

washed, shone like the snowy tents of an army. One sturdy peasant, who came down with his ox-team to the wharf, might just have stepped out of a picture by Millet. I was struck with the lonely little lighthouses which stud the channel, which seemed the very acme of isolation.



A FISHING VILLAGE—CAPE BRETON.

Our steamer passed through the recently constructed St. Peter's Canal, from the broad Atlantic to the secluded waters of the Bras d'Or Lake. It was so solitary, so solemn in the golden glow of sunset, that it seemed as if

"We were the first that ever burst
Into that silent sea."

I will let the facile pen of Charles Dudley Warner describe the pleasant scene:

"The Bras d'Or is the most beautiful salt-water lake I have ever seen,