

could not create. Among the breakers of Cape Breton, where the water surges past the heights at La Bras D'or, among the islands near Cape Sable, at Lunenburg, at Tusket and St. Mary's Bay, there are bits of rugged landscape, rich in all the splendor of bold rocks and splashing waves. From Granville to Cornwallis the sweetest strip of valley lies between two stretches of mountain land, and, standing on the heights of Cobequid, we can gaze for miles away upon a broad and boundless reach of marsh land. From Fort Medway through lake Rosignol to the basin of Annapolis, without leaving the canoe, we may pass through a lovely highway of lakes and outlets, while up the river of New Brunswick we may sail for days till we have to make a portage at huge cascades, which, if Canada did not possess Niagara and her railroads, would gather round them crowds of tourists. I shall not soon forget a night once passed on Blomidon—the wildest spot, perhaps, in all Acadia. It was in my grand old college days, and we, three students, carried with us enough of classic training to make us seek some classic features in the scene. The night was cloudless, and a great round moon hung in the sky above the Parrsboro coast and lit the belts of trap and sandstone which skirt the western boundary of Minas Basin. Along the heights, which rise precipitous three hundred feet above the water's edge, are fearful landslides, where, among fragments of basaltic column, mixed with smaller broken stone and gravel, sprays of birch and dogwood mark the struggle between vegetable and inorganic force. To the south lay Grand Pré, and a few stray distant lights were all that told us of the human world,—the rest was solitude. And then the waters of the Basin were surging at our feet, or soughing up the shingle, or thundering against the cliff, while countless splash and wave and ripple sounded from the distance far away. It was such a scene as Æschylus and Homer must have witnessed, and I do not think we should have wondered had we seen the