

which he was wont to make such exorbitant and reckless drafts; the periods with which he has still to deal are vast enough to baffle our imagination adequately to realise them. In this dim, shadowy antiquity, so impressive from its immensity, and from the slow and stately march of the events which it witnessed, there is surely an ample equivalent for the grandeur of the Titanic upthrows which were once the easy solution of the problems of topography. There was, no doubt, a certain mental excitement in contrasting the peace and quiet of the living world with what seemed the records of fierce cataclysms in earlier times; in turning from the fair meadows and cornfields of the lowlands to the crags that were believed to have been heaved into the air when the earth was shaking and tossing like a storm-vexed sea; in listening to the ripple of the river, and reflecting that the tree-shaded ravine in which it flows was rent asunder by some primeval earthquake. But surely the lover of natural scenery is furnished not less amply with material for suggestive meditation when he learns to recognise everywhere the proofs of slow imperceptible change, which, ceaselessly advancing through the ages, comes at last to attain the most colossal dimensions; and when, deeply impressed with the magnitude of this waste, he follows its march over cliff and precipice, corry and ravine, upon the crests and summits of the mountains, in the depths of the valleys, and by the margin of the sea.

The story of the origin of our scenery, as thus interpreted, is of a piece with the rest of the teachings of nature. It leads us back into the past farther than imagination can well follow, and, with an impressiveness which we sometime can hardly endure, points out the antiquity of our globe. It shows that in the grander revolutions of the world, as well as in the humbler routine of everyday life,