

As we think of these exiles gradually returning to their own land, we cannot but heave a sigh when we think what must have been their feelings. Witnesses of all the horrors of the Reign of Terror; escaping to Britain; fed by the bounty of the Government there; crossing the ocean in the late fall when Atlantic waves are boisterous; landing in a foreign land, almost a wilderness, covered with winter snows; felling the monarchs of the forest; building rude dwellings, and facing the cold of our winter after the pleasant land of France. Think of the *mal de pays* from which they must have suffered when they thought of their sunny skies, not knowing, in that first sad winter, that this country, too, has its bright skies, and balmy air as well as its bracing breezes. Was it of these exiles that Burke wrote in his "Reflections on the French Revolution"? "I hear there are considerable emigrations from France, and that many, quitting that voluptuous climate and that seductive Circean liberty, have taken refuge in the frozen regions of Canada." Writers a century later, have not yet forgotten to make similar references to "Our Lady of the Snows."

To the patient investigator it will be found there is much unexplored territory in our history, and that the links are lying all around us concealed, or, mayhap, open to every eye, but only those interested will be able to adapt and fit together the parts broken or separated into the complete chain.