

to his stable, and possessed himself of his father's musket, and started down the hill at a run, expecting every moment to hear his father's voice calling him to return, the soldiers of France had reached the river. But here they halted, making no move to cross into English territory. To have done so would have been a violation of the existing treaty between France and England.

Major Lawrence, however, did not suspect that the French movement was merely what is known as a demonstration. He took it for granted that the French were waiting only for some favourable condition of the tide in order to cross over and attack him in his position. He saw that the French force three or four times outnumbered his own ; and as his mission

was one of pacification he decided not to shed blood uselessly. He ordered a retreat to the ship. The men went very reluctantly, hating to seem over-awed ; but Major Lawrence explained the situation, and declared that, Beaubassin being burned, there was no special object in remaining. He further promised that later in the summer he would come again, with a force that would be large enough for the undertaking, and would build a strong fort on the hill at whose foot they were now encamped. Then the red files marched sullenly back to their boats ; while a body of Indians, reappearing from the woods, yelled and danced their defiance, and the French across the river shouted their mocking ballads.

CHARLES G. D. ROBERTS.

(To be continued.)

## IN LITTLE BITS

In little bits, alas, it lies !  
See, each into another fit,  
I view the wreck with tearful sighs —  
In little bits !

I feel remorse's rudest hits,  
Now conscience fills with tears my eyes.  
And disappointment dulls my wit.

'Twas made this morn, about sunrise  
And now, ere day's last glimmer flits,  
My New Year's resolution flies  
In little bits !

HELEN FAIRBAIRN.