

upon the innocent wild things that ranged the unbroken forest without dread of such armed, and tireless, enemies as mankind. He may have been a "rugged type of primal man," whose kinsmen left their stone implements where they were buried in the glacial gravels of Trenton, New Jersey, while they retreated before this invasion of ice, at a time so distant that the Niagara gorge was not begun. If these were the original explorers of Nova Scotia, then the time came nearly one hundred thousand years ago, when the slowly increasing cold and accumulated snow, drove them from this peninsula that became a world of arctic desolation for thousands of years. Whether the primeval men of pre-glacial America, who retreated southward before the ice-sheet till beyond its reach, survived in their descendants and camped again on their old lines of retreat in after ages as they returned northward, is a matter of speculation for the present. Out of that stock may have sprung the rude sons of the forest who greeted the first white men, and were so long in the land that their fathers had named the natural aspects of the country in a musical tongue that was a mimicry of the murmuring streams and the whispering winds in the restless pines. These Red Men were in the Stone Age of their history; further progress was barred until iron ore could be melted and forged into implements. Here they dwelt, not without some virtues, but not greatly in advance of the bears and the moose, save in point of intelligence. They called the peninsula Acadie, meaning a land of plenty.

Surely it was no Canaan flowing with milk and honey; but there were fresh fish, and game, and berries, and nuts, and roots. They hailed with delight the Frenchmen who brought hatchets and guns, and knives, and bartered them for skins of beavers, bears, and moose. They did not perceive that the superiority of the men who furnished these weapons would inevitably make them the rulers of the land. Here on these Acadian shores was begun the New France that once bid fair to rival the glories of the Motherland. Here was poured out the treasures of a nation to build a Fortress Town to scare the British ships from adjacent seas, and make hopeless all attempts to overthrow her power. The utter ruin and pathetic desolation that marks the site of that city is a stern rebuke to human pride and national ambitions of conquests. Such a challenge as Louisburg constituted did not pass unheeded by her only rival on these shores. Before Englishmen had settled at Jamestown or Plymouth the French had begun colonization at least at two points, and when the Mayflower with