

displays a variety no less pleasing—rich farms, luxuriant forest, pretty trout streams, and cascades hidden in deep rocky dells, and overhung by interlacing foliage.

The ordinary attractions of sea-side and country are here in perfection. Capital bathing, with caves and projecting friendly rocks whither both sexes may retire, separate though not far sundered, while preparing for a happy meeting in the waves; good roads to many a lovely spot; streams where a man may kill more trout in a day than he finds comfortable to carry. But the distinguishing pursuit hereabout is that of hunting for 'specimens'—i. e., of the amethyst, agate, jasper, stilbite, &c., for which the locality has for many a year been famous. The trap cliffs and the shores at their base have long been ransacked by geologists and unscientific visitors too, but yearly the thaws and frosts of spring dislodge fresh masses from above, displaying new treasures, and the pretty minerals of the zeolite family and most of the varieties of quartz, may be studied in their most beautiful forms.

Beneath the basaltic cliffs of Blomidon, the pebbles we tread on are water-worn amethysts. Walking round Partridge Island at low tide, we pick our steps among crystals of stilbite and calc-spar thrown down from above with the falling masses of 'almond-cake' trap. At Two Islands, stones of most unpromising appearance, more like unwashed potatoes than anything else, prove the unwisdom of judging by appearances. One skilful tap of the hammer, and we have a little cavern filled with fresh and sparkling beauties, amethyst or acadiolite.

The fact of having these pretty things brought under one's eyes, of being in a measure forced into their company, is attended with results beneficial in at least a temporary way. Anything so undeniably pretty or 'nice,' captivates the ladies at first sight. They soon hunt for these gems with all

the ardour of fair gamblers at Baden or Hombourg, scrambling over the rocks with an energy which soon proves the vanity of shoes with thin and narrow soles and heels in the middle. Dorsal muscles and lungs, almost annihilated by corsets, are not the things for this rough and wholesome work. But they stick to it nobly. Their interest in the beautiful objects of their search, extends to the question—What are they and how came they to be? And from the gems themselves attention is drawn to the rocks round about. For on these lovely shores the 'elder scripture, writ by God's own hand' is so plain, that even those who know not the alphabet of the writing, see that there is writing. Here, a hundred feet overhead and standing on end, is a broad slab of sandstone, bearing, fresh as in the beginning, the ripple-mark it took from the wavelets, when it lay, a level expanse of soft sand, beneath the ebb and flow of the tide. There, left behind by the wasting away of the softer rocks which enclosed them, are vertical walls of hard trap, once seething torrents of lava, poured from some submarine vent over the sands, then covered afresh by new deposits, and finally upheaved by a new volcanic effort into the position we see them in. So plain a page of the 'manuscripts of God,' as that of the cliffs of West Bay, is rarely to be found. In places like this, the repressive cruelty of fashionable education shows itself painfully; education, falsely so-called, which leaves its victim physically incapable of enjoying this glorious nature, and without the mental equipment, the *a, b, c*, of natural science, which would help its possessor to a rational enjoyment of the earth we live in.

But all the beauties of this northern coast cannot keep our eyes from the southern shore of the Basin. True, it has no beauties such as we have spoken of. Fortowering headlands and painted rocks, we shall have low marshes and flats of red mud; for clear green wa-