

sions in all the neighboring country, from which they returned laden with specimens, — plants, birds, etc. In this hospitable home he passed his fortieth birthday, the first in this country. His host found him standing thoughtful and abstracted by the window. “Why so sad?” he asked. “That I am so old, and have done so little,” was the answer.

After a few weeks he was able to return to his work, and the next letter gives some idea of his observations, especially upon the traces of glacial action in the immediate vicinity of Boston and upon the shores of Massachusetts Bay. Indeed, he never lost sight of these features, which had caught his attention the moment he landed on the continent. In one of his later lectures he gives a striking account of this first impression.

“In the autumn of 1846,” he says, “six years after my visit to Great Britain in search of glaciers, I sailed for America. When the steamer stopped at Halifax, eager to set foot on the new continent so full of promise for me, I sprang on shore and started at a brisk pace for the heights above the landing. On the first undisturbed ground, after leaving the town, I was met by the familiar signs, the polished surfaces, the furrows and scratches,