

he was most favourably impressed with Halifax at the end of the nineteenth century.

"Halifax is a beautiful place, a *rus in urbe*, a city full of turf and trees, clustered round the citadel as a mediæval town grew under the shelter of its castle. It has its citadel for a heart and the arms of the sea embrace it. It has a charmingly laid-out public park, yet more charmingly because it is not laid-out at all, but simply faithfully preserved Nature; and delightful villas embowered in the woody banks of The Arm. The city is enlivened, moreover, by naval and military pomp. Stately men-of-war ride in the harbour, while dashing sun-burned British officers and well set-up, scarlet-tunicked Tommy Atkinses capture the feminine hearts of their respective grades in society; for Halifax is as particular about its society as an English garrison town. We spent a day in Halifax to drive through its pleasant streets, admire its court-house and one or two other fine mansions, go over to the seat of the Provincial Legislature and Supreme Court, and wander reverently round its old church, full of monuments to young scion of noble English families, who died in what was then a distant and perilous service. The founders of Canada were literally men of the best blood in England; and though the Provincial Government is anything but enthusiastic in the matter of patriotism, Haligonians remind me with intense pride that the Knight of Kars and Sir Provo Wallis, and Stairs the companion of Stanley, were Nova Scotians; as was the founder of the Cunard Line." (*On The Cars And Off*, London, 1895.)

The finest thing ever said about Halifax is the shortest. In his "Song of the Cities," Mr. Kipling gives our town an honorable place.

"Into the mist my guardian prowls put forth,
Behind the mist my virgin ramparts lie;
The Warden of the Honour of the North,
Sleepless and veiled am I."

A. MACMECHAN.