

Then we watched the sport from our carriage, in the shade of a willow. In the meantime I made a whistle such as I had made in my boyhood up the river. Cutting a basswood shoot, I shortened it to the desired length and cut a ring through the bark which I loosened after repeated efforts. When I had cut an air-hole and a mouth-piece, the instrument was complete. My horse is afraid of the whistle of an engine, and I hoped that this little device would ensure our going home ACCELERANDO!

"Sybil" I remarked, "look at that glowing sun-set. It furnishes a golden setting to the animated scene which comprises the beauty of budding life in varied forms. See the scattered elms erect with graceful dignity, and gently nodding to the passing breeze, while the humble alders huddle together in utter helplessness as they are pushed aside and trampled upon. Even the river rushes on as if—

"Oh, pshaw! I don't want to hear any more of your high-falootin' stuff!"

(Sybil is not imaginative.) So I kept still and watched the crows now returned to their summer haunts. They flew back and forth, cawing impatiently, waiting for the fishermen to leave off. Experience had led them to expect a share in the proceeds of the business. Their discerning eyes had now detected a couple of girls who stood lingering by a stump at some distance watching the sport.

Caw! Caw! Presently half a dozen crows settled on a tree near by; then hopped from limb to limb, perking their heads at the girls as if to get a better view of the spring styles in feathers.

And away flew Sybil. While she was making the acquaintance of the girls a chorus of tree-toads of numbers innumerable, set up a jubilation that filled all space, though not a toad was seen, nor a word uttered. But I understood it, and clothed it in our own language for the Historical Society, for is not their "Jubilate" older than the memory of man?

Deep hidden in the grass and sedges,
When winter's cold has ceased,
We humble frogs on the outer edges,
'Mong guests at the vernal feast,