

An Unforeclosed Mortgage.



FORGETFUL half century has piled its strata of oblivion upon the memory of "Our Fathers," since the first hearing of Joseph's Howe's appeal—"Room for the Dead!" and it is harder yet for us in these days of the omnipresence of the present, to

realize how inevitably the work of dead hands has guided our destinies and how inexpressibly rich we are in the "Wealth safe garnered in the Grave."

Lunenburg, Nova Scotia, is a town maintaining as many shrines to ancestor worship as the main—yet, since our German name has lost its accent—the Wusts have become Wests, the Meichszners, Maxners, and the Hartlings, Hirtles—the average townsman is as likely to think that his birth-place derived its name from the moon as to know of the Hanoverian town Luneburg which was emptied of a number of its sturdy inhabitants by the Proclamation of George II, of the prosperity awaiting colonists in his domains over seas. Probably the Heimweh induced by the long voyage and arrival in the wilderness caused Lunenburg to be so baptized by them, some of whose very names are to us unfamiliar and uncouth.

The chief aids to vision whereby we may look back along the vista of a century and a half are to be found in oral traditions delivered at obscure ingle-nooks, in carefully handled family relics, in that storehouse of the pathetic, tragic and commonplace—Parish registers—and on crumbling tombstones. "That things are not so bad with you and me as they might have been, is mainly due to those who lived