

large masses of well rounded stones which it contains. But we need not particularize. In every part of the country where there are considerable slopes, or valleys descending from the hills, piled moraines or masses of rolled pebbles attest the action of glaciers. Sometimes a moraine will rise abruptly in the middle of a waving grain field, or add ruggedness to a wooded dell, or stand out picturesquely, as an isolated tumulus, in the level marshy plain that borders the flowing river.

These numerous moraines attest the fact that at some time in the Boulder period glaciers almost completely covered the surface of P.E. Island. They were local glaciers however, having their line of motion determined by the direction of the slope and valleys of the country. I have observed many lines of glacier striation on the rock surface underneath the Boulder clay, and always found their line of direction to be determined by the slope of the country or the direction of the valley in which they occurred.

Universal as were the frozen fields of gleaming ice on hill and vale and broad champaign, there are still localities, where we do not find evidence of their operations. One of these places is the steep southern face of the Tea Hill range, and another is the narrows at the entrance of Charlottetown harbor. In the first situation, there was no room for a snow field to feed glaciers, and in the others strong tidal currents must always have sought the entrance and prevented their accumulation.

What a desolate scene must our fair land have presented in that dread night of the Glacial Period! Everlasting fields of snow spread their white sea of death to the cold gleam of the arctic sky broad over all the buried hills, while spectral glaciers hung their icy sheets on every slope and valley. Our coast was crowded with vast floes of ice which never disappeared in the fairest summer day. Giant bergs, with their flashing towers and azure caverns, careered through our seas resplendent in the light of the July sun. The crash of floes, the thunder of conflicting bergs, the reverberation, of deep ice caves, and the cannon-like report of severing coast glacier never ceased except when every sound was hushed in the depth of the Arctic winter.

The savage Polar bear then haunted our bays. The huge Walrus, the Narwhal, and the Greenland Seal, with its dog-like coun-