

ACADIENSIS

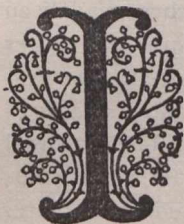
VOL. VII.

JANUARY, 1907.

No. I

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A Plea for Remembrance.



IF, as our Herbert Spencer would fain persuade us, a people build its shrines over the graves of those it considers worthy of honour, then we in Lunenburg County can point to no altars built with hands, save that of St. John's Church, Lunenburg. Inside the shadow of its historic walls have been dug out long homes for the illustrious of our dead. But our temples are, for the most part, built of memory and tradition, embellished by the word-pictures, the imaginative carving of three generations. They are erected in strange and dreary places—on lonely islands, beside roads which now lead in their grassy solitude, nowhere on desolate beaches, beside marshes, are the “dirty” spots. There rest those whom we remember for a violent life, a tragic death. While the old graveyards, of which every cubic inch of clay must be mingled with that which once breathed, yield no tribute to those whose lives were peaceable, and whose memories and virtues were interred with their bones.

One of the most difficult ideas for us to adjust to our mental vision in the study of history is the size of the “innumerable caravan which moves towards the pale realms of death.” Innumerable we call it, and stop. Few of us try to conjure up the phantoms