

Our Little Canadian Cousin

I. The Maritime Provinces

CHAPTER I.

IT was the very first day of the loveliest month in the year. I suppose every month has its defenders, or, at least, its apologists, but June—June in New Brunswick—has surely no need of either. And this particular morning was of the best and brightest. The garden at the back of Mr. Merrithew's house was sweet with the scent of newly blossomed lilacs, and the freshness of young grass. The light green of the elms was as yet undimmed by the dust of summer, and the air was like the elixir of life.