

ters, flashing in the sunshine as they leap over the rocks and down the ledges, through the dark green of the woods. On turning the shoulder of one of the hill-side slopes, the view opens on Conception Bay, with the rocky points of the cove immediately below, and the smooth and fertile-looking Bell Isle in front at about three miles distance, beyond which the high lands of the other side of the bay were seen still streaked and patched on their summits and sides with snow. On returning this day (May 13th) from Portugal Cove, we were overtaken by two or three smart snow-storms.

Logie Bay is a small indentation of the coast, about four miles north of St. John's, and is remarkable for the wildness of its rock and cliff scenery: nothing like a beach is to be found anywhere on this coast, the descent to the sea being always difficult and generally impracticable. In Logie Bay, the thick-bedded dark sandstones and conglomerates stand bold and bare in round-topped hills and precipices, 300 or 400 feet in height, with occasional fissures traversing their jagged cliffs, and the boiling waves of the Atlantic curling round their feet in white eddies, or leaping against