

that surrounded him, and during the long winter nights and short days of the winter of 1606-7, by his unconquerable animal spirits and cheerful disposition, animated his countrymen in their isolated, and in some degree cheerless position, by catering to their amusements; and from hence, during the preceding summer, he had sailed through "the narrows" and explored the river as far as the tidal waters could carry his boat. He had noted with the eye of an artist, which he really was, the stately elms which then spread their pendant arms along the landward edge of the marshes and intervalles which lined its course, and the luxuriant growth of the *Acer Saccharinum* or sugar maple, the birch, the beech, the ash and oak trees which everywhere clothed the higher lands upon its banks had been admired by his delighted eyes. He had looked with pleasure upon the Moschelle, the Rosette, the Belleisle and Beaufré marshes, then open to the floodings of the spring tides and annual freshets, but now, and for two centuries past, dyked in from these influences, and made immensely productive by the hand of labour. It was here, too, that the first convert was made from the heathenism of the Micmacs to the doctrines of the Cross. Membertou, then nearly a centenarian, was a sachem of the tribes, much beloved and respected by those whose destinies it was his duty to rule over. He had been a successful warrior, and his fame as such extended from Labrador to Cape Cod. The old man proved a firm friend to the white settlers, and his grave was among the first dug in consecrated ground in Port Royal. The story of the old man's reluctance, on his death-bed, to be buried away from the tombs of his fathers, is confidently affirmed; it is also said his repugnance was only overcome by being told his example was necessary to confirm the tribes in the belief of their new faith, and as a proof of the sincerity of his own profession. No memorial marks his resting place, nor does tradition even point to its probable site.