

HALIFAX OF TO-DAY.

THE Halifax of to-day presents a far different aspect from that seen by Governor Cornwallis as he sailed up Chebucto Bay that bright June morning nearly a century and a half ago. Then a dense and unbroken forest stretched away from the water's edge back as far as the eye could reach, while lurking savages, concealed in the thicket, breathed fearful menace against the hardy voyagers who had dared to invade their domain. Amid difficulties and dangers the settlement was begun. Arduous though the task, the forest was felled, dwellings were erected, and soon all was life and animation where so short a time before had been silence and solitude. Confined at first within a space bounded by Barrington, Salter, and Buckingham Streets, the town soon reached out and climbed the hill to the base of the Citadel. Then, as though becoming emboldened and conscious of increasing strength and security, it crept first north and then south. Afterwards outlying suburbs were built. Year by year the city extended, sometimes rapidly, sometimes slowly and cautiously, as though half-fearful of its own temerity, and uncertain of the result. As time



ENTRANCE TO CITADEL.