

that never were in the sunny south, to follow the footsteps of the old, or perhaps alone? Why should they not fly south instead of north in the spring, and north instead of south in the autumn? The guiding power of instinct whispers to them how to act.

We have all noticed the fact that birds, and even the common tree-frog, will herald the approach of rain by peculiar cries, as surely as will the Indian by the moon, or the white man by atmospheric signs. The cock of the woods, a splendid Canadian bird, the robin, the whippoorwill, and the little grey tree-frog, by peculiar sounds are sure harbingers of approaching rain. How often I have admired and watched the ingenuity and trouble taken by birds, particularly the partridge and the sand-piper, to coax an enemy from its young. The partridge flutters on the ground as if it were wounded nearly under your feet, for a hundred yards, taking you directly from its concealed brood. The sand-piper will fly towards you and then retreat, always directing you on a wrong scent. The little squirrel lays up its well-stored granary in some hollow tree, anticipating a time when no food can be found. The beaver chooses a proper place for his dam, fells his trees with an eye equal to an experienced woodsman, so that they always fall right, avoiding injury himself. The deer, when chased by wolves, is said to pass through water to dull the scent. The cuckoo of Europe and a bird of the same species in America and Canada, lays its eggs in the nest of other birds, always leaving some of the owner's own eggs therein to allay suspicion of the wrong done, yet, at the same time, tumbling some out to make room for its own. This I have seen done: and it is said that when hatched, the young cuckoos eject the proper tenants of the nest and remain its sole occupants. In this way the cuckoo makes other birds rear its offspring! What teaches the bird so to act?—The answer is—instinct!

We have all read of the memory, revenge, and gratitude of the elephant; of the wonderful affection of the dog, his great sagacity; of the reasoning powers of the cat; and, the tricks of the monkey and the parrot. Some birds

and animals, while feeding, place a sentinel to warn the rest of danger. The buffalo and many animals when attacked form a circle and place their young within it. In Northern Europe, Sweden, Iceland, and Norway, where the sun, during part of the year, never sets, the animals, guided by instinct, still take their usual rest. Instinct impels the salmon to leave the ocean to deposit its eggs in our rivers.—Such are the wonders of INSTINCT.

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### LETTER FROM MOUNT CARMEL.

CARMEL—NAZARETH—SEA OF GALILEE.

**W**ow bold is the scenery of this Mount.—How fraternal is the hospitality of the brethren at the Convent. How awe-inspiring are the reminiscences of the mission and miracles of Elijah on this spot. Stand in the mouth of the cave, and look over the sea for the small cloud which gives promise of rain after the famine. Cast an eye down to the banks of the Kishon, where fell the priests of Baal. If one had resolved to be a hermit, where should he prefer to mark the succession of day and night, to live on herbs and die alone, rather than on this majestic and desolate mount?

If you conclude to live in the social world a little longer, set your face in a north-east position towards Nazareth, nine hours distant.—Descend on the north-side of Carmel, pass through the walled town Caïpha, leave some villages on the right, drink at a sweet brook, ford the Kishon, where a baggage-mule sticks fast in the mud, break through the wild grass, tall as reeds, admire the wheat, and wish that it covered all these rich plains and valleys. In one place you meet a caravan of camels from Damascus, in another you count the ploughmen slowly turning up the surface, and in another you gaze at the distant board of flocks. What a lovely country this might be, if the wing of a benignant government were stretched over it, and if the intelligent and enterprising people had the possession of it. The want of wood and of metals on which to exercise the mechanic arts is indeed a calamity. Where the raw material does not exist, what can be