

## ST. ANNE OF THE MOUNTAINS

taking on autumn's richest, deepest tints.

Potatoes are being harvested; a few, little hands are already mittened, and shoes and stockings are de rigueur.

In their fireside talks people canvass the probable time of the last steamer's latest passing, or the earliest dates on which the Shickshocks have been known to don their white caps.

There is mention of banking the houses; of bringing out warm clothing, and of looking after wood supplies.

Bears have come down from the forest and have invaded our farmer's sheep fold—their store of summer provisions is at an end.

There are unspeakable glories in the daylit sky; but wild, awe-inspiring glories they are. Dark cloud-fringes dip into the sea and the sun goes down with a Dies Irae effect. Sometimes—by a strange contrast—a golden belt will encircle the horizon and mellow gleams will rest on village and lowland; while angry clouds will roll up from behind the hills, and lurid lights will play around their tops and the great dome seems about to accomplish the destruction of the universe.