

roaring geysers, that ever and anon throw up their intermittent jets of boiling fluid, vapour, and thick steam, from these tremulous lands; and, in the dim outskirts of the scene, the red gleam of fire, shot forth from yawning cracks and deep chasms, and that bears aloft fragments of molten rock and clouds of ashes. But should we continue to linger amid a scene so featureless and wild, or venture adown some yawning opening into the abyss beneath, where all is fiery and yet dark,—a solitary hell, without suffering or sin,—we would do well to commit ourselves to the guidance of a living poet of true faculty,—Thomas Aird,—and see with his eyes, and describe in his verse :—

‘The awful walls of shadows round might dusky mountains seem,
But never holy light hath touched an outline with its gleam ;
'Tis but the eye's bewildered sense that fain would rest on form,
And make night's thick blind presence to created shapes conform.
No stone is moved on mountain here by creeping creature cross'd,
No lonely harper comes to harp upon this fiery coast ;
Here all is solemn idleness ; no music here, no jars,
Where silence guards the coast ere thrill her everlasting bars ;
No sun here shines on wanton isles ; but o'er the burning sheet
A rim of restless halo shakes, which marks the internal heat ;
As in the days of beauteous earth we see, with dazzled sight,
The red and setting sun o'erflow with rings of welling light.’

END OF THE LECTURES.