

ing like a Poll Parrot all the way, leaving me to watch a bevy of small boys and girls flying a kite on the other side of the potato patch, up by the barn; the great unwieldy paper face lying flat on the ground till raised by the biggest boy, who runs with it up the hill, trying to float it on the breeze. After several vain attempts he at last succeeds, and pays out yards and yards of string till it rises high in the sky, its ragged scraps of paper "tail" flying out gaily behind, while the children shriek with delight and turn somersaults in their ecstasy and beg to be allowed to hold the string.

We have just returned from an all-day picnic to the Fraser Falls, about seven miles inland. Up tremendous hills, which these country horses take with wonderful agility and sureness of footing, through deep woods, where the daylight filters dimly through the interlaced branches which flick against the carriage top, and where the wheels sink deep in the soft moist earth. Tamarack and pine, hoary with age—with long grey beards of lichen—rub shoulders with straight young saplings of beech and silver birch, knee-deep in bracken and pigeon berries, stunted firs, and blueberry bushes. In the meadows beyond the woods, brown and dappled cows graze contentedly, all heading in the same direction up the valley. Near by is a grey mare cropping