

me. It came now for the first time like a new revelation, one that has gladdened my life ever since.

We worked on industriously at the rubbish heap, and found an untold sum of wonders. The human mind in its earlier stages dwells on resemblances, rather than on differences. We identified what we found in the stones with that to which it most nearly approached in existing nature, and though many an organism turned up to which we could think of no analogue, we took no trouble to discriminate wherein it differed from others. Hence, to our imagination, the plants, insects, shells, and fishes of our rambles met us again in the rock. There was little that some one of the party could not explain, and thus our limestone became a more extraordinary conglomeration of organic remains, I will venture to say, than ever perturbed the brain of a geologist. It did not occur at the time to any of us to inquire why a perch came to be embalmed among ivy and rose leaves; why a sea-shore whelk lay entwined in the arms of a butterfly; or why a beetle should seem to have been doing his utmost to dance a pirouette round the tooth of a fish. These questions came all to be asked afterwards, and then I saw how egregiously erroneous had been our boyish identifications. But, in the meantime, knowing little of the subject, I believed everything, and with implicit faith piled up dragon-flies, ferns, fishes, beetle-cases, violets, sea-weeds, and shells.

The shadows of twilight had begun to fall while we still bent eagerly over the stones. The sun, with a fiery glare, had sunk behind the distant hills, and the long lines of ruddy light that mottled the sky as he went down had crept slowly after him, and left the clouds to come trooping up from the east, cold, lifeless, and gray. The chill of evening now began to fall over everything, save the spirits of the