

ahead of us on the previous evening, and speedily reached a city, under a somewhat lofty hill, as pretty and as semi-rural looking a spot as we had passed on our way from Louisiana. Then we skimmed overland to a river, and taking a north-eastern course, while following its windings, circled at times over its waters, and so lazily filled up the day. Soon after sunset, we arrived at the end of our long journey. Morning found us surrounded by a miniature edition of the scene upon which we gazed yesterday. A glance at a river, a rushing fall, grey rocks, evergreen trees, a cluster of brick and stone buildings, a pretty village with a pretty name, and we saw our summer home. Pater and Mater were jubilant, and never was heard a more cheery song and chorus than that in which we all united. Soon the old folks were busily engaged in inspecting nesting places, and my brothers and sisters and cousins of last and other years took part in similar work. I was an outsider, with nothing to do but catch flies. I improved my opportunity, and, more than this, took notes, not expecting, of course, to print them, but just because I couldn't help it. Warbler Martin, at your service, was always observant. My respected parents settled down at once in their old home, in the return corner under the eaves of a large brick house, with a pretty garden before them, and a few hives of bees in it, and not far from a river with cedar-lined banks, and an extensive dam, where jumping fish told of insect swarms. The old folks evidently knew what they were doing. The nests of last year called for repairs, new linings, and general titivation, and in due time got it. Unto my respected parents, in proper course, and when June came, were born six lively little folks, and their time was henceforth fully occupied in

looking after them. I had not counted the daily morsels which I had got when in nest in Louisiana, because without arithmetical education then, but the comings and goings of Ma and Pa were something prodigious now, and from the bottom of my heart I pitied them. That their feathers were not frayed to bare quills, and their bodies reduced to mere skin and bone, was something this fellow could never understand. But they stood it marvellously, and with a bravery and perseverance worthy of a better cause. A better cause, I say, because, although these noisy brats were brothers and sisters to me, they put on such airs that they became almost unbearable. I couldn't stand their forward impudence, and left the premises, determined to set up housekeeping on my own account, but August came before I could find a good location, and then there was a general confabulation and consultation, ending in a resolve to leave Canada for southern climes, before cold weather came, and food grew scarce. The youngsters tried longer flights, and were thought equal to a journey to the land of lemons. The moon was at the full, nights were bright as day, and while the world was still, and all nature seemed to seek rest, we made an upward, columnar stretch to the higher strata one midnight, about the middle of the month, and ere the sun rose were skimming swiftly over the State of New York. Stopping here and there upon our way, to hawk and feed over river and pond, we passed daily southward, and before September was closed had swept around the Gulf of Mexico, and found our way some distance below the Equator, that imaginary line encircling the earth, which separates North from South. It is unnecessary to tell you how we grew fat in this land of insect life, how we luxuriated in con-