

hand of time had bowed down their glories to the earth ! There was no breeze—no sound of any kind. Nature slept ; and her slumbers were so profound, that the mere crackling of a branch, or the twitter of a bird would have been a relief to the oppressive stillness which reigned alike on land and water :

‘Earth wore one summer-robe of living green,
In heaven’s blue arch the sun alone was seen;
Creation slumber’d in the cloudless light,
And noon was silent as the depth of night.’

We did not extend our explorations to any great distance through these gloomy woods, but retraced our steps to the banks of the little rivulet, whose bright waters seemed as lonely and unsought as the forest through which they flow, while hastening onward to absorption in the larger stream below. The beauty of this little forest-river has been slightly marred, by a partly-formed dam—the work of the destroying lumberman—just where it debouches from the lake. No other harm, however, has resulted from the, fortunately, unfinished structure, and the waters flow on as ever.

During the journey hither through the woods, we met with many specimens of the gaily-dressed and noisy American blue jay (*Garrulus cristatus*), one of the commonest, but still one of the most beautiful of Canadian birds. With these exceptions, however, and a stray Baltimore oriole (*Icterus Baltimorensis*), or two, no feathered creatures crossed our path. The latter elegant little warbler, called also gold-robin and hang-nest, earned its title of Baltimore bird from the colours of its plumage, black and orange, which were those borne by Lord Baltimore, in the olden days, when Maryland was first settled. Yesterday