

settle over here with us, they shall have all the time they want for removing their stuff,—all day, in fact. But if they are stubborn, and would like to stay where they are and knuckle down to the English, they will see their roofs blazing over their heads just about the time the first English boat puts off for shore. If any one kicks, why, as like as not, one of His Reverence's redskins will lift his hair for him."

A chorus of exclamations, with much shrugging of shoulders, went round the group at this; and one said thoughtfully: "When my fighting days are over, and I get back to France, I shall pray all the saints to keep Father Le Loutre in Acadie. With such fierce priests in Old France I should be afraid to go to Mass!"

Pierre listened to all this with a sinking heart. Not waiting to hear more, he turned away, with the one thought of getting home as soon as possible to warn his father of the destruction hanging over

their happy home. At this moment the soldier who had been doing most of the talking caught sight of him, and called out:

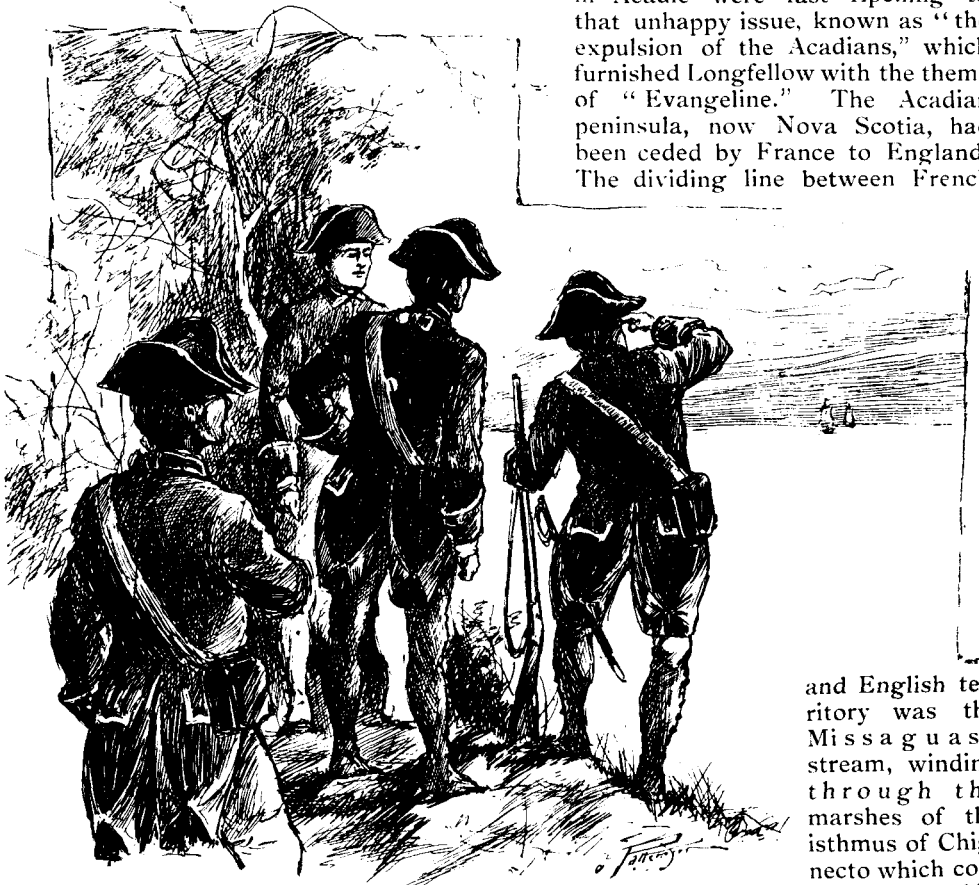
"Hullo, youngster, come here a minute!"

Pierre turned back with obvious reluctance, and the speaker continued:

"Your father, now, the good Antoine—(whom may the saints preserve, for his butter and his cheeses are right excellent!)—does he greatly love this gentle Abbé of yours?"

The boy looked about him apprehensively, and blurted out—"No, monsieur!" A flush mounted to his cheek, and he continued, in a voice of bitterness—"We hate him!" Then, as if terrified with having spoken his true thought, the lad darted away down the slope, and was soon seen speeding, at a long trot, across the young grass of the marsh to the ford of the Missaguash.

At the time when our story opens, events in Acadie were fast ripening to that unhappy issue, known as "the expulsion of the Acadians," which furnished Longfellow with the theme of "Evangeline." The Acadian peninsula, now Nova Scotia, had been ceded by France to England. The dividing line between French



"A little group of French soldiers stood watching . . . the approach of several small ships."—(Page 1.)

and English territory was the Missaguash stream, winding through the marshes of the isthmus of Chignecto which connects Acadie with the main-