

HALIFAX

(The Native Speaks)

AGNES FOLEY MACDONALD*

I do not think of Halifax
With great ships at her feet,
But only of a leafy lane,
A garden gay and neat.

Only of bright sails skimming
The waters of the Arm,
Of April-blooming dogwood,
October's vibrant charm.

I see no mighty fortress
With stern face to the foe,
But just an old and quiet town
Wrapped in December snow.

For Halifax is cobbled streets,
And tall trees in a park,
And thin mist blown by salty winds,
A foghorn through the dark.

And all the cherished things that warm
The heart, remembering still
The grey and patient city
Beneath its ancient hill.

*Mrs. Angus L. Macdonald, of Halifax.