

adapting themselves to new conditions, and, as the woods are cut away, will select new nesting situations and adapt themselves to a change of food, will continue to increase in numbers provided they are protected from ruthless slaughter by the small boy and the Italian pot-hunter. On the other hand birds not capable of adapting themselves to changed conditions will recede with the cutting off of the forests or the settling of the prairie lands of the Canadian northwest, and ultimately become extinct unless strenuous measures for their protection are adopted. In the adaptable class I may cite as an example the cliff swallow, while in this class of birds not readily meeting changed conditions we will find many if not all of the game birds, and the best example of all of this class is the pileated woodpecker.

"It is believed to be an almost unvarying rule that adult birds return each summer to the same region and generally to the same identical spot to nest. Their young often do likewise, returning to the region where they were reared, although many young birds select new localities thus aiding in the extension of the range of a species. Of course birds are utterly dependent on a good food supply, and failing to find such will seek places where it may be found. This accounts for changes in range to a certain degree, while the natural increase is also responsible. Sometimes we are in a spot through just the right period of time to watch the influx and increase of a species. In the early nineties only a very few pair of meadow larks nested near Bangor. In 1893, I knew of only one pair, while a couple of years later I knew of three pairs nesting here. They have gradually increased. until last August (1909) they were scattered through the Penobscot Valley from Oldtown to Charleston, and I saw one flock of over a hundred including old and young near Corinth. They were also reported by Mrs. Eckstrom as having crossed the Penobscot River and being seen in Brewer for the first time in 1909. Rivers running in a general north and south direction retard the spread of a species for some time, and such rivers are generally not crossed in seeking an extension of range until a good reserve is massed on the opposite side. The meadow lark is another species increasing in numbers here with the cutting away of the woods and the spread of civilization. The Baltimore oriole is also a bird which has appeared in central Maine within the memory of men now living."

Lessons in English Literature.—XIII.

BY ELEANOR ROBINSON.

THE "FAERIE QUEENE."—Continued.

The Story of the Red Cross Knight.

While St. George was passing through these adventures, poor, unhappy Una, whom he had deserted, was wandering through deserts and forests in search of him. One day, very weary of the hard journey, she lay down to rest on the grass in the shade. She was so beautiful that

Her angel's face

As the great eye of heaven shined bright,
And made a sunshine in the shady place:
Did never mortal eye behold such heavenly grace.

A fierce lion rushed out of the wood to devour her, but seeing her loveliness, he forgot his fury, licked her feet and her lily hands, and when she went on her way walked by her side to protect her.

The Lion would not leave her desolate,
But with her went along, as a strong guard
Of her chaste person, and a faithful mate
Of her sad troubles and misfortunes hard.

The noble beast soon had an opportunity of showing his devotion, for while Una was sleeping in a little country hut, a wicked thief came and would have killed her, but that the lion tore him in pieces. Una had to flee away again, and as she was toiling wearily along, what was her joy to see, as she thought, her own true Knight, St. George, riding towards her! She welcomed him with delight, and they rode on together very happily, while he assured her that it was not his fault that he had left her, but that he had gone to do battle with a robber and oppressor. He swore that he would never leave her again, but would always be her faithful defender. They had not ridden far, however, when the third of the terrible band of brothers, *Sans Loy*, came riding fiercely against them. He attacked the Red Cross shield and sent its bearer crashing to the ground. Una begged for her Knight's life, but when his helmet was unlaced, behold! it was not St. George at all, but the wicked old magician, Archimago, in disguise. *Sans Loy* left him lying on the ground and carried off Una, after killing her faithful lion, who fought bravely in her defence. But Una was rescued by a band of faeries and satyrs, who treated her kindly, and adored her for her beauty and goodness. She was found among them by a great hunter, *Satyrane*, who loved her, and was happy in her company; but when she told him her grief he unselfishly led