

with the associations of the region. It is at Wolfville that the sentimental traveller must quarter himself if he would explore the scene of *Evangeline*. There, at the Acadia Hotel, he may get a comfortable bed and indigestible meals, and may hire horses at a fancy price. Horses are not scarce in Wolfville; but tourists who take an interest in 'Evangeline' are, and this fact the worthy proprietor of the Acadia Hotel takes into consideration in making his charges. Wolfville is well-to-do and common place. The Baptists reign supreme there, and possess a magnificent college with a cupola and pillars, all of painted wood, and a seminary for Baptist young ladies.

The road from Wolfville to Horton seems to have been one of the main roads through the Acadian settlement, which, like the villages of Quebec, no doubt straggled over a large extent of ground. The gnarled and decaying trunks of ancient willow trees still stand by the road-side, laid out it may be two hundred years ago by the hands of the immigrants from La Rochelle and Poitou. After passing the fine mansions of Wolfville, surrounded by their great elms, you rise to high ground, and the whole of the historic scene is spread before you.

In the Acadian land, on the shores of the  
Basin of Minas,  
Distant, secluded, still, the little village of  
Grand-Pré  
Lay in the beautiful valley. Vast meadows  
stretched to the eastward,  
Giving the village its name, and pasture to  
flocks without number.  
Dikes, that the hands of the farmer had  
raised with labour incessant,  
Shut out the turbulent tides; but at stated  
seasons the floodgates  
Opened and welcomed the sea, to wander at  
will o'er the meadows.  
West and south there were fields of flax, and  
orchards and corn-fields  
Spreading afar and unfenced o'er the plain,  
and away to the northward  
Blomidon rose, and the forests old, and aloft  
on the mountains  
Sea-fogs pitched their tents, and mists from  
the mighty Atlantic  
Looked on the happy valley, but ne'er from  
their station descended.  
There, in the midst of its farms, reposed the  
Acadian village.

This hillside, sloping gently to the *grand pré*—great prairie—was dotted with rustic houses, 'such as the peasants of Normandy built in the reign of the Henries,' with dormer windows and projecting gables. Imagination may reconstruct the rustic scene as the poet has sketched it; the matrons and maidens sitting in the summer evening at the 'gossiping looms,' in snow-white caps and bright-coloured kirtles: the white-haired priest walking with reverend step, while the children pause to kiss the hand extended to bless them, and the women rise with a glad smile to greet him; the labourers slowly plodding homewards from the fields; the columns of pale blue smoke rising like incense from a hundred hearths, 'the homes of peace and contentment.' All has vanished; but if we try and recall the scene, may we not do it with the poet's fancy?

Away off there is Blomidon, a sullen promontory jutting into the basin, his head wreathed in mist so that you may account him as tall as you will. French and New English, Nova Scotians and Canadians come and go and possess the earth, the ocean is driven back and the forest primeval hewn down, but Blomidon stands guard over the Basin, unmoved and sulky amid all the changes.

And there, a broad peninsula reaching out into the Basin, is the great prairie, first reclaimed from the ocean by the French and afterwards added to by the New Englanders. To the north-west are a few trees and a house or two crowning an eminence, which rises slightly above the general level. That is Long Island, an island only in name now, for the great sea-wall sweeps round and meets it, converting, what was once a wide area of water, dividing it from the shore, into hay-fields. Within the circuit of the outer dike are the older earthworks of the French, the lines which mark the gradual progress of the farmers in their advance upon the ocean, now slowly disappearing under the plough