

their fragrance born again in creamy milk and golden butter.

Green knobs are forming on the raspberries giving earnest of a plentiful crop. Monsieur has uncovered his tobacco plants, which show a sturdy growth. The fluffy balls of feathers have developed into very independent chickens that hustle their foster-mother about to such an extent that she has been driven back to the nest, where she laid an egg this morning, with that unconquerable maternal desire, I suppose, to have something to take care of!

The dim recesses of the woods are sweeter than ev r to-day. The hot, aromatic perfume of sapins and moist earth outclass the far-famed spices of Araby, and no Elgin marbles were ever lovelier than these silver birches, with their tapering stems, their milk-white bark and shimmering leaves, the stately pines, with lichen-covered branches, and the spruce trees, smeared thick with resinous gum.

The grasses are seeding rapidly—fat bulrush-headed spikes powdered with purple pollen dance with feathery sisters, and violet vetch stretches out fairy fingers to twine them round daisy heads and mallow stalks. A four-leaved clover springs up to greet me and to make my last day a happy one, and perhaps to bring luck to my little book.