

pierced at mathematical intervals with oblong holes for windows, is a façade.

But an even more serious mistake—perhaps it was at first a necessity—the founders of Halifax made, in which their successors and descendants have persisted to the present day ; a fundamental and essential mistake which no amount of shaping, and trimming, and painting will ever correct or atone for—a mistake which, it is painful to have to record, it is difficult to bring Haligonians to recognise as such—they built then and build now their houses entirely of wood. Wooden houses may be cheap, wooden houses may be easy to build, wooden houses may be painted to look like stone or brick, but wooden houses are not for men, but children. People who live in glass houses, we are told, shouldn't throw stones ; and people who live in wooden can't care for posterity, for it is certain that posterity won't care for them. It is not as if stone were not cheap, or brick available—the Colonial showed from the first his improvidence and his distrust in his future, by building of wood, and the result is what might be expected. Time has not dignified, but detracted.

“A modern wooden ruin,” Haliburton told his fellow-countrymen, “is of itself the least interesting and at the same time the most depressing object imaginable. The massive structures of antiquity, that are everywhere met with in Europe, exhibit the remains of great strength, and though injured and defaced by the slow and almost imperceptible agency of time, promise to continue thus mutilated for ages to come. They awaken the images of departed generations, and are sanctified by legend and by tale. But