

final story of the Acadians is sad in the extreme. Some of them, neglected by their friends at home, yielded against their inclinations, swore fealty to Great Britain, and continued in the country; others, refusing to take the oaths, or suspected of infidelity by colonial magnates, suffered like the people of Grand Pré. In sight of burning cottages and barns they were borne away over the waters which DeMonts had named, in honor of their country, La Bay Française, past points and headlands bearing well-known names; they, looking backwards, with fixed eyes and panting breasts, till the last wreath of smoke was lost in the growing distance—till the sun had set, and banks of eastern clouds had faded in the twilight over Acadia, and the breeze had borne them away, and the night had shut them off forever from the land they loved.

More than a century has passed since England claimed Acadia as her own. The hardy settlers who worked their way through brake and forest are sleeping calmly in the grave. The little cabin, with its moss-filled chinks and rubble chimney, is supplanted with the wooden mansion, with mansard roof and cornice, and the sparsely-settled hamlet has grown into a town, and, with the advent of success and wealth, romance retires. Art fears not progress, but she hates to strive with rancor, and would rather follow in the van of science and use the fragments of established truth. She waits till prejudice and cynicism have done their work, till history and tradition are forsaken by the skeptics, then she paints them in her own fair colors, and they endure.

I will not, therefore, seek to picture English life in Acadia, not because it is devoid of interest, but because it is more recent than the other periods of our history; because it gains its interest rather from connection with commercial than æsthetic progress. Apart from all that man has done, however, Acadia stands adorned with Nature's graces, and God has given her charms which man