

preceding spring had long since been broken up and washed out to sea and spread over the bottom of the Basin. Now the waves by daily breaking against its base are again undermining the cliff so that the frosts of winter and the rains of spring may be effective in making another inroad upon this stronghold of nature. For how many centuries has this process gone on! Away back in the grey dawn of geological time, when the primeval seas first beat upon the shores of these new-born hills, the work began, and throughout all the innumerable age that have intervened the same agencies have been at work tearing down, and rebuilding, and transforming the face of nature.

But our camping ground was two miles farther on and as it was necessary for us to reach it in time to complete our camp before night-fall we were obliged to quicken our pace, and only lingered now and again to select a few of the finer and more beautiful specimens of satin spar and selenite. Soon we lost sight of the sandstone, not because it did not still form the base of the cliff, but because it was hidden from view under the many feet of trap rock that had fallen from the cliffs above and formed an abrupt slope. Every spring thousands of tons loosened by the frosts fall in terrible avalanches with a sound that reverberates round the shores of Minas Basin like echoing thunder. Upon these the waves at once commence their work, but owing to the superior hardness of the trap, it is years before even the outlying masses are removed while at the base the *debris* accumulates. The trap here is of two varieties, the hard firm basalt which rises in columnar masses into perpendicular cliffs, and amygdaloid—a rock full of almond-shaped cavities which are often lined with crystals of colorless quartz, or the

beautiful purple amethyst. In our haste we collected a few of these and hurried on to when the slope is less abrupt and a tiny stream, which in spring and during heavy rains swells into a torrent, came tumbling down the mountain-side. Following this stream without much difficulty up the less abrupt slope which is there covered with the “forest primeval” in a thick growth of spruce and fir, till nearly half way to the summit, we reached a small level terrace just large enough for our purpose. It was indeed a romantic little spot, and mingled with our satisfaction, were feelings almost of awe as we took possession of it. For how did we know but that we were desecrating some fairy rendezvous? Perhaps the Oreads of the mountain would assemble there to hold their revels only to find their favorite haunt profaned by two uncouth mortals snoring in the arms of Morpheus. But though experiencing all becoming reverence for such airy creatures of celestial mould we at once set about building the little camp in which we were to spend a few delightful days. As there was an abundance of materials at hand we made rapid progress with our building and finished putting on the covering of brush and moss just as the golden glory of the setting sun was fading from the hills on the opposite side of the Basin. Then as the evening was chilly we soon had a brisk little fire burning in front of the entrance to our camp and seated ourselves beside it to enjoy our evening meal to which, with appetites sharpened by our tramp over the rocky beach, we were thoroughly capable of doing justice.

After satisfying the demands of nature upon our lunch baskets we ascended the mountain side a few yards where a more unobstructed view of the scenery before us could be