

The woodland remains yet, but to day under its shade lives a race differing in customs and language. It is only on the dreary and misty shores of the Atlantic that vegetate yet a few Acadian peasants whose fathers came back from exile to die in their native land. In their cabin, the spinning wheel and the loom are yet in motion. The young girls still wear the Norman bonnet and petticoat, and in the evening, setting near the fire, they repeat the history of the Gospel, while in its rocky caverns, near by, the ocean roars and answers in a disconsolate tune to the groans of the forest.

Since then, like the passing of a terrible storm leaving wreck and ruin in its track, the persecution subsided, the Acadians made use of a kind of sufferance to establish themselves openly on the shores that had been their refuge for so many years. A few years after, they were joined in these solitary and wretched parts of the country by a small fraction of those transported by the English in 1755. Such is the origin of the Acadian population in Canada, that has given its name to the parish called Acadia, in the county of St. John, a place made immortal by the beautiful poem of Longfellow and is known as the home of Evangeline.

A memorial of the Bishop of Quebec, dated