

by boisterous waves, lay calm and peaceful beneath the rising sun. The many coves and other inlets, now known to us by long-familiar names, were full of freshness and variety. Ketch Harbour, Purcell's, Portuguese and Herring Coves, unknown to story and undisturbed by man, were nestling in their beautiful surroundings, reflecting the graceful images of the drooping trees on the banks above. McNab's, George's, and Lawlor's Islands, covered with forest trees and herbage of the most delicate green, rose up like emerald mounds in a setting of amethyst. The North-West Arm, that picturesque extension of the sea, was coquetting with the golden-tinted clouds in the heavens above. The circular elevation, which for more than a hundred years has borne the chief fortification of Halifax, rose stately to the westward, crowning the lessening distance, and clothed with a mass of variegated forest which displayed every variety of green, from that of the dusky pine to the tender tint of the larch tassels. We are told that the thick woods grew down to the water's edge. The aspens trembled in the languid south wind; the wild fruit trees lifted their sweet, snowy blossoms to the sun. Birch and beech trees, with here and there an oak, towered above the alders of leaser size, and contrasted with the firs and spruces thickly set together. The undergrowth of ferns, vines,