

a brook that babbled over its pebbles in a manner that would suit Tennyson. Like any other stream, as the ages rolled away, it gradually ground the old Triassic sandstone and carried its fragments to the distant sea. In doing so it deepened its bed until its banks, from which the rushes once kissed the waters, now towered perhaps a hundred feet above its surface, but it prattled on, for the land was rising above the ocean, and it could afford to dig deeper. It was joined by the Elliot and York at a point we call the Three Tides, and thence it flowed in a tortuous course through what is now the harbour's mouth, and on to the south until it joined a stream that had its source near Cape Traverse.

Then came a period when the land ceased to rise. The land was to the top of its tilt and gradually it began to sink. Countless ages rolled their tedious length along and brought changes. Tidal water began to mingle with the fresh, and when the tide was high the river's song was mute. It felt no longer the pulse of the hills; it became a slave of the ocean and its sluggish current changed with the tides. Its banks sank level with the sea and where once the sun played on the shallows it was ten fathoms deep. The land still sank lower and with each recurring tide the river broke over its banks. Silt and debris were washed back, and gradually the pebbles, on which the river sang in the days of its freedom, were buried deep in mud. The banks sank still lower until they lost their character as boundaries to the stream, except when at low tide it flowed dark and sullen. Away back where the princes of the forests waved their tops the river had made new banks, and the old ones are what the small boy calls the edges of the channel,—where the quahaugh loves to dwell.