

A Modern Evangeline.

CHAPTER I.

IN THE LAND OF EVANGELINE.

"G-R-A-N-D P-R-È!" shouted the brakeman on the Dominion Atlantic Railway's evening express. Quickly closing the book I was reading, I gazed with misty eyes through the car window. Was one of my childhood's dreams at last a reality, and was I actually in the "Land of Evangeline," the land made known to fame by the pen of our beloved Longfellow—the battle ground of one of the most cruel struggles ever recorded in history? Can it be possible that those lovely, verdant fields through which we are passing have once been stained red with human gore?

But my reverie was brought to a close by the train coming to a standstill, and gathering up my travelling paraphernalia, I landed upon the platform of a little country station. The train rolled away eastward a few moments after I left it, and I looked