

periences, and the measure of each other's calibre, with some little curiosity. The mind of my friend had developed rather in a scientific than literary direction. He afterwards carried away the first mathematical prize of his year at college, and the second in natural philosophy; and he had, I now found, great acuteness as a metaphysician, and no inconsiderable acquaintance with the antagonist positions of the schools of Hume and Reid. On the other hand, my opportunities of observation had been perhaps greater than his; and my acquaintance with men, and even with books, more extensive; and in the interchange of idea which we carried on, both were gainers: he occasionally picked up in our conversations a fact of which he had been previously ignorant; and I, mayhap, learned to look a little more closely than before at an argument. I introduced him to the Eathie Lias, and assisted him in forming a small collection, which, ere he ultimately dissipated it, contained some curious fossils,—among the others, the second specimen of *Pterichthys* ever found; and he, in turn, was able to give me a few geological notions, which, though quite crude enough,—for natural science was not taught at the university which he attended,—I found of use in the arrangement of my facts,—now become considerable enough to stand in need of those threads of theory without which large accumulations of fact refuse to hang together in the memory. There was one special hypothesis which he had heard broached, and the utter improbability of which I was not yet geologist enough to detect, which for a time filled my whole imagination. It had been said, he told me, that the ancient world, in which my fossils, animal and vegetable, had flourished and decayed,—a world greatly older than that before the Flood,—had been tenanted by rational, responsible beings, for whom, as for the race to which we ourselves belong, a resurrection and a day of final judgment had awaited. But many thousands of years had elapsed since that day—emphatically the *last* to the Pre-Adamite race—had come and gone. Of all the accountable creatures that had been summoned to its bar, none had been gathered to its bar, so that not a vestige of the frame-work of their