

line of dear old Scotland. But as the days wore on in that long voyage their expectation would turn also to the new land to which they were going. Some of their kindred had gone before them as if to prepare the way, and those coming now looked forward to finding their friends in free and happy homes in the colony on a new continent. With these friends they might well hope to find a cheerful resting-place, renewing old memories, until they, too, could have homes of their own in the free land of the West.

But alas! how cruelly disappointing to them would the scene of ruined homes and desolate hearthstones be, and how deadly a blow would be given to all their hopes when they would find their friends scattered whither not even the few remaining could tell! It is impossible to let the mind dwell upon scenes like these, and then on the ultimate triumph of these people, without thinking of the splendid valor of the Scottish blood and of the supreme faith in God which carried them through to the end. As they landed on the bleak shores of Hudson's Bay, and after a weary journey stood amidst