

quarried away, stands in a secluded coppice, overlooking the sea, as if to show how thick the seam was before the quarrymen began to remove it. This mass has been exposed to the weather for many a long year. Its steep sides are crowded with stone-lilies, corals, and shells, which stand out in relief like an arabesque fretwork. The marks of the quarrymen's tools have passed away, and a gray hue of age has spread over the rock, aided by patches of lichen and moss, or by tufts of fern, that here and there have found a nest'ing-place. For here, as always, where man has scarped and wounded the surface of the globe on which he dwells,

“ Nature, softening and concealing,  
Is busy with a hand of healing.”

From this point, between the overhanging branches, our schoolboy band could watch the lights and shadows flitting athwart the distant hills, the breeze sweeping the neighbouring sea into fitful sheets of darker blue, and the sails for ever passing to and fro. And then, turning round, there rose behind us this strange wall of rock—the bottom of an older sea, with its dead organisms piled by thousands over each other. I can never forget the impression made on my boyish mind by the realisation of this tremendous contrast in scenery and life, and of the vast gulf of time between the living world and the dead. It made a kind of epoch in one's life. My first afternoon in this old lime-quarry was of more service at this time than any number of books or lectures.

The recollection of these early days has often since impressed me with a sense of the enormous advantage which a boy or girl may derive from any pursuit that stimulates the imagination. My boyish geology was absurdly, grotesquely erroneous. I should have failed ignominiously at an examination which would be thought easy enough at