

difficulty in finding the exact site of Colonel Lawrence's fort, which has wholly disappeared.

Yet odd to relate, a prosperous farmer named Lawrence occupies the ground, and upon the site of the old commandant's house his dwelling is built. At the time of my visit a youth was actively engaged with a scythe in a field where Lawrence's artillery was placed, the breast-works having long been levelled. Bullets and other relics were occasionally picked up. A couple of the cannon I afterwards saw in use as gate-posts before a private house in Amherst. My friend deplored with me the indifference of the New Scotlanders, and especially the people of Amherst, to their historic shrines—the spots where the deeds in Canada's story were wrought which make of the Canadian people a free people to-day. I was delighted to hear him say, "Every stone, every brick, belonging to our days of struggle should be a priceless memento—worth its weight in gold." For I knew that when such sentiment finds utterance on the lips of one good man the root of the matter is there, the idea will flourish, and the fruit will in good season appear.

On we went to Beauséjour, on the other side of the Missaguash. Here ruins very similar to those at Louisbourg meets the eye, solid casements and bastions which have resisted the tooth of time, and where now cattle browse peacefully. One of the longest structures, the Governor's house, solidly built of stone, is now a veritable cattle-shed, in which I counted ten cows herded closely together. But the view across the marshes and Cumberland Basin, across to the Elysian fields and the distant