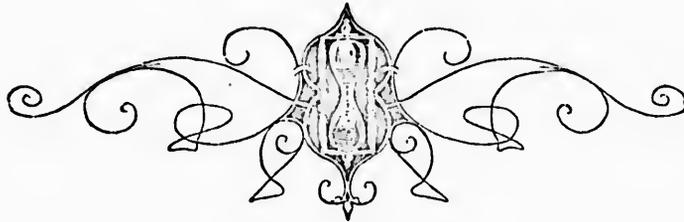


Quaint, quiet, easy-going Halifax, she has not gained much in momentum, one is forced to say, since Cozzens' time. The stalwart regiments still come and go, their glittering uniforms adding rich color to the otherwise cold grayness of the irregular streets of the old Acadian capital; the bugle call is still heard, night and morning, from the gates of the citadel; the sunrise and sunset gun still boom on the silent air; ships laden with valuable West Indian cargoes still float proudly up past George's Island and

anchor, to the music of the lapping tide, beside the slimy wharves; but the city's permanent population and her wealth increase but slowly, and she changes little in her general aspect from year to year. Halifax, however, abounds in well-bred hospitality, and once caught in her little social whirl, admitted to the homes and hearts of the native Haligonians, the visitor will surely find little to censure and much to love even in the sluggish English humors of the chief city and its people of the Acadian Province-by-the-Sea.



JOHN BROWN.

By William Herbert Carruth.

HAD he been made of such poor clay as we,—
 Who, when we feel a little fire aglow
 'Gainst wrong within us, dare not let it grow,
 But crouch and hide it, lest the scorner see
 And sneer, yet bask our self-complacency
 In that faint warmth,—had he been fashioned so,
 The Nation ne'er had come to that birth-throe
 That gave the world a new Humanity.

He was no mere professor of the word—
 His life a mockery of his creed;—he made
 No discount on the Golden Rule, but heard
 Above the senate's brawls and din of trade
 Ever the clank of chains, until he stirred
 The Nation's heart by that immortal raid.