

ho" shouted from the Atlantic to the Pacific, and trade rocked upon the wild fantastic notions, sprung from diseased imaginations, and from heads hot with the fire of lust for gold, and filled with strange distorted pictures of the golden valley of the Sacramento. All these were crises in the history of commerce.

We note critical periods in the intellectual and moral world. The history of literature and religion proves beyond the shadow of a doubt, that there have been in the past periods of mental and moral darkness,—periods when ignorance like a long black shadow stretches across the nations, and shut out the light of knowledge—periods when superstition beclouded the minds and hearts of men,—periods when the torture-rack and thumb-screw were the great means employed to persuade men to believe a lie,—periods when the light of christianity shone but dimly, and when the march of human intellect was slow and uncertain. It also reveals the cheering fact that there have been interspersed between these seasons of midnight gloom—periods of intellectual and spiritual brightness—brilliant epochs, when men have traversed vast fields of learning, have pursued their investigation far out into the unexplored region of truth, and have planted the outposts of human discovery where man never trod before.

GEOLOGICAL EXCURSION OF THE SENIOR AND JUNIOR CLASSES.

The central feature in a landscape abounding in all the elements of the picturesque, Blomidon at once arrests the attention of the beholder, affording in the ever varying phases under which it appears an oft repeated source of pleasure and interest to the lover of natural beauty. Now clear and well defined in all its rugged outlines, it rises in grand proportions, the fitting guardian over the broad scene of vale and stream and flood which stretches away and afar from its base. Again beneath a sullen wintry sky, it looms defiant, forbidding amid encroaching fogs from the misty Atlantic: or at the close of a clear Autumn day, arrayed in trailing robes of cloud, it bears on its lofty brow a tiara of cumulus, gorgeously glowing in the sun's rays, as with fiery tread, "he burns the threshold of the night." But Blomidon becomes an object of interest not only as affording a striking and picturesque element in a beautiful landscape, but amid its frowning cliffs, and in every outline of its storm shattered battlements, there has been inscribed in characters clearly legible to the scientist

an important fragment of the tale of nature's doings in her distant youth, when in angry mood she hurled aloft the very foundations of the globe, or with subtle force formed gem and crystal curiously wrought with endless diversity in shape and tint.

With the view of more satisfactorily illustrating the principles of geology and mineralogy, and of determining by personal inspection the nature of the deposits concerned in its formation our respected Professor in the Science Department proposed to the members of his classes that an expedition to Blomidon should be undertaken for this purpose. This proposal meeting with the enthusiastic approval of all concerned, preparations for this trip were hastily arranged, and so it happens that the close of a fine breezy day, finds our little party gathered within the shadow of the loftiest peak of the majestic Cape. As the first and most necessary work a large brush camp is erected, and then a cheery fire of drift wood, kindled without, sends the thin clear smoke curling upward like an incense offering. Reclining upon the boughs of spruce and fir strewn within, we await with many a merry jest and song, the preparation of supper by our self-elected cook. Of this we partake most voraciously, with appetites marvellously sharpened by the unwonted exercise of the day. Several of our members have roughed it before, and during the ensuing night they slumber as contentedly as though tucked away in their little beds, but for others the novelty of the situation forbids sleep for a part of the night at least. A new sensation of pleasure is awakened while lying there upon the fragrant boughs, watching the stars as they look down upon the stilly scene, or idly noting the weird shadows which the flickering flames send dancing over the recumbent forms. The sleepy watch leans blinking and gaping over the fire, or seeks a safeguard against the insidious advances of Morpheus by burning his fingers in an artistic attempt at roasting a herring, or baking a potato. Now there comes faintly the distant laps, lapsing of the ebb, changed after an interval to the full rush of the flood, as it sweeps along at our very feet, tossing defiantly a handful of spray upon the crackling flames. The hushed whisperings of the forest leaves softly stirred by some truant breeze, fall on the ear, the felt presence of the mighty Cape pervades all, and mingling with the other voices of the night, there sounds on the ear, the familiar music of a melodious snore. Bright and early the following morning, after a hasty breakfast we are off to examine the shore to the east, a fine collection of crystals whose character and history are fully explained to us by the Professor, rewards our search, at times while hammering

away at the rocks, forcing them to disclose the secrets of their internal structure, there comes crashing down in our midst, a shower of earth and stones from some point far up in the dizzy heights. We hasten to discover if some new treasure has thus been rudely flung at our feet. As we turn a bend in the shore, and glance upward there starts out from some projecting cliff, the profile of a human face, brow, nose and mouth, clearly defined. At another point a lofty column stands isolated, or a broad wall of rock detached by some mysterious agency from the cliff behind, rises like massive frieze work in some grand gothic cathedral. So the day passed away, and at nightfall we turn campward, feeling as after a weary trudge, we lay our burden down at the door of our temporary abode, that a camp fire is a most cheery sight, and a more grateful couch for wearied limbs, than that afforded by spruce boughs could not be desired. One day of our stay is devoted to an excursion to Scott's Bay. First, a hot scramble up the cliff, followed by a long bewildered tramp through the woods sinking at every step in the snow which still lies thick beneath the forest trees, and then emerging into a clearer space we see before us the little village situated within a wide curve of the Fundy shore, terminating on the one hand in Black Rock, on the other in the storm shattered cliffs of Cape Split. Afar, in the dim distance, rise the unmistakable outlines of solitary Isle Haute. After a short rest, we march through the village, a martial looking band, armed with hammers, sledges, and a few fowling pieces, arrayed in diversified uniform, bearing the marks of our devotion to science, each household, as we pass, musters all its available force of cats, dogs and babies, at doors and windows, to witness the dignified procession. We learn that the place is chiefly remarkable for its fisheries, and there are two fine vessels on the stocks, but minerals are not to be found in the vicinity, so, after taking lunch at a hospitable farm house, we engage a guide, a bright eyed younker, whom an admirer of Twain, at once denominates Ferguson, and are led by a shorter route to the Basin shore, while we arrive safely, after a skeary scramble adown the only available place of descent for miles. This is our last extended trip from the camp, thereafter we confine our researches to the cliffs and shore of the Basin. Our time thus pleasantly and profitably occupied rapidly passes away, and the day for departure arrives. A final stroll along the shore, a last look at the giant cliff, and we bid a reluctant adieu to His Majesty, the Cape, with the pleasing conviction as we arrive again in classic shades, that our expedition, in every respect, has proven a grand success.