

Scenes from the History of Saint John.

THE ivy-covered castles of Europe, relics of mediaeval times, the age-old cathedrals, the battlefields upon which kingdoms have been won and lost, all have power to thrill us with the mighty suggestion of the past. We sigh for Europe with its glamor of the ancient, and we forget, or never realize, that we are living on historic soil, and that the ground over which we walk with careless and accustomed step is the stage whereon stirring scenes have been enacted in days gone by.

Those who have not been so fortunate as to have been born in Wolfville or Grand Pré are prone to ask, when Fate or a sight-seeing quest leads them here, "How does it feel to actually live in the land of Evangeline?" If we answer truthfully, the most of us must say, "It doesn't feel at all," and this amid scenes immortalized by Longfellow. How much more, then, are we unconscious of the charm of association with the past which lingers around places less widely celebrated, with which we are familiar. Yet no more fascinating tale can be read than the story of the early vicissitudes of New Brunswick and Nova Scotia.

For the purpose of illustrating this thought I shall use a few historic incidents in connection with the city of Saint John, New Brunswick. When the venturesome Champlain first entered the mouth of the beautiful river, which he named the Saint John, he entered a harbor and viewed a land which had been long familiar to the Indians. The very name Ouygoudy, which means a high-way, by which the Indians called the river showed that they made constant use of it as a means of communication. Two little islands in the harbor and one just outside were to them monuments to the kindness of their great legendary hero, Glooscap. With awe they told how, many years ago, the beavers built a dam across the river. Such strong and cunning beavers were they that the Indians could not overcome them, and it began to be feared that the fertile land would all be flooded. Great Glooscap looked with pity upon their trouble, and with his mighty club he dashed the dam to fragments. Three of these fragments floated down to the harbor and became the islands called Navy, Partridge and Mahogany.

On the cedar-clad rocks which overlooked the harbor the Micmac Indians had a strong village. For years after the settlement of other parts of the country then known as Acadia by the French they were unmolested save by an occasional Jesuit priest who labor-