

high in air when man was yet unborn. Would that we could carry away the rocky record with us, but it weighs full too many a pound. And so, we reluctantly leave it, perforce content with a drawing of the markings.

Strewn along the beach are many slabs of the same kind of stone bearing indelibly preserved perpetuations of what is known as "ripple-mark." Who has not seen the loose and plastic sands of our shores ridged and marked by the waves in their ebb and flow? No great task to carry our imagination back to pre-historic times, when a more ardent sun baked the imprint of the primal wavelets into moulds in which other sand, having drifted, found lodgement and was hardened into an exact counterpart of the former markings. The upper surface of the new deposit then, in turn, received the print and tribute of the waters, forming a second series of ridges and depressions above that first laid down. From the repetition of these alternating processes of mould-making and being moulded, these stones are capable of being split into thinner slabs with the rock-perpetuated story of "ripple-mark," written upon both upper and lower surface. Oh! for the track of an animal trailing his way over these history-making records. But no such traces are seen. The trail of the body of some ancient reptile with the imprints of his feet on either side might settle the vexed problem we set out in the hope of solving to-day; but no such luck is ours.

There are many other things on the shores to command our interested attention. There are the mutilated bodes of Squids (*Illex illecebrosus*), the head and arms torn away by no other force than that of the waves. Shells there are at every step—the common black Edible Mussel (*Mytilus edulis*) with its less plentiful kinsfolk Horse Mussel (*Modiola modiolus*); and the Ribbed Mussel, (*M. plicatula*); the Razor-fish (*Solen ensis*); the Quahaug (*Venus mercenaria*); the Periwinkle (*Littorina litorea*); and the are well worth studying more fully. The whelk (*Lunatia Clam* (*Mya arenaria*); to say nothing of oysters, which *heros*); too, is here, the stout spirally-twisted little white or yellowish shell of the Dog-periwinkle (*Purpura lapillus*);