

scientist's enthusiasm when we remember the double nature of his reward, for while he is searching more and more deeply into the divine mysteries of nature, and giving the results of his study to the world the knowledge that he thus communicates is emphatically that which is power—of practical value—ministering to the comfort, well-being, and happiness of mankind,

[For the SCIENTIST.]

AN EXCURSION TO BLOMIDON.

(Concluding part.)

It was early in the forenoon when we were forced by the tide to abandon our work, and the time till next ebb was spent in cleaning the specimens secured.

Stretching away from the base of the sandstone cliffs for nearly half a mile is a gently sloping extent of mud-flats, the home of a very interesting mollusk known as the *mya arenaria* or more popularly the clam. We had observed the holes indicating their presence in the morning while working along the edge of "the flats," and a more extended examination showed that they existed in myriads. Clams prepared according to any of the elaborate methods known to culinary art or even roasted on the coals of a camp-fire form an appetizing article of diet, sufficient to tempt even the enthusiastic naturalist from his legitimate work. Besides we wanted some specimens to complete our collection from that locality. Sitting before our cheerful camp-fire in the gloaming we devoured the savory *myas* with a keen relish that would have moved to envy any pampered easy-chair dyspeptic that could have seen us, and wished for more. The

day following we spent in moving our camp.

By observing this locality on a good map it will be noticed that here the ridge bends round in a curve at Blomidon and nearly doubles upon itself. To illustrate, bend a finger, the knuckle will represent Blomidon, the tip, Cape Split, and the curve within, Scotts Bay.

Scotts Bay is a pretty little village stretching in a crescent form along the foot of the ridge, and thriving under the combined industries of fishing, lumbering and ship-building.

Our next camping ground was to be nearer "the Split" and to search it we must drive across the ridge into Scotts Bay. So the forenoon was spent in moving our camp accoutrements and specimens to Whitewaters and in getting underway. The sun was just sinking near the western horizon, when, having left our team at the village, we ascended the ridge on the opposite side, and reached the path by which we were to descend. There, on the edge of the cliff which descends abruptly with many breaks and ledges to the sea, we built our camp, and, somewhat wearied with our day's tramp retired early to our improvised couches.

The first beams of the rising sun were just gilding the tops of the Cumberland hills when, next morning, after a hasty breakfast, we descended to the beach. Setting off to the eastward we travelled till a point was reached nearly to where we had come on a previous day. We were successful in procuring good specimens of *amethyst*, *analcite*, a beautiful mineral occurring in trapezohedrons of a white color or slightly tinted with red, *acacialite*, a red variety of chabazite peculiar to N. S., *chalcodony*, *agate*, and a fine variety of *jasper*. After carrying our specimens