

FALIFAX ! On thy grand harbor fleets can calmly rest,
All secure, though tempests near thee plough the ocean's breast.
Loudly roar thy throats of thunder when thy war-dogs wake,
Isles and citadel resounding till the rock beds shake.
From the station shrill the whistle of the "Westward Bound,"
"All aboard !" and Bedford Basin feels the thrill around.
X'tian age ! did e'er such comforts travellers surround?

Now the city fades from vision as we round the Bay ;
So too, other scenes before us soon will fade away.

