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"Not slothful in business: fervent in spirit."

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Poetry.

"BE FAITHFUL."

Oven thy pathway, though it may seem dreary,
Are bending Christian messengers of love;
And unseen bands, to aid thee when weary,
Are oft descending from the realms above.

The path thou treadest may oft times seem lonely,
The burdens thou art bearing grieve thee sore;
But 'twill be thus when thou forgettest only
The One whose footprints marked that path before.

No wonder that thy soul is often sighing
Over a course so marked with faults and fears;
But dost thou e'er forget how vain thy trying
To blot thy devious footsteps with thy tears?

Be not with errors of the past delaying—
Leave them to Him whose ransom covers all;
Rise to a worthier present by obeying
The heavenly voices which upon thee call.

Let not thy armour, once so brightly burnished,
Be tarnished with the stains of earthly dust;
Let not the sword thy glorious Leader furnished,
Though deeply dented, show one spot of rust!

Whenever earthly vapours close around thee,
Climb to the mountain-tops of faith and prayer;
The chains shall melt in which thy sins had bound
Thee—
Thou, like thy Lord, shalt be transfigured there.

Forgetting self, for others be thy living
And, if thy arm be stronger, lend thy aid;
Thy earnest help be thou not slack in giving,
To lift the burden on another laid.

What if thy pathway shall seem long and dreary—
Thy Christian conflict vex and grieve thee sore;
Was not thy Master also worn and weary?
Is not his triumph thine for evermore?

To drink the cup he drank may be most painful.
To share in his baptizing hard for thee;
His words at last make thy sorrows gainful:
"Welcome! because ye suffered so with me."

Miscellaneous.

For the Christian Messenger.

AN EXCURSION.

By CARL STEINHAMMER.

It may seem presumptuous in me, after the elegantly written and instructive articles of Sylvanus Cobb Smith Esq., articles bespeaking the deep scientific and literary talent of their author, treating in such a masterly way as they do of the scenery, geology, mineralogy, history, mythology, &c. of Parrsboro' and its vicinity, for me to tread on the same ground, especially since but a little nosegay is left for me to gather, after the plucking of the magnificent bouquet by our author. But this sketch was contemplated long ere the first article of Sylvanus appeared, and a mere trifling nosegay as it may be, it is humbly offered to my reader.

I, too, have been a frequent loiterer at Parrsboro'. I have paced the green slippery floor of the "Snag," in the cool evening air, after many an excursion in the vicinity. I have ransacked many times the shores and cliffs of Partridge Island for minerals; and often, when the sun was going down behind the western extremity of the Cobequid, lighting up the long, dark, giant walls of old Blomidon, with his slant rays, throwing out in bold relief its rent-seamed crags, like the features of a veteran lit by a strong sidelight, and touching warmly the green veil of foliage that here lay spread over its summit or hung over its cliff edges, or depended in folds to its base, dipping into the waters of the Strait, have I lain near the brink of the precipice on the western side of the Island and looked off westward to Cape Split, looming up black and frowning against the sunset sky through the veil of sunbeams, and Cape d'Or on the northern side of the Strait, far beyond and yet more dimly seen, while in front and not far away the heavy mass of Cape Sharpe, like a stranded sea-monster, threw a dark shade over the water to the eastward from his averted front, the sunbeams streaming athwart its side, silencing the waters of West Bay and illuming up the crags below me, and I have watched the vessels drifting up and down the strait in the

strong tide, and the fishermen securing their prizes from the weirs, that lay on the beach of West Bay, like the bows of some warrior god, and I have lain and dreamed until the blushes paled from the evening sky, and the cold fogs rolled up from the Bay of Funday over the waters of the strait, and pitched their snowy tents on Blomidon; when in the twilight I have descended the steep grassy slope of the Island, and, passing the Indian wigwam fires on its shore, have gone thoughtfully over the long curving beach to the hotel in the quiet, old-fashioned little village under the hill.

I have carried many a basket full of minerals up the steep gully in the new Red sandstone bank, where one ascends from the beach at Swan creek, off whose noble precipices, that have often rung with the click of my hammer, lie in the cove the picturesque Two Islands, and I have collected minerals among the hall-like caverns, the arches and ruined towers of Pinnacle Island, the home of the sea-gull.

