

with large families came, accompanied, perhaps, by some of their neighbors. Often poor young girls lived through the journey while their aged parents died by the way, from hardship and starvation, finding their last rest in the gloomy forest. Groups of these wanderers were often partly or wholly lost in the wilderness to be seen no more. The survivors, filled with grief for those that had disappeared by the way, and embittered toward those who had caused their misery, could but recount the painful story and weep. Occasionally an old mother, whose love for her children was great enough to surmount every obstacle and bear with all the hardships of the journey, would finally reach the place that was to witness the last sacrifice of her life. In her dying hour, she might be heard asking God to bless all the poor exiles around her, and then, in a way so innocent and pure that you would know it was the last wish of a loving mother's heart, hear her cry, "My children, where are they? Alas! God only knows: but if any of you ever see them, tell them that their old mother died, blessing them, and asking God to protect them from the tyranny of the English, and lastly, to forgive them."

In pain and poverty, sighs and tears, thus was Little Acadia begun, and in the midst of these humble unfortunates, in the fields close by the cottage, the erection of which was just starting, my father was born: and in the same colony I first saw the light of day.

This constitutes but the insight into the multitude of oft-told experiences, of trials and sufferings that had seared the souls of the exiles, and prepared their soil for the growth of the tares of hate which to this day flourish in luxuriance.

No, the voice of their children shall not be hushed: it will outlive these courts, upheld by the