sound.

When his tea John drank so scalding hot,

He let his cup fall down,  
And clutched his throat, choked,  
Coughed and stamped,  
Nor heeded Mother's frown.

Till, gaining breath, he thus exploined,—

The family fears to calm,  
"It was not for naught this fuss I made,—  
I've burnt my 'diagram'."

Dick laughed in scorn, saying, as he rose,

And helped clear off the muss:  
"Your diaphragm's not your throat inside,

That's your 'sarcophagus'."

R. C.

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