

softness. I confess to a degree of disappointment at the appearance of the Citadel, the glacis of which closely resembled a New England cow pasture after a protracted drought.

But, to me, Halifax is a charming and an interesting city. I love its dusty and gray buildings, its tilted streets, its low buildings, its aristocratic family mansions. The old city is restful. Looking at its homely exteriors brought to me a feeling of rest, of relaxation, an appreciation of the full enjoyments of life, where outside show is sacrificed to interior comforts

people, their hospitable ways, their high refinement and their truly aristocratic bearing. Here, fortunately, the term "aristocracy" has not been necessarily associated with wealth, and here we find the true aristocracy, untainted by the coarse pretensions of the *nouveau riche*. There is more sincerity among the people of Halifax than, much as it grieves me to say it, we find as a general rule in our American cities.

The streets of Halifax are well kept, well cared for. It is customary, of course, for visitors to any famous city



DALHOUSIE COLLEGE, HALIFAX.

—and I saw in some of these Nova Scotia homes that kind of luxury which I have so often read about, and so often pictured in imagination. I found in Halifax the type of civilization, of delicate refinement, and of quiet luxury of half a century ago or more, which seemed to me as an oasis in these frivolous modern times, with all these exterior gilding and ceaseless whirl. The people of Halifax lead what I call a model existence, infinitely superior to our American hurly-burly existence. I was pleased with the

to go into raptures over the public buildings. It is quite the proper thing, while travelling abroad, to weep over the tomb of Shakespeare, deliver a forty-four line sentence, from one of Cæsar's orations, at the Coliseum, eat our lunches on the platform of the Parthenon, and, when we visit Mount Vernon, cut a cane from the tomb of Washington. So, in Halifax, every visitor must see Dalhousie College and the Parliament Buildings. I saw them, and can truthfully say that they are solid, grand piles of granite, and cor-