

tion of old terminal moraines, spanned the lower valley from side to side. Through this wood there poured a glacial river, emptying itself into the bay. Strange to say, this glacier-washed forest, touching the ice on one side and the sea on the other, was full of flowers. The red bells of the glossy leaved *Desfontainia*, the lovely pink blossoms of the *Phylesia*, the crimson berries of the *Pennetia*, stood out in bright relief from a background of mossy tree-trunks and rocks. After an hour's walking, made laborious by the spongy character of the ground, — a mixture of loose soil and decaying vegetation, in which one sank knee-deep, — the gleam of the ice began to shimmer through the trees; and issuing from the wood, the party found themselves in front of a glacier wall, stretching across the whole valley and broken into deep rifts, caves, and crevasses of dark blue ice. The glacier was actually about a mile wide; but as the central portion was pressed forward in advance of the sides, the whole front was not presented at once. It formed a sharp crescent, with the curve turned outward. One of the caves in this front wall was some thirty or forty feet high, about a hundred feet deep, and two or three yards wide at the entrance. At the