

Soon as death's semblance makes weary man's eyes,

Sad, sweetly sad, thy notes swelling arise.

Why dost thou fly the first streaks of the day?
Why does the coming light chase thee away?
Hast thou in daytime, from sorrowing, peace?
Do thy sad thoughts with the bright sunshine
cease?

Now breaks thy song from the verdure-clad
hill;

Now it keeps time with the murmuring rill.
Sweet singing spirit, why restless alway?
Come to my window and rest thee for aye.

Breathe to me there all the source of thy woe,
There let thy grief in rich melodies flow,
There tell thy sorrows in secret to me—
Why at my words thus afar dost thou flee?

Farewell then, Whippoorwill, now thou art fled,
True, thou art spirit of one that is dead;
Keep thy sad secret locked fast in thy breast;
Now the sun rises, and now thou hast rest.

Original.

NOTES OF A RAMBLE THROUGH CAPE BRETON.

BY J. G. BOURINOT, NOVA SCOTIA.

In the month of August last, tired of the dust and noise of the city, the writer decided to spend a few weeks in visiting a portion of the New Dominion but little known outside of the Maritime Provinces. Let the reader open up a map of British North America, and direct his eye to the north-east of Nova Scotia, and he will see a large island of exceedingly irregular form, separated from the main-land by a narrow gut, connecting the Atlantic Ocean with the Gulf of St. Lawrence. This is the Island of Cape Breton, known in the days when the French were the rulers of Canada by the name of Isle-Royale. Having visited the island in former years, I had been exceedingly struck by the richness of its resources, and the variety of its exquisite scenery. Nowhere, I knew, could the tourist find more invigorating breezes, better sea-bathing, or more admirable facilities for fishing and sport of every kind, than in

Cape Breton. So, in that island I determined to spend the few holidays I could snatch from the treadmill of journalism.

On a fine summer evening I found myself on board one of the Cunard steamers at Halifax; and, in the course of twenty-four hours after steaming out of the harbor, we arrived at the port of North Sydney, where the principal coal mines of Cape Breton are situated. For the space of a month I rambled through the island. I visited many of the villages, and partook of the kind hospitality of its people. I ventured into the depths of its wilderness; saw many relics of the days of the French dominion; fished in its streams; and passed many delightful hours on the waters of its great lake. Now, on this bleak January evening, with the wind whistling shrilly around the house, and tossing the snow-flakes against the windows, I recall those pleasant summer days, and re-produce from my notebook many of the facts that I gathered in the course of my rambles.

Sydney harbor is justly considered one of the finest ports in America, though it is unfortunately ice-bound during the winter months, from the first of January to the first of April. The mimes of the Mining Association of London are at the entrance of the harbor, and are connected by rail with the place of shipment, which is generally known by the name of the "Bar." This place does not present a very attractive appearance to the visitor, the houses being ungainly wooden structures, disfigured by huge, glaring signs. Six miles further up the river is the capital of the island, the old town of Sydney, which is built on a peninsula. As the stranger comes within sight of the town, he does not see many evidences of progress or prosperity. The houses on the street fronting the harbor are, for the most part, very dilapidated and sadly in want of paint and whitewash. The town, however, is very prettily situated, and possesses many pleasing features. In former times, Cape Breton was a separate province, and Sydney had a resident governor and all the paraphernalia of seats