

of my every-day thoughts. That day stamped my fate, and I became a geologist.

And yet, I had carried home with me a strange medley of errors and misconceptions. Nearly every fossil we found was incorrectly named. We believed that we had discovered in the rock organisms which had really never been found fossil by living man. So far, therefore, the whole lesson had to be unlearned, and a hard process the unlearning proved to be. But (what was of infinitely more consequence at the time than the correct names, or even the true nature of the fossils) I had now seen fossils with my own eyes, and struck them out of the rock with my own hand. The meaning of the lessons we had been taught at school began to glimmer upon me; the dry bones of our books were touched into life; the idea of creations anterior to man seemed clear as a revealed truth; the fishes and plants of the lime-quarry must have lived and died, but when and how? was it possible for *me* to discover?

These quarries proved to our schoolboy band a never-ending source of delight. They formed the goal of many a Saturday ramble. The fishing-rod and basket gave place to hammer and bag; even our bats and balls and "shinties" were not unfrequently forsaken. Our love of legends, too, went on increasing, every walk giving rise to two or three new ones, extemporised for the occasion, and of course forgotten nearly as soon as invented.

Frequent visits made us better acquainted, not only with the quarries but with the quarrymen, and our ideas of the one were considerably influenced by our impression of the other. There were, I remember, three very distinct groups of workmen. The kilns at the north end were tended by a marked set of men. They seemed to be mostly Irishmen, whose duty it was to unload the waggons