

these old submerged channels or buried rivers may indeed be traced by lines of soundings far outside of the present coast-line, the old channel of the St. Lawrence, for instance, being not only thus indicated across the whole breadth of the St. Lawrence Gulf, but for two hundred miles outside of the Gut of Canso. The numerous islands which diversify the coasts of Nova Scotia and Maine, (it is said that there are three hundred and sixty-five of these in Chester Basin alone,) are a further result of the same submergence, representing simply the more elevated portions of the land areas which were once continuous, but which became separated by the flooding of the valleys between them. That the sea actually entered upon the land is further shown by the fact that we may now gather marine forms of life at points now considerably removed from the reach of the former. Thus marine shells may be gathered in large numbers from the clays underlying the town of St. Andrews, in New Brunswick, as well as about St. John, while in Nova Scotia the writer has collected fossil star-fishes and sea-urchins from the brick-clays at Middleton. When these were living St. John must have been an island and the Annapolis Valley a long strait, separating the North Mountains, then irregular, from the main body of the Nova Scotia peninsula.

A further effect of the events of this period was that of blocking up of old river channels with materials deposited from slowly moving waters, and the forcing of the rivers, as the land again rose, to cut for themselves new lines of discharge. Then it was that the St. John, losing its old channel in the rear of the village of Grand Falls, was compelled to wear out its new channel in the gorge below the latter. The same is true of the gorge at the mouth of the Aroostook, at the Tobique and Meductic rapids, and again at the Suspension Bridge, near St. John. Here the river once entered the Bay by at least two mouths, one westward and one eastward of the present harbour, viz, by way of Manawagonish and Drury's Cove.

Such are a few of the wonderful changes which affected the geography of Acadia in the later phases of its history.

I have but little space left in which to notice the life of these interesting periods, all the more interesting for the reason that there are good grounds for believing that the changes then occurring were witnessed by the *first representatives of the human*

*race*. Nor is it necessary to do so at any length, because our actual knowledge of the life of the time, so far as Acadia is concerned, is very meagre. Of the inhabitants of the coasts we have, indeed, abundant evidence, as already intimated. Marine shells, such as Scallops, Whelks, Clams, Mussels and the like, as well as star-fishes and sea-urchins, abound in the brick-clays of both Provinces, and we know that there were also Seals, Whales and Walruses; but of the higher life of the *land* we know little, except by inference from other localities. The remains, however, of Mastodons, huge elephantine beasts, exceeding even the modern "Jumbo" in size, have been found in Cape Breton, and we can hardly doubt that these existed in considerable numbers and were associated with many other remarkable forms of mammalian life, such as we know inhabited the northern portions of America in the Quaternary era. Horses, much larger than the modern, descendants of the five-toed horse of the early Tertiary, Elephants, Bison, gigantic Beavers, and even such forms as the Lion and the Tapir, not now found at all upon this continent, may have roamed our forests, but proof is wanting. This, however, need not surprise us when we remember that these animals do not live under conditions favourable to their burial and preservation, that their bodies are the food of other animals and that they rapidly decay. Even at the present time, with our forests abounding in large game, it is very rarely the case that one ever meets with the skeletons of the latter.

Of the Pre-historic *Man* we shall speak in a later chapter.

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My school days were happy, seriously speaking. I was a happy boy; all the year round I was happy. And in the loyal, tender, loving niches of my heart. I have builded the fairest shrines my affection can fashion, wherein I have placed the images of the saints who were my school teachers. Some of them are living; some are dead; all are old and gray. But there, where I alone can see them, they are all living; they are all young, with the morning light of love and enthusiasm shining in their faces. Memory makes them beautiful, and the years cluster about their brows like stars.—*Robert J. Burdette.*

May we so work that such loving memories of school days shall be repeated in our own lives.