

most amiable humor, and before the rocky headlands of the Channel Islands became dim to our view the coast of France rose visibly before us. We passed many islands, some fortified and bristling with cannon, some bare and black, worn smooth by the waves which at flood-tide covered many of them from sight. These great, curiously-shaped rocks surround the spur of land (formerly an island, but now joined to the mainland by a causeway) upon which the citadel of St. Malo is built, and seem like sentinels standing guard about her. On one of the rocky isles is the lonely grave of the author and statesman, Chateaubriand, who, like Cartier, was born in St. Malo. The spot is marked by a plain granite slab, with a railing round it, and at high tide its wave-washed isolation is impressive, but the retreat of the tide makes it accessible from the shore for an hour or two each day, and spoils its spirit of solitude.

The quays are the pride of St. Malo, and are best seen at low tide when the vessels that have sailed proudly into the tidal harbor, lean limply over, their great top masts on a level with the dock, their keels sunk deep in the slimy, oily mud, and their decks only to be reached by the aid of long ladders. The tide rises fifty feet from low water mark, and this aids in making the coast of Brittany one of the most pleasant and most picturesque pleasure grounds in France. We sailed in when the tide was high, and the harbor full of shipping from all parts of the world. A great babel of sounds of all sorts greeted us, but high above the din could be heard the shrill bark of a little yellow terrier, who seemed almost beside himself at the sight of our ship. Our rope was thrown ashore and caught by men standing by, and also by the little dog who gripped it with his teeth, and would not let go, even when he was raised right off his feet. As it was being made fast, the dog strained and pulled with the great rope in his mouth, till his round eyes

bulged and his hair stood up like wire, and when the work was completed the satisfied wag of his stump of a tail showed that he thought he had done it all.

We walked ashore delighted with the clatter of foreign tongues, laughing and shaking our heads at those who besieged us with offers of many sorts, but when a bleary and beery old woman in a bedraggled cloak seized my satchel, I protested in plain English, and she jabbered back in vile French. I knew it was vile because I could not understand it—and I had learned French in a good Canadian school. I regained possession by a jerk, and would have walked away but the old creature kept beside me talking very loudly. I took no notice until at length she condescended to speak English, and asked authoritatively, "No seegars? No pare-fume?" Then I knew she was of that strange race, a female customs officer, and I satisfied her curiosity.

It was just like a medieval romance walking up to the great wall that surrounds St. Malo, and entering the city through an archway with ponderous iron gates, guarded inside and out by dear, natty little French toy soldiers. Everything is quaintly interesting, ancient and foreign in St. Malo. The streets are narrow and winding, and run up and down hill and round a corner without any good reason why. Some wind and twist and turn without ever a cross street and land you up against a blank wall, leaving you no option but to go back the way you came. Others all run to angles, and so many streets cross and lanes branch off in all directions, that it would puzzle a politician to know which was the right road, or which was the one he was on. We went along a cobble-paved alley, which had no side walks and very little middle, where we could have shaken hands with people in the doorways on both sides of the street at once. The road was winding and steep, the buildings with high-pitched