

sun had disappeared behind the Shepody Mountain the church and village were a mass of smouldering ruins, and the French that yet remained had to follow those who fled, and seek in the surrounding forest, among the Indians, a refuge from the cold and storms of the coming winter, there to live upon the bounty of savages more hospitable than their white-skinned Christian brethren.

Church loaded his flotilla with all he could carry away, and destroyed all he could not, leaving nothing to mark his visit but the smoking ruins of a once happy village. Let us not be too hard on Church. He had been born, bred and educated where an Indian was looked upon as an uncircumcised Philistine, and a Frenchman as a foreign heretic. If he had read anything, he may have read in the Bible that all great men were great butchers. That Saul was great because he "had slain his ten thousand." If he had read profane history, it had repeated the lesson. Hannibal was great because he had deluged the field of Canae with blood; Julius Cæsar was greater, because he had conquered on many a blood-stained field; William the Norman was greatest, because he had deluged the field of Hastings with the blood of Harold and his men. Napoleon stands out in proud eminence because he deluged Europe with the blood of slain foemen, and covered its fields with the dead. The greater the slaughter, the louder have been the peans of praise, and the *te deums* of worship. I have not the time to further moralize.

Captain Church's first raid on Beau-se-jour was so profitable that he tried his luck again in 1704. On the twentieth day of July in that year his flotilla of whale boats were again seen coming in through the Joggins. This time no friendly deputation greeted his arrival, no sumptuous preparations were made for his reception. The French inhabitants fled to the