

ing of settlers was held on the banks of the north east river, and many changes have taken place in the landscape, the site where stood the church of St. Louis is yet easily found. The train that carries the traveller from Charlottetown to Mount Stewart, after leaving Tracadie Station passes on the left at a place now known as Scotch Fort, a small piece of enclosed land completely covered with a thick undergrowth, from the midst of which a massive cross of white marble rises conspicuously to tell the uses for which the little plot was reserved. This was the garden which the generous *Sieur Bugeau* made over to his fellow settlers for a cemetery. It lies on the breast of a slope which falls gently back from the highway leading to St. Peters. Proceeding up this slope through the tangled graveyard and turning a little to the right, you will be shown by the present proprietor of the land a spot where his grandfather saw the deep foundations of a large building, the only memorial, now a tradition, left to aid the searcher in discovering the site of the church of St. Louis. The house of the clergyman stood in *Sieur Bugeau's* orchard among the apple trees. The last of these was cut down in 1887. Turning down the road which leads to Mr. McKenzie's house from the post road, and lower down crossing the railway track, you come upon the famous spring of Bel-air still boiling up and throwing its sweet waters forth into the sunlight, just as it did a century and a half ago when wearied groups of church-goers frequented its margin, and drank from its cool stream.

Eight months after *Franquet* had taken leave of his kind host, *Sieur Gauthier*, the Rev. Patrick La Gree, chaplain of the garrison at Port Lajoie received an urgent message to set out for Bel-air. *Gauthier* was approaching his last. The chaplain administered to the dying man the last sacraments, and on the second of April, 1752, *Joseph Nicholas Gauthier* was laid in the cemetery of St. Louis, if not the first, certainly one of its first occupants.

*Gauthier* was a native of Rochfort in France, and came to Port Royal in Acadia when a young man of twenty three. He lived there for forty years, until the despotism of Cornwallis drove him to seek on the Island of St. John a home beneath his country's flag. His allegiance cost him seventy thousand livres