

burst, leaving a deep chasm, the chain terminated by the cloud-capped summit of the lofty cape. Smouldering ruins, enclosed by rows of currant and gooseberry bushes, by apple-trees and clumps of the never failing willows, were seen through the gloom and foggy, smoky atmosphere. Beyond lay smiling in the sunlight the wide expanse of the waters of the Basin and the Isles and blue highlands which bound the opposite shore of Minas.

This was the view which these Acadian exiles looked on with tearful eyes as the darkly wooded isles and highlands receded from their view.

Here Mr. Urban paused in his story, remarking that the night was wearing late.

"What became of Rose and Henri?" said Dr. Dermott.

"Their fortunes must be left for another evening's amusement," replied Mr. Urban.

In vain the hunters begged him to continue his story. He was inexorable.

"At least you might give us a synopsis of it."

"Oh," said he, "it includes some of the trials of the Acadians in the other Provinces whither they were dispersed, Blandine and Rose being again taken prisoners at the surrender of Louisburg to the British in 17— and the return and settlement of a remnant of them in Nova Scotia.

Next morning Mr. Urban and his friend M.