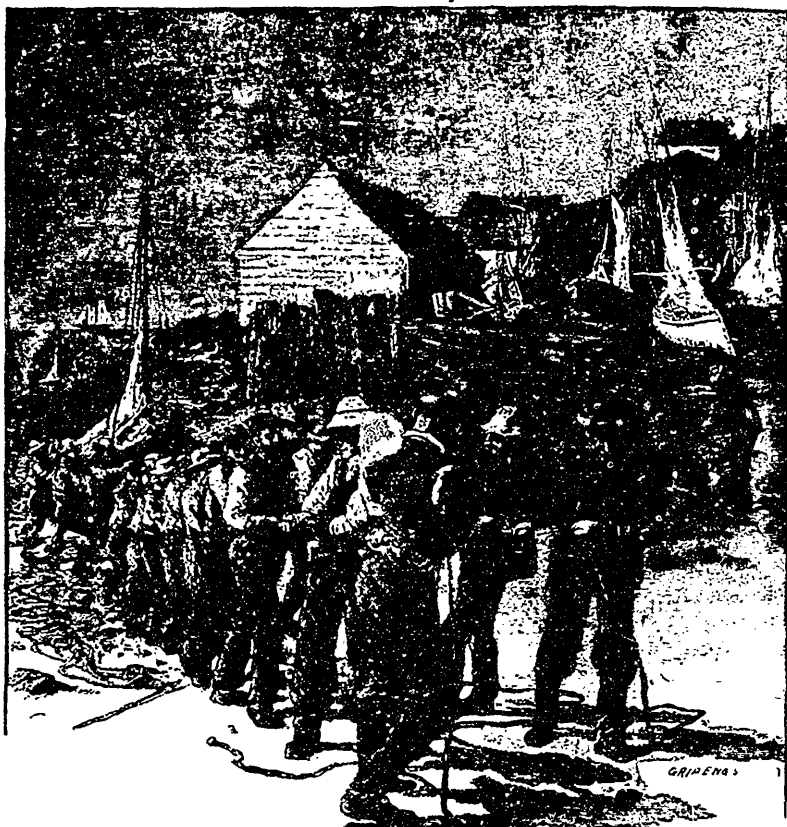


and more beautiful than we had imagined a body of salt-water could be. The water seeks out all the low places, and ramifies the interior, running away into lovely bays and lagoons, leaving slender tongues of land and picturesque islands, and bringing into the recesses of the land, to the remote country 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 1,000 miles to go round it, following all its incursions into the land."



CAPE BRETON FISHERMEN.

As we sailed on over the enchanted lake the saffron sky deepened slowly into gold and purple, and at length the gathering shadows hid the shores from view, except where the red light of Baddeck glimmered over the wave. In the famous "Golden Arm"—a channel about a mile wide, between the lofty St. Anne range and the islands of Boularderie,—the farm-houses and fishermen's cottages seemed absolutely insignificant beneath the lofty wood-crowned hills behind them, lovely as an English park.