

GEMS FROM SCOTIA'S CROWN.

By Agnes Helen Lockhart.



FEW spots in all the world exhale such a breath of romance as Acadia. "The shores of Acadia" seem almost synonymous with the "Garden of Paradise," so much has been sung of this land of marvels. Artists have made many of its scenes immortal, but no brush has painted its landscape in truer color, no poet sung its praises with deeper fervor, and no novelist woven its pathetic romances in such vivid style, as Longfellow, whose *Evangeline* will live in poetry, as long as a tree stands in Acadie, to whisper in the silent night, the immortal tale of the beautiful maiden, with her "Norman Cap and Kirtle." Many foreign tongues have breathed their love stories under these Cerulean skies, but the words have had their own music and been understood, no matter what the accent. Many descendants of the old Scottish nobility may still be found throughout the province. A mist envelopes the origin of the name Acadia, though some claim it originated from the Micmac Quoddy, meaning a region. Lescarbot has written much in verse of the early French life under De Monts, and of the conversion and baptism of the aged Membertoce on the shores of Minas Basin. The forests caught up and echoed the chant of the *Te Deum* as it rose and fell on the peaceful air. The exile of the Acadians, has formed the theme for many poems, yet to-day no trace of French *régime* remains, and the English flag waves peacefully over the hero, and heroine, who sleep on, unmindful of the shifting scenes in the drama of life, or the looming shadow of Mount Blomidon, that through all the changing lights and shades—like the sphinx, wears an immovable face.

Many of the descendants of the exiled Acadians are located along the shores of St. Mary's Bay, near Meteghan. This bay is a delightful sheet of water, in which, during certain seasons of the year, shad and mackerel fairly swarm. In 1604, these waters were explored by