

the streamlet and drank of its refreshing waters. They talked of the commonplace news of the day with their casual visitors, and tendered their hospitality with hearty good will. Seated at their hospitable board we talked of the historic associations of the place and gleaned from the older members of the party what each could tell of its local traditions. All around us the homes of these honest neighbors seemed to speak of comfort and content. But what of those who once possessed their lands and claimed them as their birthright; those whose mortal bodies sleep in the little square enclosure by the river side?

"Alas for them! — their day is o'er,
 Their fires are out on hill and shore;
 No more for them the wild deer bounds,
 The plough is on their hunting grounds,
 The pale man's axe rings through their woods,
 The pale man's sail skims o'er their floods."

To us who lazily reclined beneath the shadow of the rocky hillside that lovely summer afternoon, the little rivulet that descended from Gyles' spring and babbled at our feet seemed to say with Tennyson's brook —

"I chatter, chatter, as I flow
 To join the brimming river,
 For men may come and men may go,
 But I go on for ever."

Yes, men may come and go, and these are gone.*

Yes gone, all gone! And still, my brothers of the New Brunswick Historical Society, to-night there seems to rise before us out of the mists of the shadowy past, the figure of the old Indian chief. We see him as with the air of a plumed knight he stands and answers for his tribe the question put by the English commissioners, "By what right or title do you hold these lands?" We see him as he points to the little enclosure by the river side and gives his answer, "There are the graves of our grandsires; there are the graves of our fathers; there are the graves of our children."

Over that grave-yard today the tangled hawthorn has grown in lawless profusion akin to the wild lawlessness of those whose bones lie buried there; the hawthorn guards their resting place full well; and when on some fair May morning the fresh breeze shakes the hawthorn and the white blossoms fall like drifting snow upon the quiet graves beneath, may the thought suggested to us be — even so may the mantle of Christian charity fall over the frailties of those who, with all their faults, have been perhaps more sinned against than sinning.

"The graves of our grandsires; the graves of our fathers; the graves of our children!" *Vale Malecites!*