

coating long ago, are now thrown up on land naked, whitened quartz? 'Tis the tale of Nature painting out her landscape tints, -a geological process in miniature reversal. Look out beyond the line of breakers at that band of ruddy water! There is the paint-wash slowly settling down to tinge a new-made stratum darker red.

What a lovely scene is this! The clear blue sky above us, flecked with white; the tossing sea before us, deeper blue, in jealous emulation tips with pearly spray the ridges of its wave-lines. The rolling surf below casts up at our feet garlands of sea paints, green and brown and crimson algae, flaunting them before us for an instant, then sweeping them back to ocean for yet another bath. Above us screech and circle the never-tiring Terns, and from beyond the domes of sand, where grasses wave with sedges, comes the piping wail of shore birds.

An economic question suggests itself. How shall we save our sand dunes, and prevent the occluding and changing of our water-ways with the wearing away of coastline, and conserve the flats between the sand dunes and the fertile lands, with the ultimate hope and purpose of making them profitably productive? The answer is written upon the surface of the dune we traverse, for see where yonder fallen spruce tree lies well covered with the sand! Watch the mound increasing as each gust of wind sweeps up the slope and leaves upon the growing heap the plunder of its passage! Lines of barriers such as these placed along the dunes, connected here and there by others run at right angles, would quickly anchor mounds of sand, stable, permanent, lasting. Clear the sand away from yonder clumps of sea-sand-reeds and expose the stout running rootstalks -veritable cables, binding mound to mound, wind resisting, dune-preserving. Two factors these in solution of the question. Then learn the lesson which Nature teaches: - place the barriers, plant the grass.

As we go, returning to the meadows, through the scant herbage of the 'grasses' we find the dunes clothed with plants, hereabouts peculiarly their own: -the Star-flowered Solomon's Seal (Smilacina stellata) deep-rooted in the sand, with the mealy tufted False Heather (Hudsonia tomentosa), and a matted mass of berry-bearing trailing plants -Cranberries (Vaccinium macrocarpon) and (V. Vitis-Idaea), the crowberry (Empetrum nigrum), the Bearberry (Arctostaphylos Uva-Ursi) and two prostrate Junipers (Juniperus Sabina var. procumbens, and J. communis var. Canadensis).

Time will not permit us to notice the many plants which deck the sand-flats and approaches to the meadow lands, nor the birds, the shells and other forms of life. That would require another visit to the place. Our day is done.



Left to Right:

Starry False
Solomon's Seal

Bearberry

Cranberry

Common Juniper