



Oh! for the Bard of Auburn's melting strain!
Oh! for a Harp whose strings are tuned to pain,
To sing the horrors of that fatal day
When from their homes and country torn away
The sons of Minas left Acadia's shore
To weep and wander, but return no more.

JOSEPH HOWE.

THE REV. SAMUEL MOODY SAYS GRACE.

HIS booklet is unique in its absence of illustrations and superlative expletives. The pictures are omitted because the highest art falls infinitely short of the divine originals. The superlatives are omitted because the indescribable is only disfigured by useless embellishments. As the shortest "way there," in this fast age, is chosen as the best way, BREVITY is made the order of this Souvenir.

After the capture of Louisburg from the French, the Rev. Samuel Moody greatly distinguished himself. He was the most long-winded and clamorous divine in the Province at craving a blessing. The victory was celebrated with a great feast. All held their breath when he began, and thus the Rev.