

An Hour with the Birds.

My thoughts were with the birds in their leafy bowers, and in order that I might be with them too, I took an afternoon stroll, August 21st, through my particular "Limberlost," and having reaped such enjoyment, I was led to think that perhaps some REVIEW readers might be interested.

I had gone but a short distance, when an open space and a pile of spruce cordwood invited me to rest. The only sound that greeted my ear was a full choir of chick-a-dees, each individual of which was busily engaged exploring nooks and crevices of near by spruce and tamarack; not so busy, however, but that he could add his notes of cheer to the general chorus. I had not waited long before a pair of black and white warblers attracted my attention. They, too, were busy insect-hunting after their spiral fashion.

Suddenly, like the coming of an autumn wind, I caught the sound of hosts of new bird voices, and the flutter of approaching wings. They came near and yet nearer, until every twig of every tree was literally alive with tiny, active, bright-plumaged bird folk; among them the Blackburnian Warbler in all his glory of black and orange plumes, with just enough of white to emphasize his brightness. The Black-throated green Warbler, minus the black throat, for if my observation has been correct, which I feel it has, the male loses his black throat in the latter part of the season, and the female and young never have any to lose. These last appeared most numerous. One came so near, that its wings brushed my sleeve, and alighted within reach of my hand.

Then among my warbler friends appeared the Red-breasted nuthatch, with his black crown banded with broad stripes of white, his bluish slate back and rusty red breast,—he could not be easily mistaken.

There were many others. The Summer Yellow-Bird and Yellow Palm Warbler, and others that I could not identify, all uttering their own particular call notes or snatches of song.

I enjoyed the society of this bright company for perhaps fifteen or twenty minutes, and then they were gone completely, not a stray one left. The chick-a-dees still chattered, but that was all; my bird wave had passed over. It seemed strange to me, for at that time of day, 2.30 p. m., although often in that vicinity, I very rarely see other than

juncos, peabodys and chick-a-dees. The conclusion I reached, whether right or wrong, was: The warblers are collecting their forces, preparatory to their journey southward, and I happened to be fortunate enough to see their retinue pass.

Chipman, N. B.,

M. M. F. F.

August, 1912.

The Influence of the Summer School.

NINA E. DAVISON.

The first day of school is now past and gone. According to Dr. Perrin, the success or failure of each teacher has been demonstrated. We do not doubt that Summer School has been responsible for many successes.

The enthusiasm, born or nurtured, in the nature study classes at Yarmouth would be in evidence the very first day of school, and the desire to collect specimens of nature's handiwork would be felt.

Many student teachers at Yarmouth carried home tangible evidences of their work, pressed and mounted plants, insects, stones, drawings of specimens and apparatus, as well as the work done in the drawing class, but to the credit of Mr. Allen's lecture—no birds. The bird-lover's motto we know, "A bird in the bush is worth two in the hand." We hope that more study will be given each year to the study of birds, for their economic value and their charm.

The great thought in the minds of this year's students is that the twenty-sixth session may have been the last. What can we do to prevent such a catastrophe? No other word could represent such a happening to us, loyal lovers of the Summer School of Science.

Will our provincial governments recognize our need of such an institution, and give it the help that is needed to put it on an equal standing with other schools?

How will our town councils, our municipal boards stand? Shall we not represent to them the great value of our school and ask their aid?

While I live I trust I shall have my trees, my peaceful, idyllic landscape, my free country life, at least half the year; and while I possess so much . . . I shall own one hundred thousand shares in the Bank of Contentment.—*Bayard Taylor.*