

come at last : and I wish in these pages to give the British reader some notion of New Scotland as it is to-day, with sidelights upon what it was lang syne, and will be to-morrow.

To me as a Canadian, the pageant of New Scotland and Acadia has been familiar from my earliest years, and as the steamer ploughed its way through the waters of the Gulf, I had abundant leisure to let my fancy dwell upon those scenes of the past.

Full of adventurous story are the annals of this Province—erstwhile Acadia and the Markland of Leif the Lucky. It was our kinsfolk, the Norsemen from Iceland, who landed on the peninsula nine centuries ago.

One stops to marvel sometimes how the course of the history of the world would have run if Leif and his men had remained and settled Markland, and Vinland, and the New World. Instead of the Crusades, Europe would have poured her militant hordes into this hemisphere five centuries before Columbus ; and instead of conquering England such spirits as William of Normandy would have found such a field for their energies as Pizarro and Cortez later found. Or it may be that the Scandinavians, with their western possessions, would have forged ahead of Latin Europe, and New Christianas, New Stockholms, and New Copenhagens would have replaced the Bostons, New Yorks, and Chicagos of far later times.

But the Norsemen sailed back, leaving Markland unsettled ; and in a few generations the story of their adventurous voyage was forgotten, or enshrined only in the sagas of their poets, where it became dim and legendary. The centuries passed. Markland was given over to the tribes