

CHAPTER XI

FAR away I hear the slow "pl-u-n-ck," "plunck!" of guns over the water, which means that there will be one seal less slipping over the wet rocks of Green Island and crying its queer weird note.

The sea is like glass. A yacht with weather-stained sails is almost becalmed, its sails sagging loose and waving limply with the ghost of a breeze. The fussy little ferry has cracked the glass in several places and gone on its way to Ste. Irenée, leaving a streak like the smudge of a dirty finger upon the mirror.

A hot, lazy day has succeeded the rain of yesterday. A bright brown butterfly is floating idly by, its velvet body powdered with dust from the golden treasury of the buttercups. The air is whirring with the beat of insects' wings. The sun is drawing out all the perfume from balsam and from cedar, and the woods exhale the stored-up sweetness of the spring. What does it matter that we know not the scientific name of half the wonderful living things about us—the birds, the bees, the beetles,