

XII.

Minerva springing from the head of Jove!
 Was that the symbol of th' Helennic mind?
 All intellect, Greece had not her arms to find,
 When need was; with what grand success she strove
 Against the wrong, when subtle tyrants wore
 Their fetters, wherewith Freedom's limbs to find;
 When Persia was in arms against mankind.
 How the fair plants of Truth and Freedom throve
 In unison, and grew up side by side!
 But Athens! chief in thee—Athen's home:
 Whence as its centre radiated wide
 The thought that shall live in all time to come—
 The thought that in all ages has defied
 The Tyrant era into martyrdom!



HALIFAX SCENERY.

BY THE EDITOR *Halifax Witness*.

A NOBLE picture this, under my eye, as I stand on the highest spot within the Citadel of Halifax. It is worthy of the great ARTIST whose pictures are always what they should be, and who never mingles colours with a false or faltering touch. For that matter, I suppose there is not an acre of this fair earth which has not its share of the wonderful and the beautiful, though some spots are peculiarly favoured.

Beneath us, sloping south-eastward towards the sleeping waters, lies the Town, not in itself pleasing to the eye, but beautiful for situation. Gleaming almost all around are the waters of the harbour and the "Basin" and the North-West Arm: for we are here on a peninsula with but a narrow isthmus joining us to the mainland. Towards the south and east the sea and sky bound the distant horizon. In every other direction low ranges of hills rise modestly farther and still farther off till they fade into a line of dim purple. I can see from ten to fifteen miles in every direction. The horizon is here and there rimmed with great jagged crag-like clouds that are seen only in summer, and that forcibly remind one of ranges of snow-clad mountains.

The most beneficent feature of our Atlantic coast is the way in which slender silvery arms of the turbulent sea run far inland, often flanked with towering hills. These bays, harbours, havens, basins, arms, or whatever they may be called, bear evident marks of having been designed by the Great Architect and Artist with a view to the safety and welfare of men. Without these the south-eastern coast of Nova Scotia would be a homeless wilderness, waste, wild,—the waters ever more chafing against angry cliffs of slate and granite. As existing they are a source of comfort, safety, wealth and unspeakable beauty. Brooks and rivers rush to their embrace. They shelter the little boat "that wins the bairns' bread," and the gallant bark that woos the gales of strange seas. They are a means of rapid intercom-