

is what we have to fear. . . . The township is laid out, and an allotment of ground is given to every family. . . . We hope we shall be able to preserve ourselves from the severity of the weather, by little boarded huts; but it is feared much hardship must be endured. . . . The little knowledge I have obtained, in the short time we have been here, of the usefulness of the place to England, satisfied me that those gentlemen who first proposed this colony, and have so zealously served their country thereby, will reap immortal honour . . . and in time will be the authors of the happiness of others, who might have lived useless and died miserable at home.

In the long run, the author's prophecy proved true. Meanwhile the settlers in Nova Scotia experienced some trying times. Before long they were forgotten by *The Gentleman's Magazine*, ignored by the daily press in London, and overlooked by the historians and economists who followed Anderson. Still, in the mid-eighteenth century Nova Scotia was a bright jewel in the British colonial empire.

AND SUDDENLY IT'S EVENING

Giuliano Dego

(Translated from the Italian of Salvatore Quasimodo)

Each alone on the heart of the earth
pierced by a ray of sun:
and suddenly it's evening.