An excursion to Blomidon! The strange, ominous darkness that came over the land on the evening of Sabbath the 26th of June last, with the wierd blue of foliage and herbage, heralded the approach of a storm, that, with the boom of thunder down the strait, came on early on the morrow, threatening to make the trip out of the question for that day at least; but ere ten o'clock the last thunder-peak had died away far off in the East and the rain had ceased, though a thick fog hung over the Basin. I was anxious not to postpone the excursion, and the "Captain" assuring me that the storm was over, we set sail from the "snag," in a little pink stern, taking with us a boy to mind the boat on the Blomidon shore. We steered southward directly across the strait, and were soon shut in by the fog. Two hours or more passed, and we descried the cliffs of Blomidon coast looming up through the fog, and we found that we had drifted down the strait to within less than a mile from Cape Split, narrowly escaping being swept by the current into the "rips" off the Cape, where the water breaks over a long line of submerged reefs stretching out into the channel.

Here we landed on a beach strewn with great masses of trap, hoary with barnacles and streaming with seaweeds, under a magnificent vertical cliff, three hundred feet high, and I set off toward the "Split," with a basket of paper on my arm and hammer and chisel in hand in search of minerals.

Time was in the history of Nova Scotia when there were no North Mountain, when the Bay of Funday washed the northern slope of the South mountains and the Basin of Minas formed the head of the Bay. The shores of Minas strait were then on the north very nearly what they are at present; but Capes d'Or and Sharpe as well as Partridge Island and the Two and Five Islands did not exist, neither had Isle Haute lifted its lone head above the waves of the Bay. On the south the shore ran along the range of hills, the continuation of the South mountains from Kentville by Wolfville and the Horton mountains. In fact there was no strait at all. The Basin opened widely into the Bay. Cobequid bay was much wider than at present and ran inland beyond Truro.

One of the Acadian provinces, Prince Edward Island, was then wanting. The now fertile fields of Cornwallis and a great part of the Annapolis Valley were under water and the whole range of mountains from Blomidon to Briar Island was not in existence. The rest of Nova Scotia had very nearly the same outline as at present. This was long, long before the time of man, thousands, aye and probably millions of years ago.

Within the bay thick Beds of red sand were being deposited, the strata of the New Red Sandstone of geologists, and similar beds were at the same time accumulating off the northern coast of Nova Scotia in the Gulf of St. Lawrence, over the area now occupied by the Island of Prince Edward.

Submarine volcanic action began along the line of the present north mountains and immense quantities of melted matter were thrown up from beneath and overspread the New Red Sandstone deposits either in liquid molten lava-streams, or volcanic ash. The ancient lava is called trap. The volcanic disturbance went on for a long time until these

beds had attained a great thickness. Similar eruptions took place at the same time at the Two, Five, and Partridge Islands, Capes Sharpe and d'Or and at the Isle Haute.

The land was then elevated so as to bring all these beds from beneath the water, as the red sandstone-beds had a slight dip to the northward along the coast, the beds of volcanic matter had a like dip towards and under the bay. The trap-beds were quite thin inland; but they increased in thickness towards the Bay. Running water began its work on the Southern edge of the trap deposit along the line of the valley, and with the assistance of the sea, which afterwards flowed through it, excavated that depression. To the north the waves beating along the whole Bay Coast for centuries, of which nothing is left us on the Nova Scotian record, but whose eventful history is elsewhere written on the Stony Book, wore away the trap to the northward, until now we have only a narrow strip left, the North mountains from Blomidon to Briar Island. At the time of the elevation of the New Red Sandstone beds from the sea, the Basin of Minas as well as a large portion of the Bay of Funday was occupied by them; but they have since been removed, only portions being left fringing the shore. Prince Edward Island made its appearance at the time of the rising of the land. Such is, briefly, the geological history of the North mountains and of Blomidon.

At Blomidon, the Eastern-most extremity of the North mountains, the range of hills bends round abruptly and runs off to the N. W. ending in Cape Split. Bend your fore finger, the knuckles will represent Cape Blomidon, the tip of the finger, Cape Split, and the curve inside Scott's bay. The spur running off to Cape Split probably marks the course of one of the ancient lava-streams, as Dawson has remarked.

Blomidon is the finest promontory in Acadia. Its long range of cliffs is compared in beauty and grandeur with the famed palisades of the Hudson.

At the Cape, the mountain is seen to be composed of very thick beds of New Red Sandstone which are exposed in frequent, lofty, vertical precipices of warm red tint, that contrasts finely with the shrubbery and trees, that clothe the steep slope. Above, the trap-beds capping the summit form a row of black, shattered, wall-like bluffs, that, on going westward, come nearer and nearer the base of the mountain as the beds become thicker, until they present one magnificent vertical cliff, in some places three hundred feet high. At Cape Split the action of the waves, the frost, and other destroying agencies, to whose action the whole Blomidon coast owes its present grand appearance, have cut chasms across the Cape from top to bottom, leaving several picturesque isolated tower-like masses, the series being extended by a line of curious needles and a submarine reef.

