

of reference. I may mention, however, that in the vicinity of the Bras D'Or there is what is known as the "Marble Mountain." This valuable stone is found in many parts of the northern section of Cape Breton, but its value has never yet been thoroughly tested, and no quarries have been worked. A short time ago, a stranger accidentally discovered what he believed to be a very valuable accumulation of this stone, and has commenced operations for quarrying and sending it to market in large quantities. Cape Breton, in fact, abounds in minerals of every description, which will, no doubt, attract the attention of capital and enterprise when their value has been more fully shown by those geological surveys which the island has never yet received. Her coal deposits alone have been thoroughly examined by gentlemen of high scientific attainments, like Mr. R. Brown and Mr. Poole, who have long been connected with mining operations, and have given many valuable contributions to the world relative to the geology of the island. Gold has been discovered in some places, although not as yet in remunerative quantities. The land of the greater part of the country is also good for agricultural purposes, and one of the counties especially—Inverness—compares favorably with the best farming districts of the Lower Provinces. It is only necessary to look at the natural position of Cape Breton to see that the fisheries can be conducted on the largest scale. An island so rich in resources must have a noble future before it when capital has come in to develop its resources, and railways connect it with the larger countries of the continent. Louisburg is, above all others, that port in the New Dominion which seems destined by nature to be the Atlantic terminus of the British American system of railways. Perhaps, in the course of time, it will again become as famous as it was more than a century ago, and the argosies of commerce will once more anchor off the peninsula where France erected the fortifications which were to control the Gulf and River St. Lawrence.

A H M E !

BY ALEXANDER McLACHLAN.

Go seek the shore, and learn the lore
Of the great old mystic sea,
And with list'ning ear you'll surely hear
The great waves sigh "Ah me!"

There's a Harper good in the great old wood,
And a mighty ode sings he;
To his harp he sings with its thousand strings,
But the burden is "Ah me!"

A glorious sight are the orbs of light
In heaven's wide azure sea;
But to our cry they but reply,
With a long deep sigh, "Ah me!"

And Death, and Time, on their march sublime,
They will not question'd be:
And the hosts they bore to the dreamless shore
Return no more "Ah me!"