

point and this. But here still are some of the finest particles contributed by the land—slime from Louisiana, from Chautauqua, from the Rocky Mountains, from our native town. Will these far-brought and commingled atoms ever see daylight again?

We are standing on the border of the vast abyss which extends over half the area of the earth. It is an undulating, silent desert. No diversity of mountain and valley, cliff and gorge exists. We have read of submarine cliffs and plateaus, but these are known only in the shallower ocean; they are features of the continental slope. By a gentle grade the bottom descends to a depth of five miles. Over all this dread waste, no rocks rise above the bed of slime. No fragments of crystalline rocks have been brought up by the dredge. A thousand miles away the bottom has been burst through by an internal force, and lavas have heaped themselves up to the height of a mile or two, or even to the actual surface; but no upheaval has brought to light from the abysmal floor any trace of those hard crystalline rocks which we recognize as "metamorphic"—the sort of which our boulders are formed. There is no evidence that such rocks were ever produced in that situation.

The pressure on us in this abysmal region is four or five tons to every square inch. The water is ice-cold everywhere. The darkness, absolute and palpable. A curdling revulsion of feeling and purpose seizes us. We halt and reflect. We turn our eyes upward with a painful longing for the "holy light, offspring of heaven first-born." Only the black ceiling appears. Two miles above us is the sunny sea, where all the blue of a genial sky beams down. There float the ships in summer calm upon a "painted ocean," or tossed and rent by the winter tempest which inspires the waves with madness. But no summer and winter vicissitudes are here. No sunlight ever penetrates this Cimmerian gloom. No sunrise, or noonday, or sunset is ever known. As it was when the Garden of Eden was first consecrated to man, so it has remained and must remain. Not even the crash of thunders or the