

high and dry at the wharves near the mouth of some river. The river itself is a mere trickling stream. Suddenly a roaring sound is heard; the tide turns and rushes with mighty impulse towards the shore. The foaming water hurries around a bend and enters the harbor. Soon the great ships begin to rise, and presently they are afloat; while the strong sea breeze rocks them to and fro, and whistles through their rigging.

The ebb of the tide is just as sudden. In a few moments after the turn takes place, a great bare spot of sand appears in the harbor, which constantly grows larger. Many cattle have been drowned in this region, and boys who were guarding them have been swept away by the relentless sea.

Fifty miles south of Minas Basin, on the Atlantic coast, is Halifax, the capital of Nova Scotia. The harbor can shelter a thousand ships, and is well defended by forts. They frown down from the heights on the shores of the harbor, and from many of the islands. If a war-ship could, by hook or by crook, slip past the forts up to the city, she could be instantly blown to pieces by cannon from Fort St. George on Citadel Hill.

The hill, a low one, only about two hundred and fifty feet in height, rises back of the city. It is crowned by a high, rectangular, grassy mound on whose summit floats the red and blue flag of England, with the Union Jack. It is after you have entered the fort that its true strength becomes known to you. Beneath the grass work are the real walls of the fort, built of stone and masonry, and exceedingly thick. The fort contains many lofty, echoing passages and spacious chambers.