

found in arms, in the French Fort at Beauséjour, when it surrendered. . . . As their numbers amount to near 7000 persons, the driving them off, with leave to go whithersoever they pleased, would have doubtless strengthened Canada with so considerable a number of inhabitants, and as they have no cleared land to give them at present, such as are able to bear arms must have been immediately employed in annoying this and the neighbouring colonies. To prevent such an inconveniency, it was judged a necessary and the only practical measure to divide them among the colonies where they may be of some use, as most of them are healthy, strong people; and as they cannot easily collect themselves together again, it will be out of their power to do mischief, and they may become profitable and, it is possible, in time, faithful subjects.'

At Grand Pré, the men were assembled in the church, and were there informed by General Winslow of the King's intentions. He said that through

His Majesty's goodness they had 'liberty to carry off their money and household goods. . . I shall do everything in my power that these goods be secured to you; also that whole families shall go in the same vessel, . . . and make this remove as easy as His Majesty's service will permit.' At Chignecto resistance was made, and the houses were all burned, the British losing several killed and wounded. One of the transports was taken possession of by the passengers, carried into the River St. John, and burned. About 500 skulked in the woods and projected an attack on Annapolis in the spring, which did not take place, and in memorials they sent to Quebec they clearly justify the British action by representing their constant loyalty to France. This is, however, the closing scene. In 1758 the French were everywhere worsted, and in 1759 the *coup de grâce* was given to the French Empire in America by the capture of Quebec.

THE GREAT SPIRIT.

BY META, SIMCOE.

WHERE is thy dwelling, Mighty Spirit? Tell!
 Hast Thou a secret home beyond the reach
 Of thought that's limited? Or dost Thou dwell
 Within our grasp, yet deigning not to teach
 Our darkened minds of thine abiding place?
 O Infinite and Just! this human heart
 Will not presume to ask to see Thy face,
 But teach, O teach me, where and what Thou art.
 Methinks I feel Thy breath in ev'ry breeze
 That fans the earth, and in the constant light
 Of sun and moon my fitful vision sees
 The glimmer of Thine eyes supremely bright.
 Yes, Thou art ev'rywhere, and these are Thee.
 Whatever Thou hast formed, now bears a part
 Of Thy great self; in all things I can see
 Something that claims the worship of my heart.
 And so will I adore, unseeing still
 The centre of supernal majesty;
 And all my life with adoration fill,
 For if I worship aught, I worship Thee.