

it easy for little feet to patter *nu-pieds* back to la grand'mère to be beguiled with black bread and maple syrup, or *galette* and *sucre la crème* on a *jour de naissance* or *fête* day.

The spell of the Church, which has always kept such a watchful eye on her scattered flock, has broadened the road which stretches from Chicoutimi to the Shrine of la Bonne Ste. Anne, forging strong links in the chain that binds these little villages to the Parish Church.

Over all is the pungent fragrance of wood-burning, that subtle sweetness fresh from Nature's spice-box. The flaming heart of the forest, the sap of the year's youth, the fiery summer sun, the song of birds, the frost of winter, the resinous balsam oozing from knots and boles—all compounded in Nature's laboratory and epitomised in—a puff of smoke!

"All the breath and the bloom of the year in the bag
of one bee!
All the wonder and wealth of the mine in the heart of
one gem:
In the core of one pearl all the shade and the shine
of the sea."

BROWNING.