

and a quarter ago pass before us, obedient to the poet's resistless wand :—

Soon o'er the yellow fields, in silent and mournful procession,
 Came from the neighbouring hamlets and farms the Acadian women,
 Driving in ponderous wains their household goods to the sea-shore,
 Pausing and looking back to gaze once more on their dwellings,
 Ere they were shut from sight by the winding road and the woodland.
 Close at their sides the children ran and urged on the oxen.
 While in their hands they clasped some fragments of playthings.

So fresh and profound is the sadness that comes over us, that it might be yesterday, and not a hundred and twenty-five years ago—

When on the falling tide the freighted vessels departed,
 Bearing a nation, with all its household gods, into exile,
 Exile without an end, and without an example in story.

So complete was the destruction of the unfortunate settlement that when a Connecticut colony took possession of the Acadian farms, five years later, they found no trace of their predecessors, save some sixty ox-yokes, and the bones of several hundred sheep and oxen which had perished during the first winter.

“ Nought but tradition remains of the beautiful village of Grand Pré,”

and even tradition is silent on this haunted spot itself. The ‘forest primeval’ is gone, and the Norman cap and kirtle of homespun. None speaks the tongue of Evangeline, and her story, though true as it is sweet and sorrowful, is heard no more in the scenes of her early days. The people of the neighbourhood wonder what the stranger ‘goes out for to see ;’ and why he stands uncovered under an old willow tree, gazing so long and so sadly across a wide flat marsh.

—We have great pleasure in presenting to our readers a portrait of LASALLE reproduced from Margry's portrait by Mr. Geo. E. Desbarats of this city. We believe it will form an acceptable frontispiece to the volume.