

system and different forms of life rose, flourished and fell. The Jurassic with its huge, flying reptiles and horned lizards, the Cretaceous with its terrible saurians, beside which the whale is puny, the Eocene, the Miocene, the Pliocene, all tell the marvellous stories of life in its prime. These five periods form the wonderland of geology, the era that has furnished to evolution its most telling arguments—lizards like fish and fish like lizards, birds like reptiles and reptiles like birds, forms as uncouth as gigantic looming out in all the invincibility of cuirass and shield, or towering aloft in strength apparently omnipotent and yet—they were extinguished as a candle flame by a puff of air.

Not until the glacial age is Nova Scotia's wonderful evolution resumed. Then the scene is changed. Ice, eternal ice, holds our province in its mighty grasp. This vast extension of the polar ice-cap extending southward, over mountain and valley alike, ploughed its way to the ocean carrying with it debris from all the hills in its way. For many thousands of years was Nova Scotia in its embrace. At last, however, the great ice field reached its maturity, hesitated and started on its downward path. With a changing climate the mighty glaciers were doomed and slowly ebbed away their life blood in rivers and rills. Local ice fields finally took the place of the one grand universal glacier. But these two were doomed and the ever rising and aggressive sea swallowed up the last fragment and the great Ice Age was at an end.

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Again our province arose, but again it is sinking. Not yet is the geographical story finished. Judging the future from the past, who can say that the sea will not again sweep over mountain tops? Who can say but that with another throb of old mother earth, Nova Scotia will be the scene of changes unparalleled in her eventful past.

In the not far distant past, while human history employed the most astute minds, geological history was slighted and villified. But where shall we find a study (except still grander astronomy) which deals with Eternity as with a plaything, to which years are but moments and centuries but heart beats in the life-blood of time? For what is the life of man to the life of planets, or the rise of kingdoms to the building of world's.

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