

behind them. If you ask me how long this glacial action went on, I refer you to the geologist; but if I might indulge in a guess, I should say perhaps 250,000 years. If you ask again how long is it since the ice disappeared? I reply I don't know, and never hope to know in this life. But this much I do know, that there must have been "hard times" while it lasted—"a good deal of cold out," and fine opportunities for skating. During this "cold snap" of a quarter of a million of years, I rather think there were no Athenæum lectures,—no general elections—no water rates or duns—no Supreme Court or lawyers. Bruis, the great triumph of Newfoundland cookery, had not been discovered, and the game of five-and-forty was still in the womb of time. When nature set her glaciers to work to hurl blocks of stone over the country, she was not thinking of the farmers who would have to clear the ground; but kindly grinding the hard rocks, she gave us splendid materials for road making. We are inclined to think she might have left us a little more of the carboniferous formation, instead of planing it all away, except the strips on the western shore; for it often yields coal and gives a deep and fertile soil; but then she has "engineered" our noble bays, and brought up the sea to every one's door, and taken great pains with our harbours and coves, and given us codfish and seals and partridges and deer and an unlimited supply of hutz, and 42,000 square miles of land—so that we must not complain. She has, too, thrown in a liberal deposit of Silurian rocks, kindly allowing us an immense share of the Quebec group, containing, I have no doubt, enough copper ore and other minerals to keep us prospecting and mining for centuries to come. Add to all this, our forest and agricultural lands, of which more anon; our encompassing seas with their inexhaustible treasures—these ocean farms of ours requiring no ploughing or sowing, only the reaping;—the materials for shipbuilding which have been prepared—the facilities for the construction of railroads and common roads which nature has furnished in the absence of any lofty range of mountains. Consider all this and say, shall we not pronounce "THIS NEWFOUNDLAND OF OURS" a goodly land—one to be cherished and raised to a high place among the young communities around us, now taking organic form, and as Milton said of England, "like an eagle mewing their mighty youth."