

REMINISCENCES

The days were beautiful, and in the evenings when music and laughter prevailed, one thought of Longfellow's words :—

“ And the nights shall be filled with music,
And the cares that infest the day,
Shall fold their tents like the Arabs,
And as silently steal away.”

Here, at Murray Bay, as at most of the salt water summer resorts below Quebec, the man with the hammer finds the rocks more interesting than the festivities of a gay hotel, and wanders forth into the valley of Murray Bay River to search for new fossil evidence, which there is always a chance of obtaining in any of nature's rock storehouses.

But to one interested in the Laurentian formation of the Lower St. Lawrence River, a tramp over the sea-splashed rocks between Murray Bay and Bay St. Paul, gives much pleasure, for here, if one is fitting up a cabinet of Laurentian rocks, he can find a charming variety. But while at this work, he must not forget—like the writer of these notes did—and get cut off by the tide, and have to remain in an awkward position till ebb tide.

Before leaving Quebec for Ottawa, I was requested to again visit officially the Joggins Coast, N. S. In previous pages of these memoirs I have spoken of the magnificent section of carboniferous rocks which occupy the south coast of