

which selects, almost exclusively, the first order of books. Why should a man, except for some special reason, read a very inferior book, at the very time that he might be reading one of the highest order? A man of ability, for the chief of his reading, should select such works as he feels (far) beyond his own power to have produced. What can other books do for him, but waste his time and augment his vanity?"

A TALE OF ANNAPOLIS. 1785.

THE ancient capital of Acadia had witnessed the last conflict for its possession. The many contentions between the avaricious French and the avenging English had come to an end, and there was no longer dispute of rightful claims.

But peace was not yet wholly restored, and for three-quarters of a century, or more, subsequent to Nicholson's capture, there still lurked a rampant spirit of disorder and malcontentedness. A favourable occasion was all that was required to kindle anew the existing ill-affection and not unfrequently did assaults upon government officials, and raids upon their property occur, instigated by public enemies and affected by hungry mobs. These naturally placed the town in a state of confusion and hindered greatly the desired political advancement. One such uprising, which, however, was happily averted, threatened in the early summer of 1785.

It had been decided to observe the anniversary of some event in the history of the town by an evening assembly and dinner at the residence of one of the chief functionaries, at which the "flowers of the land" were to be present with the best speech-makers and law-givers. Accordingly extensive preparations had been made for the occasion which was to be indeed a truly loyal and patriotic celebration. The night arrived and dusk found the guests congregating at the house of honour, unusually merry and hilarious.

Meantime, while the *fête* was thus commencing, back among the hills which surround the town a country girl was toiling homewards along the diverse pathway. The dense thickets, narrow passes and treacherous pit-falls, together with the approaching darkness rendered her progress slow and difficult and often did she pause for a moment's rest. Rebecca Adbert was the daughter of an Annapolis farmer, an immigrant to the new country from the distant shores of Britain. A portion of her seventeen

years had been passed in New England, but her father having journeyed with others to Nova Scotia while she was yet a child, her affections were for the greater part with her present home. On this afternoon she had resorted to the hills in quest of berries, which would find a ready sale at the feast. The little money thus procured would be opportunely acceptable at the modest farmhouse which John Adbert had erected as an abode for his family, for there the trials of a settler's life were not unknown and there the strictest economy must needs be exercised at all times. But the berries were not plentiful and Rebecca found it necessary to wander over a large area in order to obtain a very few, with which she was returning, benighted, and too late for a sale. Discouraged in mind, and weary in body, she aimlessly followed the path, often missing it and straying among the bushes. For a mile she thus continued, and in the while the shades of night were rapidly gathering around her. She had unknowingly rambled further back in the hills than was her intention, and now had gone not half the distance home.

The clearings made by the settlers years before had since become covered with a dense growth of underwood and saplings, and in many places the trees had grown to almost their former size. The present wood-cutters had pushed ahead and laid the axe to more remote parts of the forest. It was the former that the course now entered and here progress was even more laborious than in the mere thickets behind.

As she passed down a rocky decline leading into a secluded miniature dell Rebecca became conscious of a low hum, or faint noise, in the air. It was such that it could not be of any bird of the night nor of prowling beasts, but advancing where she could hear more distinctly, she was assured that it was of human voices. Rebecca had somewhat of the adventurous mingled with her usual bravery and she now resolved to ascertain the *why* of this nocturnal conversation in the woods. It surely boded no good.

Relying upon the friendly darkness for concealment she again advanced with great caution in the direction of the voices, and drawing sufficiently near to distinguish them she listened intently and with feverish excitement.

Peering through the brushwood she could barely descry the dusky forms of about fifty men who appeared to be well armed and conversing freely yet not loudly.

The listener behind the rock gathered from what she heard that it was the

intention of these men to saunter forth from their rendezvous within an hour or two and taking advantage of the occasion when the citizens would be absent from their homes, plunder the town, murder those offering opposition, and escape by a vessel then ready in the harbour.

Completely astounded, Rebecca lingered briefly in her seclusion, but immediately regaining her composure, she sought some means by which she might frustrate the villains' bold plans. For, brave girl that she was, her first thoughts were not for her own safety but that of others. Might she save the town? She thought she might.

Hastily but noiselessly she left the spot and hurried with all possible speed towards the scene of festivities. Recklessly crossing streams and traversing wooded slopes, she hastened, not heeding the many bruises and scratches that befell her. When at length she arrived at the town, footsore and exhausted, her story was not at first believed, but her integrity finally prevailed and received general approbation. When the would-be plunderers came they were met and deterred from the accomplishment of their diabolical plans. The leaders were safely lodged in the gaol, long to repent their actions.

For her brave deed by which the town was saved from great loss and murder, if not entire destruction, Rebecca Adbert was well rewarded and plenty was provided for the future for her own and her parents' comfort.

A. W. FULLERTON.

[FOR CANADA.]

JOHN BULL: HIS FAMILY.

By THOMAS C. ROBINSON.

JOHN BULL, he is a farmer bold,
And a lover of the sea;
A brawny blacksmith's arm he has,
And his hammer well wield's he.

He loves his farm full well he does;
The sea is his honest pride.
His blacksmiths' shops send forth his ships,
The victors on every tide.

And in the corner of his heart
A true love he hides, doth he,
For those who claim his kindred blood —
His fair children o'er the sea.

And he would have them meet once more,
Once more neath the old house tree.
One and all at his bidding come
From o'er the wide, wide sea.