

stand sentinel, pointing their spears heavenwards—and doubt, if you will, “that the heavens declare the Glory of God, and the firmament showeth His handiwork.”

We drove home past the “Fromagerie” with its rows of bright tin cans at the door, its faint cheesey smell of sour milk and its great trough of pigswill at the corner. A couple of razor-backed porkers grunted and nosed about in the sunshine, greedily hustling away a few long-legged chickens that came to peck at the trough.

The hedges were festooned with trails of raspberry bushes, ruby drops depending from their slender stems, and every rocky thicket was carpeted with blue berries. Feathery golden rod, just ready to burst into a golden glow, rioted with red “rocket” and white immortelles. Acres of clover spiced the air and grasshoppers “click” “clicked” in the grass as though Nature were winding a watch with a phenomenally long spring. The road wound round by the Murray River and we caught a last glimpse of the beautiful Fraser Fall where she mingles her icy freshness with the salt of the sea, at the quaint little village of Malbaie.