

the rivulet, crawled over the hill-top, and embraced the world. The world, in turn, opened its wide and rocky jaws and swallowed the ocean—and another ocean laved the face of Nature.

In the progress of events, an occasional ridge of barren granite lifted its back permanently above the level of the sea. As the liquid core contracted, the surplusage of the enveloping crust was absorbed by the wrinkles already existing, and thus the granite backs rose higher and higher. As the ridges were higher raised, and the valleys deeper sunken, the accumulated oceans pressed heavier and heavier against the slopes of the rocky beds, and the gathered sediments of ages weighted the ocean's floor with a burden which easily outweighed the crust which bridged the hills. And thus it was that the valleys were ever deeper sunken, and that which was at first an insignificant wrinkle became at last a stable mountain. From the coast of Labrador southwest along the Laurentian Hills we tread upon that ancient summit which was the first-born of Old Ocean. From the far northwest it comes down to us with the same time-worn record written on its weathered brow, while a chain of noble lakes fringes the angulated ridge along its western branch, and the eastern bathes its feet in the waters of the St. Lawrence. As the flowers of one spring-time foretell the forms which will reappear when spring-time comes again, so this ancient germinal ridge was but the first blooming of a continent; and when the circle of a geologic year was run, the rocky leaves of the growing continent unfolded themselves again in their appointed fashion. Note the parallelism of that primeval ridge with the present shores of the Atlantic and Pacific. When we know that each successive revolution of the globe has but rolled the waters of the oceans farther to the southeast and southwest, do we not perceive that the