

munication. They embosom countless isles and islets like precious many-hued gems set in azure, and crystal, and gold. One of these "Arms" runs up on one side of Halifax, forming its pleasant living boundary on the west. The harbour is prolonged far up to Bedford by a beautiful and spacious basin, from which, as you approach it, you can perceive no outlet. The harbour itself is as spacious as it is safe, easy of access, and well sheltered from every wind that blows. In the mouth of it lies Macnab's Island, partly cultivated, partly crowned with a hardwood forest which in summer refreshes the eye with the greenness of its foliage, and in the autumn dazzles with the splendour of its purple and gold. Eastward of the Island is the "Passage," a narrow, deep, well-screened outlet to the mighty sea, often used by small vessels. At the western extremity of the Island rises the Light-house, a poor looking structure, but ever true with its gleam of warning and of hope to the sailor and the voyager.

Much nearer the city, and in the very heart of the harbour, rises St. George's Island, small, egg-shaped, bristling with guns, ready to sweep the harbour clean from side to side with its terrific bull-dogs; commanding the heart of the town and all the wharves and the shipping. It is planted there as if on purpose to render the harbour impregnable.

Then the shipping, the ware-houses, the town,—smoking chimneys, dingy roofs; chimneys without any smoke from them, houses without any roof;—the streets, rattling carts, cars, carriages; clouds of swirling dust; then the spires and towers of churches, many of them ill-shapen enough, an insult to the ever-watching eye of the Architect who never blunders in the building art or in any department, useful or ornamental! Then the Dockyard, with the big ships of war resting in the peaceful haven; then up, still up the narrows, to the Railway Depot and Bedford Basin, a scene of busy life where all was very desolate a few short years ago.

Come up to the noble hill that rises above the depot—"Linden Hill"—loved of the muses once; but its glory is sadly departed now. Come down to the Wellington Barracks, to the Admiralty House, the Institution for the Deaf and Dumb, the Old Ladies' Home: some of these at least you see with the naked eye, the rest you can see with the viewless orb of fancy.

Towards the left hand are green fields, cottages, trees trim and leafy, trees small and scrubby, bushes, and waste-land, till you reach the Dutch Village. Then come around from the Dutch Village to the Head of the North-West Arm. Lovely, picturesque, most peaceful is the scene. Wealth, taste, fashion are seeking retreats here, and transforming the waste places into charming gardens and fertile fields. The houses are for the most part white, and they nestle amid groves of dark ever-greens. Following down the course of the Arm we see much to admire in the houses, the fields, the shady avenues through well kept forests, the blooming gardens, the pastures where large herds of cattle graze in peace. By-and-by we come to forts, commanding the entrance to the harbour—stronger than any other forts in America—armed with guns of the largest calibre and latest pattern. These forts are magnificently situated, and as strong as the art of man