

"These snow sparrows are very hardy, and though some migrate to the States in the beginning of winter, a few stay in the Upper Province, and others come back to us before the snow is all gone.

"They are very pretty, neat looking birds, nurse, dark slate color with white breasts." (Furdus migratorious.)

"When I was a little girl I used to call them my Quaker birds, they looked so neat and trim. In the summer you may find their nests in the brush-heaps near the edge of the forest; they sing a soft low song."

"Nurse, I heard a bird singing yesterday when I was in the garden; it was not one of our pretty Quaker birds, but a little plain brown bird.

"It was a song-sparrow, lady Mary. This cheerful little bird comes with the snow birds, often before the 'robin.'"

"Oh nurse! the 'robin'! I wish you would show me a darling 'robin-redbreast.' I did not know that they lived in Canada."

"The bird that we call the robin in this country, my dear, is not like the little redbreast that you have seen at home. Our robin is twice as large. (Its color is purplish, black on the back, wings, and tail, breast white, in shape and size resembling the European robin.) I believe that it is really a thrush. It migrates in the fall, and returns to us very early in the spring."

"What is migrating, nurse?"

"When a person leaves his native country and goes to live in another, he is said to emigrate. This is the reason why the English, Scotch, and Irish families who come to live in Canada are called emigrants."

"What color are the Canada robins, nurse?"

"The head is blackish, the back a lead color, and the breast is pale orange; not so bright a red as the real robin."

"Have you ever seen their nests, nurse?"

"Yes, my dear, many of them. It is not a pretty nest; it is large and coarsely put together, of old dried grass and roots, and dead leaves, and inside it is plastered with clay, mixed with bits of straw, so as to form a sort of mortar. You know, lady Mary, that the black-bird and thrush build nests, and line them with plaster in this way."

The little lady nodded her head in assent.

"Nurse, I once saw a robin's nest when I was in England; it was in the side of a moss ditch, with primroses growing close beside it; it was made of green moss, and lined with white wool and hair; it was a pretty nest, with nice eggs in it, much better than your big robin's nest."

"Our robins build in great up-turned roots, and the corner of rail fences, and sometimes in the young pine trees and apple trees in