

STORIED HALIFAX



Looking up George Street, showing St. Paul's Church and Citadel Hill

STORIED HALIFAX

"The Warden of the Honour of the North"

BY ARCHIBALD MACMECHAN

OF course, if history is a sealed book to you, and if you have no imagination, you may visit Westminster Abbey, the Forum, the Acropolis, the Holy City itself and remain unmoved. So, as a hasty tourist, you may dash through Halifax, and put yourself on record as having seen only a certain number of buildings much in need of paint and the scrubbing-brush. In fact, more than one sapient traveller has done so; but Halifax is like Wordsworth's poet: you must love her ere to you she will seem worthy of your love. You must take time to study and learn her past before her special charm becomes apparent, but your patience will be rewarded in the end. Perhaps the unwavering devotion of twenty years may be considered as giving the present writer some title to discourse upon those attractions of our old gray city by the sea, which must ever remain hidden from the casual eye.

One feature must be plain even to the least observant, the unmatched magnificence of the

