

bath peace rested on the woods and down the shady roads and paths where the people wandered lesiurely homeward to their Sunday dinner of baked shad, from the River Avon, green peas and cherry pie. At least, that is what we had, served on lovely old china taken from a corner cupboard.

Evangeline's monument stands in a park just north of the railway station. Beautiful French marigolds circle around it, and the clover sod was, that day, damp with the recent rains. Evangeline clasps her distaff, and turns her head toward the river. I asked about this but no one seemed to know. She should, we thought, be looking up the hill toward the home she was leaving forever.

The old church, which was built on the site of the one where the Acadians worshipped, and where the proclamation was read to them on that fateful Sunday morning, is now a museum where we saw a series of pictures, which tell the story of the expulsion. The scene at the seashore is full of misery, where the people sit with their pathetic little treasures in their hands, waiting for the boats to take them away.

At the gate we saw Evangeline's willows, grey with age, and listing to leeward, gnarled and twisted old warriors that have bent before many a bitter blast from the Atlantic, but have somehow survived the buffetings of time. Still they stand and put forth their leaves each spring. Somehow they moved me more deeply than any of the treasures of the Acadians, or the pictures men have drawn of their sorrow, for in their battered trunks and twisted branches they seem to hold the unconquerable spirit of the men and women of that tragic time.

The visitor to Nova Scotia is always advised to see the South Shore. President Roosevelt had spoken of the "unhurried ways of the fisherfolk". Ramsay MacDonald had called it "the land of heart's desire" wondering why he had missed it for so long.