

## Birds' Nests

Sparrow—

Where have I built my nest?  
Come to the field with me.  
Look in the grasses at your feet,  
You'll find it hard to see.  
In dress of modest brown  
We're scarcely noticed there,  
And in our happy little home  
We'll dwell quite free from care.

Woodpecker—

Where have I built my nest?  
You surely must have heard  
My rap-tap-tap; perhaps you thought  
That could not be a bird.  
In that old elm tree's branch  
I've worked for days and days  
With bill and feet, and hollowed out  
A nest that's worth your praise.

Crow—

Where have I built my nest?  
My time I do not waste,  
Like the oriole, in weaving nests;  
For that I have no taste.  
I quickly built a nest  
Of sticks, high in a tree;  
Then off I flew to the farmer's field;  
His corn has charms for me.

Robin—

Where have I built my nest.  
Up in your cherry tree.  
I surely shall be "right on hand"  
When the fruit is ripe, you see.  
'Tis made of twigs, weeds, stems;  
With dried grass it is lined,  
And then 'tis plastered o'er with mud,—  
A strong house, you will find.

Kingbird—

Where have I built my nest?  
Out in the apple tree.  
You've but to stand on tips of toes  
My little home to see.  
No other birds dare come  
To harm us in our tree;  
I drive them all away; my crest  
Proclaims me king, you see.

Red-winged Blackbird—

Where have I built my nest?  
Down in a tuft of green,  
Coarse meadow-grass near babbling brook,  
Where rushes tall are seen.  
Marsh marigolds lift up  
Their cups of shining gold;  
I soar above with outstretched wing  
And sing forth, gay and bold.

Swallow—

Where have I built my nest?  
Up in your barn; and then  
I made a lining soft and warm  
Of feathers from your hen.  
You see us oft about;  
We skim the water o'er

Most gracefully; in curving flight  
We lightly dart and soar.

Humming Bird—

Where have I built my nest?  
Indeed you have sharp eyes  
If you can see it on this limb,  
'Tis such a tiny size.  
With lichens covered o'er  
And lined with softest down;  
A dainty house for a dainty pair,  
No prettier in the town.

—Laura F. Armitage.

## The Flume.

[For the Review]

The quaint Indian name Magaguadavic ("the river of big eels") is doubtless familiar to many, and recalls the stream which rising in York flows through Charlotte County to meet the waters of Passamaquoddy Bay. Some thirty-five miles from its source is a flume or passage of singularly rugged beauty.

This river narrows suddenly, and the deep gorge called the flume is buttressed on either side by solid ledges rising to a height of fifty feet or more. A bridge spans the gorge, and becomes in freshet time a point of vantage from which the tumultuous waters may be seen careering oceanward. One evening recently a party drove across the bridge and stood on a rocky ledge near by overhanging the flume. Above the dam the water was smooth, though flowing swiftly. Its surface was disturbed only when a stray log glided toward the dam. But what a contrast when we look below the dam and see the seething, whirling mass of water at our feet! As it glides over the dam a sudden fury seems to seize it as it breaks against the rocks through the gorge. The curling waves dash the white spray upward with the impelling force of the torrent behind. Like a serpent the water curves itself in many folds as it presses through the pent-up channel; but once over the dam it breaks into a thousand white-capped undulations. The logs seem to be caught by unseen hands and dashed down, down in the turbulence of the water, only to rise again and be carried away by the current.

We stood here for some time, then entered the saw mill adjacent. Here the river had risen till it had nearly submerged the great wheel and threatened to sweep the building from its foundations. From this point we could view the river for some distance both below and above the dam. Above it the smooth water gleaming in the evening light; below it the turbulent hurrying current carrying with it everything in its path.

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