that she belonged to a good family, and had pure rose blood; but that was self-understood, or she would not have been admitted at all; but her birthplace—her birthplace! "Born in this place," was written on her tablet, and one can imagine how agitated the roses from China and Japan, the East Indies, and the Island of Bourbon were. It passed from one to the other like wild fire. "Only think of it, she comes from here, only from this place."

One of the proud rose-matrons nodded to her compassionately and said, "You poor child, you must have had a very joyless youth; you cannot have had many friends!"

"Oh, yes!" answered the yellow rose, quickly; "I had a friend, a white rose, with whom I grew up."

The rose-matron pulled a face, and said in the most shocked tone, "But, my dear child, a white rose?" and it sounded as though she would like to say "Don't speak so loud; you make yourself ridiculous."

A second rose-matron pretended not to have heard, and said in a loud voice, "You were friendly with a white rose? Really with a white rose?"

The poor yellow rose began to feel very small as she heard the whisper spreading—"A white rose has been her friend."—for she had known before how dreadful that was. The first rose-matron came to her again, and said, "My dear child, I really cannot believe it. A white rose is nothing for you. She is much too common."

The yellow rose was overcome with shame that she had so little understood the ways of the world, and that she had hitherto so under-rated herself. She was quite confused, and said with a trembling voice, "Well, it was perhaps a little too much to say we were friends."

"Yes, I thought so," said the rose-matron; "the person probably clung to you, and you were too good-natured to shake her off."

When the yellow rose saw all eyes turned on her, her courage forsook her, and she said very softly: "Well, yes, that was it."

Scarcely had she said it when her heart felt very heavy, and she hung her head, and heard nothing, and saw nothing that went on around, but cried silently to herself.

(To be continued.)
note is the "Happy Families" now being gathered together. All our British birds, migrant and native, are on domestic cares. The latter have even begun to rear second broods.

Everywhere, the birds are "egging." What a joyful delight it is to inspect their nests and eggs! I have no sympathy for this "collector," as a rule he is a selfish Vandal, and will perhaps he doesn't "collect" anything except tombstones. Perhaps he doesn't mind "collecting" them if they are termed "Roman Alters." But to see that most exquisite of all productions (outside what we produce ourselves, of course), a bird's nest! Many of my readers are undoubtedly acquainted with poor William Hunt's water-colour drawings of nests and eggs. The sight of them is enough to make you fall in love with the objects. How much thought, care, and love has been expended to make this temporary home a nest? We are glad to call our own homes "nests." Never was there coined a prettier or more expressive word. Nor is the fact minimised because the instinct which enables a bird to construct such a nest is racial instead of individual—that is to say, has been gradually acquired by all the individuals of the species, instead of by one only.

Birds' nesting is one of the most delightful of country exploitations in May. Of course, you will neither steal an egg, nor disturb a callow youngster. But you will notice the fact that the young of all the true singing birds are born very helpless, and that they are three weeks old before they are feathered enough to fly. On the other hand, non-singing birds, like ducklings and chickens, rush out of the egg, and swim and peck about, as if the child was born a hundred years old. What is the reason for this ornithological differentiation? Is it (as is strongly suspected) that the helpless callow youngsters of all singing birds are detained in their nest three weeks or thereabouts, so as to be thoroughly well instructed by the singing lessons of their parent? Perhaps so, for nature does not understand the meaning of the word "accident."

A swarm of birds are nesting now—black cap, bunting, reed bunting, mountain sparrow, white throat, willow wren, corn crake, wood lark, shrike, goat sucker, wood warbler, spotted fly-catcher, swift, whinchat, sand martin, swallow, house martin, marsh tit, nightingale, &c., all are engaged in "egging." It is a busy and anxious time for them. Timid and yet defiant bright bird eyes glare at you from every nest you discover! Of all creatures, birds have most reason to suspect an enemy even in a sympathetic friend. They have to treat many members of their own family as enemies, to say nothing of weasels, stoats, and other hedge-haunting and egg-and-small-bird-feeding vermin. So, treat them and their family gently and sympathetically.

What a world of difference between the green roads of sunny France and the green lanes of old England! In the former, the hedges and copses are voiceless and songless. You see nothing but a few magpies. In the latter, nature is chanting loud choruses through her swarming minstrels, the small birds. "All the earth and air are loud with their precious music. Let us not part with this delightful gift, but protect the little creatures from whom so much that is joyous proceeds!"

If the birds find May a busy month, the insects find it even more so. Now is their chance. Fresh green leaves are shooting up and expanding faster than they can be devoured. What an opportunity for caterpillars to breed, get fat, and store up extra tissue and physiological material generally to be worked up into new organs during that period of rest which occurs when they pass into the chrysalis stage! So we cannot wonder that May and June are the chief months during which all sorts of caterpillars develop.

The moths are now out in swarms every evening, lying up all day, and protected by their grey, or mottled, or spotted wings from discovery. Every marking on their wings, however inartistic and insignificant, has a history—even a racial history. There is no room for "accidents" in a world which God governs.

A host of night-flying butterflies or moths come forth with the setting of the sun! Their eyes cannot stand the strain of sunlight any more than those of owls and bats. They have quite a different microscopical structure from the eyes of butterflies.

