

and more beautiful than we had imagined a body of salt-water could be. The water seeks out all the low places, and ramifies the interior, running away into lovely bays and lagoons, leaving slender tongues of land and picturesque islands, and bringing into the recesses of the land, to the remote country farms and settlements the flavour of salt, and the fish and mollusks of the briny sea. It has all the pleasantness of a fresh-water lake, with all the advantages of a salt one. So indented is it, that I am not sure but one would need, as we were informed, to ride 1000 miles to go round it, following all its incursions into the land. The hills around it are not more than 700 to 800 feet high, but they are high enough for reposeful beauty, and offer everywhere pleasing lines."

At length the saffron sky deepened into gold and purple and the gathering shadows hid the shores from view, except where the red light of Baddeck glimmered over the wave. I turned in early, that I might be up by daylight to see the beauty of the famous "Golden Arm." With the first dawn I was awake, and found the steamer threading a channel about a mile wide, between the lofty St. Anne range and the highlands of Boularderie. The farm-houses and fishermen's cottages seemed absolutely insignificant beneath the lofty wood-crowned hills behind them. Presently a lurid sunrise reddened the eastern sky and lit up the hill-tops, when I saw what seemed beacon fires, kindling all along the shore. But I soon found that it was the reflection of the level rays from the fishermen's windows. So illusory did it seem, that I was almost certain that they were camp-fires, till I found that they went out as rapidly as they had been kindled, when the angle of reflection was passed.

Soon we pass out of the channel into the ocean, exposed to the broad sweep of the Atlantic, leaving the surf-beaten Bird-rock, rising abruptly from the waves on the left, while to the right stretch away the stately mountains of St. Anne's, culminating in the ever-cloud-capped headland, Smoky Cape. At length we turn into a wide harbour, where we are told the mines run far beneath the sea. The steamer stops first at North Sydney—a busy coal-shipping port with a marine railway, and the relay station of the American submarine Cable, where all the news is transferred to the land-wires. About thirty or forty operators, I was informed, were employed.

Seven miles further and we reach Old Sydney—one of the most delightfully quaint and curious old-fashioned places to be found in America. On the high ridge are the remains of the old Government Building. For be it known, Sydney was once