Cape Blomidon over its outline as seen from Horton or Parrsboro to the perpendicular face of the trap bed above, and the slope formed by the falling of the debris therefrom over the sandstones below in a steep slope, make the outline of the promontory like that of the *ogee* moulding in architecture. The trap of Blomidon varies from the solid basalt which forms sometimes rude prismatic pillars, like those of Staffa and the Giant's causeway, to a rock full of almond-shaped cavities, occupied by various crystallized minerals, (*Zedites*) and called *Amygdaloid*, from the Greek words *Amygdalea*, an almond and *edios*, form, while in other parts it is but a solidified volcanic ash.

The trap is traversed by veins of beautifully crystallized minerals, and Blomidon is famed for them. Nor are these minerals confined to Blomidon; but they occur more or less abundantly in all the trap regions of the province.

The most beautiful is the purple *amethyst*, a crystal of which from this locality, it is said, found its way into Louis Philippe's crown. It occurs most frequently lining cavities in the amygdaloid or trap, and forming very elegant specimens. Crystallized Quartz, or the rock crystal, differs from the amethyst only in wanting its color. Very pretty specimens may be gathered lying about on the beach at Blomidon.

Stilbite is a very beautiful and showy mineral, with a high lustre, whence its name from

the Greek, occurring most frequently in elegant sheaf-like groups of crystals of a pure snowy white or dark brown, or, as at Partridge Island and Swan Creek, of a rich honey yellow.

Analcime is found in crystals, clear and colorless, or of a delicate coral-red, like gems ready for setting.

More beautiful is the mineral *Henlandite*, that looks like crystals of pearl.

Needle stone (*Natrolite*) shoots out into tufts of long needle-like prisms, slender as hairs sometimes, and almost to be puffed away by the breath.

Apophyllite crystallizes in modified cubes, often of a rich apple-green tint, and is a very showy, as well as somewhat rare mineral. But I must not weary my readers by an extended catalogue, for there are many more species that I could mention.

I had strolled down the shore, in my search for specimens, about a mile, till I came to a place where the water washed the base of the cliffs, and I could advance no further. This was less than half a mile from the "Split." I examined the shore and the heaps of debris fallen from the face of the precipice at several points, but found little, though I loaded myself with some heavy pieces of agate, which I carried back and deposited in the boat. I then started off up the shore to the eastward, leaving the captain and the boy to bring the boat after me, when she should float, for the tide had gone out and left her high and dry. For a long distance there were no cliffs, and the mountain-side was covered densely by shrubbery and trees, and, except an occasional drift-specimen on the beach, I found nothing. At about five miles east of the point where our boat lay, a splendid range of cliffs begins, and there are some large veins in the trap affording *Apophyllite*, *Henlandite*, *Stilbite*, *Analcime*, &c., and on these I began an onslaught with hammer and chisel. From a vein, accessible at the foot of the cliff, I secured some very handsome specimens; but not without incurring some danger.

The whole face of the cliff was shattered by the action of the frost, and I could see by the fresh fragments that lay strewn around, that masses had fallen since the last tide, while, away up the precipice, two or three hundred feet, loose pieces were hanging ready to fall. All along the Blomidon coast the great masses of broken rock that lie against the base of the cliffs show where the landslips have occurred. Sometimes, particularly in the spring, when the frost is coming out, hundreds and thousands of tons fall together in one terrible avalanche, shaking the mountain, the crash reverberating along the shore like heavy thunder. By the blows of my hammer while working, loose pieces became detached, and once or twice I narrowly escaped being struck; but I was too much interested in securing the rich prizes that gleamed in many a cavity in the vein before me, to think much of my danger.

When the boat came up, the drift slabs lying near were covered with a splendid lot of specimens, and I was in the height of my excitement. "Carl," said the captain, "I fear that the weather is going to be dirty. I do not want to hurry you, but we ought to start for home soon." The day, though murky, had cleared up somewhat, and I saw no prospect of a storm, so I hammered on, the captain giving me good assistance, and my heap of treasures became larger and larger. But the captain grew impatient, and, wrapping my specimens carefully in paper, I deposited them in the boat, and very reluctantly, for it was early in the afternoon; and I wished to extend my explorations farther up the shore, we gave our sail to a fine west wind, and, tide favoring us, we went rapidly over the water towards Parrsboro'; but hardly had we left the shadow of old Blomidon, when slowly the wind veered round to the north-east, right in our teeth, and it came on to rain. The tide setting up the strait, was in our favor, but we were obliged to tack and our progress was slow. The wind increased to a gale, and blowing in an opposite direction to that in which the tide was running, soon raised a heavy sea. On the current we slowly drifted up the strait opposite Parrsboro', while on one tack we had approached it within a mile and a half, when the tide turned, and the wind increasing in violence, threatened to capsize us. We were obliged