Among the commoner moths which may be taken this month are the death's head, orange footman, clouded silver grey, pug, spotted moth, cinnabar, silver line, golden eye, dingy skipper, large ermine, white waves, silver ground carpet, poplar hawk, grey dagger, yellow tail, burnet, little emerald, purple bar, crimson and gold moth, maiden's blush, and a host of others. This list, however, is quite long enough to
show that our young naturalists have quite enough to do if they
wish to keep pace with the life of the month. I could add
many others, but I hate taking a mere inventory.

Notwithstanding, it is important to note the day-flying
Lepidoptera, or "butterflies," which put in an appearance during
May, the month of May. Some of our most charming and beautifully
coloured insects appear now. What is the good of their
appearance before, when their tinctures would not be visible in
appearance, but when the advancing summer, colour is the
proper light? With the advancing summer, colour is the

So I advise my young naturalists friends to look out now
for the following butterflies—azure blue (a lovely gem of a
golden eye, dingy skipper, orange tip (careering in and
green hair streak, brown argus, clouded skipper,
copper, speckled wood, small blue, grey fritillary, painted
lady; common blue, dark green fritillary, &c.

Among other insects, belonging, of course, to other orders,
now out and about are the dragon flies, haunting the streams
wherein they were born and hatched. The field crickets appear;
you hear their shrill orchestral music from their hiding-places in
the grass. The hop juniper (Eucanthus interruptus) is becoming
only too abundant in the hop gardens, and you find it even on
the exquisitely graceful leaves of the wild hops which are now
festooning the hedge-rows. The females of the wasp (Vespa
Vulgaris) are looking out likely spots in the hedge-rows
wherein to found colonies.

But above even this outburst of animal activity is that
manifested in the vegetable kingdom. If birds are egging,
plants are flowering. The two processes are analogous. May is,
par excellence, the month of flowers. Its very name conjures up
a multitude of blossoms. Trees and shrubs are the first to
flower; the humber wild plants take it more leisurely, and we
shall find out their times and seasons later on. First and fore-
most is the hawthorn—the "May" of the Eastern and Southern
county, the "Hague" of the Northern. Our hedgerows during
May are frequently sheeted with its magnificent and deliciously-
perfumed masses of flowers. I have never seen, either in
equatorial or tropical regions, anything to equal it. In our
gardens, the only blossom attempting to rival it is the lilac.

May blossom and lilacs! The association of the two reminds us
of the term used by Charles Lamb to designate this particular
season of the year—"Lilac-tide!"

The mountain ash, sycamore (whose green flowers smell so
deliciously they need not the attractions of colour to bring hosts
of cross-fertilising insects to them), the crab-apple in the hedges
delicates of coloured blossoms), horse chestnut, in the woods
bird cherry, the oaks, the dewberry in the hedgerows, the
holly, buckthorn, the spindle tree in the hedges (with its simple
but interesting green flowers, undergoing actual transition from
the monocious to the dioecious state), the elder tree (about which
so many semi-religious traditions cluster in all countries)—are all
in full flower.

In the fields and meadows, the hedgerows, the woods and
copse, and on the heaths and commons, flowers are
literally "upspringing day and night." The broom is
gloriously blossoming. Goats’ beard, wild garlic in the
blackthorn, woodruff (whose delicately-cut leaf deserves its name),
meadow orchids (about which so many semi-religious traditions cluster in all countries)—are all
in full flower.
Cheshire, and Yorkshire) in damp meadows, dwarf mallow in waste places (notice the parasitic fingers on its leaves),
hound’s tongue, yellow cow-wheat, butterfly orchis, gout
weed, feverfew, hedge bind weed, and a host of others, and
perhaps rarer kinds, all are celebrating the “loves of the
plants,” flowering, and seeding, and dying—one generation
succeeding another, but each helping to clothe the earth
with its annual wedding garment.

Nursery French.

Many of the mothers of to-day will still remember the sad
bewilderment and weariness of their first French lessons, when
at the age of nine or ten they were considered old enough to
“begin” French, and were suddenly called upon to grapple
with the difficulties of reading and writing in a foreign language,
whose words, pronunciation, construction, were all alike equally
strange and uninteresting to them.

Believing, as we do now, that children should learn a foreign
language as they learn their mother tongue—they speak it long
before they learn to read and write—we endeavour to give the
little ones while still in the nursery a joyous and interesting
oral introduction, by means of games, songs, and stories, to the
future study of the language as read and written.

Passing over the baby stage of learning, the names of the
objects in sight, at table, round the room, out of doors (never
omitting the article), and the learning of little sentences by slow
and careful repetition, e.g., “J’ai une rose,” “le chat dort,” “j’aime
ma mère,” the little one will soon be ready to join in the lively
dancing and singing games of his elder brothers and sisters, and
will before long be quite as successful in playing “la flûte,” “le
violon” in “La Mist-en-l’air,” or in imitating “le beau
monsieur,” “la belle dame,” “le Capuchin” in “Le Pont
d’Avignon,” as he is in “washing his face” while dancing round
the “Mulberry Bush,” or in balancing his fat little person in
“Looby Loo.” “Savez-vous planter les choux?” is a great
favourite; all dance round while asking the question, and then
show with appropriate action how they plant with the hand,
foot, elbow, the little gardeners going down on their knees with
great zest, to plant “avec le nez.” There is something peculiarly
buoyant and inspiring in the French nursery songs; the rhythm