

they reached the fallen trees than they became entangled in the branches. The muskets of the small British party in ambush on the shore gave them volley after volley, and compelled them to make a hasty retreat down the river with their killed and wounded.

After the close of the war, in 1816,

the British officers, recognizing the stratagetic position of the place, gave orders for the erection of a fort. The site chosen was a more sheltered spot, and two miles higher up the river than the place where the *Nancy* was blown up. A garrison occupied it for two years and were then removed to Penetanigushene.

THE AVERAGE.

A child with its plaything broken,
 A boy "kept in" at school,
 A youth with a love unspoken,
 Who feels and looks like a fool.
 A man who has toiled and striven,
 And dreamed ambition's dream,
 But ever is backward driven
 Like a swimmer against the stream.
 Moments of fleeting pleasure,
 And days of toil and pain,
 Gathering of useless treasure,
 Squandered— or hoarded in vain.
 The false love won and cherished,
 To clog the soul's bright wings.
 The true love lost and perished,
 That urged to higher things.
 At times, a clearer vision—
 Glimpses of purer light,
 Rays from the Fields Elysian,
 Quenched by earth's sordid night.
 The vague and useless striving,
 The years so swiftly passed,
 With never reward arriving,
 Or good work done at last
 The death-bed's pain and sorrow,
 The chill and darkened room,
 Tears that are dried on the morrow,
 And an unregarded tomb.

REGINALD GOURLAY.