

seconds poised in the air, while sucking the flowers of several climbers trailed to the wall on the outside of the window, and in this position the head and body appeared motionless, brilliant with green and gold plumage, and the wings invisible, owing to the rapidity of their motion. The sound was somewhat like that of our humming hawk-moths or sphinges, but louder. When they darted away, they seemed to emit a flash of bright colour. Following them into the garden, I sometimes saw them perched upon the dry stakes on which peas were trained, and there plume themselves. It is wonderful to reflect on the migrating instinct which leads these minute creatures from the distant Gulf of Florida to a country buried constantly under deep snow for seven or eight months in the year.

After leaving Pictou, I made an expedition with Mr. Dawson to the Shubenacadie (see above, p. 139), and at Truro we were joined by Mr. Duncan, by whose advice we started at an early hour each morning in a boat, after the great tidal wave or bore had swept up the estuary, and were then carried ten, fifteen, or twenty miles with great rapidity up the river, after which as the tide ebbed, we came down at our leisure, landing quietly wherever we pleased, at various points where the perpendicular cliffs offered sections on the right or left bank.

On one occasion, when I was seated on the trunk of a fallen tree, on a steep sloping beach about ten feet above the level of the river, I was warned by my companion that, before I had finished my sketch, the tide might float off me and the tree, and carry both down to the Basin of Mines. Being incredulous, I