

shadows on the hills, had not yet reached its intensity of colour, but presaged a day of brilliant warmth. Curls of blue smoke rose from many chimneys, and faint farmyard sounds broke the stillness as we drove in the early morning up the dew-spangled road, past white and brown cottages, with wide verandahs, green shutters, and sloping roofs.

To the delicate nerves of an Amelia Sedley or a Dora Copperfield the driving seems fraught with many perils, for these native horses swing along at a tremendous pace, evidently reasoning that a flying descent of one hill gives impetus for the ascent of the next, which seems to be nearly always just on the other side. The juvenile Jehus enjoy it all hugely and let the reins go slack. It is really very invigorating, though a trifle nerve-racking, to see the stones flying helter-skelter across the road, and the luggage bumping about in imminent danger of being deposited in the road.

We drove up with a grand flourish to a large white house with a green roof, where flags were flying, and Madame stood at the door to bid us "Bienvenu." Such a specklessly clean house; typically French Canadian, with its fresh white paint, green shuttered windows, and its gallery with groups of homely red