

June brings with it a freshness of delight to every heart. The invalid, frail and drooping, wins strength and vigor from the balminess of the breeze, and the fullness of creation. The tired and weary in soul, though Spring may not restore them to early freshness, it yet revives the drooping pulses and unconsciously instils the feeling that life is not so bad as it seems—that while here in the house of our pilgrimage Hope does not fold its wing forever.

But while we lay our just tribute at the shrine of this beautiful month, so welcome to all in our northern climate, we must not forget that it is the season in which our Nova Scotia received upon her shores the adventurous band of hardy Britons, whose labour, with that of their descendants, has served to rescue our country from its wilderness condition, and make it the fair and fruitful land it now appears. On the eighth of June, 1749, Cornwallis landed at Halifax, with his compatriots, and unfurled the Royal Standard of Great Britain on our shore. Long may it wave over a loyal and a prosperous people—sheltering and protecting an independant race, who while they emulate the daring and courage of their ancestors who first planted that flag within their borders, will also like them ever be ready to uphold the honour of that standard, and, if needful, to fight 'beneath it and their Mayflower banner for liberty and right.

Though we have progressed but slowly, the face of the country now would make its first settlers start back in surprise and gladness, could they but glance over its smiling and cultivated fields with its growing towns and hamlets, and its noble harbor where many a fair vessel spreads her white sails to the rushing breeze. We trust ere many years pass over us, that the contrast we will then present may be as striking to us, as our present appearance would now be to them: that when Railways and Canals become things of fact—not of speculation within our midst,—when native industry is protected and native genius encouraged,—when the guardians of the people's rights advance their public works and their Exhibitions of Industry and skill—that the little land of our birth will be a flourishing and a populous country, doing no discredit to the land whence it derives all its laws and its institutions—our noble Mother Country—Great Britain.

For many years it was the custom, we believe, to hold an annual festival in commemoration of the landing of our early settlers on the eighth of June, but this custom has of late years fallen into disuse. Our national feeling was exhausted in the display we made on the occasion of the celebration of the day that witnessed the completion of the century since our Province was settled by the British. Centenary day, as the eighth of June 1849, was termed, was a general holiday throughout the land, and was celebrated in Halifax with considerable taste and effect. Perhaps everything was not done as it should have been, or with the style and spirit that our republican neighbors might have honored a similar event; but the day passed off gaily enough, and as we