

ST. ANNE OF THE MOUNTAINS

The surf pounds madly against the rocky shore. All the sea voices are sullen and deep toned, and the curl of the crested waves is cold and merciless.

But the night skies!

In the beautiful dark depths the stars glow with such a radiance as none but frosty seasons know, and the Northern lights are tinged with flame and red and gold.

They dance, and shimmer, and wave, and play, and come and go; and now we know why the French have bestowed upon them the name of *Les Marionettes*.

"Ah could the ladies but behold them in Winter. Then they sway so rapidly and merrily that their swish and crackle can sometimes be heard."

Winter?

With the very mention of that terrible season our thoughts turn longingly to our own dear land. A land whose September is a beautiful modified summer, whose October is golden-glowed, whose November is not unfriendly, and whose worst winter is genial when compared with the Arctic season which this region promises.

And we realize that at last we have come