

their course unshaken under so many causes of disheartening and discouragement,—that they might found a city and a province for our benefit?

The fathers of the colony! Where are they? At rest in their peaceful graves, in the land their right hands redeemed from the rude wilderness. Should we not bless their memories, when we survey the goodly inheritance they left us? Consider Halifax, her superb harbour, her beautiful Basin, her lovely environs. Observe our city, her loyal population, her buildings public and private.—Mark well her bulwarks, her barracks, her ordnance, her dockyard, and the proud fortress that guards and crowns her height.

Regard Nova Scotia,—her woodland hills,—her alluvial plains,—her fertilizing streams,—her mineral treasures,—her exhaustless fisheries, her great future.—They who won this land have long since mouldered in the dust. Could one of that expedition have pierced in vision through the mists of time,—have seen this day, this multitude of the lovely daughters and intelligent sons of the soil,—of the children of Nova Scotia by birth and by adoption, how richly would that one glance have rewarded the anxious toil of the adventurous settler. Or, had we the power by some potent spell to wake from sepulchral slumber their shadowy forms: how intense, how deep would be the interest of our gaze upon them. Methinks among that airy group we see the grave Cornwallis, the gallant Laurence, the graceful Mascarene.

Halifax is now one of a great sisterhood of British cities and settlements dispersed to earth's remotest bounds. Our language is spoken as the mother tongue on the shores of a hundred seas. Still is our great nation busied in fulfilling her mission of civilization. Amidst Labrador's ice, on Afric's sands, on Aden's rocks, on Borneo's wilds, on far Australia's waste, our countrymen are at this moment laying the foundations of future empires.

"Come bright Improvement! on the car of Time,
And rule the spacious world from clime to clime.
Thy handmaid arts shall every wild explore,
Trace every wave and culture every shore."

Pleasures of Hope.

Halifax, a naval and military station, is rich in its recollections of the warriors both of the land and of the sea. Here came the immortal Wolfe on the path of victory, hence sailed Boscawen. Here have we seen Parry. Here have we known the Sherbrookes, Kempts, Dalhousies, Kennes, the lieutenants of Wellington. Here our fireside tales have been full of the sailor prince and King, William Henry, his boyish, open hearted gaiety, of the royal minded Edward of Kent, the Sovereign's father, and Nova Scotia's friend—of his boundless munificence, his graceful condescension, and not far away lie the last lingering ruins of his summer palace, once bright with gaiety, beauty, chivalry, and music. Even now we have among us a name heroic, and already historical, that of a chief of a thousand combats on the waves, Scotland's son, the world-renowned Dundonald.

Regiment after regiment has arrived among us and departed, during the century now closing. Fleets and armies have sojourned here. All this while a strong regard for the British Soldier has steadily grown up among us. A just esteem for his many virtues, his courage, his frankness, has been established. No less attachment has existed for the British Sailor. With both services the intercourse of our inhabitants for the whole time has been cordial, unbroken, uninterrupted.

To the original settlers of Halifax, many valuable accessions were made. From the older colonies of Britain, from the army at each general peace concluded, many were added. Among the earlier were some of the heroes of Louisbourg and Quebec. In 1776, and 1783,