

gator of the ardent type, and was never satisfied unless he knew the true inwardness of everything that came within reach of his beak. Every morning his bathing dish was a sight to behold, and caused him no end of delight and work. When fresh water was put in, he would have a thorough wash, and as soon as his feathers were dry, would commence operations for the day. Everything that was within reach, food, sand, &c, would be dumped into the dish, no matter how much labor the process entailed, and the result can easily be guessed. His desire to investigate everything amounted to a mania, and when a small mirror was placed in his cage, his behaviour was amusing, and quite different from that of a Mocking Bird in the next room. When the Mocking Bird saw a mirror, he immediately flew into a state of fury, and assaulted the reflected image with reckless courage, and uttered the most discordant shrieks of defiance.

The Cat Bird accepted the mirror as something to be investigated and thought over. At first, persistent efforts were made to get at the back of the glass. These essays resulted in failure, and Bob, as the bird was called, sat down within an inch or so of the glass, and seemed lost in thought, giving an occasional peck at the mirror by way of experiment. Two whole days were thus spent, and in the end the thing was to all appearances, voted a humbug, and not worth further worry. As soon as the warm days of early summer come, Bob was set at liberty, in the hope that he would be able to find a suitable mate, and like the characters in the fairy stories, "live happily ever afterward." He seemed delighted to be free, and soon made his way to a thicket, but before evening the children found him on the ground exhausted, and the

poor fellow was not only ready to come in, but full of joy when he saw his cage. The ways of civilization had unfitted him for the outside world.

Last summer one of the Cat Birds in the grounds indulged in a remarkable romance, to me inexplicable.

We had a Mocking Bird in a cage in the dining room window, and this fellow sang from daylight until dark, scarcely making the regulation pause of ten minutes for refreshments. In the early part of the season it was observed that a glossy Cat Bird was nearly always to be found perched on a shrub near the window, or hopping on the window sill, evidently trying to get at the mocker. When the weather was warmer, and the cage hung outside, the Cat Bird came to it regularly, and even fed the Mocking Bird. This remarkable attachment lasted all summer, and late in the fall, when Cat Birds were supposed to have gone South, I saw the disconsolate lover sitting on the bush outside of the window, and his appearance seemed to indicate that the world had not gone well with him.

MULTUM IN PARVO.

"Jamie, man, ye widna believe it," said a parental Fiddler one day to his son, to whom he was imparting the mysteries of the scales and the difficulties attendant upon their performance, "ye widua believe it. hoo terrible it grunts if ye only pit yer finger half-an-inch ower laigh or ower heigh upon the string."