

cruelly wrenched from them. Riveted to the spot, the desolate women and children wrung their hands and wept until "tired nature" and the gloom of nightfall forced them to seek protection in their homes.

One act in this infamous drama had been completed, an act that brought shame into the English hearts, who under orders were compelled to its execution.

There is a form of mercy in the ending of torture, but even this trifling boon was not for the unfortunate Acadians, for through long weeks of waiting for additional transports and supplies they lay in full view of their lost treasures.

Horried beyond measure, utterly powerless, incapable of thinking this cold inhumanity could be more than temporary, the women felt that the persecutors must relent; that the iron heart would soften, the relentless hand loose its hold and the imprisoned be returned to them. Soothed with this "forlorn hope," they turned their attention to their varied duties, each day, by permission, carrying food from their tables to those on board the ships.

But the end was not yet. The event of September 10th was that of separation; that which was to follow was one of union, but not at the family fireside.

Again the drums beat, troops paraded under arms, and dividing into squads, proceeded to the performance of the last act of the cruel tragedy. The labor of the housewife, the play of Acadian children in Acadia, was ended. For the last time had been heard there their lullaby, for the last time the prattle of their babes. The order was imperative, the fatal hour of embarkation had arrived, mothers, wives and children must now join their imprisoned friends, not definitely as families, but as chance might determine. With this awful reality, the last hope was