

while our laws secure your freedom, a kindness which no law could create has made you warm friends to the city you dwell in.

The aboriginal occupants of the soil have been invited and are here to add to the interest of this spectacle. True philanthropy knows no lines of distinction to divide man from man. Its wide circle includes all.

Citizens, friends, and spectators of this exhibition! You have united to recall the past, to mark the memory of bygone days—to pay a great and a merited honour to the founders, the fathers of our country. Fellow-countrymen, if this cheerful meeting shall increase concord among you, the day will not have been mis-spent.

Men of Halifax! You began this day by prayer to God on high, for the future prosperity of the City. It is the most solemn festival in your annals. May it knit you together in a close bond of brotherhood that none shall dare to sever, and its memory hereafter be one of pleasure unalloyed.

The Oration was honoured with three hearty cheers, after which the Societies returned to the City and dispersed. The following poem, prepared for the occasion by the Hon. Joseph Howe, was distributed during the day from the press in the procession :—

SONG FOR THE CENTENARY.

Hail to the Day! when the Britons came over,
And planted their standard with sea foam still wet!
Above and around us their spirits shall hover,
Rejoicing to mark how we honor it yet.

Beneath it the emblems they cherish'd are waving—
The Rose of Old England the road side perfumes,
The Shamrock and Thistle the north winds are braving,
Securely the Mayflower blushes and blooms.

In the temples they founded, their faith is maintained,
Ev'ry foot of the soil they bequeathed is still ours!
The graves where they moulder no foe has profaned;
But we wreath them with verdure and strew them with flowers!

The blood of no brother, in civil strife pour'd,
In this hour of rejoicing, encumbers our souls!
The frontier's the field for the Patriot's sword,
And cursed is the weapon that Faction controls!

Then Hail to the Day! 'tis with memories crowded
Delightful to trace through the mists of the past,
Like the features of beauty, bewitchingly shrouded,
They shine through the shadows time o'er them has cast.

As travellers track to its source, in the mountains,
The stream, which, far swelling, expands o'er the plains,
Our hearts, on this day, fondly turn to the fountains
Whence flowed the warm currents that bound in our veins.

And proudly we trace them: No warrior flying
From city assaulted and fanes overthrown,
With the last of his race on its battlements dying,
And weary with wandering, founded our own.

From the Queen of the Islands, then famous in story,
A century since our brave forefathers came,
And our kindred yet fill the wide world with her glory,
Enlarging her Empire, and spreading her name.