cumulations still forming and hardening. We look back, and ascertain that the same processes, continued through ages of the past, have piled up thousands of feet of rocky beds, in which still slumber the mummied forms of the primeval world. We see that certain rocks bear the marks of fire. We plunge our hands into a thermal spring, and gather intimations of internal heat. The molten eructations of a volcano demonstrate the continued existence of melted rocks. If masses of igneous origin have cooled from a state of fusion, who can say that they have not cooled from that higher temperature at which we know that rocks and all other things can subsist only as vapor? Do we find rocks existing in that condition? Yes; worlds still exist as igneous vapors. Here, then, we may assume our starting-point. A world of airy flame, after ages of cooling, gathered a liquid nucleus at its core—a globe of molten rock, wrapped in a glowing atmosphere of all that remained as vapor. Next, a fiery floor congeals over the surface of the burning tide; the burning tide, as if in rage, lashes it to fragments, and the abated heat allows them to be recemented. When the hotter fires had been quite imprisoned in the strengthening crust, dews began to gather in the upper air, and streaks of haze barred out the burning beams of the lurid sun. Rains fell upon the fervid crust, to waste themselves in sudden vapor, and return to the attack upon the crust. Gleams of electricity lighted the misty drapery of this geologic night, while the thunders of Nature's ordnance echoed through the caverns of the clouds.

A rain of acid waters at length got the mastery of the wrinkled surface, and every ravine and valley witnessed the race of the rivers for the lowest levels. Every watercourse bore onward its freight of sediment, the materials of the masonry of continents. The filmy ocean swallowed