

tion. The houses and the herds, the wheat-fields and the gardens—these are accessories. But the dark, beetle-browed ridge which skirts the horizon—that is nature's. The green forest which glides down to the field borders; the stream which winds across the landscape, and rises and falls with the rains; the low swells and the valleys between; the outcropping ledge in the field, and the loose stone by the road-side—these belong to nature. There, in the distance, flies the train of steam-cars, its iron-bound way has been cut through hill and rock-mass, and opens to our view something of the hidden material which goes to form the world. There is the meadow, with its green turf and deep, dark soil. The gully scored in the hill-side by the summer storm, and the train of stones and sand at its foot—which the water tore from their hiding-places beneath the soil. Up the stream we see the tamarack swamp or the open marsh, through which the head-waters flow—the head-waters of the main stream or of some small tributary. There, just beyond, is the little lake or pond, sleeping in its green-fringed nest, and looking out on the grass-covered slopes and the blue sky.

How charming is all this scenery! How many times, imbued with the love of nature, we have strolled on the borders of this quiet lakelet, or lounged on the green slope, which seemed set, like an amphitheater, to accommodate the visitor, who loves to look upon the scene. Perhaps, as urchins straying from school, or getting the most out of a Saturday holiday, we have angled along this brook, or paddled our skiff over this pond. Perhaps in wonderment we have seen the artist from the city, with easel and brush reproducing on canvas the beauty of this simple landscape, thinking to win a prize in the Academy of Art, or at least to afford the pent-up dwellers in the dusty town the luxury of knowing how lavishly the beauties of nature are strewn before the gaze of those who dwell here in this agricultural vale—in this quiet hamlet which Providence has made our home.

This is all geology. We are in the midst of it. We have been enchanted by it before we knew its name. We have