

once blazed within, were yawning hideously, as if a strong gale would hurl them with a crash into the half-buried cavern below. Only one human habitation was near, a small moss-grown cottage, where lived a little old woman, her skin brown and shrivelled as parchment, who was busy hanging out linen on a neighbouring hedge. Altogether, therefore, this second quarry had a very grave-like, antique look, and we entered it with a kind of boyish wonder whether so different a scene would yield us the same treasures as we had found so abundantly only two miles off.

It required but a cursory glance to show us that the two limestones were not the same. They differed in colour and texture, but still more in their fossil contents. We searched long but unsuccessfully for traces of the plants, or cyprids, or fish, so common at our first quarry. In their stead we hammered out an abundant series of quite different fossils, all quite new to us. Of course, in our attempts to discover the nature and habitats of these objects, we wandered quite as far from the truth as we had done before. After much blundering we eventually ascertained that the new treasures included corals, stone-lilies, and shells—all organisms of the sea-floor. But our most instructive collection of these relics of marine life were obtained from a much larger quarry some twelve miles away. This more distant locality was calculated to impress powerfully a much more matured imagination than that of boyhood. I have often since visited it, and always with fresh interest. It has quiet, tree-shaded nooks, where, the din of the workmen being hushed by distance, one may sit alone and undisturbed for hours, gathering up from the grass-grown mounds delicate lamp-shells and sea-mats, crinoids, cup-corals, and many other denizens of the palæozoic ocean. A mass of rock, from which the rest has been