

her hand, the gang plank is hauled in, and the hawsers squeak and strain and fall with a thundering splash into the water, scattering spray on every one in the vicinity. Handkerchiefs are waved, farewells shouted, and the great white vessel churns up quantities of foam and slips away up to Montreal or down to Tadousac. The laughing crowds disperse, sauntering along the shore, or whirled out of sight in buggies and buckboards.

The drive back to Cap à l'Aigle is lovelier even than when going to Murray Bay. Now the sun is behind us, dipping below the hills and throwing a pink flush over Kamouraska and making the white houses stand out conspicuously. The tide is very high, flecked with "white caps," which dance about in the maddest way, rippling up the sands and racing back again. On a bit of rising ground close to the snake fence a Frenchman sits on a three-legged stool milking a sleek black cow. The milk, flowing in a thin white stream, makes a hissing sound in the tin bucket and the man's blue shirt and battered straw hat are bright spots on the hillside.

The shadows are bronzing the hay-fields and far away I can see the field of mustard—the Field of the Cloth of Gold.