

studded with the shells of molluscs which lived and enjoyed existence when this limestone was the ocean's bed, and the light of day shone down upon their quiet abodes as it now shines upon the busy builders of the coral reef. The light of day!—but a day of God's eternity, which dawned upon our planet before Elohim had said, "Let us make man in our image." Rapidly through the belt of limestone our little car descends, and we next find ourselves environed by a wall of sandstone. Here and there are streaks and patches of dark carbonaceous material, and occasionally the eye catches glimpses of woody stems imbedded in the solid rock. But hark! a sound of water rises from the darkness beneath. A subterranean stream has been intercepted, and a little rill is trickling down the massive wall-side. Again in the midst of black, bituminous shales; and now we hang suspended opposite an opening in the stony wall. One hundred feet above our heads the light of heaven is still visible, and three hundred feet below are darkness and emptiness. On the right and the left are entrances to chambers which have been excavated in a seam of coal occurring at this level. But the end of our journey is not here. Continuing to descend, we perceive the bed of coal underlaid by clay, with abundant grass-like shoots and occasional stems of vegetation. In turn we pass shales and sandstones, and then seams of coal, till, at the depth of two hundred feet beneath the surface, we hang before another portal to a long, dark avenue excavated in a deeper-seated bed of coal. In some of the dark and dusty chambers of the labyrinth which opens here the miner's pick is heard resounding, and now and then the muffled report of the miner's blast comes echoing through the vaulted aisles. But this is not the station where we intended to stop. Our car moves on, and we plunge through two hundred feet more of the