

## GRANDFATHER'S COLLIER.

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(CONTINUED.)

Some years ago, then, in company with other members of our little family, I started, on one fine day in April, for the North, of which the wonders had been related, again and again, by our Father and Mother, as we sat on the house tops, in the morning sun. How far we travelled each day, for we made our journey rather leisurely, endeavouring not to get too far in advance of opening spring, where we stopped at night, what sights we saw, what lazy, basking alligators we left in swamps, what numerous bands of summer birds, bright orioles, humming active, ruby-throats, richly colored cardinals, merry bobolinks, golden yellow warblers, and scores of others, we passed upon the way, all restlessly heading for the same northern goal, which cities we saw by day and which at dusky eve, how numerous the indications of budding, opening, blooming early summer on every hand, I cannot find time to tell. It was eve, near the latter end of the month, when I alighted, with my companions, on a house top, in a cluster of buildings, near a rushing, turbulent river, tumbling with majestic and stately plunge into a huge chasm whose rocky walls were seen, here and there, grey with age, yet green with ever-living verdure, while above every other sound, rose a perpetual bass, now deep as bellying thunder, now sighing softly as a summer breeze. Beyond, to our left as we advanced, we had seen an immense lake, an ocean in its magnitude, and off before us was yet another of similar extent. The crimson of a setting sun cast a glory over everything, and as we warbled a soft "Good-night," to each other, we listened to the music of that fall-

ing mass of seething waters, and felt that we had discovered a new world of even greater beauty than any we had previously seen or conceived. Although I was tired by the last stage of our journey, I could not sleep. That changing melody rang in my ears throughout the night. The gentle murmur, the rising rush, the gathering boom, of the writhing giant far below us, the dying cadence of the organ swell of that King of Cataracts, now soothed, now aroused me, and I gave myself up to the weird fascination of the strange scene, with its dimmed outlines, and the wild music of that mighty Fall. Just before the glimmer of dawn, our leader sounded the reveille, and soon after the rising sun had created its first gorgeous rainbow in the misty spray thrown heavenward by the falling waters, we joined in a hymn to Morning, and to me this was more impressive than anything to which I have ever listened; and then, having bodies to care for, we set to work to secure our breakfast. I often laugh at Man. He is wingless and awkward, to begin with. He has to catch his hare,—no easy matter,—before he can cook it, and he must cook it before he can eat it. How different are we! We take our food upon the wing, and eat it as we go. And then see the variety! everything we can catch as we fly is eatable. In all things, from a butterfly to a mosquito—beetles and bees preferred, and birds excepted—we find food for digestion. We were fortunate that April morning, and had secured a hearty breakfast when the sun warmed up the atmosphere. We soon started once more on our journey, and followed with zest the old Paterfamilias who knew exactly where to lead us. Crossing the narrow neck of land, we skirted the southern shore of the lake, which we had seen